



View here the Author's Design;  
 His Book displayed, his Papers shine;  
 Is Athenian Bird, the Dog, and Cat,  
 Which watchful Study intimate  
 'THEOPHILA doth before Him stand  
 Amused with erected Hand,  
 And, like an Eagle, upward flies,  
 Rapt by bright ANGELS to the SKIES.

# MINOR POETS OF THE CAROLINE PERIOD

VOL I CONTAINING

CHAMBERLAYNE'S PHARONNIDA  
AND ENGLAND'S JUBILEE —  
BENLOWES' THEOPHILA  
AND THE POEMS OF  
KATHERINE PHILIPS AND  
PATRICK HANNAY

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## GENERAL INTRODUCTION

A GREAT English critic Mr Matthew Arnold and a great French man of letters Mérimée though they might not agree in all points agreed in one—in disparaging and discountenancing the study of minor literature. Mr Arnold's utterances on the subject (or some of them for they are numerous and sometimes inconsistent) are probably well known to most readers of this book, of Mérimée's his qualification of the praise which it was impossible for him to refuse to Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* with blame for the inclusion of the *numerus*, may serve as a sufficient example. Both are formidable antagonists and Goethe, from whom it is not improbable that both derived at least support for their opinion and who notoriously in his later days at any rate held it himself, will seem to most people no doubt, an antagonist more formidable still. But one of the cardinal principles of literary as of other knight errantry is that the adventurer is not to be too careful—if he is to be careful at all—of the number or of the individual prowess and reputation of his adversaries. The greater and the more they are the greater his success if he triumphs the less his discredit if he succumbs—when his case is the right and theirs is the wrong. I have no doubt that in this respect Goethe and Mérimée and Mr Arnold were wrong. It is not difficult to trace various causes of their error the chief of which are that all three were in a certain sense disenchanted lovers of Romanticism, that Romanticism as it was bound to do by mere filial piety enjoined the study of *all* literature and (further) that none of them had any special bent towards literary history. Mr Arnold regarded all history with an impartial dislike, Goethe probably did not find this kind scientific enough and Mérimée though no mean historical student in his own way, was a student of manners of politics of archaeology rather than of literature.

Yet there can be no doubt that from the point of view of literary history and not from that point only, the neglect of minorities is a serious and may be a fatal mistake. It is a mistake which used to prevail in the elder offspring of Clio herself but in most of her family it has been long outgrown. There is even at the present day perhaps a danger of too much attention being paid to small things—the complaint is all but unanimous that the document is killing the historian. Literary history, however is a very youthful member of the historical household it is not in any fully developed condition much more than two hundred years old and its classics are few and disputed. Most of those which could pretend to the



## General Introduction

position have been constructed on the very principle here attacked ; such a book as Taine's, for instance, deliberately ignores whole schools, whole periods, whole departments, and is even extremely eclectic and anomalous in its treatment of principals. Yet it surely should not require much argument to show that this proceeding is not only absolutely unscientific, but inartistic in the last degree from one point of view, and perilous to the last degree from another. Even in the sphere of inorganic or inanimate or irrational things no reasonable physicist would care to generalize from a single example, or a few, leaving many unexamined. And the expressions of the human mind and sense in art are infinitely more individual and individually differentiated than chunks of the same rock, or blooms of the same flower, or specimens of the same animal race. Every fresh example *may*—it may almost be asserted that every fresh example *does* give the rule with a difference, and by far the larger number of these differences are at least illustrative. From the confinement of the attention to a few examples, however brilliant and famous, come hasty generalizations, insufficient exposition, not seldom downright errors. Nor is it enough that the historian, as he too seldom does, should have made an examination, more or less exhaustive, for himself, it is desirable that the opportunity of controlling, checking, illustrating that examination should be in the hands of the student.

This opportunity, in regard to the poets now collected, few students who have not easy access to the very largest libraries can possibly have enjoyed. The invaluable collection of Chalmers—which ought long ago to have been supplemented by a similar *corpus* for the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—contains a very fair number of mid-seventeenth century poets, but not one of those here presented. Nor has any one of them enjoyed the good fortune I do not for a moment insinuate that any one has deserved it of Herrick, who was himself omitted by Chalmers. The best and largest thing here given, Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida*, was indeed reprinted by Singer eighty years ago—but his edition is now scarce and dear. Very few of the others have been reprinted at all, and in every case the familiar adjectives just used apply to the reprints where they exist. As for the originals, though the extreme collector's mania point has not been yet reached in their case, as in that of the books of the period immediately preceding and some (especially first editions of plays) of a later time, yet most of them are excessively costly—twenty or thirty shillings, or two or three pounds having to be given for small duodecimos of large print. And what is more, copies are not to be obtained on the asking even at these fancy prices. To collect the texts which we here propose to give would cost anything from twenty to fifty pounds in money, and I really do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that it might cost from twenty to fifty weeks, if not months, in

## General Introduction

time And while it is certainly not extravagant to say that most students have neither too much time nor too much money at command it is not I think, illiberal to say that at least some collectors who have plenty of both do not exactly collect for the purposes of study

So far, little answer is likely to be attempted, but there remains a different set of objections to face 'Are these things *worth* collecting and reprinting? it may be asked— Is either the *prodesse* or the *delectare* likely to be got from them?' Nor do I propose to answer this in the lofty manner of some by saying that knowledge is knowledge and to be striven for and imparted putting all questions of profit or of delectation aside This (to split the old commendation) may be the most orgilous fashion of defence, but it is not the best perhaps and it is certainly not the most prudent, especially as there are divers others The importance of the matter here given for the proper comprehension of English literary history is really great It may be best classed and indicated under three heads those of Versification Diction and Subject

In Versification, the poems here set before the reader being mostly in rhyme do not illustrate one of the main features of their period that disintegration or disvertebration of blank verse which the contemporary plays display so remarkably But their exposition of the rhymed couplet of the period comes very close to this and indeed, as contrast pendant, practically forms part of the same subject We give here in the forefront of the book, the greatest poem, in bulk and merit alike which was ever written in this particular form of heroic and the special *Introduction to Pharonnida* will be found to contain some further remarks on the matter It is sufficient here to say that what this poem shows on the great scale many others show more or less—the conflict of the two principles of 'stop and *enjambement* which goes on everlastingly in this province of English Prosody When the couplet<sup>1</sup> first emerges from the heap (to use Guest's excellent but for himself rather damaging phrase on a more general point) its examples are almost necessarily 'stopped—as in the *Orison of Our Lady*, in Hampole and elsewhere—because the fact of the writer having no more to say in the space almost of itself determined his limitation to ten feet But when Chaucer first took it up as a poetic medium and vehicle on the great scale his genius could not fail whether consciously or not, to discover the double capacity of the metre He has sometimes been claimed as a great exemplar of *enjambement* but as a matter of fact he is quite as great a one of the stopped couplet when he chooses and neither Dryden nor

<sup>1</sup> These remarks necessarily made here *obiter* the writer hopes to develop in a *History of English Prosody* on which he has been for some time engaged The observation is made simply to guard them against the supposition of being idle or random *dicta*

## General Introduction

Leigh Hunt could have been under the slightest difficulty in learning from him and quoting from him examples of the form which each preferred. The remarkable instances of 'clench' and 'stop' which are found in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* could escape no careful reader of Spenser and those who like to discover literary anticipations and 'false dawns' have had no difficulty in finding many others in Elizabethan poetry. In particular, those final couplets of Fairfax's stanzas which had such a great influence on Waller and his followers, necessarily take the stopped form as a rule, and sometimes equal in emphasis anything in Pope himself.

But the dramatic model of the rhymed couplet, very frequently used and never quite expelled by blank verse in its palmiest days, as necessarily inclined to overlapping and both the pregnancy of thought and the rather undisciplined exuberance of Jacobean and Caroline times favoured the same tendency. This, undoubtedly, caught or lent contagion from or to the other tendency to licence in blank verse itself. The sliding, slipping flow of Wither and Browne was consequently most alluring, in decasyllables and octosyllables alike and for some time very few writers even tried to resist the allurements. Chamberlayne himself, and Shakerley Marmion earlier, are the chief of not a few who have displayed the sin and its solace. There is indeed no doubt of either. Hardly any metrical device so well deserves the hackneyed praise of 'linked sweetness long drawn out' as these verse-paragraphs, punctuated by rhyme as well as pause, when they are successful. Nothing so well enables us to understand Milton's otherwise almost unintelligible wrath with the rhyme he had managed so exquisitely as the same paragraphs, or rather paragraph-heaps, when they are not successful. And the odds are undoubtedly rather against their succeeding. Even Keats, a greater poet by far than any one here presented, and endowed with a miraculous finger for poetic music, cannot always keep them straight or curl them satisfactorily. They encourage themselves by their own transgression: the poet who drinks of them will almost certainly drink to excess. And there is nothing for it, as Keats himself found, but one or other of the astringent antidotes which Milton and Dryden respectively applied. Yet, as we have seen in the nineteenth century, from Keats himself to Mr William Morris, poetry will turn to them, and will not be denied the indulgence. Nay, there is the curious fact that, after Keats had discarded the decasyllabic *enjambement* of *Endymion*, he fell back upon the octosyllabic *enjambement* of the *Eve of St Mark*, and would obviously have done great things in it had he had time.

It is, therefore, by no means an unimportant thing, in the interests of the history of English Prosody and of English Literature, that the documents of this period of unbridled overlapping should be put completely within the reach of the student and reader. first, that

## General Introduction

he may understand and appreciate them in themselves, secondly, that he may understand and appreciate the reaction against them thirdly that he may understand and appreciate the new reaction to something like them more than a century later. They have a great deal to teach us they are a source or a main part of one they cannot be dismissed except by the most short sighted impatience, as things dead and obsolete. The newer tendency to extend the view of literature laterally and take in what other nations and other languages are doing is valuable and to be encouraged but not at the expense of retrospection and of the maintenance of continuity in the study of particular literatures. Nowhere is it truer that the thing that hath been shall be than in this field nowhere are the ancestral heirlooms—less as well as more precious—to be more carefully treasured and looked up from time to time.

The other points chiefly noticeable in regard to Versification are two—the practice of irregular ‘Pindaric’ metres and the peculiar tone and colour of the common measure and the quatrain of eights. The popularity of Cowley was sure to encourage the practice of the first, but Cowley’s own addiction to it was of course only an instance not a cause of the general fondness for it. This fondness was also itself, no doubt, but a sort of evidence of discontent or want of skill with previously popular metrical arrangements like the restless liberties taken with the Spenserian stanza by poets from the Fletchers to Prior. We have nothing of the very first excellence to promise in this form—nothing like the best of Crashaw or of Vaughan—certainly nothing equal to that splendid anonymous piece<sup>1</sup> which Mr Bullen discovered in the Christ Church Library. But it must be remembered that Cowley himself is by no means invariably or even very often successful with it, and that its apparent promise of *numeros lege solutos* is the most treacherous and dangerous of deceptions. The poet (or perhaps hardly the poet but the verse writer) thinks he has got rid of an incumbrance when he has in reality thrown away the staff that supports his steps and the girdle that strengthens his loins. Only masters of euphony and harmony can really triumph with these irregular arrangements which require such a transcendental regularity. Nay more we know from the remarkable example of Tennyson’s early verse and its effect on Coleridge, that the very masters themselves cannot always appreciate others’ mastery in it. So that in our range of sixty years and more from Patrick Hannay to Ayres we shall not see many successes here yet the lesson of their absence will not be idle or superfluous.

But the third and last general metrical colour of this verse is the most satisfactory, it is indeed one of the principal evidences in English poetry of the almost incomprehensible blowing of the wind of the spirit in a particular direction for a certain space of time. Whether it was the special accomplishment of Ben Jonson the

<sup>1</sup> ‘Yet if His Majesty, Our Sovereign Lord, &c

## General Introduction

greatest single tutor and teacher of the verse of the mid-seventeenth century, or whether this accomplishment itself was but the first and greatest instance of a prevalent phenomenon, it would be uncritical rashness to attempt to decide. But what is certain is that the new, the wonderful, the delightful cadences which we find in such mere anonymities as

Thou sent'st to me a heart was crowned,  
I took it to be thine  
But when I saw it had a wound  
I knew that heart was mine  
A bounty of a strange conceit!  
To send mine own to me  
And send it in a worse estate  
Than when it came to thee!

or in Marvell's magnificent

My love is of a birth as rare  
As 'tis, for object, strange and high  
It was begotten by Despair  
Upon Impossibility

meet us often here, even in the warblings of the mild if matchless muse of 'Orinda.' Some of course will say, according to their usual saying, that it is the thought which is charming in both these that it is the Caroline conceit, not the Caroline cadence, which is so bewitching. Let us distinguish. The thought, the conceit, is caressing; but it would be perfectly possible so to put it that it should not have this rushing soar, this dying fall, and it would not be very hard to get the soar and fall with much less fantastically gracious fancies. In fact, we should have to go to these very Carolines to borrow them. Nobody, except by imitation, has got it since, nobody had it before. It is only when one appreciates it that it becomes evident how some of those thus gifted managed also to strike out (quite casually it would seem) the matchless *In Memoriam* variation of eights, which also dates from this time, and which carries its own music so indissolubly bound up in it that only violence, or dulness unspeakable, can effect a divorce between them. If these notes not exactly wood-notes but notes of a slightly sophisticated yet exquisitely tempered society came first into existence a little before the accession of the first Charles, they hardly survived the death of the second, under whom very worthless and unpoetical persons still, in some strange fashion, were able to produce them, while later, very respectable and even poetical persons were unable to produce them at all. We shall not, indeed, find any of the very best examples of them here, those very best examples are so irresistibly and so universally charming that they have, in almost all cases, long ago served as passports to at least the modified general knowledge given by anthologies. I can promise

(viii)

## General Introduction

my readers no Herrick nor even any Sedley or Aphra Behn. But the purpose of the collection will be fully attained by showing that in lesser degree, the gift prevailed—that even the minor poet had it that it was an appanage and a privilege not of the individual but of the time. Not until such points as these have been mastered—with the result and reward of being able to distinguish what is of the time and what of the individual—is a real grasp of the history of literature and especially of poetry possible. The process corrects at once the extreme determinism of the Taine school, and the extreme individualism which will not look at filiations and groups and *milieux* at all. It turns the student if he will be turned, into a scholar who can appreciate, and a lover who can understand.

In point of Diction the authors here given add a good deal to the word and phrase book of the period and I have thought it worth while to draw attention to some of these additions in the several Introductions and to all the more remarkable ones in the glossarial notes. The general tendency is double and the evidences of this duplicity are perhaps more striking than those in most of the better known poetry of the time though not more so than those in its slightly more accessible, but not really much more generally read, drama. One set is in the direction of a sort of new aureate diction—of ‘inkhorn terms’ corresponding to those of which the mighty chief of contemporary prose writers, Sir Thomas Browne is so prodigal. Chamberlayne though not quite so lavish of them is a thorough contemporary of Browne’s in his enthean and his astracisms.<sup>1</sup> But, as is well known all Jacobean and Caroline writers, from Bacon and Greville to Thomas Burnet, succumb to this temptation the indulgence in which was no doubt a main cause of the imminent reaction to ‘a naked natural way of speaking, though some of the greatest men on that side, notably Dryden never quite relinquished their fondness for traduction and the like. This indulgence is certainly more pardonable in poetry than in prose where also it is not unpardonable to some tastes. It only becomes so when (as it must be confessed often happens) it is either pushed to the verge of the burlesque in itself or associated with grotesque and vernacular locutions. Benlowes is a particular offender in this way, but it can hardly be said that any one of the Caroline minors is entirely to be trusted to escape the danger and the offence. Yet the better of these *musitata* may be regarded with a little affectionate regret by those who hold that in language as elsewhere the old motto keep a thing its use will come has its value and that it is hardly possible for any tongue to be too rich or too hospitable provided only its treasures or its guests do not underlie the reproach of barbarism. There is a charm in such a phrase as ‘the epact of the heart’<sup>2</sup> which none but word lovers and thought lovers know.

The other tendency connects itself forwards rather than backwards

<sup>1</sup> In the anonymous song, ‘Why should I wrong my judgement so!’

## General Introduction

in respect of development, though one of its sources is to be sought in an earlier age. It is the indulgence in familiar and slovenly forms of speech which grew upon writers during the later years of the seventeenth century, and against which Swift, at the beginning of the next, delivered his famous onslaught in the *Tatler*. This, as has been said, is particularly painful when it is found in close proximity to the 'auccate' phrases just discussed; but its worst instances possess an offensiveness which is independent and intrinsic, and which is perhaps the great drawback to the enjoyment of this poetry. These take the most slipshod conversational contractions

not merely such as 'they're' for 'they are,' and 'she's' for 'she is,' but such as the horrors, now luckily obsolete even in conversation, of 'do's,' not for 'does' but for 'do his,' 'th' castle' for 'the castle,' 'b' the' for 'by the,' and the like. In some cases, of course, a mere slur of the voice will get over the difficulty but in many it will not. And the result is then one of the most jarring grains of sand between the teeth, one of the most loathsome flies in the ointment. Some of the passages where it occurs are utterly ruined by it; there are none, I think, where it is not a more or less serious drawback to the poetic pleasure. It is noticeable more or less in all the poets of the time except Milton, whose ear saved him, almost if not quite invariably, from anything that cannot be resolved into a tolerable trisyllabic foot: and it continued for a long time after our strict period. Even Dryden is not proof against it, in the verse of his plays, though he too was kept by his genius from often (not from sometimes) committing it in his strictly poetic verse. Of the others, persons not represented here as different as Crashaw and Marvell, persons represented here as different as Chamberlayne and Benlowes, are almost indiscriminately guilty of it<sup>1</sup>

This always uncomely and sometimes hideous and horrible fault was at least partly due to a wrong theory, not of Diction itself but once more of Versification to the strange delusion (first put into words by Gascoigne, who laments what he thought the fact thirty or forty years before the beginning of our time, and finally formulated by Bysshe twelve or fifteen beyond the end of it) that, either universally or in all but a very few trivial song metres, English prosody admitted of nothing but disyllabic feet. It was to get back the ten syllables into the heroic line, the eight into the 'short' line (as Butler calls it) and no more, that these abominable Ptolemaean tortures were committed. It is possible the contrary may seem indeed impossible—that the fantastic combinations of consonants sometimes produced, were not intended to be pronounced as they are printed—that, as was observed above, a saving slur was allowed. But in some cases at least no sleight of tongue with the actual syllables is itself possible. the verse simply cannot be made euphonious by any acrobaticism of

<sup>1</sup> It is to the credit of 'J. D.,' the introducer of Joshua Poole's *English Parnassus*, that he protests against mere 'apostrophation,' as he calls it

## General Introduction

pronunciation And it is not surprising that in order to get rid of it Dryden tended more and more to the rigid decasyllable with an occasional indulgence in the complete Alexandrine when he could not suit himself with less room Never till Shenstone and then only by a kind of timid suggestion was the dactyl (of course it was not as a rule a dactyl at all) allowed back into English heroic or blank verse and during this period of proscription there was practically no alternative between inconvenience and cacophony for those poets who were not consummate masters Hardly one of ours deserves that grudgingly to be allotted description, and accordingly they nearly all succumb

Yet again there is special interest of Subject about not a few of the poets and poems here given and this has not, like the others, been in any great part anticipated by previous collections and editions Of the Heroic Poem on which the mind of the late sixteenth and the whole of the seventeenth century was so much set only Davenant's *Gondibert* the most popular example doubtless of the kind at its own time has been hitherto accessible with any ease, and *Gondibert*, though the most considerable English piece save one in bulk, has the disadvantage of having been written by a man who is not single minded in his ideas of poetry who with much of the actual has more of the coming taste and fashion Here we give, not only *Pharonnida* the queen of the whole bevy, but some others of much less merit and importance no doubt but still constituting a body of evidence and not a mere isolated example Of the kind itself something is said in the *Introduction* to Chamberlayne's romance but something more may fitly and almost necessarily must be said here It is for the reasons just now hinted at and others not at all a well known kind and with all the abundance of monographs—German American and English—on English Literature which the last few decades have seen no one has yet summoned up courage to take it with its analogues the Heroic Prose Romance, and the 'Heroic Play' for thorough and synoptic treatment Except in cases which break through and above its limitations such as Milton's *Paradise Lost* which, be it remembered takes to itself the actual style and title<sup>1</sup> or as Cowley's *Davidis* it is a kind which incurs the familiar dangers of sitting (or attempting to sit) on two stools Starting from the theory and practice of Tasso who wished to effect a *modus vivendi* between the Virgilians and the partisans of Ariosto, and from the doctrine of Scaliger that the *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus was a perfect prose epic writers first in Italy and Spain then in France and almost contemporaneously in England endeavoured to secure the variety, the freedom to some extent and the sentimental and story telling attractions of the Romance with something of the majesty unity and prestige of the Epic They very seldom achieved these

<sup>1</sup> At the close of the prefatory note on 'The Verse'



## General Introduction

latter, and if like Milton they did, it was almost necessarily at the cost and to the neglect of the former. The smaller 'Heroic' poems are often mere narrative love-pieces, scarcely more than lyric in appeal, though unwisely divesting themselves of the lyric charm in form. But *Phaoninda* is much more than this, and though, no doubt, the versification and the diction subject it to risks which need not necessarily have been run, yet, to some extent, the Heroic Poem might not do unwisely to choose Chamberlayne as its champion.

At any rate, the greater and smaller examples here presented will supply materials for information and judgement on two points of literary history and criticism, neither of which is without very considerable interest and importance. In the first place, we have here a definite species (or chapter) of the general class (or history) of Verse-Narrative. This, even in ancient times, had some difficulty in subjecting itself to the rigid theory of Epic Unity. The *Iliad* obeys this pretty fairly which is the less wonderful inasmuch as the theory was certainly deduced from the *Iliad*, if not from the *Iliad* alone. But the *Odyssey* and even the *Aeneid* have to take the benefit of all sorts of subterfuges in order to comply with it and disastrous as is the shipwreck of ancient epic generally, we can see from writers like Nonnus on the one hand and Statius on the other, that orthodoxy was by no means universal if it was even general. Mediaeval verse knew nothing of it, and the mighty genius of Ariosto flouted it unceremoniously not to say wantonly. An intending verse tale-teller, in the middle of the seventeenth century, might well 'not know what to think of it' even in face of Tasso and Spenser, much more of Marini and Chiabrera and the French 'long poem' writers from Ronsard to Chapelain. Either because of such bewilderment, or for other reasons, he generally fortified himself with certain things, a punctilious extravagance of sentimental interest, often suggesting the tone of the *Amadis* cycle, a curious nomenclature of a rococo-Romance kind which has perhaps some indebtedness to the same source, intricately and almost violently entangled adventures, revolutions, discoveries, and the like. In many cases it seems to have been more or less a chance whether he wrote in prose or in verse.

In fact (and this brings us to the second point), the kind supplies another important link or chapter in the history of Fiction generally. Very much of it, one might almost be sure, would not have been written in this form if the prose-novel had taken forms more definite and variously available. And yet it is necessary to repeat the 'almost'. For the verse-novel itself, we must remember, has made its appearance as late as the nineteenth century in some very notable examples in English. It may almost claim *Sordello* and *The Princess*, it may quite claim *Festus*, and *Annora Leigh*, and *Lucile* and *Glenaveril*. If Mr William Morris led verse-narrative

## General Introduction

back to more natural ways it does not follow that it will always abide in them. At any rate here are examples—little known not so little worth knowing—of one of the forms which it has taken in the past of English poetry and English literature. That this form has been much neglected hitherto is certainly not a reason for continuing the neglect. It certainly *is* a reason for repairing it in the most important point the provision of the actual materials for study.

To these considerations of direct interest and importance, from the point of view of the history of literature, there remain to be added some of an indirect kind.

Most, though not all of the writers here reprinted were forgotten during the eighteenth century but some at least of them were of note in the seventeenth and more than one has been a power of this or that moment during the last hundred years. The influence which they—or rather the spirit which they exhibit—exerted upon Dryden has sometimes been exaggerated but more generally overlooked and it is a matter of real and great importance. It is not merely that he mentions *Orinda* with admiration<sup>1</sup> and *Cleveland* with contempt<sup>2</sup>, nor that he confesses in somewhat other but closely allied matter, how conceit and bombast and 'alembicated metaphysicalities for a long time were the *Delilahs* of his imagination<sup>3</sup>. It is not merely that the Lines on Lord Hastings are in existence to show that he could as a boy out Benlowes Benlowes and out catachresis Cleveland himself. From these first puerilities to those almost last and almost noblest lines where he addresses—

[The] daughter of the rose whose cheeks unite  
The differing titles of the Red and White,

he is the servant of misguiding or rightly guiding fantasy—a fantasy at the worst the by blow and bastard of older *Furor Poeticus* at the best its legitimate offspring. It is this quality which differentiates him from the mere prose and sense versifiers, and which is so unfortunately missed by those who cannot appreciate him because they appreciate Milton just as others cannot appreciate Keats because they appreciate Byron. And our poets are almost the last, except a few well known exceptions for a hundred years to show the constant presence of this will o the wisp which does not always lead astray and which is at any rate better than darkness and perhaps than common daylight. So too how appreciate the justice (in this case one may be frank enough to say the injustice) of *Mac Flecknoe* when the songs that Flecknoe actually sang are more unknown than those to which Browne (forgetful of *δεῦρ αἴε νῦν* and its music) made the famous reference? How apportion the

<sup>1</sup> In the *Anne Killigrew Ode* viii 162

<sup>2</sup> In the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*

<sup>3</sup> Dedication of *The Spanish Friar*

## General Introduction

office of the true critic and that of the mere satirist in Butler without having *Theophilus* before us? How fully comprehend the to us rather incomprehensible wrath and ridicule with which Addison and others pursue the childish, but not wholly unamiable, practice of making verses in the shape of altars, and candle-sticks, and frying-pans, without a full collection of the original offences?

The other source of interest referred to is less equivocal. There is no doubt that some of these seventeenth-century writers were extremely influential in the Romantic Revolt of the nineteenth. They could not but be so, inasmuch as they were precisely the persons against whom the neoclassic poets—the 'school of prose and sense'—had themselves revolted. The poetic blood of these old martyrs was the necessary seed of the new Church, and not only the seed but the fostering soil and the kindly fertilizer. That Keats must have had direct obligations to *Phaoninda* has never been matter of doubt since people began to study Keats seriously, but there is fair reason to believe that he knew others of our collection. One ceases to think his famous and very ugly rhyme of 'favour' and 'behaviour' a mere cockneyism, when one finds it in Shakerley Marmion. Not, of course, that it may not be found elsewhere, but that both in subject and execution *Cupid and Psyche* is exactly one of the poems which Keats is most likely to have read, enjoyed, and followed. Southey's relish of *Phaoninda* is cited in the proper place, as is Campbell's, which caused, more surprisingly to those who know Jeffrey only at second hand, Jeffrey's. Sir Egerton Brydges, whose influence was much greater than is perhaps now generally appreciated, paid much attention to the writers of this time and class in the *Censura Literaria* and the invaluable *Retrospective Review* did what it could to reintroduce them, whilst Singer, if he had met with more encouragement, would probably have reprinted more of them than he actually did. No one can mistake

as a result no doubt not of any 'plagiarism' nor even of following in the sense too commonly understood by the collectors of parallel passages, but of kindred in spirit, and perhaps of actual familiarity the resemblances to the poetry of these, as of other seventeenth-century men, which are found in early nineteenth-century poets like Beddoes and Dailey, not to mention the 'Spasmodics' and other outlying groups or individuals. It is impossible to imagine a better antidote or alterative to Blackmore and Glover than Chamberlayne, to the average minor poet of the eighteenth century than Benlowes or Katherine Philips or even Philip Ayres. Even the extremest minority is worn with a difference and with a difference which is still agreeable and refreshing. 'Agreeable and refreshing' *Dulce refrigerium*! It sounds better in Latin, though the sense is pretty exactly the same and the Latin phrase at least expresses the charm of these writers perhaps as well as any that could be

## General Introduction

invented. There is no need to relinquish a jot of the pedagogic or, if the shibboleth of the day be preferred the 'scientific' arguments and claims just advanced, but in a matter of art and especially of poetical art they can never be quite victoriously decisive. 'Is the delight here?' is a question which anybody has the right to ask at any moment and it moves the case into another court.

But there is no difficulty in giving the affirmative answer though of course that answer must itself be subject like all such, to the yet further, and in this case final tribunal of individual taste. Some people will not like even Chamberlayne much less Benlowes and the rest. It has even been admitted that they can find reasons for not liking, if they choose to seek them. But it must be remembered that in Art, and especially in Poetry the potency of the negative and the potency of the affirmative in replies to this question are utterly different in weight and scope. The negative is final as regards the individual, *he* has a right to dislike if he does dislike though there may be subsequent questions as to his competence. But it is not in the least final as to the work in question. It is (let it be granted) not good for *him*, it does not follow that it is not good in itself. Now the affirmative carries with it results of a very different character. *This* is final in regard to the work as well as to the reader. That which should be delectable has delighted in one proven and existing case and nothing—not the crash of the world—can alter the fact. It has achieved—though the value of the achievement in different cases may be different.

From this point of view few of the poets now presented need fall back on the mere scholastic historic estimate though one or two may have to do so. Puzzling as it may be to extract and define the essence of the charm which is found in almost every page of Chamberlayne and which is not so rare elsewhere the examples already referred to will show that that charm itself has been felt by persons whose competence is too certain and whose idiosyncrasies are too various to permit the poohpoohing of it as an effect of crotchet or *engouement*, or simple bad taste. The fact is that it is as genuine as it is elusive and almost as all pervading as it is sometimes faint and felt from far. If it can be explained in any way it is by the constant presence of the worship of Imagination and of the reward which Imagination bestows upon even her most mistaken worshippers. Sometimes they are mistaken enough, they confuse their Goddess with a Fancy which is not even Fancy made of golden air but an earthy Fancy bedizened with tinsel. But the better Fancy is only Imagination a little humanized, and even the worst has something not quite alien from the divine. As we come closer to the confines of the period it is most curious to see the last flutters and flashes of the wings of this Fancy as she takes her leave in such things as Ayres's *Fair Beggar*, and his *Ljdia Distracted*. Earlier, she is always with us,

## General Introduction

and Imagination herself not seldom. There are who like not these for companions, no doubt, for those who do, let us cut short this ushership at once and allow the music to begin<sup>1</sup>

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

<sup>1</sup> NOTE TO INTRODUCTION The principles of editing which have been adopted can be very shortly set forth. In all cases, whether the texts have been set up from reprints, as in a few cases, or from the originals, as in most, they have been carefully collated with these originals themselves and all important variations noted, and where necessary explained. The spelling has been subjected to the very small amount of modernization necessary to make it uniform with the only uniformity which is at all possible. At this time no texts were printed with very antique spelling, and some present for whole pages nothing that is not modern, except an occasional capital Initial. A very few readers might prefer the reproduction of anomalous and contradictory archaisms, but these would certainly repel a much larger number, and interfere with the acquaintance which it is desired to bring about. With regard to punctuation, the fantastic and irregular clause- and sentence architecture of the time hardly admits of a strict application of any system. This is partly remedied, or at least recognized, in the originals by an extremely liberal use of the semicolon, which has been generally retained, except where means of improvement are obvious. Glossarial notes have been added where they seemed necessary or very desirable, but with a sparing hand, and notes explanatory of matter, with a hand more sparing still. The object constantly kept in view by the editor has been the provision, not of biographical, bibliographical, or commentatorial minutiae, but of a sufficient and trustworthy text for the student and the lover of literature. (*Unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances have hitherto prevented the accomplishment of the collation of Hainay. I trust to complete it shortly and to give the results, if any, in Vol. II.—G. S.*)

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
GENERAL INTRODUCTION	iii
WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE	I
Introduction	3
PHARONNIDA   Dedication &c	14
Book I	17
Book II	73
Book III	124
Book IV	181
Book V	37
ENGLAND'S JUBILEE	296
EDWARD BENLOWES	305
Introduction	307
THEOPHILA   Preface Commendatory Poems &c	315
The Prelibation to the Sacrifice   Canto I	335
Theophila's Love Sacrifice   Summary &c	342
Canto II   The Humiliation	346
Canto III   The Restoration	355
Canto IV   The Inamoration	361
Canto V   The Representation	368
Canto VI   The Association	375
Canto VII   The Contemplation	382
Canto VIII   The Admiration	389
Canto IX   The Recapitulation (Hecatombē IX Recapitulatio)	397
Prælibatio ad Theophilæ Amoris Hostiam   Quæ unica Cantio a Domino Alex. Rossæo in Carmen Latinum conversa est Cantio I	409
Theophilæ Amoris Hostia.   Cantio III Latino Carmine donata Restauratio	417
The Vanity of the World	424
Canto X   The Abnegation	46
Canto XI   The Disincantation	435
The Sweetness of Retirement   Canto XII   The Segregation	445
The Pleasure of Retirement   Canto XIII   The Reinvitation	454
Theophilæ Amoris Hostia   Cantio VII   A Domino Jeremiâ Colliero in versus Latiales Traducta   Contemplatio	464
THE SUMMARY OF WISDOM	473
A POETIC DESCANT UPON A PRIVATE MUSIC MEETING	482
(xvii)	b

# Contents

	PAGE
KATHERINE PHILIPS. . . . .	485
Introduction . . . . .	486
Preface and Commendatory Poem . . . . .	490
The Table . . . . .	501
POEMS . . . . .	507
Appendix Songs from <i>Pompey</i> . . . . .	610
PATRICK HANNAY . . . . .	613
Introduction . . . . .	615
PHILOMELLA Commendatory Poems, &c . . . . .	616
Philomela, the Nightingale . . . . .	621
SHERLTINE AND MARIANA Dedication, &c . . . . .	613
Canto I . . . . .	615
Canto II . . . . .	659
A HAPPY HUSBAND . . . . .	675
Dedication, Commendatory Poems, &c . . . . .	677
A Happy Husband or, Directions for a Maid to choose her Mate . . . . .	680
ELEGIES ON THE DEATH OF OUR LATE SOVEREIGN, QUEEN ANNE, WITH EPIGRAMS . . . . .	695
SONGS AND SONNETS . . . . .	709

Pharonnida:  
A  
HEROICK  
POEM.

BY  
WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE  
Of Shaftsbury in the County of Dorset.

"Ἰσχεΐ Ψύλλεα πολλὰ λέγει ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοίᾳ.  
*Hom Odyss Lib XIX*

L O N D O N,  
Printed for Robert Clavell, at the Sign of the  
Stags head neer St Gregories Church in  
St. Pauls Church yard, 1 6 8 9.



[Two vols in one of 258 and 215 pp respectively The print and leading of these is quite different, the first having small type and thirty four lines to the page, the second a larger letter and twenty-six or twenty-eight lines ]

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# INTRODUCTION TO WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE

THE extreme scantiness of our biographical knowledge<sup>1</sup> of the author of *Pharonnida* has not even in recent or comparatively recent years been compensated by any fullness of critical or general acquaintance with his works. He was even more unfortunate than Herrick as regards the time at which he came and his chances of popularity and his kind of work was a great deal less likely to recommend itself to future generations. That the original edition is very rare indeed, and that Singer's reprint eighty year ago was published in no very great numbers and is now far from common or cheap are facts which no doubt have had a good deal to do with the general neglect but criticism is not quite blameless in the matter. That Langbaine should have seen nothing in *Pharonnida* is indeed itself nothing if there ever has been anything which may possibly have ruffled the smoothness of Shakespeare's brow since his death, it must have been Langbaine's admiration. That the eighteenth century should have left our poet not contemptuously but utterly alone is not wonderful for his system of versification is simply anathema to the orthodoxy of which Bysshe was the lawgiver and which Johnson did not disdain to profess.

Southey who read *Pharonnida* early and might have been expected to like it has indeed left a pleasant tribute. But the author of an elaborate and useful argument with extracts in the *Retrospective Review*<sup>2</sup> which no doubt served as shoehorn to draw on Singer's reprint gives very little criticism and that little by turns extravagant and grudging. I have myself a very great admiration for Chamberlayne but I fear I could not except

It is practically limited to what can be found in the prefatory matter of his poem with a very few external contributions—as that he was born in 1619 practised as a physician at Shaftesbury died there on Jan 11 1679 and was buried his son Valentine putting up a monument to him. *Pharonnida* appeared (London R. Clavell) with a portrait (generally absent) in 1659. The tragic comedy of *Lois Viceroy* which accompanies it in Singer's reprint but (as a play) is not given here had been published the year before and was reprinted in 1678 with alterations as *It is Led by the Nose* a title not obviously applicable. At the Restoration Chamberlayne published a short poem of some interest *England's Jubilee* which has never I think been reprinted but which is given at the end of *Pharonnida*.

In a note to *The Vision of the Mad of Orleans* (Poet's one vol. edition p. 79) he gives a considerable extract from *Pharonnida*'s remarkable dream in Book I Canto v and speaks of the author as a poet to whom I am indebted for many hours of delight. But even he while acknowledging an interesting story, sublimity of thought and beauty of expression excepts against the uncouth rhymes the quaintest conceits and the most awkward inversions.

I pp. 21-48 with a further article on *Lois Viceroy* pp. 258-71

## William Chamberlayne

as regards the inequality, say that 'his main story is carried on with deep and varied interest and developed with great but unequal power,' or grant 'individuality' to 'the character of Almanzor' On the other hand, to speak of the 'involved and inharmonious' diction, and still more of 'the poverty and insignificance of the rhyme,' is as excessive in the other direction, though it may not be utterly untrue and the remark about the rhyme in particular shows that the critic had not grasped Chamberlayne's system We can come together again on 'richness of imagery,' 'impassioned and delightful poetry,' &c

The first person to do some real justice to *Pharonnida* was Campbell in his *Specimens*, which again give not much criticism and chiefly praise the story—the weakest part—but provide admirable selections, the perusal of which stirred Jeffrey himself to admiration and desire for more Of late years things have been better<sup>1</sup>, but even yet the poem is far too little known, and the hope of extending the knowledge of it was one of my main motives in suggesting and planning this edition

The points of interest from which *Pharonnida* can be regarded are neither few nor unimportant In the first place it is, with Davenant's much better known but far inferior *Gondibert*, the chief English example of that curious kind the 'Heroic poem'—the romanticized epic which, after the deliberations of the Italian critics and the example of Tasso, spread itself over Europe in the late sixteenth century and held the field for the greater part of the seventeenth With something of the late romance of the *Amadis* type in it, this poem had a good deal of intended reference to the *Aeneid*, but perhaps linked itself most of all to the prose *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus, which attracted great attention from the Renaissance and had been pronounced by Scaliger himself the model of a prose epic The resemblance, indeed, between *Pharonnida* and the type of the Greek romance generally is very strong in the prominence and persistent persecutions of the heroine, in the constant voyages and travels, alarms and excursions, ambushes and abductions, and, it may be added, in the very subordinate position of Character Indeed Chariclea and some of her sisters are much less open to Pope's libel than the good Pharonnida and the bad Amphibia of our poem

An even greater attraction to some readers is its position at the very end (indeed, in a sort of appendix to the great volume) of Elizabethan verse, in conception, in versification, and in phrase Like the whole body of this verse, from Spenser downwards, it is of imagination (or at worst of fancy) all compact the restraints of prose and common sense are utterly alien to it Its author has passed from the merely 'conceited'

<sup>1</sup> Mr Gosse in *From Shakespeare to Pope* did, perhaps, most to draw attention once more to Chamberlayne

## Introduction

to the 'metaphysical' stage, and if his excursions into the *au delà* do not reach the sublimity or the subtlety of Donne the flaming fantasy and passion of Crashaw they leave very little to desire in their fidelity to the Gracianic motto *En Nada Vulgar*. The immense length of his verse paragraphs (to be referred to further) is closely connected with this intricacy and excursiveness of thought and so no doubt at least according to the present writer's idea, is the impassioned and delightful poetry. But so also is the extreme incoherence not merely of the story as a whole but and still more of its component incidents and episodes. It is, of course impossible not to think of *Sordello* in reading it and I should say myself that the poem which has rather absurdly become a proverb for incomprehensibility in the proper sense of the word is much the more easily comprehensible of the two. Mr Browning's thought pursues the most astonishing zigzags and whirligigs and shifts but it is solid and you can if you are nimble enough, keep your clutch on it. Chamberlayne constantly sublimizes itself off into a kind of mist before making a fresh start as a solid, at quite a different point from that at which it was last perceived in that condition.

So too with the versification. Although it is of course quite possible to trace the stopped and stable couplet not merely in drama but in narrative and miscellaneous poetry, from Spenser and Drayton and Daniel downwards the general tendency of the Elizabethan distich had been towards an undulating *enjambement* and this had grown much stronger both in octosyllable and decasyllable with strictly Jacobean poets like Wither and Browne. But Chamberlayne serpentines it to a still greater extent. Indeed it is impossible not to discern in him something akin to that extraordinary *unscrewing* of blank verse itself which is noticeable in his dramatic contemporaries and which might have disvertebrated English verse altogether if it had not been for the tonic in different forms of Milton and Dryden. The 'poverty and insignificance of rhyme on which our *Retrospective* friend is so severe are of course deliberate. The rhymes are intended not as a stop signal at the end of the couplet but as an accompanying music to the run of the paragraph. Unfortunately the possession of this accompaniment is too likely to dispense a poet from that attention to varied pause and to careful selection of value in individual words with which the blank verse paragrapher cannot dispense if he is to do anything distinguished. It would be interesting if one could know whether Milton ever heard of *Pharonnida* but I think I do know what he would have said of it. It is not insignificant that his nephew Phillips while mentioning the unimportant Robert Chamberlain says nothing about William in a tale of Caroline poets which descends to Pagan Fisher and Robert Gomersal. But for all its dangers and all its actual lapses it

## William Chamberlayne

makes a medium frequently delightful even if we had not *Endymion*, and more, not less, seeing that we have that

It is in his diction, using that word widely to include composition and grammar, that Chamberlayne's state is least gracious. His ugliest fault he shares with most of his contemporaries, even with Dryden occasionally, and it is so ugly that it constitutes perhaps the most serious drawback to the enjoyment of him by modern readers. Partly owing to that gradual vulgarization of the language which Dryden arrested to some extent, but which it is a redeeming merit of the eighteenth century in prose and verse to have cauterized, but partly also to the prevailing critical error as to the strictly syllabic character of English verse, *Pharonnda* swarms with things like 'in's hand,' 't' the coach,' 'Perform't' These uglinesses cannot always (as, by the way, they generally can in Dryden) be smoothed away by printing in full and allowing trisyllabic feet, they are too often 'in grain'. Very much more tolerable, but occasionally unsatisfactory, is his indulgence, generally a repeated indulgence, in such words as *remora*, *enthean*, *catagraph*, *astracism*. And disapproval must begin again, not so much in regard to the licentiousness of his syntax—for English grammar, after all, is made by good English writers, and not vice versa—as to the extraordinary haphazardness of syntax, phrase, and composition alike. I do not wish to burden this introduction with extracts of any length, but those who turn to the passage about the governor of the fort in Book II, Canto II, lines 123–132, will find a capital example of our poet at his very worst. It is perhaps well that this worst should be got over beforehand, so that things like it may not possess the additional disgust of surprise. But it must be admitted that the greatest danger in reading him is lest the reader, by too frequent occurrence of these choke-passages, may be tempted to skip, and that in the lack of *ordonnance* which has been noted, he may find himself hopelessly befogged at the point where he alights from his skipping-pole.

As if all this were not enough, Chamberlayne has multiplied his obstacles of commission by an omission which nearly all of his few critics have noticed, but which none of them has fully followed out. We know from his own words at the end of the Second Book that the poem was thus far written, but broken off, at the second battle of Newbury in October, 1644. And whether its author resumed it at once after the complete disaster of the Royal arms next year, or earlier, or later<sup>1</sup>, it was certainly not published for fifteen years afterwards. This would, in itself, render inconsistencies and gaps likely enough. but it would not account for the

<sup>1</sup> It has been thought, from bibliographical peculiarities in the original, that the last part was printed later than the rest. The last volume (see note on reverse of half-title) is certainly quite different in typography and arrangement from the first

## Introduction

extraordinary *incuria* which Chamberlayne constantly displays One would imagine not merely that he had never read his MS through, but that he had never taken the trouble to read his proofs a process which could hardly have failed to reveal to the most careless author some, if not all of the discrepancies of nomenclature, &c In the first few pages he calls one of his characters indifferently Ariamnes and 'Aminander, but here this slip of the pen is so glaring that it hardly misleads A little later he puts the careful (the careless will not mind) hopelessly out, by transferring the name Aphron' to one Andremon both persons having already appeared and being entirely distinct He never seems to know whether his main scene of action is in the Morea (where it certainly opens) or in Sicily, and there may, perhaps, be corroborative evidence of some passing intention to change the whole *venue* from Greece to Italy in his calling the same person at one time an 'Epirot' and at another a Calabrian Although the exits and the entrances of his characters are very complicated and sometimes correspond at long intervals he will (there is an example at I iv 109) omit to name them and describe them in such a round about fashion that anybody but a very wary and attentive reader must be at least for a time at sea Finally as indeed Thackeray and others have done, he will kill and bring alive again with the completest nonchalance At least though his phrase is constantly enigmatic it is hard to understand the lines at IV i 192 where, in reference to the wicked Amphibia and her paramour Brumorchus it is said that the prince

refers

Their punishment to death's dire messengers,

in any other sense than that both were executed Yet at V iii 360 Amphibia is still alive still a lady in waiting to Pharonnida and in case to execute the crowning treason of the story which kills the princess's father and very nearly brings herself to the scaffold as his murderess

This being the case and the arguments prefixed by the author being almost useless<sup>1</sup> it may be well to present a brief analysis *canto by canto* of a poem which one tolerably practised reader had to read three times before its general subject was at all clearly imprinted on his mind

Book I, Canto 1<sup>2</sup> Aminander [Ariamnes] a Spartan lord hunting on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto sees a naval combat between Turks and Christians and when the combatants wrecked by a squall are still fighting on the beach rescues the Christian heroes Argalia and Aphron

Canto 11 Another lord Almanzor the villain of the piece finds two damsels Carina and Florenza in a wood He offers violence to Florenza

<sup>1</sup> The abstract in the *Retrospect ve Review* is a little scrappy and capricious Observe the *five* books and the *five* cantos in each This was one of the curious heroic punctilios to bring the construction nearer to the *five* acts of Drama

## *William Chamberlayne*

and her lover, Andremon, though coming in time to save her, falls before his sword. But Argalia, who has been sleeping near, is waked by the scuffle, takes her part, and severely wounds Almanzor, despite the succour of his friends. Forces come up, and, appearances being against Argalia, take him into custody.

Canto iii. He is conveyed to the capital, where, according to the custom of the country, it is the duty of the king's daughter, Pharonnida, whose mother is dead, to preside over the tribunal. She falls in love with Argalia at first sight, but he is condemned, receiving three days' respite as an Epirot, a citizen of an allied state, which is confirmed by ambassadors from Epirus then present.

Canto iv. This is however not sufficient to obtain his pardon, and he is about to suffer when Aminander reappears with Florenza herself, who tells the whole story. Argalia is set at liberty and is about to depart with the ambassadors (who have become 'Calabrians' and who have told what they know of his origin) when a fresh adventure happens. Molarchus the Morean (now Sicilian) admiral, who has been charged to convoy the envoys, invites the king, princess and court on board his flag-ship and makes sail, having formed a design to carry off Pharonnida. This he does, though there is a fierce fight on board, by throwing her into a prepared boat and making off, while the crew do the same, having previously scuttled the ship. Argalia, however, with the help of his friend Aphron, though at the cost of the latter's life, secures one of the boats, rescues the king, and lands on a desolate island, where they find that Molarchus has conveyed Pharonnida to a fortress. Argalia, always fertile in resource, makes a ladder of the tackling of some stranded boats, scales the walls, slays Molarchus, and rescues the princess.

Canto v. tells of a halcyon time at Corinth, where Pharonnida and Argalia, who is captain of her bodyguard, fall more and more deeply in love with one another, till the usual romance-mischance of a proposed betrothal to a foreign prince interrupts it, and the book finishes with this agony further agonized by Argalia's appointment on the very embassy destined to reply favourably to the Epirot suitor.

In Book II, Canto i we return to Almanzor, who forms a plot to abduct the princess, succeeds at first by turning a masque into a massacre, but is defeated by the rising of the country people, who half ignorantly rescue her. But her ravisher, in

Canto ii, thinking he has gone too far to retreat, sets up a rebellion and garrisons the castle of a city named Alcithius, which the king at first retakes, but which only serves him as a place of refuge when Almanzor has beaten him in the field. He has just time to send to Epirus for help before the place is invested.

## Introduction

Canto iii It is almost reduced by famine, and the besieged are meditating the forlorn hope of a sally when Zoranza the Epirot prince arrives with a large army the vanguard of which commanded by Argalia and supported from the castle disperses the rebel forces, though not at first completely After a glowing interview between the lovers the hero has to expel the remnant of the foe from a strange cavern fastness where he finds a secret treasury with mysterious inscription

Canto iv Another interval of war The unwelcome suitor is called off by troubles at home and the lovers (Argalia still commanding the princess's guard) enjoy discreet but delightful hours in an island paradise

Canto v Episode of two Platonic Fantastic lovers Acretius and Philanta, on whom a practical joke is played Intrigues of Amphibia who excites the king's jealousy, and induces him to send Argalia at the head of a contingent to Epirus After pathetic parting scenes Argalia leaves Pharonnida and the poet leaves the Muses to converse with men that is to say to fight the Roundheads at Newbury

Book III Canto i opens with a semi-episode of the rival loves of Euriolus and Mazara for Florenza and Mazara's consolation with Carina, Florenza's companion at her original appearance In

Canto ii the princess unwarily reading aloud a letter from Argalia with her door open is overheard by her father who is furiously angry and sends letters of Bellerophon to the Prince of Syracuse [Epirus] as to Argalia Zoranza, nothing loth makes Argalia captain of the fortress Ardenna with a secret commission to the actual governor to make away with him He is saved from death for the moment by a convenient local superstition and carried off (still prisoner) by an invading fleet, which fails to capture Ardenna But Pharonnida is strictly imprisoned in the castle of Gerenza In

Canto iii Argalia, after a rapid series of adventures at sea and in Rhodes is captured by the Turkish chief Ammurat and sent to his wife Janusa in Sardinia to be tortured and executed But Janusa falls in love with him and this and the next Canto contain the best known and perhaps the most sustained chapter of the poem, Argalia being not merely

Like Paris handsome and like Hector brave,

but also like Joseph chaste The passage having ended happily for him, tragically for Janusa and her husband he seizes ships mans them with Christian slaves rescues the Prince of Cyprus from a new Turkish fleet, returns to the Morea, and after a time resolves aided by his Cyprian friend, to release Pharonnida In this at first they succeed

Book IV Canto i Episode of Orlinda and the Prince of Cyprus Pharonnida and Argalia enjoy a new respite in a retired spot but are



## William Chamberlayne

attacked by outlaws, who wound Argalia and carry off the princess Their chief is Almanzor, who in

Canto ii tries to force Pharonnida to accept him by threats, and immures her in a living tomb from which she is rescued by Euriolus (mentioned before) and Ismander, on whom and Aminda there is fresh episode continued into

Canto iii by entrances of certain persons named Vanlore<sup>1</sup>, Amarus, and Silvandra, but not concluded The rest of Canto iii, Canto iv, and

Canto v contain an account of Argalia's recovery, and long conversations, in which he reveals what he knows of his youth to a friendly hermit.

Book V, Canto i Meanwhile Pharonnida has retired to a monastery and is about to take the veil (has actually done so after a fashion) when Almanzor attacks the convent and once more carries her off, but surrenders her to her father that he may obtain his own pardon and plot further

Canto ii Argalia goes to Aetolia, of which he is the rightful heir, and fights his way to his own

Canto iii He is however rejected as suitor and attacked by his rival Zoranza But Almanzor procures both this prince's murder and that of King Cleander (who is never named till very late in the story) Then Pharonnida in Canto iv undergoes her last danger, and in Canto v is finally freed by Argalia as her champion from Almanzor, whom he at last slays, and from all her other ills by marriage with her deliverer

Now for my part I am entirely unable to pronounce this 'one of the most interesting stories ever told in verse' As a whole it is romance 'common-form,' of by no means a specially good kind, only heightened by the telling in a few passages—the dream, the story of Janusa, the entombment of the heroine, and two or three others I would, as Blair's typical person of bad taste said of Homer, 'as soon read any old romance of knight-errantry,' and would a great deal sooner read most of them *for the story* If anybody agrees with Pope that 'the fable is the soul or immortal part of poetry,' Chamberlayne is not the poet for him But he is, if not *the* poet, a poet and little less than a great one, for those who enjoy the 'poetic moment,' the 'single-instant pleasure' of image and phrase and musical accompaniment of sound The extraordinary abundance of these things is the solace of those sins of his in *ordonnance* and versification and diction which have been so frankly and amply acknowledged above It is hit or miss with him, no doubt and equally without doubt, he misses too often—far oftener than a poet of the School of Good Sense would do But he hits not only much oftener than the poet of good sense would do,

<sup>1</sup> It will be observed that Chamberlayne's nomenclature, mainly of the odd rococo-romantic type popular in seventeenth-century literature, is still more oddly mixed This particular name must have been a favourite, for it recurs in *Love's Victory*

## Introduction

but also as the poet of good sense rarely does at all. He is far too careless of what he says, and of its exact meaning and of the concatenation thereof with other meanings. But he always tries in the great adverb of the Italian Hellenist critic Patrizzi to say it *poeticamente* or as Hazlitt (who certainly did not know Patrizzi) unconsciously translates it, 'in a poetical way'. Chamberlayne's sky and landscape are occasionally very dark—it is difficult to find one's way about under the one and across the other—but both are constantly lighted up by splendid shooting stars. The road through his story is as badly laid made and kept as road can be—but fountains and wildflower banks are never long wanting by its sides and it occasionally opens prospects of enchanting beauty.

There is at least not disgrace of incongruity in this eulogy for Chamberlayne's own style is nothing if not starry and flowery. His metaphors and similes and imagery generally for atmospheric phenomena and especially for Night and Day are inexhaustible.

'Days sepulchre the ebon arched night  
Was raised above the battlements of light

he writes here, there

'And now the spangled squadrons of the night  
Encountering beams had lost the field to light

And again

'The day was on the glittering wings of light  
Fled to the western wild and swarthy night  
In her black empire throned'

And again

'Now at the great antipathy to day  
The silent earth oppressed with midnight lay  
Vested in clouds black as they had been sent  
To be the whole world's mourning monument —

passages which could be added to almost indefinitely. Nor is his imagination limited according to Addison's rule to 'ideas furnished by sight'—there is more than this in the phrase 'Desire the shady porch of Love'—analogues of which will be found in almost every page. In fact *Pharonnida* is simply a *Sinbad's Valley of poetic jewels* though here as there it may be a little difficult to get at them. The practice of filling Introductions with extracts instead of leaving the reader to find them for himself is I have said an objectionable one. But I may take the middle course and instance as more than purple patches—the picture of Argalia at the bar (I iii 165 sq.) *Pharonnida's* dream already mentioned (I v 153 sq.) one of the longest and finest of the bursts, the mystic chamber in the outlaw's cavern (II iii 480 sq.), *Pharonnida's* island (II iv 179 sq.) the close of Book III Canto 1 and the beginning of the next Canto where

## William Chamberlayne

she reads the letter, the valley of Florenza's home, and the lovers' sojourn there. These are but a few, and the reader will find plenty more for himself.

One point, uninteresting to some, will be of the very highest interest to others, and that is what may be called the Battle of the Couplets in *Pharonnida*. It is, as has been said, the last, and in more senses than one the greatest, of poems written in that 'enjambéd' and paragraphed variety of the heroic, which was driven out and replaced by its rival a very few years afterwards, when that rival had secured the assistance of Dryden. But as everybody ought to know, the stopped dissyllabic couplet itself is of an ancient house, though its supremacy was modern. It made perhaps the very first appearance in the scattered couplets of Hampole and others before Chaucer. It is very much less absent from Chaucer himself than those who call the metre of *Endymion* Chaucerian appear to imagine. Spenser shows himself a master of it in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, and it is abundant not merely in the dramatists but in the non-dramatic Elizabethans. Ben Jonson seems to have thought it the best of all metres, but, above all, the tails of Fairfax's stanzas, from which so many of the later seventeenth-century poets learnt, are full of it. Chamberlayne, who was not much more than ten years older than Dryden, could not miss it unless he had set himself the sternest rules of self-criticism; and, as we have seen, he never criticized himself at all. Even the few examples given in this Introduction will show its presence; but much more remarkable ones, both of the completed couplet and of the Drydenian single line which helps to constitute and clench it, will be easily found by the inquirer. Just at the beginning such a formation as

'From all the warm society of flesh'

is unmistakable in its tendency, though it actually forms part of a couplet very much 'enjambéd'. There is no need to draw the moral of

'Dropt as their foes' victorious fate flew by  
To shew his fortune and their royalty'

or                    'Rebellion's subtle engineer might sit  
To wreck the weakness of a female wit'

or                    'The vexed Epirots who for comfort saw  
Revenge appearing in the form of law'

These are the single spies which forerun the battalions

I have no desire to expatiate in these Introductions, or to take up room better occupied by the too long neglected texts, and there remains little that it is desirable and less that it is necessary to say. Chamberlayne's other work of substance, his play of *Love's Victory*, contains many fine passages in the serious blank verse, most of which will be found extracted in the article upon it in the same volume of the *Retrospective Review*,

## Introduction

nor is even the comic part though it shares the ribaldry and the crudity common in such productions devoid of some of Chamberlayne's audacious felicities of expression. If that supplementary Dodsley which has long been wanted should ever appear the piece should certainly find a place there but it is out of our way. His poem to the King at the Restoration may be worth subjoining to *Pharonnida*.

On the whole he is not quite so much of an 'awful example' as even his panegyrists, Campbell and others used to make him. At his date, and with the idiosyncrasy shown by the fact that he spent at least fifteen years over his poem as it was it was practically impossible that he should in any case have devoted to it the critical Medea sorcery which made perfect things of such very imperfect ones as the original *Palace of Art* and the original *Lady of Shalott*. He might, of course, not have written it at all and he might possibly have written it in the other vein of stopped couplet epigrammatic clench and emphasis and more suppressed conceit. In either case it would not be what it is. We should have lost (in words of its own) acquaintance with *Pharonnida*.<sup>1</sup> And by some that acquaintance would not willingly be relinquished for the possession not merely of one but of a dozen long poems written in the strictest and most savourless orthodoxy of Le Bossu and La Harpe.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Most of the few accounts of Chamberlayne mention a prose version of *Pharonnida* entitled *Eromena or The Noble Stranger* which appeared four years after his death in 1683 (London: Norris). One naturally imagines—the present editor certainly did so till he read it—a book of length a la *Scudery*. The actual work is a tiny pamphlet containing some seventy small pages of large print but adorned with a fresh Pindaric motto (τίνα θότ' ἤρωα τί' ἄνδρα κ' λαδύσομεν) and a dedication to Madam Sarah Monday. The earlier cantos are paraphrased with some fullness; the bulk of the story is altogether omitted. As *Pharonnida* becomes *Eromena* so does Argalia take the alias of Horatio. The thing which acknowledges no indebtedness is worthless enough and only curious because of the admixture of Chamberlayne's own original and highly poetic phrases with the flattest prose.

# To the Right Worshipful Sir William Portman, Baronet<sup>1</sup>

HONOURED SIR,

Though, by that splendour<sup>2</sup> with which the bountiful hand of fortune, illustrated by the more excellent gifts of nature, hath adorned you, to the illuminating the hopes of all your expecting friends, I might justly fear these glow-worms of fancy may be outshone, to the obscurity of a contemptible neglect, you being like, ere long, to prove that glorious luminary, to whose ascending brightness the happiest wits that grace the British hemisphere, like Persian priests prostrated to the rising sun, will devote the morning sacrifices of their muses: yet, animated by your late candid reception of my more youthful labours, whose humble flights, having your name to beautify their front, passed the public view unsullied by the cloudy aspect of the most critic spectator, I have once more assumed the boldness to let the infirmities of my fancy take sanctuary under the name of so honoured a patron. Though my abilities could not clothe her in such robes as would render her a fit companion for your serious studies, yet I hope her dress is not so sordid, but she may prove an acceptable attendant on your more vacant hours. For my subject (it being heroic poesy) it is such as the wiser part of the world hath always held in a venerable esteem, the extracts of fancy being that noble elixir, which heaven ordained to immortalize

their memories, whose worthy actions, being the products of that nobler part of man—the soul, are by this made almost commensurate with her eternity, which otherwise, (to the sorrow of succeeding ages, who are in debt for much of their virtue to a noble emulation of their glorious ancestors), had either terminated in a circle of no larger a diameter than life, or, like short-breathed ephemerals, only survived a while in the airy region of discourse.

This, sir, having been the past fortune of our predecessors, and, as the pregnant hopes of your blooming spring promises<sup>3</sup> the world, like to be yours in the future, yours, when both the splendid beauties of your most glorious palace, and the lasting structure of your marble dormitory, time shall have so leygated, that the wanton winds daily with their dust, I doubt not but to find you so much a Mæcenæus, as to affect the eternizing of your name more from the lasting lineaments of learning than those vain phenomena of pleasures, which are the low delights of more vulgar spirits.

Though I confess these papers beneath the serious view, which a wit, acuated with the best adjuncts of art, will, ere long, render the ordinary recreations of your progressive studies, yet, as in relation to the latitude for which they were calculated, I hope they may not appear unworthy a

<sup>1</sup> This was the sixth Baronet (1641?–90), who succeeded to the title in 1648, and matriculated at All Souls in the very year of the appearance of *Pharonmida*. He was a great Tory, and captured Monmouth, but joined William of Orange.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. 'splendour,' on the strength of which, I suppose, Singer has altered 'honoured' before, and 'labours' just below, to the same form, though they were correct in text. I shall, therefore, print *-our* throughout, following the original in almost every case.

<sup>3</sup> Singer altered 'promises' to 'promise' and 'serenities' to 'serenity'. But these false concords are too constant in Chamberlayne, and too often made certain by the rhyme to be mere slips of pen or press. I have therefore restored the original forms as also in all cases (oversights excepted) where the reprint of 1820 unnecessarily changes 'in' to 'on,' &c.

## Dedication

present supervisal it being intended (like the weak productions of the early spring) but for the April of your age where though my hopes tell me it may subsist whilst irrigated by those balmy dews of passion which are the usual concomitants of youth I am not guilty of so unbecoming a boldness as to think it fit to stand the heat of your more vigorous maturity when the meridian altitude of your comprehensive judgement shall have attained so near an universality of knowledge as the sun when in its apogæum doth of light that being only hindered by a comparatively punctillo of earth as the powerful energies of noble souls are by the upper garments of their mortality from being at once ubiquitous blessings

*Shaftesbury May 12, 1659*

Fortified by these considerations with the hope of your acceptance and assured that prefixing your name is an amulet of sufficient power to preserve me from the contagion of censure I have with an unruffled confidence given these papers a capacity of being publicly viewed If their being liked attain but near the dimensions of your being beloved it will co equate the knowledge the world shall have of them that being so universal as the serenities<sup>1</sup> of your bliss is the happiness of your nearest relations so is it much of the hopes of those that only know you at a remoter distance And shall be still the prayer of

Sir

Your devoted Servant

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAINE

## The Epistle to the Reader

SINCE custom obliges me to give a welcome at the gate I shall not be so irregular as not to meet that common civility with a fair compliance And though like the passive elements I lie open to all the incongruity of aspects (of which I have some reason to doubt the most powerful may be found in a disdainful opposition) yet, like the noblest of active creatures—light I shall not think myself sullied by every vapour nor solicit his acquaintance that cannot so long spare his eyes from beholding more active vanities

I have always held it a solecism for entertainers to be beggars and al though by exposing these papers to the public view I must consequently expect variety of censures should be loath to descend so low to court the applause of every reader from whose various genn I am necessitated to take such welcome as affection in most though judgement in some shall incline them to give For the first of which as their censures are doubtful so their calumnies are small—not of weight

sufficient to balance the indifferent temper of my thoughts but for the latter (since looked upon as competent judges) though their sentence may be formidable I shall beg no further favour than what their ability thinks fit to bestow only, for what they may justly except against could rather wish that whilst these papers were private I had had their advice to reform than now they are published their censure to condemn Fortune hath placed me in too low a sphere to be happy in the acquaintance of the ages more celebrated wits where fore wonder not that I appear un ushered in with a train of encomiums which though I confess if from knowing and judicious friends add a lustre to the author's ensuing labours yet the custom of these times often makes them appear as ridiculous as a splendid and beautiful front to an empty and contemptible cottage

I have made bold with the title of heroic but have a late example<sup>2</sup> that deters me from disputing upon what grounds I assumed it if it suits not

<sup>1</sup> See previous note

## William Chamberlayne

with the abilities of my pen, yet it is no unbecoming epithet for the eminence of those personated in my poem. For the place of my scene, manner of composure, and the like, (though in prefaces they often find an immature discovery, and, perhaps, but acute an appetite to what, on further progress, may prove but a distasteful banquet), I hold them so impertinent, that, if will and leisure serve you to read, you may suddenly, with more advantage, satisfy yourself, if not, omit them as strangers to your other affairs, and not to be understood but in their own dialect.

I have done with all that in probability may prove my readers, and now a word to such, whom I presume will be none, for they are desired to do no more than the epistle, it being fit to serve them. Like vagabonds, let them enter no farther than the gate, —I mean, all squint-eyed sectaries, from the spawn of Geneva to the black brood of Amsterdam, together with some rascals of a lower rank, such as usurp the abused title of Sons of Art, and, with an empty impudence, endeavour to pollute those immaculate virgins, whilst the other, with an exalted villany, sully the celestial beauties of divine truth. For the first of which, the preposterous genius of the times hath so far favoured them, that now nothing is more vendible than the surreptitious offsprings of their imagined wit. Every stationer's shop affording pregnant examples of it, in big bulked volumes of physic, astrology, and the like, by these indigent vermin, either to satisfy their clamorous wants, or enhance their esteem in the vulgar opinion, basely prostituted to every illiterate spectator, whilst truth, and a guilty conscience, tells them nought is their own but the hyperbolical titles, which, to discerning eyes, appear but the glorious outsides to tainted sepulchres, in which their detected villany shall be abominated by more knowing posterity. These cry down all things of this nature for subjects of inutility, not tending to the improvement of

science, which, in the most genuine construction of it, hath no enemy from which her ruin is more formidable than from them.

But for my more dangerous sceptic, (who yet is so much like the foal of an ass, that he appears to the world with his spleen in his mouth), I mean my pretended zealous censurer, from whom in me it were an overweening boldness to expect civility, since, (though not for the nature, which he understands not, yet for the name, which he hath only heard of), he is so much an enemy to the muses, that should the seraphic strains of majestic David, or the flaming raptures of elegiac Jeremiah, appear to the world in their pristine and unpolluted purity, his ignorance would extend to so vast an error, to censure them of levity.

But as no man will esteem the sun less glorious, for that the hated owl avoids its sight, so I presume none, except their own deluded followers, will betray so palpable a dearth of judgement, as to bear the less esteem to majestic poetry, for the illiterate scandal of flattering ignorance. Poesy, (if justly meriting to be invested in that glorious title) being so attractive a beauty that it doth rather, like an Orphean harmony, draw that emblem of a beast, the unpolished clown, to a listening civility, than, like Circe's enchantments, change the more happily educated to a swinish and sordid lethargy. But her defence being a burthen which already stands firm on so many noble supporters, whose monuments will remain till time itself shall be lost in eternity, I need not add my weak endeavours to illustrate a Beauty which the wiser world already admires. Now, though she want the applause of some, attribute it not to the defect, either of her excellency, or their judgement, but to that various dress of humours, where-with nature hath chequered the universe. Concluding with that honour of ancient Thebes—

Τερπνὸν δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον ἔσσεται οὐδέν.  
*Pindarus in Olympiorum octavo.*

W. C.

# PHARONNIDA

## BOOK I Canto I<sup>1</sup>

### THE ARGUMENT

From seas wild fury and the wilder rage  
Of faithless Turks two noble strangers freed  
Let courtesy their grateful souls engage  
To such a debt as doth obstruct their speed  
Where they to fill those scenes inactive rest  
Would tedious make in f'r description saw  
How Sparta's Prince for his queen's loss oppress  
Found all those ills cured in Pharonnida

THE earth which lately lay like nature's tomb  
Marbled in frosts had from her pregnant womb  
Displayed the fragrant spring when, courted by  
A calm fresh morning ere heaven's brightest eye  
Adorned the east a Spartan lord (whom fame  
Taught from desert made glorious by the name  
Of Aminander) with a noble train,  
Whose active youth did sloth like sin disdain,  
Attended had worn out the morning in  
Chase of a stately stag which having been 10  
Forced from the forest's safe protection to  
Discovering plain his clamorous foes had drew  
Up to a steep cliff's lofty top where he  
As if grown proud so sacrificed to be  
To man's delight 'mongst the pursuing cry  
Who make the valleys echo victory  
Sinks weeping whilst exalted shouts did tell  
The distant herds—their ancient leader fell  
The half-tired hunters their swift game stopt here  
By death like noble conquerors appear 20  
To give that foe which now resistless lies  
With their shrill horns his funeral obsequies,  
Which whilst performing their diverted sight  
Turns to behold a far more fatal fight—

<sup>1</sup> These headings were in orig The First Book. Canto the First &c in two lines So too each verse paragraph begins with an indented couplet

<sup>2</sup> This initial passage may deserve a note which I shall not repeat though it describes a process frequently necessary Singer read Were they for 'Where they but kept the comma of the orig at rest and inserted none at they or 'make while he did insert an apostrophe at scenes His text thus becomes unintelligible which mine I hope is not

<sup>3</sup> sloth like] Orig 'sloth I ke



That since-famed gulf, (where the brave Austrian made  
The Turkish crescents an eternal shade  
Beneath dishonour seek) Lepanto, lay  
So near, that from their lofty station they,  
A ship upon whose streamers there were fixt  
The Christian badge, saw in fierce battle mixt  
With a prevailing Turkish squadron, that  
With shouts assault what now lay only at  
That feeble guard, which, under the pretence  
Of injuring others, seeks its own defence.

30

Clear was the day, and calm the sea so long,  
Till now the Turks, whose numbers grew too strong  
For all that could no other help afford  
But human strength, within their view did board  
The wretched Christians, to whose sufferings they  
Can lend no comfort, but what prayers convey  
To helpful heaven, by whose attentive ear,  
Both heard and pitied, mercy did appear  
In this swift change A hollow wind proclaims  
Approaching storms, the black clouds burst in flames,  
Imprisoned thunder roars, and in a shower,  
Dark as the night, dull sweaty vapours pour  
Themselves on the earth, to enrich whom nature vents  
The ethereal fabric's useless excrements,  
Whose flatuous pride, as if it did disdain  
Such base descents, rolling the liquid plain  
Into transparent mountains, hurls them at  
The brow of heaven, whose lamps, by vapours that  
Their influence raised, are cramp't, whilst the sick day  
Was languishing to such a night, as lay  
O'er the first matter, when confusion dwelt  
In the vast chaos, ere the rude mass felt  
Heaven's segregating breath—but long this fierce  
Conflict endures not, ere the sun-beams pierce  
The scattered clouds, which, whilst wild winds pursue,  
Through sullied air in reeking vapours flew

40

50

60

In this encounter of the storm, before  
Its sable veil let them discover more  
Than contained horror, a loud dreadful shriek,  
Piercing the thick air, at their ears did seek  
For trembling entrance being transported by  
Uncertain drifts, rent sails and tackling fly  
Amongst the towering cliffs,—a sure presage  
That adverse winds did in that storm engage  
Some vessel, which did from her cordage part,  
With such sad pangs—as from the dying heart  
Convulsions tear the fibres. But the day,  
Recovering her lost reign, made clearer way

70

27 seek] Orig. 'seeks'

For a more sad discovery They behold  
 The brackish main in funeral pomp unfold  
 The trophies of her cruelty Her brow,  
 Uncurled with waves was only spotted now  
 With scattered ruins, here engaged within  
 The ruffled sails, some sad souls that had been  
 For life long struggling tired at length are forced  
 To sink and die yonder, a pair divorced 80  
 From all the warm society of flesh  
 With cold stiff arms embrace their fate,—the fresh  
 And tender virgin in her lover's sight  
 The sea gods ravish and the enthean light  
 Of those bright orbs her eyes which could by nought  
 But seas be quenched, t eternal darkness brought

Whilst pitying these a sudden noise whose strange  
 Confusion did their passions object change  
 Assaults their wonder, which by this surprise  
 Amazed persuades them to inform their eyes 90  
 With its obscure original when led  
 By sounds that might in briser souls have bred  
 A swift aversion clashing weapons they  
 Might soon behold—upon the sands that lay  
 Beneath the rock a troop of desperate men  
 Unstartled with those dangers (which e'en then  
 Their ruined ship and dropping garments showed  
 Heaven freed them from—what mercy had bestowed)  
 Let their own anger loose which flaming in  
 A fatal combat, had already been 100  
 In blood disfigured but when now so near  
 Them drawn, that every object did appear  
 In true distinction, they with wonder raised  
 To such a height as poets would have praised  
 Their heroes in, a noble Christian saw,  
 Whose sword (as if by the eternal law  
 Of Providence to punish infidels,  
 Directed) with each falling stroke expels  
 A Turks black soul yet valour being opprest  
 By multitudes must have at length sought rest 110  
 From death, had not brave Anamnes by  
 His hunters followed brought him victory,  
 Whilst the approaching danger did exclude  
 E'en hope the last support of fortitude

The desperate Turks that chose the sea to be  
 Their sad redeemer of captivity  
 Though from that fear they fled to death had now  
 Upon the shore left none life could allow

84 enthean] This, a rather favourite word with Chamberlayne and his contemporaries ought not to have become obsolete for we have no single equivalent to *dimly* inspired or furnished

But motion to, though, stopped by death such store,  
All the escaped appeared, but such as bore 120  
The fatal story of destruction to  
Their distant friends When now a serious view,  
By Ariamnes and that noble youth,  
(Whose actions, honoured as authentic truth,  
Made all admire him), of their pitied dead  
With sorrow took, one worthy soul unfled  
From life they found, which, by Argalia seen,  
With joy recalls those spirits that had been  
In busy action lost, but danger, that  
Toward the throne of life seemed entering at 130  
Too many wounds, denies him to enlarge  
The stream of love, as noble Virtue's charge  
To him, her follower Ariamnes, by  
His goodness and their sad necessity  
Prompted to pity, fearing slow delays  
As danger's fatal harbinger, conveys  
The wounded strangers to the place where he  
His palace made the throne of charity  
'Twas the short journey 'twixt the day and night,  
The calm fresh evening, time's hermaphrodite, 140  
The sun, on light's dilated wings, being fled,  
To call the western villagers from bed,  
Ere at his castle they arrive, which stood  
Upon a hill, whose basis, fringed with wood,  
Shadowed the fragrant meadows, thorough which  
A spacious river, striving to enrich  
The flowery valleys with whatever might  
At home be profit, or abroad delight,  
With parted streams that pleasant islands made,  
Its gentle current to the sea conveyed 150  
In the composure of this happy place  
Wherein he lived, as if framed to embrace  
So brave a soul as now did animate  
It with his presence, strength and beauty sate  
Combined in one 'twas not so vastly large,  
But fair convenience countervailed the charge  
Of reparations, all that modest art  
Affords to sober pleasure's every part,  
More for its ornament, but none were drest  
In robes so rich, but what alone exprest 160  
Their master's providence and care to be,  
A prop to falling hospitality  
For he, not comet-like, did blaze out in  
This country sphere what had extracted been  
From the court's lazy vapours, but had stood  
There like a star of the first magnitude,  
With a fixed constancy so long, that now,  
Grown old in virtue, he began to bow  
( 20 )

Beneath the weight of time, and since the calm  
 Of age had left him nothing to embalm  
 His name but virtue strives in that to be  
 The glorious wonder of posterity  
 Each of his actions being so truly good,  
 That like the ground where hallowed temples stood  
 Although by age the ruins ruined seem  
 The people bear a reverend esteem  
 Unto the place so they preserve his name—  
 A yet unwasted pyramid of fame

170

Rich were his public virtues but the price  
 Of those was but the world to Paradise,  
 Compared with that rare harmony that dwells  
 Within his walls, each servant there excels  
 All but his fellows in desert each knew—  
 First when,—then, how his lord's commands to do  
 None more enjoyed than was enough none less,  
 All did of plenty taste none of excess  
 Riot was here a stranger but far more  
 Repining penury, ne'er from that door  
 The poor man went denied nor did the rich  
 E'er surfeit there 'twas the blest medium which  
 Extracted from all compound virtues, we  
 Make and then Christian Mediocrity  
 Within the compass of his spacious hall  
 Stood no vain pictures to obscure the wall  
 Which useful arms adorned, and such as when  
 His prince required assistance, his own men  
 Valiant and numerous managed to defend  
 That righteous cause, but never to attend  
 A popular faction whose corrupted seed  
 Hell did engender and ambition feed

180

190

200

His judgement, that like life's attendant—sense  
 To try each object's various difference  
 Fit mediums chose (which he made virtue) here  
 Beholding (though these wandering stars appear  
 Now in their greatest detriment) the rays  
 Of perfect worth he to that virtue pays  
 Those attributes of honour which unto  
 Their births though now in coarse disguise was due  
 To Aphron's wounds successful art applies  
 Prevailing medicines whilst invention flies  
 To the aphelion of her orb to seek  
 Such modest pleasures as might smooth the cheek  
 Of ruffled passion, which being found are spent  
 To cure the sad Argalia's discontent  
 Which long being lost to all delight, at length  
 Revives again his friends recovered strength

210

192 Christian] This must be in the sense of 'christen' so Singer

They, having now no remora to stay  
Them here but what their gratitude did pay  
To his desires, (whose courtesy had made  
Those bonds of love with as much zeal obeyed 220  
As those which duty locks), preparing are  
To take their leave, even in whose civil war  
Whilst they contend with courtesies, as sent  
To rescue, when his eloquence was spent,  
Brave Aminander, with such haste as shewed  
His speed to some supreme injunction owed  
Such diligence, a messenger brings in  
A packet, which that noble lord had been  
Too frequently acquainted with to fear  
The unseen contents, which opened did appear 230  
A mandate from his royal master to  
Attend him ere the next day's beauties grew  
Deformed with age, which honoured message read,  
To banish what suspicion might have bred  
In's doubtful friends, he, the enclosed contents,  
With cheerful haste, unto their view presents  
Their fear thus cured by information, he,  
That his appearance in the court might be  
More glorious made by such attendants, to  
Incite in them a strong desire to view 240  
Those royal pastimes, thus relates that story,  
Whose fatal truth transferred the Morea's glory  
So often thither. 'Twas, my honoured friends,  
My fate ('mongst some that yet his court attends)  
Then to be near my prince, when what now draws  
Him to these parts did prove at once the cause  
Of joy and grief Not far from hence removed  
The vale of Ceres lies, where his beloved  
Pharonnida remains, a lady that  
Nature ordained for man to wonder at, 250  
She not being more the comfort of his age  
Than glory of her sex but I engage  
Myself to a more large discovery, which  
Thus take in brief—When youth did first enrich  
Beauty with manly strength, his happy bed  
Was with her royal mother blest, who fed  
A flame of virtue in her soul, that lent  
Light to a beauty, which, being excellent,  
In its own sphere by that reflection shone  
So heavenly bright—perfection's height of noon  
Dwelt only there Some years had circled in  
Time's revolutions, since they first had been  
Acquainted with those private pleasures that  
Attend a nuptial bed, ere she did at  
Lucina's temple offer, whose barred gate,  
Once open flow, both their good angels sate  
( 22 )

In council for her safety Hopes of a boy  
 To be Moreas heir, fill high with joy  
 The ravished parents, subjects did no less,  
 In the loud voice of triumph, theirs express 20  
 'But when the active pleasures of their love,  
 Which filled her womb had taught the babe to move  
 Within the morys mount preceding pains  
 Tell the fair queen that the dissolving chains  
 Nature enclosed it in, were grown so weak  
 That the imprisoned infant soon would break  
 Those slender guards The gravest ladies were  
 Called to assist her, whose industrious care  
 Lend nature all the helps of art, but in 250  
 Despair of safety send their prayers to win  
 Relief from heaven, which swift assistance lent  
 To unload the burthen, but those cordials sent  
 By harbingers, with whom the fair queen fled  
 To deck the silent dwellings of the dead,  
 And lodge in sheets of lead o'er which were cast  
 A coverlet of the springs infants past  
 From life like her—even whilst Earths teeming womb  
 Promised the world, and not a silent tomb,  
 That beauteous issue But those nymphs, which spun  
 Her thread of life, the slender twine begun 290  
 Too fine to last long undenied by  
 The ponderous burthen of mortality,  
 Beneath whose weight she sinking now to death,  
 The unhappy babe was by the mother's breath  
 No sooner welcomed into life before  
 She bids farewell, of power to do no more  
 But whilst her spirits with each word expires  
 Thus to her lord express her last desires—  
 'Receive this infant from thy dying queen,  
 Name her Pharonnida'—At which word between 300  
*His trembling arms she sunk, and had e'en then*  
 Breathed forth her soul, if not recalled again  
 By their loud mournings from the icy sleep,  
 Which like a chilling frost, did softly creep  
 Through the cold channels of her blood to bur  
 The springs of life, in which defensive war,  
 The hasty summons sent by death allow  
 Her giddy eyes, whose heavy lids did bow  
 Toward everlasting slumber no more light  
 Than what affords a dim imperfect sight,— 310  
 Such as the troubled optics being by  
 Dying convulsions wrested, could let fly

273 morys] Orig 'mory qu ivory ? The orig looks like a misprint and ivory mount is a favourite Elizabethanism

278 care] Again a note on Chamberlayne's singular habit of putting a plural noun to a singular verb may serve once for all

Thorough their sullied crystals, to behold  
 Her woeful lord, whilst she did thus unfold  
 Her dying thoughts "O hear, O hear, (quoth she) I do  
 By all our mutual vows conjure thee to  
 Let this sweet babe—all thou hast left of me,  
 Within thy thoughts preserve my memory  
 And since, poor infant, she must lose her mother,  
 To beg an entrance here, oh let no other  
 Have more command o'er her than what may bear  
 An equal poise with thy paternal care  
 This, this is all that I shall leave behind,  
 An earnest of our loves here thou may'st find,  
 Perhaps, my image may'st behold, whilst I,  
 Resolving into dust, embraced do lie  
 By crawling worms—followers that nature gave  
 To attend mortality, whilst the tainted grave  
 Is ripening us for judgement O my lord,  
 Death were the smile of fate, would it afford  
 Me time to see this infant's growth, but oh!  
 I feel life's cordage crackt, and hence must go  
 From time and flesh,—like a lost feather, fall  
 From th' wings of vanity, forsaking all  
 The various business of the world, to see  
 What wondrous change dwells in eternity"

'This said, she faintly bids farewell, then darts  
 An eager look on all, but, ere she parts,  
 E'en whilst the breath, with which in thin air slips  
 Departing spirits, on her then cold lips  
 In clammy dews did hang, she of them takes  
 Her last farewell, whilst her pure soul forsakes  
 Its brittle cabinet, and those orbs of light,  
 That swam in death, sunk in eternal night

'Thus died the queen, Pharonnida thus lost,  
 Ere knew, her mother, when her birth had cost  
 A price so great, that brought her infancy  
 In debt to grief, until maturity  
 Ripened her age to pay it After long  
 And vehement lamentation, such whose strong  
 Assaults had almost shook his soul into  
 A flight from the earth, her father doth renew  
 His long lost mirth, at the delight he took  
 In his soul's darling, whose each cheerful look  
 Crimsoned those sables, which e'en whilst he wore,  
 A flood of woes his head had silvered o'er,  
 Had not this comfort stopt them, which beguiles  
 Sorrow of some few hours, those pretty smiles  
 That drest her fair cheeks, like a gentle thief,  
 Stealing his heart through all the guards of grief

315 The first Alexandrine But the duplication of 'O hear' may be a slip

But when that times expunging hand had more  
 Defaced those sible characters he wore  
 For sorrows livery o'er his soul and she  
 Having outgrown her tender infancy  
 Did now (her thoughts composed of heavenly seed)  
 To guide her life no other guardian need  
 But native virtue, for her calm retreat,  
 When burthened Corinth was with throngs replete  
 He chose this seat whose venerable shade  
 (Waving what blind antiquity had made)  
 For sacred held is not so slighted but  
 A custom ancient as our law hath shut  
 Hence (as the hateful marks of servitude)  
 All that unbounded power did e'er obtrude  
 On suffering subjects which this happy place  
 Fits so serene a blessing to embrace

30

As is this lady whose illustrious court,  
 Though now augmented by the full resort  
 Of her great father's train doth still appear  
 This happy kingdom's brightest hemisphere

380

A hundred noble youths in Sparta bred  
 Of valour high as e'er for beauty bled  
 All loyal lovers and that love confined  
 Within the court are for her guard assigned  
 But what (if aught in such an orb of all  
 That's great or good may low as censure fall)  
 The court hath questioned is—the cause that moved  
 The prince to give a party so beloved

Into his hands that leads them, being one  
 Whose birth excepted, (that being near a throne)  
 Those virtues wants on whose foundation wise

390

Considerate princes let their favours rise  
 Like the abortive births of vapours by  
 Their male progenitors enforced to fly  
 Above the earth their proper sphere and there  
 Lurk in imperfect forms his breast doth bear  
 Some seeds of goodness which the soil too hot  
 With rank ambition doth in ripening rot  
 Yet though from those that praise humility  
 He merits not a dreaded power (which he  
 Far more applauds) raised on the wings of his own  
 Experienced valour hath so long been known  
 His foes pale terror that tis feared he bends  
 That engine to the ruin of his friends  
 Whose equal merits claim as much of fame  
 As e'er was due to proud Almanzor's name

400

'Yet what may raise more strong desires to see  
 Her court than valour's wished society  
 Is one unusual custom which the love  
 Of her kind father hath so far above

410



All past example raised—that, for the time  
He here resides, no cause, although a crime  
Which death attends, but is by her alone  
Both heard and judged, he seeming to unthrone  
His active power, whilst justice doth invest  
His beauteous daughter, which, to the opprest,  
Whose hopes e'en shrunk into despair, hath in  
That harsh extreme their safe asylum been  
So that e'en those that feared the event could now  
Mix their desires,—the custom would allow  
Her reign a longer date But that I may  
Illustrate this by a more full survey  
Of her excelling virtues, no pretence  
Of harsh employment shall command you hence,  
Till you have been spectators of that court,  
Whose glories are too spacious for report'

420

The noble youths, beholding such a flame  
Of virtue shewn them through the glass of Fame,  
First gaze with wonder on it, which ascends  
Into desire, a rivulet which ends  
Not till its swelling streams had drawn them through  
All weak excuses, and engaged them to  
Attend on Ariamnes when, to show  
How much man's vain intentions fall below  
Mysterious fate, e'en in the height of all  
Their full resolves, her countermands thus call  
Back their intentions, by a summons that  
The uncertain world hath often trembled at —  
The late recovered Aphron, whether by  
Too swift a cure, life's springs, being raised too high,  
Flowed to a dangerous plethora, or whe'er  
Some cause occult the humours did prepare  
For that malignant ill, did, whilst he lay  
In tedious expectation of the day  
Shook with a shivering numbness, first complain  
Through all his limbs of a diffusive pain  
Which, searching each to find the fittest part  
For its contagion, on the labouring heart  
Fixes at length, which, being with grief opprest,  
By the extended arteries to the rest  
O' the body sends its flames The poisoned blood  
Through every vein streams in a burning flood,  
His liver broils, and his scorched stomach turns  
The chyle to cinders, in each cold cell burns  
The humid brains A violent earthquake shakes  
The crackling nerves, sleep's balmy dew forsakes  
The shrivelled optics, in which trembling fits,  
'Mongst tortured senses, troubled Reason sits  
So long opprest with passion, till at length,  
Her feeble mansion, battered by the strength

430

440

450

460

Of a disease she leaves to entertain  
 The wild chimeras of a sickly brain  
 And what must yet to s friend's affliction add  
 More weights of grief, their courteous host, which had  
 Stayed to the latest step of time, must now  
 Comply with those commands, which could allow  
 No more delays, and leave Argalia to  
 Be the sole mourner for his friend which drew  
 (As far as human art could guess) so near  
 His end that life did only now appear  
 In thick short sobs—those frequent summons that  
 Souls oft forsake their ruined mansions at

470

## THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

Whilst here Argalia in a calm retreat  
 Allays the sorrow felt for's sickly friend,  
 Two blooming virgins near him take their seat  
 Whose harmless mirth soon finds a hapless end

The fairest seized on and near ruined by  
 Impetuous lust had not Andremon's speed  
 Protected her, till from his fall drawn nigh  
 The same sad fate the brave Argalia freed

THAT sad slow hour which Art een thought his last  
 With the sharp fever's paroxysm past  
 Sick Aphron's spirits to a cool retreat  
 Beneath a slumber life's remotest seat  
 Was gently stol'n, which did so long endure  
 Till, in that opiate quenched, the calenture  
 Decayed forsakes him leaving nought behind,  
 But such faint symptoms as from time might find  
 An easy cure, which, though no perfect end  
 Is lent to th care of his indulgent friend  
 Yet gives him so much liberty that now  
 Fear dares without his friendships breach, allow  
 Sometime to leave him slumbering whilst that he  
 Contemplates nature's fresh variety

10

The full blown beauties of the spring were not  
 By summer sun burnt yet, though Phœbus shot  
 His rays from Cancer when, prepared to expand  
 Imprisoned thoughts from objects near at hand  
 To eye shot rovers freed Argalia takes  
 A noon tide walk through a fair glade that makes  
 Her aged ornaments their stubborn herd  
 Fold into verdant curtains which she spread

20

In cooling shadows o'er the bottoms, where  
 A crystal stream, unfettered by the care  
 Of nicer art, in her own channel played  
 With the embracing banks, until betrayed  
 Into a neighbouring lake, whose spacious womb  
 Looked at that distance like a crystal tomb  
 Framed to inter the Naiades Not far  
 From hence an oak, (whose limbs defensive war  
 'Gainst all the winds a hundred winters knew,  
 Stoutly maintained), on a small rising grew,  
 Under whose shadow whilst Argalia lies,  
 This object tempts his soul into his eyes—  
 A pair of virgins, fairer than the spring,  
 Fresher than dews, that, ere the glad birds sing  
 The morning's carols, drop, with such a pace  
 As in each act showed an unstudied grace,  
 Crossing the neighbouring plain, were now so near  
 Argalia drew, that what did first appear  
 But the neglected object of his eye,  
 More strictly viewed, calls fancy to comply  
 With so much love, that, though no wilder fire  
 Ere scorched his breast, he here learnt to admire  
 Love's first of symptoms To a shady seat,  
 Near that which he had made his cool retreat,  
 Being come, beneath a spreading hawthorn they,  
 Seating themselves, the sliding hours betray  
 From their short lives, by such discourse as might  
 Have made e'en Time, if young, lament his flight

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40

50

Retired Argalia, at the sight of these,  
 Though no obscener vanity did please  
 His eyes, than anch'rites are possest with, when  
 Numb'ring their beads, or from a sacred pen  
 Distilling Heaven's blest oracles, yet he,  
 Wondering to find such sweet civility  
 Mixt with that place's rudeness, long beholds  
 That lovely pair, whose every act unfolds  
 Such linked affections as wise nature weaves  
 In dearest sisters, but their form bereaves  
 That thought ere feathered with belief although,  
 To admiration, Beauty did bestow  
 Her gifts on both, she had those darlings drest  
 In various colours,—what could be exprest  
 By objects, fair as new created light,  
 By roseal mixtures, with immaculate white,

60

40 drew, 122 withdrew] Another not-to-be-repeated note may call attention here to Chamberlayne's singular liberties with preterite and past participle In the first of these two instances one is actually tempted to read 'where' which, as it happens, makes ordinary grammar But it is evidently not the sense, and 'drew' = 'drawn' as 'withdrew' = 'withdrawn'

66 roseal] Singer *putide* 'roseate,' thereby effacing a delightful word and substituting a very inferior one

By eyes that emblemed heaven's pure azure in  
 The youngest nymph Florenza there was seen,  
 To which she adds behaviour far more free,  
 Although restrained to strictest modesty,  
 Than the more sad Carina who if there  
 Were different years in that else equal pair  
 Something the elder seemed, her beauty—such  
 As Jove-loved Leda's was not praised so much  
 For rose or lily's residence though they  
 Did both dwell there as to behold the day  
 Lose its antipathy to night, such clear  
 And conquering beams so full of light to appear  
 Thorough her eyes showed like a diamond set  
 To mend its lustre in a foil of jet  
 Nor doth their dress of nature differ more  
 In colour than the habits which they wore  
 Though fashioned both alike, Florenza's green  
 As the fresh Spring, when her first buds are seen  
 To clothe the naked boughs Carina's white  
 As Innocence before she takes a flight  
 In thought from cold virginity Their hair  
 Wreathed in contracting curls beneath a fair  
 But often parting veil attempts to hide  
 The naked ivory of their necks—that pride  
 Of beauty's frontispiece On their heads sate  
 Lovely as if unto a throne of state  
 From their first earth advanced two flowery wreaths  
 (From whose choice mixture in close concord breathes  
 The fragrant odour of the fields) placed by  
 Them in such order, as antiquity  
 Mysterious held Being set, to pass away  
 The inactive heat of the exalted day  
 They either tell old harmless tales or read  
 Some story where forsaken lovers plead  
 Unpitied causes, then betwixt a smile  
 And tear bewail passion should ere beguile  
 Poor reason so at length, as if they meant  
 To charm him who far from each ill intent  
 So near them lay melting the various throng  
 Of their discourse into a well tuned song  
 Whose swift division moulds the air into  
 Such notes as did the spheres first tunes out do  
 Argalia in his labyrinth of delight  
 To action lost had drawn the veil of night,  
 In quiet slumbers o'er his heavy eyes  
 Locked in whose arms whilst he securely lies  
 Lest the mistakes of vain mortality  
 The brittle glass of earth should take to be  
 Perfection's lasting adamant this sad  
 Chance did unravel all their mirth—There had  
 ( 29 )

40

80

90

100

110

Some of the prince's noblest followers, in  
That morning's nonage, led by pleasure been  
Far from their sphere the court, and now, to shun  
The unhealthy beams of the reflected sun, 120  
Whilst it its shortest shadows made, were to  
The cool protection of the woods withdrew  
In which retreat, as if conducted by  
Their evil genius, (all his company  
An awful distance keeping) none but proud  
Almanzor, in those guilty groves which shroud  
The hapless virgins, enters, who so near  
Him sitting, that soon his informing ear  
Thither directs his eye Unto his view  
Ere scarce thought obvious, swiftly they withdrew, 130  
But with untimely haste His soul, that nurst  
Continual flames within it, at the first  
Sight kindles them, ere he discovers more  
Than difference in the sex, such untried ore,  
Hot heedless lust, when made by practice bold,  
I' th' flame of passion ventures on for gold  
But when drawn nearer to the place he saw  
Such beauties, whose magnetic force might draw  
Souls steeled with virtue, custom having made  
His impious rhetoric ready to invade, 140  
He towards them hastes, with such a pace as might  
Excuse their judgements, though in open flight  
They strove to shun him, but in vain, so near  
Them now he's drawn, that the effects of fear  
Obscuring reason, as if safety lay  
In separation, each a several way  
From danger flies, but since both could not be  
By that secure, whilst her blest stars do free  
The glad Carina from his reach, the other  
He swiftly seizes on hot kisses smother 150  
Her out-cries in the embryo, and to death  
Near crushed virginity, ere, from lost breath,  
She could a stock of strength enough recover  
To spend in prayers The tempting of a lover,  
Mixt with the force of an adulterer, did  
At once assail, and with joined powers forbid  
All hopes of safety, only, whilst Despair  
Looked big in apprehension, whilst the air  
Breathed nought but threatenings, promising him to pay  
For't in her answers, she doth lust betray 160  
Of some few minutes, which, with all the power  
Of prayer, she seeks to lengthen, sheds a shower  
Of tears to quench those flames But sooner might

122 withdrew] See note on p 28

138 force] So Singer for 'form,' which I think quite possible

Hell's sooty lamp extinguished be, the sight  
Of such a fair but pitiful aspect,  
When lust assails wits power to protect

By this hot parley, whilst she strove to shun  
His loathed embraces the thronged spirits run  
To fortify her heart but vainly seek

For entrance there being back into her cheek  
Sent in disdainful blushes now she did

1,0

Entreat civility then sharply chide

His blushless impudence, but he whose skill

In rhetoric was pregnant to all ill,

Though barren else summons up all the choice

Of eloquence, that might produce a voice

To win fair virtues fortress though her chaste

Soul, armed against those battering engines past

That conflict without danger when enraged

By being denied with passion that presaged

180

A dangerous consequence his fierce eyes fixt

On hers that, melting with pale terror mixt

Floods with their former flames her souls sad doubt

He thus resolves—'Unworthy whore that out

Of hate to virtue dost deny me what

Thou freely grantst to every rude swain that

But courts thee in a dance—think not these tears

Shall make me waive a pleasure that appears

Worth the receiving Can your sordid earth

Be honoured more than in the noble birth

190

Of such a son as wouldst thou yield to love,

Might call thee mother and hereafter prove

The glory of your family? From Jove,

The noblest mortals heretofore that strove

To fetch their pedigree, thought it no stain

So to be illegitimate, as vain

Is this in thee there being as great an odds

'Twixt you and us as betwixt us and gods'

Trembling Florenza on her bended knees

Thus answers him — That dreadful power that sees

200

All our disveiled thoughts, my witness be

You wrong my innocence I yet am free

From every thought of lust I do confess

The unfathomed distance twixt our births but less

That will not make my sin, it may my shame

The more when my contaminated name

Shall in those ugly characters be shown

To the worlds public view that now is known

By the blush of honesty, whose style though poor,

Exceeds the titles of a glorious whore—

210

Attended whilst youth doth unwithered last

With envied greatness but frail beauty past

Into a swift decay, assaulted by

Rottenness within, and black-mouthed calumny  
Without, cast off, blushing for guilt, the scorn  
Of all my sex. My mother would unborn  
Wish her degenerate issue, my father curse  
The hour he got me As infection worse  
Than mortal plagues, each virgin, that hath nought  
To glory in but what she with her brought 220  
Into the world—an unstained soul, would fly  
The air I breathe, cast whores being company  
For none but devils, when corrupted vice  
A wilderness makes Beauty's paradise  
To this much ill, dim-eyed mortality  
A prospect lends, but what, oh! what should be  
When we must sum up all our time in one  
Eternal day, since to our thoughts unknown,  
Is only feared, but if our hallowed laws 230  
Are more than fables, the everlasting cause,  
'Twill of our torment be If all this breath,  
Formed into prayers, no entrance finds, my death  
Shall buy my virgin-freedom, ere I will  
Consent to that, which, being performed, will kill  
My honour to preserve my life, and turn  
The unworthy beauty, which now makes you burn  
In these unhallowed flames, into a cell  
Which none but th'black inhabitants of hell  
Will e'er possess Those private thoughts, which give, 240  
If we continue virtuous whilst we live  
On earth, our souls commerce with angels, shall  
Be turned to furies, if we yield to fall  
Beneath our vices thus O! then take heed—  
Do not defile a temple, such a deed  
Will, when in labour with your latest breath,  
With horror curtain the black bed of death'  
Though prayers in vain strove to divert that crime  
He prosecutes, yet, to protract the time,  
She more had said, had not all language been  
Lost in a storm of's lust, which, raging in 250  
His fury, gives a fresh assault unto  
Weak innocence for mercy now to sue  
To hope—seems vain, robustious strength did bar  
The use of language, which defensive war  
Continuing, till the breathless maid was wrought  
Almost beneath resistance, just heaven brought  
This unexpected aid A lowly swain,  
Whose large possessions in the neighbouring plain  
Had styled him rich, and powerful which to improve,  
To that fair stock, his virtue added love, 260

257 lowly] Orig 'lovely,' which again is quite possible, though the words are often confounded in the very bad printing of the original

Which (un)to flattery since it lost its eyes  
The world but seldom sees without disguise

This sprightly youth led by the parallels  
Of birth and fortune—whatever else excels  
Those fading blessings—to Florenza in  
His youth's fresh April had devoted been  
With so much zeal that what that heedless age  
But dallied with (like customs which engage  
Themselves to habits) ere its growth he knew  
Love equal with his active manhood grew,  
Which noble plant though in the torrid zone  
Of her disdain t had neer distemper known,  
Yet oft those sad vicissitudes doth find  
For which none truly loved that neer had pined  
Which pleasing passion though his judgement knew  
How to divert ere reason it out grew

20

It often from important action brought  
Him to those shades where contemplation sought  
Calm solitude in whose soft raptures Love  
Refining fancy lifts his thoughts above  
Those joys which when by trial brought t the test  
Prove Thought's bright heaven dull earth when once possesset

280

Whilst seated here his eyes did celebrate  
As to those shades Florenza oft had sat  
Beneath kind looks, to ravish that delight  
The tired Carina, in her breathless flight  
Come near the place assaults his wonder in  
That dreadful sound which tells him what had been  
Her cause of fear which doleful story's end,  
Arrived t the danger of his dearest friend

20

I leaves him no time for language ere winged by  
Anger and love his haste strives to outfly  
His eager thoughts Being now arrived so near  
Unto the place, that his informing ear  
Thither directs his steps with such a haste  
As nimble souls when they are first uncased  
From bodies fly, he thither speeds, and now  
Being come where he beheld with horror how  
His better angel injured was disputes  
Neither with fear nor policy—they're mutes  
When anger's thunder roars—but swiftly draws  
His falchion and the justice of his cause  
Argues with eager strokes but spent in vain  
Gainst that unequal strength, which did maintain  
The more unlawful, all his power could do  
Is but to show the effects of love unto  
Her he adored few strokes being spent before  
His feeble arm of power to do no more,

300

261 (un)to] Altered from to by Singer I am not sure that Chamberlayne would not have risked the double trochee Which to | flattē | ry



Faints with the loss of blood, and, letting fall  
The ill-managed weapon, for his death doth call, 710  
By the contempt of mercy, so to prove  
A sacrifice, slain to Florenza's love  
The cursed steel, by the robustious hand  
Of fierce Almanzor guided, now did stand  
Fixed in his breast, whilst, with a purple flood,  
His life sails forth i' the channel of his blood  
This remora removed, the impious deed  
No sooner was performed, but, ere the speed  
Florenza made (though to her eager flight  
Fear added wings) conveyed her from his sight, 320  
His rude hand on her seizes Now in vain  
She lavished prayers, the groans in which her shrun  
Friend breathes his soul forth, with her shrieks, did fill  
The ambient air, struck lately with the still  
Voice of harmonious music But the ear  
Of penetrated heaven not long could hear  
Prayers breathed from so much innocence, yet send  
Them back denied, while Mercy did attend  
Her swift delivery, when obstructing fear  
Through reason let no ray of hope appear 330  
Startled Argalia, who was courted by  
Her pleasing voice's milder harmony  
Into restrictive slumbers, wakened at  
Their altered tone, hastes to discover what  
Had caused that change, and soon the place attains,  
Where, in the exhausted treasure of his veins,  
Andremon wallows, and Florenza lies,  
Bathed in her tears, ready to sacrifice  
Her life with her virginity, which sight  
Provoked a haste, such as his presence might 340  
Protect the trembling virgin, which perceived  
By cursed Almanzor, mad to be bereaved  
O' the spoils of such a wicked victory  
As lust had then near conquered, fiercely he  
Assails the noble stranger, who, detesting  
An act so full of villany, and resting  
On the firm justice of his cause, had made  
His guiltless sword as ready to invade  
As was the other's, that had surfeited  
In blood before Here equal valour bred 350  
In both a doubtful hope, Almanzor's lust  
Had fired his courage, which Argalia's just  
Attempts did strive to quench The thirsty steel  
Had drunk some blood from both, ere fortune's wheel  
Turned to the righteous cause That vigour which  
Through rivulets of veins spread the salt itch  
Of feverish lust before, was turned into  
A flame of anger, whilst his hands did do

What rage doth dictate fury doth assist  
 With flaming paroxysms and each nerve twist 360  
 Into a double strength yet not that flood  
 Which in this ebullition of his blood  
 Did through the channels boil till they run o'er  
 With flaming spirits could depress that store  
 Of manly worth, which in Argalia's breast  
 Did with a quiet even valour rest,  
 Moving as in its natural orb unstrained  
 By any violent motion nor yet chained  
 By lazy damps of faint mistrust, but in  
 Danger's extreme still confident to win 370  
 A noble victory or in the loss of breath  
 If his fate frowned to find an honoured death

Filled with these brave resolves until the heart  
 Of their warm fury had alarms beat  
 To the neighbouring fields they fought which tumult by  
 Such of Almanzor's followers as were nigh  
 The grove reposed, with an astonishment  
 That roused them heard they hasten to prevent  
 The sad effects that might this cause ensue  
 Ere more of danger than their fear they knew 380  
 Arrived even with that fatal minute he  
 Who against justice strove for victory,  
 With such faint strokes that their descent did give  
 Nought but assurance that his foe must live  
 A happy conqueror they usurp the power  
 Of Heaven—revenge and in a dreadful shower  
 Of danger with their furies torrent strive  
 To overwhelm the victor but the foremost drive  
 Their own destruction on and fall beneath  
 His conquering sword ere he takes time to breathe 390  
 Those spirits which when near with action tired  
 Valour breathed fresh fast as the spent expired

Here rash Araspes and bold Leovine  
 Two whose descent in the nearest collateral line  
 Unto Almanzor's stood beholding how  
 His strength decayed must unto conquest bow  
 In spite of valour to revenge his fate  
 With so much haste attempt as if too late  
 They'd come to rescue and would now, to shun  
 His just reproof, by rashness strive to run 400  
 To death before him finding from that sword  
 Their life's discharge, which did to him afford  
 Only those wounds whose scars must live to be  
 The badges of eternal infamy

But here overwhelmed by an unequal strength  
 The noble victor soon to the utmost length  
 Had life's small thread extended if not in  
 The dawn of hope some troops (whose charge had been

Whilst the active gentry did attend the court,  
To free the country from the feared resort 410  
Of wild bandits), these, being directed by  
Such frightened rurals as employment nigh  
The grove had led, arriving at that time  
When his slain foes made the mistaken crime  
Appear Argalia's, soon by power allay  
That fatal storm, which done, (a full survey  
Of them that death freed from distress being took),  
Them, through whose wounds Life had not yet forsook  
Her throne, they view, 'mongst whom, through the disguise  
Of's blood, Almanzor, whose high power they prize 420  
More than discovered innocence, being found,  
As Justice had by close decree been bound  
To espouse his quarrels, whilst his friends convey  
Him safely thence, those ponderous crimes they lay  
Unto Argalia's charge, whose just defence  
Pleads but in vain for injured innocence  
Now, near departing, whilst his helpful friends  
Bore off Almanzor, where he long attends  
The cure of's wounds, though they less torment bred  
Than to behold how his lost honour bled, 430  
The sad Florenza comes to take her last  
Leave of her lost Andremon, ere she past  
That sad stage o'er. To his cold clammy lips  
Joining her balmy twins, she from them sips  
So much of death's oppressing dews, that, by  
That touch revived, his soul, though winged to fly  
Her ruined seat, takes time enough to breathe  
These sad notes forth — 'Farewell, my dear, beneath  
The ponderous burthen of mortality  
My fainting spirits sink Oh! mayest thou be 440  
Blest in a happier love, all that I crave  
Is, that my now departing soul may have  
Thy virgin prayers for her companions, through  
Those gloomy vaults, which she must pass, unto  
Eternal shades Had fate assigned my stay,  
Till we'd together gone, the horrid way  
Had then been made delightful, but I must  
Depart without thee, and convert to dust,  
Whilst thou art flesh and blood I in a cold  
Dark urn must lie, whilst a warm groom doth hold 450  
Thee in thy nuptial bed, yet there I shall—  
If fled souls know what doth on earth befall,  
Mourn for thy loss, and to eternity  
Wander alone The various world shall be  
Refined in flames, Time shall afford no place  
For vanity, ere I again embrace  
Society with flesh, which, ere that, must  
Change to a thousand forms her varied dust  
( 36 )

What we shall be or whither we shall go  
 When gone from hence—wheer unto flames below 460  
 Or joys above—or wheer in death we may  
 Know our departed friends or tell which way  
 They went before us—these oh! these are things  
 That pause our divinity Sceptred kings  
 And subjects die alike nor can we tell  
 Which doth in joy or which in torments dwell  
 Oh sad, sad ignorance! Heaven guide me right  
 Or I shall wander in eternal night  
 To whose dark shades my dim eyes sink wpace  
 Farewell Florenza! when both time and place 470  
 My separated soul hath left, to be  
 A stranger masked in immortality,  
 Think on thy murdered friend, we now must part  
 Eternally! the cordage of my heart  
 That last sigh broke With that the breath that long  
 Had hovered in his breast, flew with a strong  
 Groan from that mortal mansion, which beheld  
 By such of s friends whom courtesy compelled  
 To that sad charge the bloodless body they  
 With sad slow steps to s fathers home convey 480

## THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO

## Canto III

## THE ARGUMENT

The brave Argalia who designed to raise  
 Through all approaching ills his weighty fate  
 In smooth compliance that harsh guard obeys  
 Who towards his death did prosecute their hate  
 To death which here unluckily had stained  
 Maugre his friends the ill directed sword  
 Of justice had not secret love obtained  
 More mercy than the strict laws dare afford

Low in a fruitful pasture where his flocks  
 Cloud with their breath those plains whose leafy locks  
 Could hardly shadow them—those meadows need  
 No shearing—where in untold droves did feed  
 His bellowing herds of which enough did come  
 Each day to s yoke to serve a hecatomb,  
 Lay old Andremons country farm in which  
 Happy till now being made by fortune rich  
 And goodness honest from domestic strife  
 Still calm and free the upper robes of life 10

466 in joy] Altered by S nger from enjoy, plausibly but perhaps idly

Till withered, he had worn, to ease whose sad  
And sullen cares less bounteous nature had  
Lent him no numerous issue—all he'd won  
By prayer, confined unto his murdered son,  
The blasted blossom of whose tender age,  
When blooming first, taught hope how to presage  
Those future virtues, which, interpreted  
By action, had such fruitful branches spread,  
That all indulgent parents wished to be  
Immortalized in blest posterity, 20  
Had seen in him, who, innocently good,  
Still let his heart by's tongue be understood,  
In such a sacred dialect, that all  
Which verged within deliberate thought did fall,  
Towards heaven was graced, and in descent did prove  
To's parents duty, and to's neighbours love

This hopeful youth, their age's chief support,  
Whose absence, though by's own desires made short,  
Their love thought tedious, having now expired  
His usual hours, the aged couple tired 30  
With expectation, to anticipate

His slow appearance, to their mansion's gate  
Were softly walked, where coolly shadowed by  
An elm, which, planted at his birth, did vie  
Age with his lord, whilst their desires pursue  
Its first design, they with some pleasure view  
Their busy servants, whose industrious pain  
Sweats out diseases in pursuit of gain  
All which, although the chiefest pleasure that  
Their thoughts contain whose best are busied at 40  
The mart o' the world, such small diversion lent  
The aged pair, that his kind mother, spent  
With a too long protracted hope, had let  
E'en that expire, had not his father set  
Props to that weakness, and, that mutual fear  
Which filled their breasts, let his sound judgement clear,  
By the proposing accidents that might,  
Untouched, detain their darling from their sight

But many minutes had not left their seals  
On the records of time, ere truth reveals 50  
Her horrid secrets A confusèd noise  
First strikes their ears, which suddenly destroys  
Its own imperfect embryocs, to transfer  
Its object to that nearer messenger  
O' the soul—the eyes, whose beamy scouts convey  
A trembling fear into their souls, whilst they,  
That bore their murdered son, arrived to tell  
Their doleful message, which so fierce storm fell

33 Were] Singer, officiously, 'Had'

Not long in those remoter drops before  
 Swelled to a deluge the swift torrent bore  
 The bays of reason down and in one flood  
 Drowned all their hopes When purpled in his blood  
 Yet pale with death—untimely death she saw  
 Her hopeful son grief violates the law  
 Of slower nature and his mother's tears  
 In death congeals to marble her swoln fears  
 Grown for her sex a burthen far too great,  
 Had only left death for her dark retreat

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Although from grief's so violent effects  
 Reason conjoined with manly strength protects  
 His wretched father, at that stroke his limbs  
 Slack their unwieldy nerves faint sorrow dims  
 His eyes more than his age his hands bereft  
 His hoary head of all that time had left  
 Unplucked before nor had the expecting grave  
 Gaped longer for him if they then had gave  
 His passion freedom—his own guilty hand  
 Had broke the glass and shook that little sand  
 That yet remained into thin air that so,  
 Unclogged with earth his tortured ghost might go  
 Beyond that orb of atoms that attend  
 Mortality and at that journey's end  
 Meet theirs soon as swift Destiny enrols  
 Those new come guests within the sphere of souls  
 By these sad symptoms of infectious grief  
 Those best of friends that came for the relief  
 Of sorrow's captives being by that surprised  
 They hoped to conquer, sadly sympathized  
 With him in woe till the epidemic ill  
 Stifling each voice drest sorrow in a still  
 And dismal silence in which sad aspect  
 None needing robes or cypress to detect  
 A funeral march each dolefully attends  
 To death's dark mansion their lamented friends  
 Where having now the earthy curtain drawn  
 O'er their cold bed till doomsdays fatal dawn  
 Rally their dust, they leave them and retire  
 To sorrow which can neer hope to expire  
 In just revenge since kept by fear in awe—  
 Where power offends the poor scarce hope for law

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100

By sad example to confirm this truth—  
 From innocent and early hopes of youth  
 Led toward destruction let's return to see  
 That noble stranger whose captivity,  
 Like an unlucky accident depends  
 On this sad subject. By the angry friends  
 Of those accused which in that fatal strife  
 To death resigned the charter of their life

He's brought unto the princess' palace, where  
That age, (whose customs knew not how to bear  
Such sails as these have filled with pride), was placed 110  
The seat of justice, whose stern sword defaced  
Not Pleasure's smoothest front, since now 'twas by  
Her fair hand guided, whose commanding eye,  
If armed with anger, seemed more dreadful then  
The harshest law e'er made by wrathful men

Here, strictly guarded, till the important crime,  
Which urged her to anticipate the time  
By custom known, had called her forth to that  
Unwilling office, still unstartled at 120  
The frowns of danger, did Argalia lie  
An injured captive, till, commanded by  
The stern reformers of offended law,  
He hastes t' the bar, where come, though death ne'er saw  
A brow more calm, or breast more confident,  
To meet his darts, yet since the innocent  
Are stained with guilt, when, in contempt of fate,  
They silent fall, he means to meet their hate  
With all that each beholder could expect  
From dying valour, when it had to protect 130  
An envied stranger, left no more defence  
But what their hate obscures—his innocence

The clamorous friends of Aphron, backed by those  
Which knew his death the only mean to close  
Almanzor's bleeding honour, to the fair  
And pitiful Pharonnida repair,  
With cries of vengeance, whose unwelcome sound  
She by her father's strict command was bound  
To hear, since that those rivulets of law,  
Which from the sea of regal power did draw 140  
Their several streams, all flowed to her, and in  
That crystal fountain, pure as they had been  
From heaven dispensed ere just Astræa fled  
The earth, remained, yet such aversion bred  
In her soft soul, that to these causes, where  
The law sought blood, slowly as those that bear  
The weight of guilt, she came, whose dark text she  
Still comments on with noble charity  
High mounted on an ebon throne, in which  
The embellished silver shewed so sadly rich, 150  
As if its varied form strove to delight  
Those solemn souls which death's pale fear did fright,  
In Tyrian purple clad, the princess sate,  
Between two sterner ministers of fate,  
Impartial judges, whose distinguished tasks  
Their varied habit to the view unmasks

133 Aphron] Mistake for 'Andremon'

149 in] Singer alters to 'on'

One, in whose looks as pity strove to draw  
 Compassion in the tablets of the law,  
 Some softness dwelt in a majestic vest  
 Of state like red was clothed the other, dressed 160  
 In dismal black whose terrible aspect  
 Declared his office served but to detect  
 Her slow consent if when the first forsook  
 The cause the law so far as death did look  
 Silence proclaimed a harsh command calls forth  
 The undaunted prisoner whose excellency worth  
 In this low chub of fortune did appear  
 Such as we fancy virtues that come near  
 The excellence of angels—fear had not  
 Risked one drop of blood nor rage bego 170  
 More colour in his cheeks—his soul in state  
 Throned in the medium constant virtue sat  
 Not slighting with the impious atheists that  
 Loud storm of danger, but safe anchored at  
 Religious hope, being firmly confident  
 Heaven would relieve whom earth knew innocent  
 All thus prepared he hears his wrongful charge  
 (Envy disguising injured truth) at large  
 Before the people in such language read  
 As checked their hopes in whom his worth had bred 180  
 Some seeds of pity, and to those whose hate  
 Pursued him to this precipice of fate  
 Dead Aphron's friends such an advantage gave  
 That Providence appeared too weak to save  
 One so assaulted yet though now depressed  
 Even in opinion, which oft proves the best  
 Support to those whose public virtues we  
 Adore before their private guilt we see  
 His noble soul still wings itself above  
 Iasson's dark fogs and like that prosperous dove 190  
 The world's first pilot for discovery sent  
 When all the floods that bound the firmament  
 Overwhelmed the earth Conscience calm joys to increase  
 Returns fraught with the olive branch of peace  
 Thus fortified from all that tyrant fear  
 F'er awed the guilty with he doth appear  
 The courts just wonder in the brave defence  
 Of what, (though power armed with the strong pretence  
 Of right opposed) so prevalent had been,  
 T' have cleared him, if when near triumphing in 200  
 Victorious truth to cloud that glorious sun  
 Some faithless swains by large rewards being won

162 detect] For the sake of rhyme no doubt It can just be interpreted as = remove  
 the concealment from extract

183 Aphron] Mistake as before



To spot their souls, had not, corrupted by  
His foes, been brought, falsely to justify  
Their accusations Which beheld by him,  
Whose knowledge now did hope's clear optics dim,  
He ceased to plead, justly despairing then,  
That innocence 'mongst mortals rested, when  
Banished her own abode, so thinks it vain  
To let truth's naked arms strive to maintain 210  
The field 'gainst his more powerful foes Not all  
His virtues now protect him, he must fall  
A guiltless sacrifice, to expiate  
No other crime but their envenomed hate  
An ominous silence—such as oft precedes  
The fatal sentence—whilst the accuser reads  
His charge, possessed the pitying court, in which  
Presaging calm Pharonnida, too rich  
In mercy, Heaven's supreme prerogative,  
To stifle tears, did with her passion strive 220  
So long, till what at first assaulted in  
Sorrow's black armour, had so often been  
For pity cherished, that at length her eyes  
Found there those spirits that did sympathize  
With those that warmed her blood, and, unseen, move  
That engine of the world, mysterious love,  
The way that fate predestinated, when  
'Twas first infused i' the embryo, it being then  
That which espoused the active form unto  
Matter, and from that passive being drew 230  
Divine ideas, which, subsisting in  
Harmonious Nature's highest sphere, do win,  
In the perfection of our age, a more  
Expansive power, and, nature's common store  
Still to preserve, unites affections by  
The mingled atoms of the serious eye  
    Whilst Nature's priest, the cause of each effect,  
Miscalc disease, endeavours to detect  
Its unacquainted operations in  
The beauteous princess, whose free soul had been 240  
Yet guarded in her virgin ice, and now  
A stranger is to what she doth allow  
Such easy entrance—by those rays that fall  
From either's eyes, to make reciprocal  
Their yielding passions, brave Argahia felt,  
E'en in the grasp of death, his functions melt  
To flames, which on his heart an onset make  
For sadness, such as weaker mortals take  
Eternal farewells in Yet in this high  
Tide of his blood, in a soft calm to die, 250  
His yielding spirits now prepare to meet  
Death, clothed in thoughts white as his winding-sheet  
( 42 )

That fatal doom which unto heaven affords  
 The sole appeal one of the assisting lords  
 Had now pronounced whose horrid thunder could  
 Not strike his laurelled brow that voice, which would  
 Have petrified a timorous soul he hears  
 With calm attention No disordered fears  
 Ruffled his fancy nor domestic war  
 Raged in his breast his every look, so far 60  
 From vulgar passions that unless amazed  
 At Beautys majesty he sometimes gazed  
 Wildly on that as emblems of more great  
 Glories than earth afforded, from the seat  
 Of resolution his fixed soul had not  
 Been stirred to passion which had now begot  
 Wonder not fear within him No harsh frown  
 Contracts his brow nor did his thoughts pull down  
 One fainting spirit wrapt in smothered groans  
 To clog his heart From her most eminent thrones 270  
 Of sense the eyes the lightning of his soul  
 Flew with such vigour forth it did control  
 All weaker passions and at once include  
 With Roman valour Christian fortitude  
 Pharonnida from whom the rigid law  
 Extorts his fate being now enforced to draw  
 The longest line she e'er could hope to move  
 Over his face that beauteous sphere of love  
 Unto its greatst obliquity she leaves  
 Him in his winter solstice and bereaves 20  
 Loves hemisphere of light not heat yet oft  
 Retreating wished those stars fate placed aloft  
 In the first magnitude of honour might  
 Prove retrograde so their contracted light  
 Might unto him part of their influence  
 In life bestow, passion would fain dispense  
 So far with reason to recal again  
 The sentence she had past but hope in vain  
 Those false suggestions moves His jailors are  
 The undaunted prisoner hurrying from the bar 290  
 His fair judge rising the corrupted court  
 Upon removing all the ruder sort  
 Of hearers rushing out, when through the throng  
 Kind Ariamnes (being detained so long  
 By strict employment) comes at whose request  
 The court their seats resuming he address  
 Himself to the princess in a language that  
 (Whilst all Argalias foes were storming at)  
 E'en on her justice so prevails that he  
 Reprieved till all hope could produce to free 00

57 petrified] Orig. putrefied which I shall not say that Chamberlayne could not  
 have meant. 291 corrupted] Apparently in the derivative sense of broken up

Her love's new care, might be examined by  
His active friend, who now, being seated nigh  
Pharonnida, whilst all attentive sate,  
The stranger's story doth at large relate

Pleased at this full relation, near as much  
As grieved to see those jewels placed in such  
A coarse cheap metal, which could never hold  
The least proportion with her regal gold,  
Pharonnida had now removed, if not  
Thus once more stayed —The rumour, first begot 310  
From this sad truth, had, with the common haste  
Of ill, arrived where his disease had placed  
Aphron, whose ears, assaulted now with words  
Of more infection than that plague, affords  
Room for the stronger passion though offended.  
To leave a hold it had at first intended  
To keep till ruined, the imprisoned blood,  
And spirits are unfettered, by that flood  
To wash usurping grief from off that part  
Where most she reigned, but they, drawn near the heart, 320  
And finding enemies too strong to be  
Encountered, mix in their society,  
Which, thus supplied with auxiliaries, in  
Contempt of weakness, (when he long had been  
Languishing, underneath a tedious load  
Of sickness), sends him from his safe abode,  
'Mongst dangers which in death's black shape attend  
His bold design, to seek his honoured friend

Come on the spur of passion to the court,  
A flux of spirits from all parts resort 330  
To prompt his anger, which abruptly broke  
Forth in this language 'Do not, sirs, provoke  
A foreign power thus far—I speak to you  
That have condemned this stranger as to do  
An act so opposite to all the law  
Of nations, here within your realm to draw  
Blood that's near and allied unto the best  
Of an adjacent state If this request  
Of mine too full of insolence appear,  
We are spirits nobly born, and we are near 340  
Enough to have't, whatever crime's the cause  
Of this harsh sentence, tried by our own laws'

This bold opposer of stern justice (here  
Pausing to see what clouds there did appear

313 Aphron] The real Aphron

315 offended] Another *exemplary* note may call attention to this characteristic instance of Chamberlayne's syntax 'Offended' and 'it' can only refer to 'disease,' or 'plague,' though they have not the least grammatical connexion therewith or with anything else For though grammar permits junction with 'the imprisoned blood,' sense forbids

337 near] Singer alters to 'so near,' without any need

In that fair heaven whose influence only now  
 Could light to s friends declining stars allow)  
 To free the troubled court which struggled in  
 A strange dilemma had commanded been  
 To a more large discovery if not by  
 His pitying friend discharged in a reply 320  
 Doubting how far irregular boldness had  
 Provoked just wrath Argalia thus unclad  
 Amazements dark disguise — To you that awe  
 This court (with that kneels to Pharonnida)  
 'I now for mercy flee that scorn to run  
 From my own doom so I might have begun  
 The doubtful task alone, but here to leave  
 My friend from whom your justice did receive  
 This bold affront in danger is a crime  
 That not approaching death which all my time 360  
 Too little for repentance calls can be  
 A just excuse for, let me then set free  
 His person with your doubts and joined to those  
 What both their varied stories may compose —  
 'For what this noble lord whose goodness we  
 First found in needful hospitality  
 From him hath differed in impute it not  
 To either's error both reports begot  
 From such mistakes as nature made to be  
 The careful issues of necessity 380  
 That fatal difference whose vestigia stood  
 When we Epirus left, fresh filled with blood  
 By league so lately with Calabria made  
 Being composed that fame did not invade  
 Our ears with the report till we had been  
 By a disguise secured which shaded in  
 Whilst fearing danger we neer thought to leave  
 Till safe at home Thus what did first deceive  
 Kind Aminander, you have heard and now  
 Without the stain of boasting must allow 390  
 Me leave to tell you that we there have friends  
 On whom the burthen of a state depends  
 When to the court's just wonder thus far he  
 With such unshaken confidence as we  
 Pray on the expanded wings of faith, displayed  
 His souls integrity the royal maid  
 Whom a repented destiny had made  
 His pitying judge endeavouring to evade  
 That doom's harsh rigour grants him a reprieve  
 Till thrice the sun returning to relieve 390

35 wrath] I have tried various punctuations for this passage but it defies all The  
 sense is clear en u h how ver 379 Aminander] i e Ariamnes 383 court s]  
 Or g court not quite impossibly

Night's drooping sentinels, had circled in  
 So many days In which short time, to win  
 The fair advantage of discovering truth,  
 Old Aminander, active as fresh youth  
 In all attempts of charity, to know  
 From what black spring those troubled streams did flow,  
 Hastes toward Andremon's, whilst Pharonnida,  
 Active as he toward all whence she might draw  
 A consequence of hope, lays speedy hold  
 On this design —Commissioned to unfold 100  
 Their master's love toward her, there long had been  
 Ambassadors from the Epirot in  
 Her father's court, whose message, though it might  
 Wear love's pure robes, yet, in her reason's light,  
 Seems so much stained with policy, that all  
 Those blessings, which the wise foresaw to fall  
 As influence from that conjunction, she  
 Opposes as her stars' malignity  
 Proud of this new command, with such a haste  
 As those that fear more slow delays may waste 410  
 Their precious time, the ambassadors attain  
 The princess' court, where come, though hoped in vain,  
 Only expect a speedy audience, they,  
 That frustrated, are soon taught to betray  
 More powerful passions —the first glance o' the eye  
 They on the prisoners cast, kind sympathy  
 Proclaimed,—love gave no leave for time to rust  
 Their memories—both the old lords durst trust  
 Eyes dimmed with tears, whilst their embraces give  
 A sad assurance there did only live 420  
 Their last and best of comforts Which beheld  
 By those from whom kind pity had expelled  
 All thoughts of the vindictive law, they strive  
 By all the power of rhetoric to drive  
 Those sad storms over, which good office done,  
 They each inform the prince, which was the son  
 Of nature, which adoption, withal tell how,  
 By their persuasions moved, they did allow  
 Them time to travel, which disasters had  
 So long protracted, for some years, with sad 430  
 And doubtful hopes, they had in vain expected  
 Their wished return, but that their stars directed  
 Their course so ill, as now near home to be  
 O'ertaken with so sad a destiny —  
 Since such a sorrow could be cured by none,  
 They sadly crave the time to mourn alone

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

398 draw] In this rhyme, which is common, it is more likely that 'draw' was pronounced 'dra' than that 'Pharonnida' became 'Pharonnidaw',  
 412 hoped] Orig 'hope'

## Canto IV

## THE ARGUMENT

At length the veil from the deluded law  
 With active care by Aminander took  
 The startled court in their own error saw  
 How lovely truth did in Argalia look.  
 The story of our youth discovered he  
 His merits yet in higher pitch to raise  
 Mor a s prince doth from a danger free  
 Which unto death his noblest lords betrays

THAT last sad night, the rigid law did give  
 The late reprieved Argalia leave to live  
 Was now wrapt in her own obscurity  
 Stolen from the stage of time when light got free  
 From his nocturnal prison summons all  
 Almanzors friends to see the longed for full  
 Of the envied stranger whose last hour was now  
 So near arrived faint hope could not allow  
 So much of comfort to his powerful st friend  
 As told her fears—she longer might suspend  
 His fatal doom Mournful attendants on  
 That serene sufferer all his friends are gone  
 Unto the sable scaffold that s ordained  
 By the decree of justice to be stained  
 With guiltless blood all sunk in grief—but she  
 Who by inevitable destiny  
 Doomed him to death most deep Dull sorrow reigns  
 In her triumphant sad and alone remains  
 She in a room whose windows prospect led  
 Her eye to the scaffold whither from the bed  
 Where sorrow first had cast her she did oft  
 Repair to see him, but her passions soft  
 Temper soon melting into tears denies  
 Her soul a passage through oerflowing eyes  
 Often she would in vain expostulate  
 With those two subtle sophisters that sate  
 Clothed in the robes of fancy but they still  
 Oerthrow her weaker arguments and fill  
 Her breast with love and wonder passion gave  
 Such fierce assaults no virgin vow could save  
 Her hearts surrender—she must love and lose  
 In one sad hour thus grief doth oft infuse  
 Those bitter pills where hidden poisons dwell  
 In the smooth pleasures of sweet oxymel  
 Argalia's friends that did this minute use  
 As if the last of mortal interviews,

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Had now reversed their eyes, expecting nought  
But that stroke's fall, whose fatal speed had brought  
Him to eternal rest, when by a loud  
And busy tumult, as if death, grown proud, 10  
Expected triumphs, to divert their sight,  
They from the scaffold's lofty station might,  
Within the reach of an exalted voice,  
Behold a troop, who (as the leader's choice,  
Confined to strait necessity, had there  
Enrolled all comers, if of strength to bear  
Offensive arms) did first appear to be  
Some tumult drest in the variety  
Of sudden rage for here come headlong in  
A herd of clowns, armed as they then had been 50  
From labour called, near them, well ordered ride  
(As greatness strove no longer to divide  
Societies) some youths, brave as they had  
Been in the spoils of conquered nations clad

This sudden object, first obstructing all  
Their court's proceedings, prompts their doubts to call  
Their absent prince, who, being too wise for fear's  
Uncertain fictions, with such speed appears  
As checks the tumult, when, to tell them who  
Had from their homes the frightened people drew, 60  
I' the van of a well-ordered troop rides forth  
Loved Aminander, whose unquestioned worth,  
That strong attractive of the people's love,  
Expunged suspicion whilst his troops did move  
With a commanded slowness to inform  
The expecting prince, from whence this sudden storm  
Contracted clouds, he to his view presents  
Andremon's friends whose looks—the sad contents  
Of sorrow, with a silent oratory  
Beg pity, whilst he thus relates their story 70  
'That we, great prince, we, whom a loyal fear  
To strict obedience prompts, dare thus appear  
Before your sacred person, were a sin  
Mercy would blush to own, had we not been  
Forced to offensive arms, by such a cause  
As tore the sceptre-regulated laws  
Forth of your royal hand, to vindicate  
This suffering stranger, whom a subtle hate,  
Not solemn law, pursued I here have brought  
Such witnesses as have their knowledge bought 80  
At the expense of all their joy, whom I  
Found so confined, as if their misery  
Were in their houses sepulchred, a sad  
And general sorrow in one dress had clad  
So many, that their only sight did prove  
Lost virtue caused such universal love

To free this noble youth, whose valour lent  
 A late protection to this innocent  
 But injured maid they unconstrained had here  
 Implored your aid had not too just a fear 90  
 Caused from some troops raised by a wronged pretence  
 Of your commands checked their intelligence  
 With such illegal violence that I  
 Had shared their sufferings if not rescued by  
 These following friends whose rude conjunction shows  
 It was no studied plot did first compose  
 So loose a body But lest it appear  
 In me like envy should I strive to clear  
 This doubtful story here are those, (with that  
 Calls forth Andremon's friends) instructed at 100  
 The dearest price which by discovering truth  
 Will not alone rescue this noble youth  
 From falling ruin—but lest he retreat  
 Into rebellion force before this seat  
 A man whose power the people thought had been  
 To punish vice not propagate a sin  
 Having thus far past toward discovery here  
 The grave lord ceased and that truth might appear  
 From its first fair original to her  
 Whose virtue, Heaven's affected messenger, 110  
 Commands attention the more horrid part  
 Of his relation leaves And here vain Art  
 Look on and envy, to behold how far  
 Thy strict rules (which our youth's afflictions are)  
 Nature transcends in a discourse which she  
 With all the flowers of virgin modesty  
 Not weeds of rhetoric strewed, to hear her miss,  
 Or put a blush for a parenthesis  
 In the relating that uncivil strife  
 Which her sad subject was—so near the life 120  
 Lums lovely virtue that that copy whence  
 Art took those graces she doth since dispense  
 T the best of women Fair Pharonnida  
 Taught by that sympathy, which first did draw  
 Those lovely transcripts of herself although  
 Varied as much as humble flowers that grow  
 Dispersed in shady deserts are from those  
 That nice art in enamelled gardens shows  
 Yet, like bright planets which communicate  
 To earth their influence from exalted state 130  
 She now descends to cherish virtue in  
 Those lovely nymphs whose beauties though they'd been  
 Yet in the country clouded from report  
 Soon grow the praise or envy of the court  
 Emboldened by that gracious favour shown  
 To these fair nymphs, to prosecute their own  
 ( 49 )



Most just complaints, Andremon's wretched friends,  
 With prayers perceive that mercy which descends,  
 O'er all their sufferings, on the expanded wings  
 Of noble pity, whose fair hand first brings 140  
 Argalia from the sable scaffold, to  
 Meet those rewards to his high merits due,  
 Not only in what death's dark progress stays,  
 But life's best joy—an universal praise  
 Acquired from just desert Next she applies  
 Herself to those poor burthened souls, whose eyes  
 Look e'en on comforts through their tears, the dead  
 Andremon's mourners, whose lost joy, though fled  
 For ever from those wintring regions, yet  
 As much received as sorrow would permit 150  
 Souls so opprest, the splendid court they leave  
 With thankful prayers And now called to receive  
 His sin's reward Almanzor is, whose shame,  
 Its black attendant, when b' his hated name  
 He'd oft been summoned, prompts him to deny  
 That legal call, which being an act too high  
 For a depending power to patronise,  
 To shun feared justice' public doom, he flies  
 His prince's mandates, an affront that sent  
 Him to's desert—perpetual banishment 160  
 This comet lost in clouds of infamy,  
 The court, which had too long been burthened by  
 His injured power, with praises entertain  
 Impartial justice, whilst to call again  
 Those pleasures which had in this interval  
 Of law been lost, the prince, convening all  
 That shared those sufferings, as the centre whence  
 Joy spread itself t' the court's circumference,  
 Crowns all their wishes, which, by that bright star  
 In honour's sphere—the auspicious princess, are 170  
 Exalted to their highest orbs Her love  
 Unto Argalia, though it yet must move  
 As an unnoted constellation, here  
 Begins its era, which, that 't might appear  
 Without suspicion, she disguises in  
 The public joy Which, 'mongst those that had been  
 His serious mourners, to participate,  
 That kind Epirot, who first taught his fate  
 The way to glory, comes, to whom he now  
 Was on those knees merit had taught to bow, 180  
 With as much humble reverence as if all  
 The weights of nature made those burthens fall  
 A sacrifice to love, fixed to implore  
 Its constant progress, but he needs no more

178 Epirot] Observe the jumble with 'Calabrian,' 1 189

For confirmation since his friend could move  
But the like joy where nature taught to love

Passion's encounter which too high to last,  
Into a calm of thankful prayers being past  
The prince from the Calabrian seeks to know  
By what collateral streams he came to owe  
Such love unto a stranger—one that stood  
Removed from him : the magnetism of blood  
Whom thus the lord resolves — When blooming in  
The pride of youth whose varied scenes did win  
Time on the morning of my days a while  
To taste the pleasures of a summer's smile  
I left the courts tumultuous noise and spent  
Some happy time blest with retired content  
In the calm country where Art's curious hand  
As centre to a spacious round of land  
Had placed a palace, in whose lovely dress  
The city might admire the wilderness,  
Yet though that ill civility was in  
Her marble circle Nature's hand had been  
As liberal to the neighbouring fields and deckt  
Each rural nymph as gaudy till neglect  
Or slovenly necessity had drawn  
Her canvass furrows o'er their vales of lawn

Near this fair seat fringed with an ancient wood  
A fertile valley lay where scattered stood  
Some homely cottages the happy seats  
Of labouring swains, whose careful toil completes  
Their wishes in obtaining so much wealth  
To conquer dire necessity, firm health,  
Calm thoughts sound sleeps unstarted innocence  
Softened their beds and when roused up from thence  
*Suppled their limbs for labour Amongst these*  
My loved Argalia (for till fate shall please  
His dim stars to uncurtain, and salute  
His better fortune with each attribute  
Due to a nobler birth his name must be  
Contracted into that stenography)  
Life's scenes began amongst his fellows that  
There first drew breath being true heirs to what  
Whilst all his stars were retrograde and dim  
Unlucky fortune but adopted him

Whilst there residing I had oft beheld  
The active boy whose childhood's bud excelled  
More full blown youths gleaming the scattered locks  
Of new shorn fields amongst the half-clad flocks  
Of their unripe but healthful issue by  
Which labour tired sometimes I see them try  
The strength of their scarce twisted limbs and run  
A short breathed course whose swift contention done

And he (as in each other active sport)  
 With victory crowned, they make their next resort  
 T' the spring's cheap bounties, but what did of all  
 His first attempts give the most powerful call  
 Both to my love and wonder was, what chanced  
 From one rare act The morning had advanced 240  
 Her tempting beauties to assure success  
 To these young huntsmen, who, with labour less  
 Made by the pleasure of their journey, had  
 The forest reached, where, with their limbs unclad  
 For the pursuit, they follow beasts that might  
 Abroad be recreation, and, when night  
 Summoned them home, the welcomest supply  
 Both to their own and parents' quality  
 An angry boar, chafed with a morning's chase,  
 And now near spent, was come so near the place, 250  
 Where, though secured, on the stupendous height  
 Of a vast rock they stood, that now no flight  
 Could promise safety, that wild rage, which sent  
 Him from the dogs, his following foes, is spent  
 In the pursuit of them, which, to my grief,  
 Had suffered ere we could have lent relief,  
 Had not Argalia, e'en when danger drew  
 So near as death, turned on the beast, and threw  
 His happy javelin, whose well-guided aim,  
 Although success it knew not how to claim 260  
 From strength, yet is so much assisted by  
 Fortune, that, what before had scorned to die  
 By all our power when contending in  
 Nice art, the honour of that day to win  
 To him alone, falls by that feeble stroke  
 From all his speed, which seen, he, to provoke  
 His hastier death, seconds those wounds which in  
 Their safety are by those with terror seen,  
 That had escaped the danger, and e'en by  
 Us that pursued with such amaze, that I, 270  
 Who had before observed those rays of worth  
 Obscured in clouds, here let my love break forth  
 In useful action, such as from that low  
 Condition brought him where I might bestow  
 On him what art required, to perfect that  
 Rare piece of nature which we wondered at  
 From those whom I, 'mongst others, thought to be  
 Such whose affection the proximity  
 Of nature claimed, with a regret that showed  
 Their poverty unwillingly bestowed 280

238 give the most powerful call] This is Singer's mending of the orig repetition  
 'did give the powerful call'

280 bestowed] This bewildering Chamberlaynean construction seems = 'Of those from  
 whom I, *thinking them* to be, &c, had procured' But in this as in hundreds of future

So loved a jewel, had procured the youth—  
 His foster father, loath to waive a truth  
 That in the progress of his fate might be  
 Of high account, discovers unto me  
 The world's mistake concerning him and thus  
 Relates his story — 'He was brought to us  
 (Quoth the good man) some ten years since by two  
 Who (could men be discovered to the view  
 Of knowledge by their habits) seemed but such  
 As Fortune's narrow hand had gave not much  
 More than necessity requires to be  
 Enjoyed of every man whom life makes free  
 Of Nature's city though their bounty showed  
 To our dim judgements that they only owed  
 Mischance for those coarse habits, which disguised  
 What once the world at higher rates had prized  
 I the worst extreme of time about the birth  
 O the sluggish morning, when the crusted earth  
 Was unselled o'er with frost and each sprig clad  
 With winter's wool I whom cross Fortune had  
 Destined to early labours being abroad  
 Met two benighted men far from the road  
 Wandering alone, no skilful guide their way  
 Directing in that infancy of day  
 But the faint beams of glimmering candles that  
 Shone from our lowly cottage windows at  
 Which marks they steered their course one of them bore  
 This boy an infant then, which knew no more  
 Than Nature's untrod paths These having spied  
 Me through the mornings mists glad of a guide  
 Though to a place whose superficial view  
 Lent small hopes of relief went with me to  
 Mine own poor home where with such coarse cheap fare  
 As must content us that but eat to bear  
 The burthens of a life refreshed they take  
 A short repose then being to forsake  
 Their new found host desire with us to leave  
 The child till time should some few days bereave  
 Of the habiliments of light We stood  
 Not long to dail but, willing to do good  
 To strangers so distressed, were never by  
 Our poverty once tempted to deny  
 My wife being then a nurse upon her takes  
 The pretty charge and with our own son makes  
 Him fellow-commoner at the full breast  
 And partner of the cradle's quiet rest  
 Now to depart one that did seem to have  
 The near'st relation to the infant gave

90

300

310

320

instances the reader must take his own choice of several doubtfully possible interpretations

Him first this jewel, (at which word they showed  
One which upon Argalia was bestowed 370  
By those that left him), then, that we might be  
Not straitened by our former poverty,  
Leaves us some gold, by which we since have been  
Enabled to maintain him, though not in  
That equipage, which we presume unto  
His birth (although to us unknown) is due  
This done, with eyes that lost their light in tears,  
They take their leaves, since when, those days to years  
Are grown, in which we did again expect  
They should return, but whether 't be neglect 340  
Or else impossibility detain  
Them from his sight, our care hath sought in vain "  
' Having thus plainly heard as much as Fate  
Had yet of him discovered, I, that late  
Desired him for his own, now for the sake  
Of 's friends, (whate'er they were), resolved to take  
Him from that barren rudeness, and transplant  
So choice a slip where he might know no want  
Of education, with some labour, I  
Having obtained him, till virility 350  
Rendered him fit for nobler action, stayed  
Him always with me, when my love obeyed  
His reason, and then, in the quest of what  
Confined domestics do but stumble at  
Exotic knowledge, with this noble youth,  
To whom his love grew linked, like spotless truth  
To perfect virtue,—sent him to pursue  
His wished design, from whence 'this interview  
First took its fatal rise ' And here the lord,  
That a more full discovery might afford 360  
Them yet more wonder, shows the jewel to  
Sparta's pleased prince, at whose most serious view  
The skilfullest lapidaries, judging it,  
Both for its worth and beauty, only fit  
To sparkle in the glorious cabinet  
Of some great queen, such value on it set,  
That all conclude the owner of 't must be  
Some falling star, i' the night of royalty,  
From honour's sphere, the glories of a crown  
To vaunt, the centre of our fears, dropt down 370  
And now the court, whose brightest splendour in  
These fatal changes long eclipsed had been,  
Resumes its lustre, which to elevate,  
With all the pleasures of a prosperous state,  
For that contracted span of time designed  
For th' prince's stay, fancies are racked to find

367 owner] Orig 'honour,' a strange mistake elsewhere repeated.

New forms of mirth such whose invention might  
 Inform the ear whilst they the eye delight  
 All which whilst to the less concerned they lent  
 A flux of joy yet lost their first intent— 390  
 To please the princess who from mirth did move  
 Eccentrical since first inflamed with love  
 Which did soon from her fancy's embryo grow  
 A large-limbed tyrant when prepared to go  
 She sees Argalia who engaged to attend  
 The ambassadors here soon put an end  
 To what e'en from those unto love unkind  
 Must now force tears ere it a period find  
 That time expired—ordained to terminate  
 Her father's say and so that splendid state 395  
 That yet adorned the princess court to show  
 How much he did for his frontiers safety owe  
 Unto those moving citadels—a fleet  
 His mandates call each squadron far to meet  
 Within Lepanto in whose harbours lay  
 Those ships that were ordained for a convey  
 To the Calabrian's messengers who now  
 With all that love or honour could allow  
 To noble strangers being attended by  
 The brightest glories of two courts draw nigh 400  
 A royal fleet whose glittering streamers lent  
 Dull waves the beauties of a firmament  
 Amongst which numbers one too stately far  
 For rough encounters of defacing war  
 Whose gilded masts their crimson sails had spread  
 In silken flakes advanced her stately herd  
 High as where clouds condense where a light stands  
 Look for a comet by far distant lands  
 For cabins—where the imprisoned passenger  
 Wants air to breathe—she's stored with rooms that were 405  
 So fair without, and yet so large within  
 A Persian sultan might have revelled in  
 Their spacious hulks To this Molochus he  
 Whom greatness joined to know ability  
 Had made Sicilia's admiral invites  
 The royal train where with whatever delights  
 (Although invention all her stock had spent)  
 Could be upon that liquid element  
 I repaired their welcome, whilst at every howl  
 A health inters the full mouthed cannons troul 410  
 A peal of thunder, which in white waves drowned  
 The softer trumpets do their dirges sound  
 Now in the full career of mirth whilst all  
 Their thoughts in perpendiculars did fall

From honour's zenith, none incurvated  
 With common cares—parents that might have bred  
 A sly suspicion, whilst neglective mirth  
 Keeps all within, from their deep bed of earth ,  
 Molarchus hoist his anchors, whilst that all  
 The rest lay still, expecting when his call 430  
 Commands their service but when they beheld  
 His spread sails with a nimble gale were swelled;  
 An oppressed slave, which lay at rest before,  
 Was, with stretched limbs, tugging his finny oar ,  
 Conceiving it but done to show the prince  
 That galley's swiftness, let that thought convince  
 Fear's weak suggestions, and, invited by  
 Their tempting mirth, still safe at anchor lie  
 But now, when they not only saw the night  
 Draw sadly on, but what did more affright 440  
 Their loyal souls—the distant vessel, by  
 Doubling a cape, lost to the sharpest eye,  
 For hateful treason taxing their mistake,  
 With anchors cut and sails spread wide they make  
 The lashed waves roar Whilst those enclosed within  
 The galley, by her unknown speed had been  
 Far more deceived—being so far conveyed,  
 Ere care arrives to tell them they're betrayed  
 Through mirth's neglective guards Who now, in haste  
 With anger raised, in vain those flames did waste 450  
 In wild attempts to force a passage to  
 The open decks, whither before withdrew  
 Molarchus was, who now prepared to give  
 That treason birth, whose hated name must live  
 In bloody lines of infamy Before  
 They could expect it, opening wide the door  
 That led them forth, the noble captives fly  
 To seek revenge, but, being encountered by  
 An armèd crew, so fierce a fight begin,  
 That night's black mantle ne'er was lined within 460  
 With aught more horrid, in which bloody fray,  
 The subtle traitor, valiant to betray  
 Though abject else, unnoted, seizing on  
 The unguarded princess, from their rage is gone,  
 Through night's black mask, with that rich prize into  
 A boat, that, placed for that design, was drew  
 Near to the galley, whose best wealth being now  
 Thus made their own, no more they study how  
 To save the rest—all which for death designed  
 The conquered rebels soon their safety find 470

429 hoist] Singer 'hoists,' but it is no doubt preterite

434 oar] Orig and Singer 'ore,' which must be wrong In anybody but Chamberlayne we should expect 'And oppressed slaves' with no 'was'

From other boats but first that all but she  
 O the royal train secured by death might be,  
 So large a leak in the brave vessel make  
 That thence her womb soon too much weight did take  
 For her vast bulk to wield which, sinking now  
 No safety to her royal guests allow

The ship thus lost and now no throne but waves  
 Left the Sicilian prince just Heaven thus saves  
 His sacred person —Amongst those that fought  
 For timely safety nimble strength had brought 480  
 Argalia and his following friend so near  
 One of the boats in which secured from fear  
 The rebels sailed that now they both had took  
 A hold so sure, that though their foes forsook  
 Their oars to hinder t, spite of all their force  
 Argalia enters, which a sad divorce

From life as he by strength attempts to rise  
 From falling wounds unhappily denies  
 The valiant Aphron, who by death betrayed  
 From time and strength had now left none to aid 490  
 His friend, but those attending virtues, that,  
 Neer more than now, for th world to wonder at,  
 Brave trophies built With such a sudden rage  
 As all his foes did to defence engage,  
 Those bolder souls that durst resist, he had  
 From their disordered robes of flesh unclad,  
 Which horrid sight forced the more fearful to  
 Such swift submission, that ere fear outgrew  
 His hope assisted by that strength which bought  
 Their lives reprieve, their oars reversed had brought 500  
 Him back t the place in which the guilty flood  
 Was stained with fair Sicilia's noblest blood

Assisted by those silver streams of light  
 The full faced moon shot through the swarthy night  
 On the smooth sea he first his course directs  
 Toward one whose robes studded with gems reflects  
 Those feeble rays like new fallen stars he there  
 Finds Sparta's prince then sinking from the sphere  
 Of mortal greatness in the boundless deep  
 To calm life's cares in an eternal sleep 510  
 From unexpected death the graves most grim  
 And ghastly tyrant having rescued him—  
 With as much speed as grief's distractions joined  
 To night's confusion could give leave to find  
 More friends before that all were swallowed by  
 The sea he hastes, when being by chance brought nigh  
 Dead Aphron's father to be partner in  
 Their cares who as they only saved had been

475 bulk] Singer as elsewhere, arbitrarily prints *hulk* which is possible but by no means necessary



To mourn the rest, he from the rude sea saves  
Him, to be drowned in sorrow's sable waves 520

Now in the quest of that deserving lord,  
Whose goodness did to's infancy afford  
Life's best of comforts—education, he,  
To balk that needless diligence, might see  
At one large draught the wide waves swallow all  
Who vainly did till that sad minute call  
To Heaven for help; which dismal sight, beheld  
By those that saved by accident, expelled  
Their own just fears—for them to entertain  
As just a grief Their needful time in vain 530  
They spend no longer in their search, but, though  
Unwieldy grief yet made their motion slow,  
Haste from that horrid place, where each must leave  
Such valued friends Numbers that did receive  
Their blood, descended to nobility,  
From th' royal spring, here the grieved prince might see  
Interred in the ocean, the Epirot lord,  
His late found son, whom love could scarce afford  
A minute's absence, nor's Argalia less  
Engaged to grief—to leave whom the distress 540  
Of's youth relieved, but what from each of these  
Borrowed some streams of sorrow, to appease  
A grief which since so many floods hath cost  
The noble Aminander here was lost

Rowed with such speed as their desire, joined to  
That fear which from the conquered rebels drew  
A swift obedience, being conducted by  
A friendly light, their boat is now drawn nigh  
A rocky island, in whose harbour they  
Found where the boat that had outsailed them lay, 550  
Drawn near the shore but all the passengers  
Being gone, the sight of that alone confers  
No other comfort than to inform them that  
The ravished princess had been landed at  
That port, which by their sailors they are told  
Belongs unto a castle, kept to hold  
That island, though but one unnoted town,  
T' the scarce known laws of the Sicilian crown

This heard b' the prince, who formerly had known  
That castle's strength, being vexed (although his own) 560  
That now 'twas such, leaving the vessel, they,  
Protected by night's heaviest shades, convey  
Themselves into a neighbouring cottage, where  
The prince, who now externally did bear  
No forms of greatness, left to his repose  
Argalia, whilst night's shadows yet did close

Discovering eyes hastes back t the harbour whence  
 To give the royal fleet intelligence  
 O the kings distress he sends forth all but one  
 Whose stoutness had best made his valour known 5,0  
 Of those which, conquered by his sword, are now  
 By bounty made too much his own to allow  
 Een slight suspicion room This being done  
 That valour, though with love twere winged might run  
 On no rash precipice assisted by  
 That skilful seaman from some ships that lie  
 Neglected 'cause by time decayed he takes  
 So much o the tackling as of that he makes  
 Ladders of length sufficient to ascend  
 The castle walls, which having to defend 580  
 Them nought but slave security is done  
 With so much ease that what s so well begun  
 They boldly second and first entering in  
 A tower (which had b the prudent founder been  
 Built to command the havens mouth which lay  
 Too low for th castle) where when come all they  
 Found to resist is one poor sentry bound  
 In sleep which soon by death is made more sound  
 To lodge the prince in that safe place before  
 His active valour yet attempted more 590  
 The gate s secured that led t the castle He  
 Protected by that night s obscurity  
 By a concealed small sally port is to  
 Its strength soon brought when now prepared to view  
 More dreadful dangers in such habit clad  
 As by the outguards easy error had  
 Soon as a soldier gave him entrance come  
 T the hall he is there being informed by some  
 O the drowsy guards where his pretended speed  
 Might find Molarchus, to perform a deed, 600  
 That future ages (if that honour's fire  
 Lose not its light) shall worthily admire  
 His valour hastes —Within a room —whose pride  
 Of art though great was far more glorified  
 By that bright lustre the spectators saw,  
 Through sorrow's clouds in fair Pharonnida —  
 He finds the impious villain heightened in  
 His late success to such rude acts of sin  
 That servile baseness the low distance whence  
 He used to look grew saucy impudence 610  
 Inflamed Argalia who at once beholds  
 Objects to which the soul enlarged unfolds  
 Its passions in the various characters  
 Of love and anger now no more defers  
 The execution of his rage but in  
 So swift a death, as if his hand had been  
 ( 59 )

Guided by lightning, to Molarchus sent  
His life's discharge, which, with astonishment,  
Great as if by their evil angels all  
Their sins had been displayed, did wildly fall 620  
Upon his followers, whom, ere haste could save,  
Or strength resist, Argalia's sword had gave  
Such sudden deaths, that, whilst amazements reigned  
O'er all, he from the heedless tumult gained  
That glorious prize—the royal lady, who,  
In all assaults of fears, not lost unto  
Her own clear judgement, as a blessing sent  
From Heaven, (whilst her base foes confusion lent  
That action safety), follows that brave friend,  
Whose sword redeemed her, till her journey's end, 630  
Through threatening dangers, brought her to that place  
Where, with such passion as kind wives embrace  
Husbands returned from bondage, she is by  
Her father welcomed into liberty

Thus rescued, whilst exalted rumours swelled  
To such confusion as from sense expelled  
Reason's safe conduct, whilst each soldier leaves  
His former charge, fear's pale disease receives  
This paroxysm —The fleet, which yet had in  
A doubtful quest of their surprised prince been, 640  
Directed hither with the new-born day,  
Their streamers round the citadel display,  
Which seen by them that, being deluded by  
The dead Molarchus, to his treachery  
Had joined their strength, guilt, the original  
Of shame, did to defend the platform call  
Their bold endeavour, but, when finding it  
Too strongly manned for undermining wit  
Or open strength to force, despairing to  
Be long secure, prompted by fear, they threw 650  
Themselves on mercy, which calm grace, among  
Heaven's other blessings, whilst it leads along  
The prince toward victory, made his conquest seem—  
Such as came not to punish, but redeem

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

## Canto V

## THE ARGUMENT

The grateful prince to show how much he loved  
 This noble youth whose merits just reward  
 Too great for less abilities had proved  
 Makes him commander of his daughter's guard  
 Where seated in the most benign aspect  
 Kind love could grant to fair Pharonnida  
 A sacred vision doth her hopes detect  
 Whose waking joys his absence doth withdraw

FREED from those dangers which this bold attempt  
 Made justly feared whilst joy did yet exempt  
 Those cares which when by time concocted shall  
 His kingdom to a general mourning call  
 Sparta's pleased prince, with all the attributes  
 E'er gratitude learned from desert salutes  
 That noble youth, which even when hope was spent  
 Kind Heaven had made his safety's instrument  
 By acts of such heroic virtue that  
 Whilst all the less concerned are wondering at  
 The grateful prince in all the noble ways  
 Of honour, lasting as his life repays  
 By whose example the fair princess taught  
 To shadow love (her soul's most perfect draught)  
 In friendship's veil so free a welcome gave  
 The worthy stranger that all prayer durst crave  
 Though sacrificed in zeals most perfect fire  
 Seemed now from Heaven dropt on his pleased desire

10

Some days spent here whilst justice vainly sought  
 That treason's root whose base production brought  
 Unto an unexpected period in  
 Molarchus death with him had buried been  
 To future knowledge—all confessions though  
 In torments they extracted were bestow  
 Upon their knowledge being the imperfect shade  
 Of supposition, which too weak to invade  
 E'en those whose doubtful loyalty looked dim  
 The prudent prince, burying mistrust with him  
 Leaving the island with a triumphant fleet  
 On the Sicilian shore prepares to meet

30

That joy in triumph which a blessing brought  
 His loyal subjects with their prayers had sought  
 To cure those hot distemperatures which in  
 His absence had the courts quotidian been  
 The princess guard (as being an honour due  
 To noble valour) having left unto

That worthy stranger, whose victorious hand  
Declared a soul created for command,  
The prince departs from his loved daughter's court  
To joyful Corinth, where, though the resort  
Of such as by their service strove to express  
An uncorrupted loyalty made less

10

That mourning, which the kingdom's general loss  
Claimed from all hearts, yet, like a sable cross,  
Which amongst trophies noble conquerors bear,  
All did some signs o' the public sorrow wear

But leaving these to rectify that state  
This fever shook, return to whom we late  
Left gently calmed—that happy pair, which in  
Desire, the shady porch of love, begin  
That lasting progress, which ere ended shall  
So oft their fate to strong assistance call  
Some months in happy free delights—before  
Passion got strength enough to dictate more  
Than Reason could write fair they'd spent, in which  
Slumber of fancy, popular love grown rich,  
Soon becomes factious, and engages all

50

The powers of Nature to procure the fall  
Of the soul's lawful sovereign Either, in  
Each action of the other's, did begin  
To place an adoration—she doth see  
Whate'er he doth, as shining majesty  
Beneath a cloud, or books, where Heaven transfers  
Their oracles in unknown characters,

60

Like gold yet unrefined, or the adamant  
Wrapt up in earth, he only seemed to want  
Knowledge of worth Her actions in his sight  
Appear like fire's feigned element, with light,  
But not destruction, armed, like the fair sun,  
When through a crystal aqueduct he 'th run  
His piercing beams, until grown temperate by  
That cooling medium, through humility,

70

Shuns her majestic worth In either's eyes,  
The other seemed to wear such a disguise  
As poets clothed their wandering gods in, when  
In forms disguised they here conversed with men

But long this conflict of their passions, ere  
Resisted, lasts not, when, disdained to bear  
Those leaden fetters, the great princess tries  
To quench that fire i' the embryo, ere it rise  
To unresisted blazes—but in vain,

80

What her tears smother are by sighs again  
Blown into flames, such as, since not to be  
By aught extinguished, her sweet modesty  
Strives to conceal, nor did them more betray  
Than by such fugitives as stole away

Through her fair eyes those sally ports of love  
 From her besieged heart now like to prove  
 (Had not her honour called the act unjust)  
 So feeble to betray her soul's best trust 90  
 Her flames being not such as each vulgar breast  
 Feels in the fires of fancy when oppressed  
 With gloomy discontents, her bright stars sate  
 Enthroned so high that, like the bays of Fate  
 It stopped the current of the stream and to  
 The sea of honour love's fresh rivers drew  
 Thus whilst the royal eagle doth in the high  
 Sublimar region of bright majesty  
 Upon affections wings still hover yet  
 Loath to descend on th humble earth doth sit 100  
 Her worthy lover like that amorous vine  
 When crawling o'er the weeds it strives to twine  
 Embraces with the elm he stands whilst she  
 Desires to bend, but like that love sick tree  
 By greatness is denied He that neer knew  
 A swelling tumour of conceit nor flew  
 Upon the waxen wings of vain ambition  
 A thought above his own obscure condition  
 Thinks that the princess by her large respect  
 Conferred on him, but kindly doth reflect 110  
 His father's beams and with a reverent zeal  
 Sees those descending rays that did reveal  
 Love's embassies transported on the quick  
 Wings of that heart-overcoming rhetoric,  
 Instructing that the weakness of his eye  
 Dazzled with beams of shining majesty,  
 Might for too boldly gazing on a sight  
 So full of glory be deprived of light—  
 Stuffing his fancy, till it turned the air  
 That fanned his heart to flames which pale despair 120  
 Chilled into ice soon as he went about  
 With them to breathe a storm of passion out  
 But vain are all these fears—his eagle sight  
 Is born to gaze upon no lesser light  
 Than that from whence all other beauties in  
 The same sphere borrow theirs he else had been  
 Degenerate from that royal eyrie whence  
 He first did spring although he fell from thence  
 Unfledged the growing pinions of his fame  
 Wanting the purple tincture of his name 130  
 And titles—both unknown, yet shall he fly  
 On his own merits strength a pitch as high  
 Though not so boldly claimed and such as shall  
 Enhance the blessing when the dull mists fall

From truth's benighted eyes, whispering in  
His soul's pleased ear—her passion did begin  
Whilst all the constellations of her fate,  
Fixed in the zenith of bright honour, sat,  
Whilst his, depressed by adverse fortune, in  
Their nadir lay—even to his hopes unseen

140

Whilst thus enthean fire did lie concealed  
With different curtains, lest, by being revealed,  
Cross fate, which could not quench it, should to death  
Scorch all their hopes, burned in the angry breath  
Of her incensèd father—whilst the fair

Pharonnida was striving to repair  
The wakeful ruins of the day, within  
Her bed, whose down of late by love had been  
Converted into thorns, she having paid

150

The restless tribute of her sorrow, staid  
To breathe awhile in broken slumbers, such  
As with short blasts cool feverish brains, but much  
More was in hers—A strong pathetic dream,

Diverting by enigmas Nature's stream,  
Long hovering through the portals of her mind  
On vain phantastic wings, at length did find

The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by  
A brighter beam of pure divinity

Led into supernatural light, whose rays  
As much transcended reason's, as the day's  
Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be  
Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.

162

Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all  
Terrestrial thoughts, like its original

In heaven, pure and immaculate, a fit  
Companion did for those bright angels sit,  
Which the gods made their messengers to bear  
This sacred truth, seeming transported where,

Fixed in the flaming centre of the world,  
The heart o' the microcosm, 'bout which is hurled  
The spangled curtains of the sky, within

170

Whose boundless orbs, the circling planets spin  
Those threads of time, upon whose strength rely  
The ponderous burthens of mortality

An adamant world she sees, more pure,  
More glorious far than this,—framed to endure  
The shock of dooms-day's darts, in which remains  
The better angels of what earth contains,

Placed there to govern all our acts, and be  
A medium 'twixt us and eternity

180

Hence Nature, from a labyrinth half above,  
Half underneath, that sympathetic love,

Which warms the world to generation, sends  
 On unseen atoms each small stir attends  
 Here for his message which received is by  
 Their influence to the astral faculty  
 That lurks on earth communicated hence  
 Informing Forma sends intelligence  
 To the material principles of earth—  
*Her upper garments Nature's second birth*

190

Upon each side of this large frame, a gate  
 Of different use was placed—At one there sate  
 A sprightly youth whose angel's form delights  
 Eyes dimmed with age, whose blandishments invites  
 Infants ; the womb to court their woe and be  
 By his false shape tempted to misery  
 Millions of thousands swarm about him though  
 Diseases do each minute strive to throw

Them from his presence, since being tempted by  
 His flattering form, all court it though they lie  
 On beds of thorns to look on t saving some  
 More wretched malcontents that hither come  
 With souls so sullen that, whilst Time invites  
 Them to his joys they shun those smooth delights

200

This the world's favourite had a younger brother  
 Of different hue, each more unlike the other  
 Than opposite aspects, antipathy

Within their breast though they were forced to be  
 Almost inseparable dwelt This fiend

A passage guarded which at the other end  
 O the spacious structure stood, betwixt each gate  
 Was placed a labyrinth in whose angles sate  
 The Vanities of life attempting to

210

Stay death's pale harbingers but that black clew  
 Time's dusky girdle Fate's arithmetic

Grief's slow paced snail Joys more than eagle-quick —  
 That chain whose links composed of hours and days —  
 Thither at length spite of delay conveys

The slow paced steps of Time There always stood  
 Near him one of the triple sisterhood

220

Who with deformity in love did send  
 Him troops of servants hourly to attend

Upon his harsh commands which he from all  
 Society of flesh without the wall

Down a dark hill conveyed at whose foot stood  
 An ugly lake black as that horrid flood

Gods made by men did fear Myriads of boats  
 On the dark surface of the water floats

216 Grief's slow paced snail] Singer has altered this to Griefs slow snail paced which from what follows an ordinary writer might more probably have written But it by no means follows that Chamberlayne did not deliberately write the other



Containing passengers, whose different hue  
Tell them that from the walls do trembling view 230  
Their course that there's no age of man to be  
Exempted from that powerful tyranny

A tide, which ne'er shall know reflux, beyond  
The baleful stream, unto a gloomy strond,  
Circled with black obscurity, conveys  
Each passenger, where their torn chain of days  
Is in eternity peeked-up Between

These different gates, the princess having seen  
Life's various scenes wrought to a method by  
Disposing angels, on a rock more high 240  
Than Nature's common surface, she beholds  
The mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds  
Its sacred mysteries A trine without

A quadrate placed, both those encompassed in  
A perfect circle, was its form, but what  
Its matter was—for us to wonder at  
Is undiscovered left, a tower there stands  
At every angle, where Time's fatal hands,  
The impartial Parcae, dwell I' the first she sees  
Clothe, the kindest of the Destinies, 250

From immaterial essences to cull  
The seeds of life, and of them frame the wool  
For Lachesis to spin, about her fly  
Myriads of souls that yet want flesh to lie  
Warmed with their functions in, whose strength bestows  
That power by which man ripe for misery grows  
Her next of objects was that glorious tower,  
Where that swift-fingered nymph that spares no hour  
From mortal's service, draws the various threads  
Of life in several lengths—to weary beds 260

Of age extending some, whilst others in  
Their infancy are broke, some blacked in sin,  
Others the favourites of heaven, from whence  
Their origin, candid with innocence,  
Some purpled in afflictions, others dyed  
In sanguine pleasures, some in glittering pride,  
Spun to adorn the earth, whilst others wear  
Rags of deformity, but knots of care  
No thread was wholly freed from Next to this  
Fair glorious tower was placed that black abyss 270  
Of dreadful Atropos, the baleful seat  
Of death and horror, in each room replete  
With lazy damps, loud groans, and the sad sight  
Of pale grim ghosts—those terrors of the night

237 peeked] This odd word ('peeckt' in orig) suggests (1) 'peak' in the Shake-  
spearean sense of 'peak and pine,' (2) the same in that of 'brought to a point,'  
'finished off,' (3) 'picked' It seems to recur below (II v 383) in 'night-peeck,' which  
Singer has altered to 'specked' 250 Clothe] *Sic in orig*

To this, the 1st stage that the winding clew  
 Of life can lead mortality unto  
 I ear was the dreadful porter which let in  
 All guests sent thither by destructive Sin  
 As its firm basis on all these depends  
 A lofty pyramid to which each sends 280  
 Some gift from Nature's treasury to fame's  
 Uncertain hand The hollow room with names  
 And empty sounds was only filled of those  
 For whom the Destinies dained to compose  
 Their fairest threads, as if but born to die—  
 Here all Ephemerals of report did fly  
 On feeble wings till, being like to fall  
 Some faintly stick upon the slimy wall  
 Till the observant antiquary rents 290  
 Them thence to live in paper monuments  
 In whose records they are preserved to be  
 The various censures of posterity  
 I the upper room as favourites to Fate  
 There only Poets, rich in fancy sate,  
 In that beneath—Historians, whose records  
 Do themes unto those pregnant wits afford  
 Yet both preparing everlasting bays  
 To crown their glorious dust whose happy days  
 Were here spent well Beneath these covered o'er 300  
 With dim oblivious shadows, myriads more,  
 Till dooms-day shall the grudy world undress  
 Lay huddled up in dark forgetfulness.  
 All which as objects not of worth to cast  
 A fixed eye on the princess genius past  
 In heedless haste until obstructed by  
 Visions that thus fixed her soul's wandering eye  
 A light as great as if that dooms day's flame  
 Were for a lamp hung in the court of Fame  
 Directs her—where on a bright throne there sate 310  
 Sicilia's better Genius her proud state  
 (Courtied by all earth's greatest monarchs) by  
 Three valiant knights supported was whose high  
 Merits disdaining a reward less great  
 With equal hopes aimed at the royal seat,  
 Which since all could not gain betwixt her three  
 Fair daughters both her crown and dignity  
 Is equally bestowed by giving one  
 To each of them When the divided throne  
 Had on each angle fixed a diadem  
 Her vision thus proceeds —The royal stem 320

84 dained] Orig dained which looks like deigned But the sense shows that  
 Chamberlayne must have further shortened the more usual contraction adained  
 289 rents] Of course rends for the sake of rhyme Chamberlayne interchanges  
 d and t endings freely as reverend for reverent

That bore her father's crown, to view first brings  
Its golden fruit—a glorious race of kings,  
Led by the founder of their fame, their rear  
Brought by her father up, next, those that bear  
Epirus' honoured arms, the royal train  
Concluding in Zoranza, this linked chain  
Drawn to an end, the princes that had swayed  
Argalia's sceptre, fill the scene, till, stayed  
By the Epirot's sword, their conquered crown  
From aged Gelon's hoary head dropt down 330  
At fierce Zoranza's feet This she beholds  
With admiration, whilst hid truth unfolds  
Itself in plainer objects —The distressed  
Ætolian prince again appears, but dressed  
In a poor pilgrim's weed, in's hand he leads  
A lovely boy, in whose sweet look she reads  
Soft Pity's lectures, but whilst gazing on  
This act, till lost in admiration,  
By sudden fate he seemed transformed to what  
She last beheld him, only offering at 340  
Love's shrine his heart to her Idea There  
Joy had bereaved her slumbers, had not fear  
Clouded the glorious dream—A dreadful mist,  
Black as the steams of hell, seeming to twist  
Its ugly vapours into shades more thick  
Than night-engendering damps, had with a quick  
But horrid darkness veiled the room, to augment  
Whose terror, a cloud's sulphury bosom, rent  
With dreadful thunder-claps, darting a bright  
But fearful blaze through the artificial night, 350  
Lent her so much use of her eyes—to see  
Argalia grovelling in his blood, which she  
Had scarce beheld ere the malignant flame  
Vanished again. She shrieks, and on his name  
Doth passionately call, but here no sound  
Startles her ear but hollow groans, which drowned  
Her soul in a cold sweat of fears Which ended,  
A second blaze lends her its light, attended  
With objects, whose wild horror did present  
Her father's ghost, then seeming to lament 360  
Her injured honour In his company  
The slain Laconian's spirit, which, let free  
From the dark prison of the cold grave, where  
In rusty chains he lay, was come to bear  
Her to that sad abode, but, as she now  
Appeared to sink, a golden cloud did bow  
From heaven's fair arch, in which Argalia seemed,  
Clad in bright armour, sitting, who redeemed  
Her from approaching danger, which being done,  
The darkness vanished, and a glorious sun 370

Of welcome light displayed its beams by which  
 A throne the first resembling but more rich  
 In its united glory, to the eye  
 Presents its lustre, where in majesty  
 The angels that attend their better fate  
 Placed her and brave Argalia—In which state,  
 The unbarred portals of her soul let fly  
 The golden slumber whose dear memory  
 Shall live within her noble thoughts until  
 Treading o'er all obstructions, fate fulfil  
 These dark predictions whose obscurity  
 Must often first her soul's affliction be

380

When now the morning's dews—that cool allay  
 Which cures the fever of the intemperate day—  
 Were rarified to air the princess to  
 Improve her joy in private thoughts withdrew  
 From burthensome society within

A silent grove's cool shadows—what had been  
 Her midnight's joy to recollect In which  
 Delightful task whilst memory did enrich  
 The robes of fancy, to divert the stream  
 Of thoughts intentive only on her dream  
 Argalia enters with a speed that showed  
 He unto some supreme commander owed  
 That diligence but when arrived so near  
 As to behold stopped with a reverent fear  
 Lest this intrusion on her privacies

390

Might ruffle passion, which now floating lies  
 In a calm stream of thought He stays till she  
 By her commands gave fresh activity  
 To his desires, then with a lowly grace  
 Yet such to which Pride's haughty sons gave place  
 For native sweetness he on s knee presents  
 A packet from her father whose contents  
 If love can groan beneath a greater curse  
 Than desperation, made her sufferings worse  
 Than fear could represent them—twas expressed  
 In language that not wholly did request  
 Nor yet command consent only declare  
 His royal will and the paternal care

400

He bore his kingdom's safety which could be  
 By nought confirmed more than affinity  
 With the Laconian prince whose big fame stood  
 Exalted in a spacious sea of blood  
 On honour's highest pyramid. His hand  
 Had made the triple headed spot of land  
 One of her stately promontories bow  
 Beneath his sword and with his sceptre now

410

413 Laconian] This should be Ep rot but Chamberlayne as the reader ha. been  
 warned uses these appellat ons almost at random

He at the other reaches, which, if love  
But gently smile on's new-born hopes, and prove 420  
Propitious as the god of war, his fate  
Climbs equal with his wishes But too late  
That slow-paced soldier bent his forces to  
Storm that fair virgin citadel, which knew,  
Ere his pretences could a parley call,  
Beneath what force that royal fort must fall  
Enclosed within this rough lord's letter, she  
Received his picture, which informed her he  
Wanted dissimulation (that worst part  
Of courtship) to put complements of art 430  
On his effigies, his stern brow far more  
Glorying i' the scars, than in the crown he wore,  
His active youth made him retainer to  
The court of Mars, something too long to sue  
For entrance into Love's, like mornings clad  
In grizzled frosts ere plump-cheeked Autumn had  
Shorn the glebe's golden locks, some silver hairs  
Mixed with his black appeared, his age despairs  
Not of a hopeful heir, nor could his youth  
Promise much more, the venerable truth 440  
Of glorious victories, that stuck his name  
For ornament i' the frontispiece of fame,  
Together with his native greatness, were  
His orators to plead for love but where  
Youth, beauty, valour, and a soul as brave,  
Though not known great as his, before had gave  
Love's pleasing wounds, Fortune's neglected gain  
In fresh assaults but spends her strength in vain  
With as much ease as souls, when ripened by  
A well-spent life, haste to eternity, 450  
She had sustained this harsh encounter, though  
Backed with her father's threats, did it not show  
More dreadful yet—in a command which must  
Call her Argalia from his glorious trust,  
Her guardian to a separation in  
An embassy to him, whose hopes had been  
Her new-created fears Which sentence read  
By the wise lady, though her passions bred  
A sudden tumult, yet her reason stays  
The torrent, till Argalia, who obeys 460  
The strictest limits of observance to  
Her he adored, being reverently withdrew,  
Enlarged her sorrows in so loud a tone,  
That ere he's through the winding labyrinth gone  
So far, but that he could distinctly hear  
Her sad complaints, they thus assault his ear —  
'Unhappy soul' born only to infuse  
Pearls of delight with vinegar, and lose  
( 70 )

Content for honour is t a sin to be  
 Born high, that robs me of my liberty?  
 Or is t the curse of greatness to behold  
 Virtue through such false optics as unfold  
 No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine?  
 What heaven made free ambitious men confine  
 In regular degrees Poor Love must dwell  
 Within no climate but what s parallel  
 Unto our honoured births the envied fate  
 Of princes oft these burthens finds from state  
 When lowly swains knowing no parent's voice  
 A negative make a free happy choice —  
 And here she sighed, then with some drops distilled  
 From Love's most sovereign elixir filled  
 The crystal fountains of her eyes which e'er  
 Dropped down she thus recalls again— But ne'er  
 Neer my Argalia shall these fears destroy  
 My hopes of thee Heaven! let me but enjoy  
 So much of all those blessings which their birth  
 Can take from frail mortality, and earth  
 Contracting all her curses cannot make  
 A storm of danger loud enough to shake  
 Me to a trembling penitence a curse  
 To make the horror of my suffering worse  
 Sent in a father's name like vengeance fell  
 From angry Heaven upon my head may dwell  
 In an eternal stain, my honoured name  
 With pale disgrace may languish, busy fame  
 My reputation spot affection be  
 Termed uncommanded lust sharp poverty  
 That weed which kills the gentle flower of love  
 As the result of all these ills may prove  
 My greatest misery—unless to find  
 Myself unpitied Yet not so unkind  
 Would I esteem this mercenary band  
 As those far more malignant powers that stand,  
 Armed with dissuasions to obstruct the way  
 Fancy directs but let those souls obey  
 Their harsh commands that stand in fear to shed  
 Repentant tears I am resolved to tread  
 These doubtful paths through all the shades of fear  
 That now benight them Love! with pity hear  
 Thy suppliant's prayers and when my clouded eyes  
 Shall cease to weep in smiles I'll sacrifice  
 To thee such offerings that the utmost date  
 Of Death's rough hands shall never violate  
 Whilst our fair virgin sufferer was in  
 This agony Argalia, that had been  
 Attentive as an envied tyrant to  
 Suspected counsels from her language drew  
 ( 71 )

470

480

490

500

510

## *William Chamberlayne*

So much, that that pure essence, which informs  
His knowledge, shall in all the future storms 520  
Of fate protect him, from a fear that did  
Far more than death afflict, whilst love lay hid  
In honour's upper region Now, whilst she  
Calmly withdraws, to let her comforts be  
Hopes of 's return, his latest view forsook  
His soul's best comfort, who hath now betook  
Herself to private thoughts, where, with what rest  
Love can admit, I leave her, and him blest  
In a most prosperous voyage, but happier far  
In being directed by so bright a star 530

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK

## BOOK II Canto I

### THE ARGUMENT

Still wakeful guilt, Almanzor's rebel sin  
Taking advantage of unguarded mirth  
Which now without mistrust did revel in  
The princess court, gives thence new treason birth

By treachery seized and through night's shades conveyed  
She had for ever in this storm been lost  
Had not its rage by such rude hands been staid  
That safety near as much as danger cost

THESE hell-engendered embryos which had long  
Lay hid within Almanzor's breast grown strong  
Now for delivery strive, clandestine plots  
Ripened with age and lust dissolve the knots  
Wherein his fear had fettered them, and fly  
Beyond the circle of his loyalty  
Since his deserts made him a stranger to  
His princess court he'd lived like those that do  
Fly that pursuing vengeance which attends  
A rebel's acts seen only to such friends  
Whose blemished honour suffering in his fall  
Assist his rising though they venture all  
By that unlawful act on paths that may  
Precipitate to ruin The dark way  
Had long been sought for consultations did  
Whisper rebellion in soft airs, forbid  
To live in louder language until, like  
Inevitable thunder it could strike  
As swift as secret and as sure as those,  
Heaven's anger hurls through all that durst oppose  
In all the progress of that dark design  
Whose unseen engines strove to undermine  
That power, which since Heaven doth in kings infuse  
None but unhallowed rebels durst abuse  
Time treason's secret midwife did produce  
No birth like this—Such friends as often use  
Had taught him their souls' characters, he makes  
Sharers of's guilt but whilst he troubled takes  
A care to fit each smaller wheel unto  
This fatal engine those black powers that do  
Assist such dark designs a moving spirit  
Supply it with Although Almanzor's merit  
Purchased few friends yet had his tempting gold  
Corrupted some mongst which it surest hold



Upon Amphibia took, a lady who,  
Before Florenza's sweeter virtues drew  
Her favour to a better object, swayed  
The princess' choice affections, she, betrayed  
By glittering charms, persuades her thoughts—no deed  
For guilt is branded, whose attempts may feed 40  
Ambition's malice, and at one blow give  
Envy and avarice a hope to live,  
Pleased with their ruin, whose fair merits dwell  
High in those thoughts from whence she justly fell  
To rack revenge unto as large extent  
As hate could wish, what hell could ne'er invent  
Without assistance of a female wit  
Man's first betrayer—all that seemed but fit  
From treason's close embrace to propagate  
Revenge, she lights him What, though close as Fate 50  
When parling with the Destinies, is by  
Her counsel acted, swift as stories fly  
From vulgar tongues, her treachery makes known  
To the bold rebel, whose intentions grown  
Hence ripe for action, when his secret guilt  
A strong retreat had for rebellion built,  
By laying the foundation on 't in those  
Who, since by want or envy made the foes  
T' the public peace, are soon persuaded by  
Their princess' fall to cure that malady 60  
This platform laid some, whose wise valour he  
By practice knew adorned with secrecy,  
Amongst the number of his guilty friends,  
Selected in its first attempt, attends  
Treason's dark walks, which, now more secret by  
Night's dismal shadows made, had brought them nigh  
The princess' palace Through the hemisphere's  
Dark curtain now the big-bulked roof appears,  
And dappled windows showed their several light,  
Like rich enamel in the jet of night 70  
All rocked in sweet security they found  
By Fate's false smiles, triumphant mirth had crowned  
The glorious train, whose height of joy could taste  
No poison of suspicion, each embraced  
His free delights, yet feared no snake should lie  
Lurking within those flowers Amidst which high  
Divine flames of enthean joy, to her  
That levelled had their way, a messenger  
Makes known their near approach, for which before  
She had prepared, and veiled the pavement o'er 80  
In thin, but candid innocence Accurst  
By all that e'er knew virtue! oh, how durst

45 rack] Singer 'wreak,' which seems unnecessary

57 on 't] Singer 'of 't,' which loses an idiom

Thy envy turn these comic scenes into  
 So red a tragedy as must ensue  
 Thy guilts stenography which thus writes fate  
 In characters of blood! But now too late  
 'Tis to repent when punishment wrought fair  
 Shows thy foul crimes thou only may'st despair  
 Leaving this fiend to hatch her vipers here  
 Let's breathe awhile although in full career 100  
 Stay on the brow o' the precipice to view  
 The court's full joys, which being arrived unto  
 Their zenith seemed, to fate discerning eyes  
 Like garlands wore before a sacrifice  
 The cornucopiae from the tables now  
 Removed by full-fed rurals did allow  
 Time for discourse as much as modest mirth  
 Durst stretch her wings crowned cups gave lusty birth  
 To active sports the hearth's warm bounties flame  
 From lofty piles and in their pride became 100  
 The lustre of the roof To glorify  
 Which yet imperfect festival the eye  
 That lent to this large body light divine  
 Pharonnida at whose adorèd shrine  
 These sacrifices offered were, appears  
 Within the hall, and with her presence clears  
 Each supercilious brow—if hopes to see  
 What's now enjoyed suffered such there to be.  
 The princess on her honoured throne reposed  
 A fancy tempting music first unclosed 110  
 The winding portals of the soul which done  
 Four swains whose time-directed knowledge won  
 Attention with credulity by turn  
 Sicilia's annals sung and from the urn  
 Of now almost forgotten truth did raise  
 Their fame—those branches of eternal bays  
 Which sober mirth preparatives unto  
 More active sports continuing whilst the new  
 Model of treason was disguising in  
 A mask ordained to candy o'er their sin 120  
 To gild those pills of poison with delight  
 And strew with roses deadly aconite  
 Was now drawn near an end, when from without  
 A murmuring noise of several sounds about  
 The palace gates was heard which suddenly  
 Dissolving to an antic harmony  
 Proclaims their entrance whose first solemn sight,  
 In dreadful shapes mixed terror with delight  
 In the black front of that slow march appears  
 A train whose difference both in sex and years 130

Had spoke confusion, if agreement in  
Their acclamation had no prologue been  
A dance, where method in disorder lay,  
Where each seemed out, though all their rules obey,  
Was first in different measures trod, which done,  
Twelve armed viragoes, whose strange habit won  
More admiration than their beauty, led  
As many captive satyrs, in the head  
O' the Amazonian troop, a matron, by  
Two younger nymphs supported till come nigh  
Pharonnida's bright throne, presents the rest—  
Her issue; who externally exprest  
So many fair-souled virtues, born to be  
Protectors of their mother—Chastity,  
Who wants their help, although supported by  
Her weaker daughters—Fear and Modesty

140

Those obscene vices, whose rude hands betray  
Nature's deformities forced to obey  
Their brave opposing virtues, did appear  
I' the captive satyrs, who being now brought near,  
A dreadful music's heard without, whose sound  
Did gentler airs in their first births confound  
Which being a signal to that act of blood  
That soon ensues, whilst all expecting stood  
Some happier change, the false viragoes drew  
Their swords, and with a speedy fury slew  
The struggling knights, who thus disguised had been.  
With the more horror to be murdered in  
Their royal mistress' sight, whose shrieks did tell  
What trembling guests within her breast did dwell

150

160

Sudden and cruel was the act, yet stands  
Not treason here, but whilst their purpled hands  
Yet reeked in blood, their guilty souls to stain  
With blacker sins, her weak defenders slain,  
Rush toward the trembling princess, who now lies  
Betrayed by the soul's janitors—her eyes,  
To passions insupportable, which grown  
A burthen to her spirits, all were flown  
T' the porch of death for rest If souls new fled  
From tainted bodies, that have surfeited  
On studied sins, could be discerned when they,  
Unarmed with penitence, are hurled away  
By long-armed fiends—less pale, less horrid would  
Their guilty looks appear Confusion could  
Not live in livelier emblem, each appears  
To fly the danger, but about him bears  
Its pale effects—so passengers forsake  
A sinking ship, such strong convulsions shake

170

172 hurled] Another would probably have written 'whirled' or 'haled'

Surprised forts, so dooms days trumpet shall  
 Startle the unprepared world, when all  
 Her atoms in their then worn robes shall be  
 Ravished in flames to meet eternity

180

The unguarded princess, being by all forsook  
 But poor Florenza both from thence are took  
 Whilst neither in that horrid agony  
 Beheld their danger and transported by  
 Almanzor to his coach, which near attended  
 On his assured success who now befriended  
 With the protecting darkness hastes away,  
 Swift as desire with the fair trembling prey  
 Those few opposing friends whose will was more  
 Than power to relieve her, overbore  
 By the victorious rebels did in vain  
 Attempt her rescue, which since fruitless slain  
 Her martyrs fall leaving their lives to be  
 An evidence of dying loyalty

190

Success attends thus far, but Fortune now  
 Left off to smile on villany her brow  
 Contracted into frowns she swiftly sent  
 This countermand —Her followers having spent  
 Their own endeavours to no purpose raise  
 In haste the neighbouring villages nor stays  
 The swift alarum till it had outflod  
 The speed Almanzor made Roused from his bed  
 And warm embraces of his wife by those  
 Which had outrun the danger of their foes,  
 The drowsy villager in trembling haste  
 Snatches such arms as former fear had placed  
 Fit to defend, with which whilst horn pipes call  
 In tones more frantic than a bacchinal  
 They stumble to their rendezvous which none  
 But only by the louder cries had known

200

210

This giddy multitude which no command  
 Knew but what rage did dictate hovering stand  
 Like big swoln clouds drove by a doubtful wind,  
 Uncertain where to fall one cries 'Behind  
 The greatest danger lies some like his choice,  
 And speedily retreat until a voice  
 More powerful though from the like judgement sprung  
 Persuades them on again some madly rung  
 The jarring bells—as far from harmony  
 As their opinions all which disagree  
 About the place whence the alarums come  
 One cries—the princess court, until struck dumb  
 By a more terrifying fool that swears  
 The next port is surprised toward which he stares

220

09 horn pipes] Orig horn pipes

To see the beacon's blaze, but is from far  
Deceived b' the light of an ascending star  
So many shapes bear their weak fancies, that  
All would do something, but there's none knows what 230  
In this strange medley of confusion, they  
That could command, want such as would obey,  
To exercise their power, each thinks his own  
Opinion best, so must perform't alone,  
Or else remain, as hitherto they had,  
Busy in doing nothing In which mad  
Fit of distracted fury, like to fight,  
For want of foes, amongst themselves, the night,  
Grown grey with age, foreshowed her death, when each,  
Thinking that now he'd done enough to teach 240  
An active soldier vigilance in spending  
A night abroad, which they will call defending  
Their prince and country from a danger, but  
What't was they know not, swearing't shall be put  
In the next chronicle, they disunite  
Their ne'er well-jointed forces, and a flight,  
Rather than march t' the several hamlets take,  
From whence at first, being scarce half awake,  
Not so much clothed, their heedless haste had sent  
Them only noise and number to augment 250

One troop of this disbanded company,  
Which, though but few, more than could well agree  
To march together, by mistake being cast  
Into a narrow strait, met, as they past,  
The coach that bore the princess, being by those  
That stole her guarded the mad rout oppose  
Their further passage, not because they thought  
Them to be those their ignorance had sought  
In their late meeting—the antipathy  
'Twixt them and th' gentry is enough to be 260  
That quarrel's parent, whose event shall make  
Their prince and country blessed in their mistake

Startled from all his temperate joys with this  
Unlooked-for remora i' the road of bliss,  
Enraged Almanzor vows to ford the flood  
O' the present danger, or with his own blood  
Augment the stream With that he flies among  
Those that are nearest of the numerous throng,  
Who, when they found what difference was between  
Their clubs (blunt as their valours) and the keen 270  
Edge of his sword, would have fell back, but are  
Forced on by those behind, who, being far

256 oppose] Orig 't' oppose'

262 mistake] One suspects, in this and other passages, satire on the very ineffectual  
'Clubmen' of the Western counties in the Rebellion

265 vows] Orig 'rows'

From danger fear it not Thus some are forced  
 To fight till their unwilling souls divorced  
 From their cold lodgings made their peace But here  
 Whilst he a conqueror reigns ingenious fear  
 Taught them that durst no nearer come to do  
 Most mischief at a distance climbed unto  
 The rock's inequitable chifts, from thence  
 They shower down stones that equally dispense 280  
 Danger mongst friends and foes Had she not been  
 Defended by her coach their princess in  
 This storm had perished or had fear of death  
 Unfixed her thoughts she'd spent that precious breath  
 Now sacrificing in her prayers to be  
 From their wild rage delivered safe, but she  
 Oppressed with lethargies of sorrow lends  
 No ear to this rude fight, on which depend  
 So much of fate—danger appears to lie  
 Not more in the disease than remedy 290  
 Whilst the opposed Almanzor now had near  
 Hewed forth his way through all of them appear  
 More company by their loud clamours drew  
 Unto their timely aid Now danger grew  
 Horrid and threatening till the impetuous shower  
 Wetting the wings of the fierce rebels power  
 Clog all his hopes of flight, unless he leave  
 His trembling prey behind him To bereave  
 Him of his last of hopes he sees his train  
 Begin to droop With those that yet remain 300  
 He thinks it time, whilst undiscovered to  
 Secure himself, which difficult to do  
 At length (though not unwounded) he alone  
 Breaks through their forces blest in being unknown,  
 Else had their battered weapons spared to shed  
 The blood of others and had surfeited  
 On his which adding knowledge to the fire  
 Of rage they had most reason to desire  
 The unsuccessful rebel thus secured  
 By speedy flight his train not long endured 310  
 The circling danger which from each side sends  
 Symptoms so deadly all their strength defends  
 Not the rude torrent nor their prayers could calm  
 Their foes stern rage Sweet mercys healing balm  
 Is the extraction of brave spirits which,  
 By innate valour rarified enrich  
 With that fair gem the triumphs of success,  
 Whilst cowards make the victors glory less—  
 Their highest flame of rage being but dull earth  
 Fired into tyranny the spurious birth 320

279 chifts] This word does double duty for cliff and 'cleft.

Of a precedent fear, whose baseness knows  
No calm, but what from others' danger grows

And now the field, scoured by the beastly rage  
O' the savage clowns, had left no foe to engage  
A life, nor could their policy persuade  
Them to let one survive, till he had made  
The plot discovered With rude haste they crush  
Their trembling souls out, and all weapons blush  
In part o' the blood, so many hands had gave  
Them hurtless wounds, that the expecting grave 330  
Needs only take their bones, for madly they  
Had minced their flesh for the vulture's easier prey

This victory gained, they haste t' the coach, and thence  
The unknown princess take, no large expense  
Of prayers, poured from Florenza's fears, could be  
So powerful to obtain civility  
She tells them whom their rage profanes, and by  
Their princess' name conjures them, but the high  
Exalted outcries drown her voice, till one,  
Who had the rape of the sad lady known, 340  
When first performed, did with a louder voice  
Proclaim her there, and, having first made choice  
Of a more civil company to oppose  
The uncivil clowns, rescues her, and then shows  
How near their heedless rage had cast away  
The glorious prize of that victorious day

From fainting slumbers raised, the princess, now  
Secure in their discovery, taught them how  
To turn their fury into zeal, and show,  
By serving her, the allegiance that they owe 350  
Her royal father To the palace come,  
Rewarding all, she there commands that some  
Stay for her guard, but soon that order grew  
A troublesome obedience, none would to  
His cottage whilst that any staid within  
The palace gates But long they had not been  
Thus burthensomely diligent, ere, on  
A new design, each struggles to be gone  
From 's former charge, a messenger is sought,  
Who to the court must post, but each one thought 360  
Himself of most ability, so all  
Or none must go, yet, ere the difference fall  
Into a near approaching quarrel, he  
Who rescued her, the princess chose to be  
Her messenger Euriolus, (for so  
The youth was called), disdaining to be slow  
Where such commands gave wings, with speed unto  
The court was come, but busy fame outflew

349 their] Orig 'her'

His eager haste and ere his arrival spread  
 Some scattered fragments of the news which bred  
 Suspicion of that doubtful truth from whence  
 His message leads to doleful confidence

30

## THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

Freed from suspicion by a cause that tells  
 His injured prince Almanzor's guilt exceeds  
 His greatest mistrust—from thence just anger swells  
 Till for that fever the whole nation bleeds

Armies united in a dreadful haste  
 From distant places sad spectators bring  
 To see by fortune justice so defaced  
 The subjects here pursue a conquered king

MOREAS prudent prince, whose fears had been  
 Before this message but like truths wrapped in  
 Dark oracles now, with a sense enlarged  
 Beyond imperfect doubts no longer charged  
 His judgement with dilemmas but in all  
 The haste indulgent love when by the call  
 Of danger frightened could procure without  
 Staying to let slow counsel urge a doubt  
 Which might but seem a remora unto  
 His fixed desires having together drew  
 His guard was marching when in such a haste  
 As breathless speed foreshowed they had been chased  
 By some approaching danger such as were  
 Too full of truth and loyalty to bear  
 Rebellion longer than their thoughts could be  
 Eased of the burthen by discovery  
 Arrive at the court with this sad news—that by  
 Almanzor who forgetting loyalty  
 Had seized Alcithius castle they were drove  
 To fly their country since that there he strove  
 To raise an army by whose strength he might  
 To the sword's power subject the sceptre's right  
 By this sad news startled out of his late  
 Fixed resolutions the vexed prince whose fate  
 Had not through all the progress of his reign  
 Darted so many plagues to entertain  
 Them now with strength unballast, calls in haste  
 His late neglected council and embraced

10

20



This sudden, but mature advice—that he  
Should with such forces as could soonest be 30  
Prepared for service, having only seen  
Pharonnida, possess that strait between  
The castle and the mountains, from whose rude  
Inhabitants, which Nature did include  
Within those rocks, rebellion soonest might  
Grow to a dangerous tumour the dim light  
Of scarce discern'd majesty, so far  
Being from them removed, that, lest a war  
Enforced him to command their aid, they ne'er  
Heard of his mandates, being more fit to bear 40  
The weight of armour on their bodies, than  
Of taxes on estates—so small that, when  
With all the art of industry improved,  
For want were kept, but not for ease beloved  
Through paths that no vestigia showed, to these,  
As being retained or lost with greatest ease,  
Since naturally unconstant, comes the king  
Not much too late, majestic rays did bring  
Props to their wavering faith that yet remained  
Unclad in lawless arms, some being gained 50  
Unto Almanzor, whose revolt had brought  
That freedom, those, whose subtle plots long sought  
For innovations, wished The sickly state,  
In sad irruptions—such as future fate,  
From sacred truths, speaks deadly symptoms in—  
Relaxes all that order which had been  
Till now her cement, the soft harmony  
Of peaceful contracts, sadly silenced by  
That discord in whose flames the kingdom burned,  
Had all their measures into marches turn'd 60  
Through't his dominions speedy orders flew  
For raising troops, whilst, with such haste as new-  
Shorn meadows, when approaching storms are nigh,  
Tired labourers huddle up, both parties try  
To levy armies The sad scholar throws  
His books aside, and now in practice shows  
His studied theoric, the stiff labourer leaves  
I' the half-shorn fields the uncollected sheaves  
To female taskers, and exchanged his hook  
Into a sword, each busy trade, that took 70  
Pains in the nicer ornaments of peace,  
Sit idle till want forced them to increase  
The new-raised troops, that ornament o' the hall,  
Old armours, which had nothing but a wall  
Of long time saved from the invading dust,  
From cobwebs swept, though its enamel rust  
Stick close, and on the unpractised soldier put,  
Forth of their breasts, nor fear, nor danger shut

Yet with an army of this temper in  
 Haste huddled up the wandering prince had been 80  
 Enforced to fight had not his just cause brought  
 Some loyal gentry such whose virtue sought  
 Truth for reward unto his side with which  
 He now advances more completely rich  
 In noble valour than s rebellious foes  
 In numerous troops No enemies oppose  
 His speedy march till being now come near  
 Alcithius fort Almanzor's timely fear  
 Hurries him thence His better fate depends  
 On larger hopes unto such constant friends 90  
 As equal guilt by sympathy secured  
 To them he leaves the castle and assured  
 Them of relief with what convenient speed  
 Those of his faction (which did only need  
 His presence to confirm rebellion by  
 An injured power) could draw their armies nigh  
 As hence he marches each successful hour  
 Augments his strength till the unlawful power  
 Trebled his injured princes But as they 100  
 Who carry Guilt about them do betray  
 Her by her sister, Fear so these whose crimes  
 Detected durst not in more peaceful times  
 Look justice in the face and therefore now  
 Stood veiled in arms against her fearing how  
 She might prevail gainst power march not till  
 A greater strength their empty bosoms fill  
 With hope—a tumour which doth oft dilate  
 The narrow souls of cowards till their fate  
 Flatter them into ruin then forsakes  
 Them in an earthquake whose pale terror shakes 110  
 Base souls to flight whilst noble valour dies  
 Adorned with wounds fames bleeding sacrifice  
 Almanzor's doubtful army since that here  
 The threatening storm at distance did appear  
 Locked in a calm possessed with confidence  
 Slowly their squadrons moves but had from thence  
 Not a days journey marched before the sad  
 News of Alcithius desperate danger had  
 Paled oer their camp which whilst the leaders strove  
 To animate Almanzor faster drove 120  
 On those designs which prospering might prevent  
 It from surrender but the time was spent  
 Too far before The governor that kept  
 It now against his prince too long had slept  
 In the preceding down of peace to be  
 Awakened into valour Only he  
 Had seen t kept clean from cobwebs and perhaps  
 The guns shot off when those loud thunderclaps

Proclaimed a storm of healths, yet, till he saw  
 The threatening danger circularly draw 130  
 An armèd line about him, in as high  
 A voice as valour could a foe defy,  
 He clothes his fears, which shook the false disguise  
 Off with the first assault, and swiftly flies  
 To 's prince's mercy; whose pleased soul he found  
 Heightened to have his first attempt thus crowned  
 With victory, which nor made his army less,  
 Nor steeped in blood, though travailed to success  
 To this new conquest, as a place whose strength  
 He best might trust, if, to a tedious length, 140  
 Or black misfortune, the ensuing war  
 His fate should spin, his choicest treasures are,  
 Together with her in whose safety he  
 Placed life itself, brought for security  
 This done, that now no slow delays might look  
 Like fear, he with his loyal army took  
 The field, in which he'd scarce a level chose  
 To rally 's army, ere his numerous foes  
 Appear o' the tops of the adjacent hill,  
 Like clouds, which, when presaging storms, do fill 150  
 Dark southern regions In a plain that lay  
 So near that both the armies' full survey  
 Might from the clifts on which Alcithius stands  
 Be safely viewed, were the rebellious bands  
 Of 's enemies descending, on each side  
 Flanked by a river which did yet divide  
 Him from the prince, who, having time to choose  
 What ground to fight on, did that blessing use  
 To 's best advantage On a bridge, which by  
 Boards closely linked had forced an unity 160  
 Betwixt the banks, his army passed He now  
 Within a plain, whose spacious bounds allow,  
 Together with a large extension, all  
 An ancient leader could convenient call  
 Removed no tedious distance from his rear  
 Stood a small town, which, as the place took care  
 How to advance so just an interest, might  
 Be useful—when, tired in the heat of fight,  
 Strength lost in wounds should force some thither by  
 Wants which a camp's unfurnished to supply 170  
 More near his front, betwixt him and the plain  
 Through which Almanzor led his spacious train,  
 On a small hill, which gently rose as though

137 nor] Orig 'nere,' which for 'never,' is not impossible In the next line one suspects 'excess' but with Chamberlayne, more than with others, the least probable is the most likely

149 tops] Singer 'top,' which seems unnecessary

Its eminence but only strove to show  
 The fragrant vale how much nice art outwent  
 Her beauties in her brows fair ornament  
 A splendid palace stood, which, having been  
 Built but for wanton peace to revel in  
 Was as unfit for the rough hand of war  
 As boisterous arms for tender virgins are

180

To this since now of consequence unto  
 The first possessor had both armies drew  
 Commanded parties which ere night shut in  
 Lights latest rays did furiously begin  
 The first hot skirmish, which continuing till  
 Dark shadows all the hemisphere did fill  
 To such as fear or novelty had sent  
 T the hills safe tops such dreadful prospect lent.  
 By the swift rising of those sudden fires  
 In whose short close that fatal sound expires  
 Which tells each timorous auditor—its breath  
 To distant breasts bears unexpected death  
 That whilst their eyes direct their thoughts unto  
 Their danger whom reward or honour drew  
 To the encounter all the uncouth sight  
 Affords—to horror turns that strange delight

190

These circling fires drawn near their centre in  
 Such tumult as armies engaged begin  
 Deaths fatal task a dreadful sound surprised  
 The distant ear Danger that lay disguised  
 In darkness yet now as if wakened by  
 The conquerors shouts so general and so high  
 That it e'en drowned the clamorous instruments  
 Of fatal war her veil of sables rents  
 From round the palace by that horrid light  
 Which her own turrets through the steams of night  
 In dreadful blazes sent discovering both  
 The shadowed armies who like mourners loath  
 To draw too near their sorrows centre while  
 Their friends consume surround the blazing pile  
 In such a sad and terrible aspect  
 That those engaged in action could neglect  
 Approaching danger to behold how they  
 Like woods grown near the foot of *Ætna* lay  
 Whilst the proud palace from her sinking walls  
 In this sharp fevers fiery crisis falls

200

210

But now the night as wearied with a reign  
 So full of trouble had resigned again  
 The earths divided empire and the day  
 Grown strong in light both armies did display

220

03 it] Singer they as he usually reads in such cases. But it is idiomatic and probable

To their full view, who to the mountain (in  
Sad expectation of the event) had been  
Early spectators called Here, seated nigh  
Their female friends, old men, exempted by  
Weakness from war's too rough encounters, show  
Those colours which their active youth did know  
Adorn the field, when those that now engage,  
Like tender plants kept for the future age,  
In blooming childhood were, 'mongst this they tell  
What heroes in preceding battles fell,  
Where victory stooped to valour, and where rent  
From brave desert by fatal accident,  
Then, ere their story can a period have,  
Show wounds they took, and tell of some they gave

235

This sad prelude to an action far  
More dismal past, the unveiled face of War  
Looks big with horror now both armies draw  
So near, that their divided brothers saw  
Each other's guilt—that too too common sin  
Of civil war Rebellious sons stood in  
Arms 'gainst their fathers clad, friends, that no cross  
Could disunite, here found the fatal loss  
Of amity, and as presaging blood

245

'T the worst aspect, sad opposition, stood  
One was their fashion, form, and discipline,  
Strict heralds in one scutcheon did combine  
The arms of both armies—yet all this must be  
By war's wild rage robbed of its unity

Whilst like sad Saturn, ominous and slow,  
Each army moved, some youths, set here to grow,  
By forward actions, stately cedars to  
Adorn Fame's court, like shooting stars were flew,  
So bright, so glittering, from the unwieldy throng  
Of either army, which, being mixed among  
Each other, in a swift Numidian fight,  
Like air's small atoms when discovering light  
Betrays their motions, show, some hours had past  
In this light skirmish—till now, near war's last  
Sad scene arrived, as the distressed heart calls,  
Before the body death's pale victim falls,

250

Those spirits that dispersed by actions were,  
Back to their centre, their commander's care  
Summons these in, that so united strength  
Might swiftly end—or else sustain the length  
Of that black storm, where yet that danger stood,  
Which must ere long fall in a shower of blood

260

A dismal silence, such as oft attends  
Those that surround the death-beds of their friends

240 Rebellious] Orig 'Rebellion's,' *nescio an recte*

In the departing minute reigns throughout  
 Both armies troops, who gathered now about 20  
 Their several standards and distinguished by  
 Their several colours such variety  
 Presents the eye with, that, whilst the sad thought  
 Beholds them but as fallen branches brought  
 To the decay of time their view did bring  
 In all the pleasures of the checkered spring,  
 Like a large field, where being confined unto  
 Their several squares—here blushing roses grew  
 There purpled hyacinths and, near to them  
 The yellow cowslip bends its tender stem, 280  
 T the mountains tops the army marching low  
 Within the vale, their several squadrons show  
 This silent time, which by command was set  
 As de to pay confessions needful debt  
 To oft offended Heaven whose aid though gave  
 Ere asked yet, since our duty is to crave  
 Expects our prayers The armies from their still  
 Devotion raised declare what spirits fill  
 Their breast, by such an universal joy 290  
 As to get young and not the old destroy  
 Each had by beauteous paranympths been led  
 Not to rough war, but a soft nuptial bed  
 That fatal hour, by time which though it last  
 Till fixed stars have a perfect circle past  
 We still think short to action brought, which now  
 So near approached it could no more allow  
 The generals to consult, although there need  
 Nought to augment, when valour's flame doth feed  
 High on the hopes of victory the rage  
 Of eager armies Ere their troops engage, 300  
 Their several leaders all that art did use,  
 By which loud war's rough rhetoric doth infuse  
 Into those bodies on whose strength consists  
 Their safety, souls whose brave resolves might twist  
 Them into chains of valour which no force,  
 Than death less powerful ever should divorce  
 The prince as more depending on the just  
 Cause that had drawn his sword which to distrust  
 Looks like a crime soonest commits the day  
 To Fate's arbitrement No more delay 310  
 Comforts the fainting coward—a sad sound  
 Of cannon gave the signal, and had drowned  
 The murmuring drum in silence, Earth did groan  
 In trembling echoes, on her sanguine throne  
 High mounted Horror sits wild Rage doth fill  
 Each breast with fury, whose fierce flames distil

273 presents] Singer as always where he notices 'present' I think it well to draw occasional but not constant attention to this

Life through the alembics of their veins · that cloud  
Of dust, which, when they first did move, a shroud  
Of darkness veiled them in, allayed with blood,  
Fell to the earth, whose clefts a crimson flood 320  
Filled to the brim, and, when it could contain  
No more, let forth those purple streams to stain  
The blushing fields, which being made slippery by  
The unnatural shower, there lets them sink and die,  
Whose empty veins rent in this fatal strife,  
Here dropped the treasure of exhausted life  
In sad exchange of wounds, whilst the last breath,  
E'en flying forth to give another death,  
Supports the fainting spirits, all were now  
Sadly employed, armed Danger could allow 330  
In this loud storm of action, none to stand  
Idle spectators, but each busy hand  
Labours, in death's great work, his life to sell  
At rates so dear—that foe by which he fell,  
To boast his gain, survives not But now, in  
This mart of death, blind Fortune doth begin  
To show herself antagonist unto  
Less powerful Justice In the common view  
Of Reason, which by the external shape  
Of actions only judges, no escape 340  
From their desert—captivity, was left  
The rebels' army, but the unmanly theft  
Of secret flight to some, protected by  
Their fellows' loss, when, in a rage as high  
As if it had attempted to outroar  
The battle's thunder, a rude tempest, bore  
From southern climates on the exalted wings  
Of new-raised winds, a change so fatal brings,  
T' the royal army, that from victory's near  
Successful pride, unto extremes which fear 350  
Did ne'er suggest, it brought them back to view  
Their glorious hopes thus sadly overthrew  
A strong reserve, raised by his friends to be  
Almanzor's rescue, if that victory  
Seemed to assist the juster part, was now  
Brought near the river, which endeavouring how  
To ford, they there unwillingly had been  
Detained, till strength had proved but useless in  
The prince's conquest, if the swelling flood,  
Whose added streams, too strong to be withstood, 360  
Had not in that impetuous torrent tore  
That bridge which passed the royal army o'er,  
Whose severed boats born down the river made  
So sad a change, that, whilst their foes invade

317 veins] Orig 'reins' which, again, is quite possibly not wrong

Their rear on them the late lamented loss  
 Forbid the others when dispersed to cross  
 The waves by dangers which in each breast bred  
 Terrors as great as those from whence they fled

The valiant army like life's citadel—  
 The heart when nought but poisonous vapours swell 370  
 Every adjacent part long struggling in  
 Death's sharp convulsions out of hopes to win  
 Aught there but what buys the uncertain breath  
 Of future fame at the high price of death  
 At length not conquered but oerburthened by  
 A flood of power in night's obscurity  
 When dreadful shadows had the field oerspread  
 As darkness were a herse cloth for the dead  
 That this day's losses might not grow too great  
 For reparation by a hard retreat 380  
 Attempt to save such of their strengths as since  
 Enforced to fly might safely guard the prince  
 From dangers, which could but his foes have viewed  
 Their motions all had unto death pursued

In this distress from that vast sea of blood—  
 The field where late his army marshalled stood—  
 The wretched prince retires but with a train  
 So small they seemed like those that did remain  
 After a deluge Where the river's course  
 Stopped with dead bodies ran with smallest force 390  
 He ventures oer the flood whose guilty waves  
 Blushes in blood Some few whom Fortune saves  
 To attend on him alike successful by  
 That bold adventure whilst the prince doth fly  
 To guard Alcithius by his mandates are  
 Since the disasters of this fatal war  
 Forced him to seek for more assistance sent  
 To the *Epirot* Striving to prevent  
 Those wild reports that on the quick belief  
 Of female fear might be imposed by grief 400  
 He hastes to bear the sad report to her  
 Whose sorrow's lost to see the messenger

368 whence] Singer in an arbitrary mood of book grammar, 'which

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO



## Canto III

## THE ARGUMENT

Through the dark terrors of a dreadful night,  
The prince to's daughter comes with flying speed,  
From dangers, great as those he feared in flight,  
Is by Argalia's forward valour freed

Who having with successful fortune gave  
His master freedom, their joint strength pursue  
Their flying foes unto an uncouth cave,  
In whose vast womb Fate's dark decrees they view

THIS last retreat, which seemed but to defer  
Danger by being Honour's sepulchre,  
Attained in haste, there, calming all the strife  
Of various passion, since her father's life  
Paid all the tears she owed his losses, he  
His virtuous daughter found, prepared to be  
No sad addition to his sorrow by  
The faults of female imbecility—  
Untimely tears, but with a confidence  
High as e'er taught brave valour to dispense 10  
With sad disasters, armed to entertain  
The worst of ills to ease the wounded's pain,  
Or stop their blood, those hands which once she thought  
Should have to victors Triumph's garlands brought,  
Are now employed, yet, that her acts may be  
The best examples to posterity,  
Her present ill, she with such strength with'sood'  
Its power was lost in hopes of future good  
Precipitated from a throne to be  
Subjected by a subject's tyranny, 20  
To want their pity who of late did know  
No peace, but what his influence did bestow,  
With sad presaging fears, to think his fair,  
His virtuous daughter, his rich kingdom's heir,  
Like to be ravished from his baffled power  
A trophy to a rebel conqueror,  
With such afflicting griefs as did exclude  
The comforts of his passive fortitude,  
Oppressed the prince when now an army, led  
By their pursuing enemies, o'erspread 30  
The circling fields, and brings their fear within  
The reach o' the eye Heightened with hope to win  
That now by parl, which, ere the sad success  
Of battle made their conquered numbers less,  
He feared in fight, the confidently bold  
Almanzor, in a scroll that did unfold

A language whose irreverent style affords  
 Far more of anger than his soldiers swords  
 Had ere stirred fear within his prince's breast  
 His fixed intentions thus in brief exprest —

40

## GREAT SIR

No airy tumour of untamed desire  
 Nursed my ambition prompts me to aspire  
 To any action that may soar above  
 My birth or loyalty,—it was the love  
 I bore your virtuous daughter that first clad  
 Me in defensive arms which never had  
 Been else unsheathed thought had been to defend  
 Me from injustice—should your sword extend  
 Its power to tyranny but failing in  
 That first attempt ere streams of blood had been  
 Shed in addition to those drops my hand  
 Had broke my sword as guilty had this land  
 To whom I owe for the first air I breathed  
 Not washed the stain in tears and since unsheathed  
 It in the name of Justice To their good  
 Which trembling on uncertain hopes hath stood  
 Whilst fearing foreign governors I have  
 Added my love and satisfaction crave  
 For both before a greater ill may fall  
 To make our sufferings epidemical—  
 By being slaves to some proud tyrant that  
 In politic ambition reaches at  
 A kingdom by professed affection and  
 Marries your daughter to command your land

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60

This scroll spotted with impudence received  
 By the vexed prince whom passion had bereaved  
 Of politic evasions he returns  
 A swift defiance but his high rage burns  
 Nought but his own scorched breast—the fainting fire  
 Quenched by constraint wants fuel to blaze higher  
 Than flashy threatenings which since proved a folly  
 Sink in the ashes of melancholy  
 For which his ablest council could prepare  
 No cordial of advice—they rather share  
 With him in sorrow whose harsh burthen grows  
 Not lighter by the company of those  
 That now lend hearts to bear it Only in  
 This sullen cloud's obscurity this sin  
 Of their nativity the noble soul  
 Of the undaunted princess did control

70

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37 irreverent] Orig. irreverend

43 my] by !

73 Singer inserts his before melancholy but Chamberlayne may have accented the antepenultimate without scruple as to the rhyme

The harshest lectures of her stars, and sate  
Unshaken in this hurricane of fate,  
Calming her father's hot adversity  
With dews of comfort, taught him how to be  
Prince of his passions—a command more great  
Than his that trembles in a regal seat

The enemy, that vainly had till now  
Toiled forth their strength, no more endeavours how  
By force to conquer, some small time, they knew, 90  
Would, with the bloodless sword of famine, do  
More than their cannon could The meagre fen  
Already grew tyrannical, his men,  
Like walking ghosts, wait on their prince, and stand  
For shadows on their platforms, not a hand,  
But was unnerved with want, yet, whilst each part  
Languished toward death, each bosom held a heart,  
Which, though most large, could never empty be,  
Being doubly filled with grief and loyalty,  
Amongst both which, hope for a part puts in— 100  
As the supporter of what else had been  
A burthen insupportable, and spoke  
This pleasing language—That the royal oak,  
Beneath whose winter fortune now they stood,  
Pining for want—the withered underwood  
That all his miseries dropped on—yet they shall,  
Whene'er his brighter stars again do call  
His fortune into light, be comforted  
By his kind shadow, which shall those, that fled  
Him in this sad extreme, then leave to be 110  
Scorched in the rays of angry majesty

Reduced unto this pitied exigence,  
Yet, by his honour, which could not dispense  
With aught that like suspicion looked, detained  
From what by parl might have their freedom gained,  
The loyal sufferers, to declare how far  
They fear declined, those mourning weeds of war,  
Whose sight a desperate valour doth betray,  
Black ensigns, on their guarded walls display 120  
When to augment their high resolves, with what  
Their valour was to pity softened at,  
After, with all those coarse, though scarce cates, they  
By sparing, first attempted to betray  
Time till relief with, they'd been fed till now  
There nought remained, that longer could allow  
Life further hopes of sustenance, to do  
An act so great, all ages to ensue,  
Shall more admire than imitate, within  
The hall appears their sovereign, leading in  
His hand the princess, whose first view, though drest 130  
In robes as sad as sorrows e'er exprest,

Was but the frontiers of their grief to what  
 When nearer seen whilst sorrow silenced at  
 So sad an object might for death be took  
 Made solemn grief like grave religion look

Whilst all thus in sad expectation stand  
 Of future fate disdaining to command  
 Those whom an equal sorrow seemed to make  
 His fellow sufferers the sad prince thus spake  
 His fixed resolves — Brave souls whose loyal love 140  
 Oppressed by my unhappy woes must prove  
 Part of my grief, since by my wretched fate  
 Forced with my own life to precipitate  
 Your's into danger, from whose reach (since by  
 No crime—until the love of loyalty  
 Become a sin—you are called guilty) yet  
 Seek some evasion tis not you that sit  
 Upon the throne he aims at nor doth here  
 A rival in Pharonnida appear

No tis our lives our lives brave subjects that 150  
 His bold ambition only reaches at  
 By this pretence—what to my daughter love  
 To s country s pity called—could he remove  
 Those now but small obstructions soon would grow  
 To s pride united till it overflow  
 All limits of a subjects duty by  
 Rebellious reach usurpèd tyranny

Go then, and let not my unhappiness  
 Afflict you more i the shadow of distress  
 Twill like warm comfort swell my soul to know 160  
 That to his favour you for safety owe  
 Did not those sacred canons that include  
 All virtue in a Christian's fortitude  
 Obstruct our passion's progress we ere this  
*In death had made the haughty rebel miss*  
 The glory of his conquest which since now  
 Denied although unwieldly age allow  
 Not strength to sell my life at such a rate  
 Honour aims at yet shall the slow debate  
 Een in my fall let the world know I died 170  
 Scorning his pity as they hate his pride

Here stopped the prince when as if every breast  
 One universal sorrow had possest  
 Grief (grown into more noble passion) broke  
 The attentive silence and thus swiftly spoke  
 Their resolutions — On on and lead  
 Us unto death no critic eye shall read  
 Fear through the optics of our souls but give  
 Command to act—here s not a heart durst live  
 Without obedience Comforted with this 180  
 Rich cordial from his sorrow's dark abyss

Raised to resolves, whose greatness equalled all  
His former glory, by their fatal fall  
To darken the ensuing day, the prince  
Gives a command to all his train—that since  
Their own free votes elected death, they now  
With souls that no terrestrial thought allow  
A residence, 'gainst the next morn prepare  
That wished-for freedom with himself to share

All sadly sat, expecting but that light  
Whose near approach must to eternal night  
Then last conductor be A sudden, still,  
And doleful silence, such as oft doth fill  
The room where sick men slumber, when their friends  
Stand weeping by, to contemplation bends  
Their busy thoughts, within each troubled breast,  
Being to leave the mansion she'd possessed  
So long, yet with so short a warning, all  
Her faculties the frightened soul did call  
Forth of the bosom of those causes, in  
Whose form they'd fettered to their crisis been,  
To join those powers (yet strong in living breath)  
For her assistance in the grasp of death

The whispering trumpet having called them by  
Such sharp notes, as, when powerful foes are nigh  
Retreating, parties use, all swiftly rise  
From bended knees, and the last sacrifice  
They e'er expect to pay to Heaven, until  
Their soul's last gasp the vocal organs fill  
Concluded was the last sad interview,  
The prince was marched, Pharonnida withdrew  
And now, all from the opened ports were in  
A swift march sallying, had their speed not been  
Thus swifter stopped Those scattered horse that fled  
The battle to the Epirot's court had sped  
So well in their embassy, that the prince,  
Whom the least negligence might now convince  
Of want of love, proud of so fair a chance  
To show 's affection, swiftly doth advance  
With a vast army toward them Lest the fear  
Prevailing danger, ere their strength come near  
To their necessitated friends, might force  
Them to unworthy articles, some horse  
Selected are, whose swifter speed might, by  
A desperate charge broke through their foes, supply  
Their fainting friends The much desired command  
Of these few men, committed to the hand  
Of brave Argalia, (ne'er more blest than now  
In serving the fair princess), did allow  
His sword so fair a field to write the story  
Of honour in, that his unblasted glory

190

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210

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230

Beyond this day shall live—outlive the reach  
Of long armed envy and those weak souls teach  
That fear the frowns of Fate in spite of all  
Heroic Virtue sits too high to fall

With the days close they take their march and, ere  
The silver morning on her brow did bear  
The burnished guilt o the suns warm rays arrive  
In view o the place When Fortune, that did strive  
To crown their hopes had wrapp'd the earth in thick 240  
And heavy mists the sluggish morning sick  
Of midnight surfeits from her dewy bed  
Pale and discoloured rose This curtain spread  
To veil their plot in they assault their foes  
Which when surprised could not themselves dispose  
Fit for resistance but whilst some did fly  
From the distracting danger others die  
To their neglect a sacrifice The swift  
Alarum like a rude winds circling drift  
Hurries confusion through the field and shook 250  
The trembling soldier some uncl'd forsook  
Their half fired cabins death's large gripe did take  
Whole troops that destiny ordained to wake  
No more till dooms-day and in s march prevents  
The union of unrallied regiments

This frighted language of confusion heard  
By those o the castle which were now prepared  
For their last desperate sally swiftly draws  
Them to assist their friends and though the cause  
Being yet unknown was only thought to be 260  
Some private jar grown to a mutiny  
Or else the noise the enemy had made  
When all their force was drawing to invade  
Them in their works however they stand not to  
Consult with reason but, as striving who  
Shall first encounter death, each several hand  
Sought for his own from those that did withstand  
His rage directed strength Their cannon in  
A funeral peal went off whose steam had been  
Their covert to the camp where finding such 270  
A wild confusion they assisted much  
The fortune of the day which now was grown  
Indubitable—they might call their own  
A glorious conquest The thick sulphury cloud,  
Whose dismal shade did that destruction shroud  
Rent with those thunder claps dissolved into  
A shower of blood what she vouchsafed to do,  
Fortune lends light to show them Having left  
Their camp whilst darkness did protect a theft

That only stole dishonour, which they were 250  
 Now in an open flight enforced to bear,  
 They see Almanzor's broken troops o'erspread  
 The neighbouring fields those clouds of men that fled,  
 Being pursued by companies so small,  
 That they appeared but like those drops that fall  
 After a storm Yet, as the labouring heart  
 Long struggles for that life, which doth depart  
 From the less noble members to lend aid  
 To her in death's pale conflict, having staid  
 Some of his best commanders, hoping by 290  
 Their valour to recall the rest, with high  
 Undaunted force, Almanzor doth oppose  
 His enemy's pursuit, till like to enclose  
 Him in, disdaining the reproachful end  
 He must expect, no longer stands to attend  
 The glimmering light of hope the field he leaves  
 To conquering Argalia, but deceives  
 Him of himself—the prize most sought for, which  
 When lost beyond recovery, he grown rich  
 In shining honour, that, like sun-beams placed 300  
 Within a field of gules, by being defaced,  
 Had beautified his armour That dark mist,  
 Which did at first such contradictions twist,  
 That he both curst, and blest it—one, 'cause t did  
 Aid his design, the other, 'cause it hid  
 His heaven of beauty in their dewy bed  
 Had left the blushing roses, and was fled  
 Upon the wings o' the wind With wonder now  
 Discovered colours taught each party how  
 To know their friends The royal standard in 310  
 The prince's party had developed been,  
 By that fair signal to discover who  
 Was present there But ere Argalia to  
 That place arrived, Pharonnida, who had,  
 Whilst desperation all her beauties clad  
 In the pale robes of fear, heard all the loud  
 Shock of the conflict, but, until the cloud  
 Removed his fatal curtain, never knew  
 How near the hour of her delivery drew,  
 That being dissolved, through those which grief had raised 320  
 In her fair eyes, did see, and seeing praised  
 Just Heaven which sent it Each of those that  
 Fought for her she commends, but wonders at,  
 Although unknown, the lightning valour she  
 Saw in Argalia, whilst with just rage he  
 Unravels nature's workmanship—a rent  
 Which were a sin, if not a punishment,

04 did] The text, which is probable and characteristic enough, is Singer's 'cause did' and in next line 'cause' without apostrophe Orig

And from the slender web of life did send  
 Forth rebels souls fast as each busy fiend  
 That wait their full transport them Fain she would, 330  
 Ere known conceit twere he but how he should  
 Come there, and so attended did exceed  
 Imagination Thus whilst her hopes feed  
 On strange desires being come near unto  
 The coach wherein she sat prepared to do  
 His love's oblations he that face disarms  
 Which when beheld by those attractive charms,  
 Within the centre of her best desires  
 Contracted all her hopes whose life expires  
 Soon as they're crowned with wished success Too great 340  
 A distance parts them yet—she leaves her seat  
 And flies to his embraces but concealed  
 Her passion in his merit being revealed  
 To him alone whose better judgement knew  
 That in those spirit breathing beams that flew  
 Through the fair casements of her eyes did move  
 The secret language of an ardent love

This conflict of her passions which had been  
 Fought betwixt fear and hope was settled in  
 A silent joy, that from her noble breast 350  
 Struggled for passage whilst Argalia blest  
 Above his hopes in burning kisses seals  
 His service on her virgin hand that steals  
 From thence new flames into her heart which ere  
 Fed with desire e'en whilst she did prepare  
 To entertain those welcome guests appears  
 The prince, who now thawed from the icy fears  
 Of desperation was come there to give  
 Thanks to his unknown friends, but words did live  
 Within a place too barren to bestow 360  
 That fruitful zeal whose plenty did overflow  
 His eyes those clouded orators which till  
 Disburthened did capacious passion fill

This moist gale o'er when now they had awhile  
 Melted in joy clothing it with a smile,  
 He thus unfolds his comfort 'Blessed Fates,  
 You have out tried my charity he hates  
 All real virtue that confesses not  
 My care of thee was but an unknown spot  
 To this large world of satisfaction —Here 370  
 Kind sorrow stopped his voice again When fear  
 Their enemies might rally and the bud  
 Blast all their blooming joys even whilst the blood  
 Reeked on his sword leaving their eyes to pay  
 Pursuing prayers Argalia posts away

330 wait transport] Singer with his usual well intentioned officiousness waite  
 and transports



But finds his foes dispersed, excepting one  
Stout regiment, whose desperation, grown  
To valour, spite of all pursuers, made  
Good their retreat, till forced at length to shade  
Themselves from the pursuing danger in 380  
A deep dark cave, whose spacious womb had been  
Their receptacle, when unlawful theft  
Was their profession In this place they'd left  
Their dearest pledges, as most confident  
Those dark meanders would their loss prevent

These stout opposers being protected here,  
Before Argalia brought his army near,  
Had fortified the narrow pass, and now  
Presume of safety, since none else knew how  
Without their leave to enter Hemmed about 390  
With all the castle foot, his horse sent out  
To clear the field, the careful general sees,  
Then every quarter made secure, he frees  
His own from all suspected danger While  
This busy siege did better things beguile  
Of some few steps of time, the prince arrives,  
To see the leaguer, where each captain strives  
With entrance to be honoured but in vain  
The subtle engineer here racks his brain,  
The mountains yield not to their cannon shock, 400  
Nor mine could pierce the marble-breasted rock

Thus whilst they lay despairing e'er to force  
A place so difficult, with some few horse  
Only attended, the vexed prince surrounds  
The spacious hill, whose uncouth sight confounds  
His ablest guides, making a stand to view  
A promontory, on whose brow there grew  
A grove of stately cedars, from a dark  
And hidden cleft, proud of so rich a mark,  
Some muskets are discharged, which missing, by 410  
A desperate sally's seconded To fly  
The danger thorough such a dreadful way  
As now they were to pass, was not to stay  
But hasten ruin, though too weak, in fight  
More safety lay, than an unworthy flight

But valour, like the royal eagle by  
A cloud of crows o'ermastered, less to die  
With honour, had no refuge left, and that  
Here each plebeian gains When, frightened at  
The unusual clamour, with such troops as were 420  
Most fit for speed, Argalia was come there—  
Arrived even with that minute which first saw  
His prince a captive Now the rebels draw  
Back to their private sally-port, but are

415 an] Singer 'in' perhaps unnecessarily.

Too speedily pursued to enter far  
 Within their dark meanders ere o'ertook  
 By their enraged foes who had forsook  
 Their other stations and to this alone  
 Drew all their forces entering the unknown  
 And horrid cave whose troubled womb till then 430  
 Neer such a colic felt Argalia's men  
 Following so brave a leader boldly tread  
 Through the rock's rugged entrails those that fled  
 Though better skilled in their obscure retreat  
 No safety find The caves remotest seat  
 Was now the stage of death together thronged  
 After their swords had life's last step prolonged  
 There all the villains in despair had died  
 Had not the fear their prince in such a tide  
 Of blood might have been shipwrecked whom to save 440  
 A general pardon to the rest is gave  
 And now the dreadful earthquake which had turned  
 The rock to Ætna could its top have burned  
 With subterranean fires being ceased, the prince  
 Desirous by his knowledge to convince  
 Those word deep wonders which report had spread  
 Of that strange cave commands some to be led  
 By an old outlaw whose experience knew  
 The uncouth vaults remotest corners to  
 Those seats of horror Which performed, and word 450  
 Returned again the danger did afford  
 Subject for nobler spirits forthwith he  
 Attended by Argalia goes to see  
 What had affrighted them The dreadful way  
 Through which he passed being steep and rugged lay  
 Between two black and troubled streams that through  
 The cleft rock rolled with horrid noise till to  
 An ugly lake whose heavy streams did lie 460  
 Unstirred with air they come and there are by  
 That black asphaltos swallowed A strange sound  
 Of yelling dragons hissing snakes confound  
 Each trembling auditor till comforted  
 By bold Argalia venturing first to tread  
 On stones which did like ruined arches lie  
 Above the surface of the lake he's by  
 Their aid brought to an ancient tower that stood  
 Fixed in the centre of the lazy flood —  
 Its basis founded on a rock whose brow  
 With age disfigured into clefts did now  
 With loud and speedy ruin threaten to 470  
 Crush all beneath it round about it flew  
 On sooty wings such ominous birds as hate  
 The cheerful day vipers and scorpions sate  
 Circled in darkness till the cold damp breath

Of near concreted vapours, singed to death  
B' the numerous light of torches, which did shine  
Through the whole mountain's convex, and refine  
Air with restraint corrupted, forcing way  
By conquering flames recalls the banished day

Come now to a black tower, which seemed to be 480  
The throne of some infernal deity,  
That his extended laws reaches unto  
The brazen gate, whose folded leaves withdrew  
Assaults their eyes with such a flux of light,  
That, as the dim attendants of the night  
In bashful duty shun the prince of day,  
So their lost tapers unto this give way,  
Whilst it, with wonder that belief outgrew,  
Transports their sights to the amazing view  
Of so much beauty, that the use of sense 490  
Was lost in more than human excellence

A glorious room, so elegantly fair  
In 'ts various structure, that the riotous heir  
O' the eastern crescent that might choose to be  
The theatre of shining majesty,  
They now behold, yet than its mighty strength,  
Which had preserved such beauty from the length  
Of Age's iron talons, there appear  
More rare perfections—the large floor, of clear  
Transparent emeralds, lent a lustre to 500  
The oval roof, whose scarce seen ground was blue,  
Studded with sparkling gems, whose brightness lent  
The beauties of the vaulted firmament  
To all beneath their beams, the figured walls,  
Embossed with rare and antic sculptury, calls  
For th' next observance though the serious eye,  
The way to truth in secret mystery  
Here having lost, lets the dark text alone,  
To view the beauties of a glorious throne,  
Which, placed within the splendid room, did stand 510  
Beneath an ivory arch, o'er which the hand  
Of art, in golden hieroglyphics, had  
The story of ensuing fate unclad,  
But vainly, since the art-defective times  
Struck nought but discords on those well-tuned chimes

Upon the throne, in such a glorious state  
As earth's adorèd favourites, there sate  
The image of a monarch, vested in  
The spoils of nature's robes, whose price had been  
A diadem's redemption, his large size, 520  
Beyond this pigmy age, did equalize  
The admired proportion of those mighty men,  
Whose cast-up bones, grown modern wonders, when  
Found out, are carefully preserved to tell

Posterity—how much these times are fell  
 From Nature's youthful strength if ['t] be not worse,  
 Our sins stenography, the dwarfish curse  
 Ordained for large sized luxury Before  
 The throne a lamp, whose fragrant oils had more  
 Perfumed the room than all the balmy wealth 530  
 Of rich Arabia stood light life and health,  
 Dwelt in its odours but what more contents  
 The pleased spectators that fair hand presents  
 The rest t the view —the image to declare  
 Of whom the effigies was on s front did bear  
 A regal crown and in his hand sustained  
 A threatening sceptre but what more explained  
 Antiquity's mysterious dress was seen  
 In a small tablet which as if t had been  
 Worth more observance than wht Fite exprest 540  
 In unknown figures he did gently rest  
 His left hand on as if endeavouring by  
 That index to direct posterity,  
 How in their wonders alitude to praise  
 The deeper knowledge of those wiser days,  
 By reading in such characters as Time  
 Learned in her nonage—this—in antic rhyme,

When striving to remove this light  
 It princes leaves involved to night  
 The time draws near that shall pull down 550  
 My old Morea's triple crown  
 Uniting on one royal head  
 What to disjoin such discord bred  
 But let the more remote take heed  
 For there s a third ordained to bleed,  
 For when I'm read not understood  
 Then shall Epirus royal blood  
 By ways no mortal yet must know  
 Within the Aetolian channel flow

This strange inscription read not only by 560  
 The prince but those whom wonder had drawn nigh  
 The sacred room their fancies civil war  
 Grows full of trouble tis a text so far  
 Beyond a comment that their judgements in  
 Enigmas mazed had long let motion been  
 In epileptic wonder lost until  
 (As that alone contained their dreaded ill)  
 The greater part with joined consents advise  
 To have the lamp removed, since in it lies  
 If those lines prove prophetic the linked fate 570  
 Of all Ietian princes Which debate

549 to] Singer 'in 571 Ietian] In the extraordinary confusion of proper names  
 which has been already not ced it would probably be quite vain to guess at this

Being carried in the affirmative, the rest  
Drew back, whilst bold Argalia forward prest,  
But's thus soon staid,—the stone, on which he stept  
Next, was by art so framed, that it had kept  
Concealed an engine's chiefest spring, which, by  
The least weight touched, in furious haste let fly  
Unpractised wheels, and with such vigour strook  
The sceptre on the long-lived lamp—it shook  
Its crystal walls to dust,—not thunder's strong 580  
Exagitations, when it roars among  
Heaps of congested elements, a sound  
More dreadful makes But what did most confound  
Weak trembling souls, was the thick darkness that  
Succeeds the dying flame, which wondering at,  
Whilst all remain, art's feeble aids supply  
The lamp's lost virtue with new lights, but by  
Cold damps so darkened, that contracted night  
Scorned their weak flames, showing that hallowed light  
Contained more sacred virtues Now, as Fate 590  
Had only to that hour prolonged the date  
Of all within, a sudden change, to dust  
The mighty body turns, consuming rust  
Had ate the brazen imagery, and left  
No sign of what till then safe from the theft  
Of time remained, darkness had repossessed  
The sullen cave to an eternal rest,  
In the rude chaos of their ashes, all  
Art's lively figures in an instant fall  
Pleased with the sight of these strange objects more 600  
Than with war's dangers he was vexed before,  
The prince with all his train of conquerors now  
Is gone to teach the expecting army how  
To share their wonder, but not far from thence  
Removes, before confirmed intelligence  
Acquaints him with the Epirot's march, who in  
His swift advance so fortunate had been,  
That falling on such as the morning's flight  
Flattered with hope, they there met endless night  
At unawares but of these added numbers 610  
Was cursed Almanzor none, yet Justice slumbers  
I' the prosecution of his unripe fate,  
Which must more horrid sins accumulate  
Before cut off, his clamorous guilt must call  
For vengeance louder, and grow hectical  
With custom, till the tables of his shame  
Into oblivion rot his loathèd name

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

## Canto IV

## THE ARGUMENT

From war's wide breaches whence his brave friends had  
 With victory brought him the old prince arrived  
 In safety whilst fear punishes the bad  
 Rewards that virtue which his cause revived  
 In which brave act, Argalia's merits met  
 With a reward that e'en desert outgrew  
 Whilst him it the fair princess guardian set  
 The root on which love's fruit to ripeness grew

THAT too inferior brunch which strove to rise  
 With the basilic to anastomize  
 Thus drained the state's plethoric humours are  
 Reduced to harmony that blazing star,  
 Which had been lifted by rebellious breath  
 To's exaltation, in the House of Death  
 Now lay oppressed Which victory complete  
 Leaving his army where before the seat  
 O the rebels was his entertainment by  
 The welcome harbinger of victory  
 Before prepared the pleased Epirot goes  
 With an exalted joy to visit those  
 His goodness whilst unknown relieved where he  
 Such noble welcome finds as not to be  
 Imagined but by grateful souls that know  
 The strength of courtesy when twould overflow  
 Those merits which, whilst love incites to praise  
 Our friend's deserts to pyramids we raise

The narrow confines of Alcithius wall  
 Which kept them safe from dangers past too small  
 Grows for that present triumph that blots out  
 All thoughts of grief but what are spent about  
 Thanksgiving for delivery, which they do  
 Perform in sports whose choice delights might woo  
 Cold anchorites from their sullen cells The earth  
 The air, the sea all in a plenteous birth  
 Exhausted their rich treasures to pay  
 Tribute to their desires which could Time stay  
 Her chariot wheels from hurrying down the hill  
 Of feeble nature man's vain thoughts would fill  
 With subaltern delights most highly prized  
 Till the conclusion, Death hath annalized  
 The doubtful text with what lets mortals know  
 Their blooming joys must drop to shades below

29 Her] Singer alters on general principles to His But Chamberlayne is so eccentric that he might have imagined Time as feminine which is not at all unthinkable

'That great eclipse of glory's rays, within  
Whose shades sad Corinth had benighted been,  
Since, like a widowed turtle, first she sate  
A mourner for her wandering prince's fate,  
Now, like the day's recovered reign, breaks forth  
In fuller lustre All excelling worth, 40  
That honoured virtue, or loved beauty, placed,  
Her ornaments, with their appearance graced  
Those public triumphs she prepares to meet  
The princes in, in every splendid street  
The various pride of Persia strove to outvie  
Rich English wool dipped in the Tyrian dye  
Each shop shines bright, and every merchant shows  
How little to domestic toil he owes,  
By the displaying beauteous wardrobes, where  
The world's each part may justly claim a share 50  
Though what in all art's stiff contention lent  
Most lustre, was the windows' ornament—  
Fair constellations of bright virgins, that,  
Like full-blown flowers, first to be wondered at,  
Display their beauties, but that past withal,  
Tempt some kind hand to pluck them ere they fall  
Their entrance in this triumph made, whilst now  
Each busy artist is endeavouring how  
To court their fancies, Time's small stock to improve,  
The grave Epirot, whose designs toward love 60  
Yet only by ambition led, had made  
His first approach so seeming retrograde  
By state's nice cautions, and what did presage  
More ill the inequality of age,  
That when converse his private captive led,  
His largest hopes on the thin diet fed  
Of a paternal power, assisted by  
Whose useful aid, with all the industry  
Of eager love, he still augments that fire  
Which must consume, not satisfy desire 70  
But, as occasion warned him to prevent  
Unequal flames, he but few days had spent  
In love's polemics, ere unpractised art,  
From this calm field to war's more serious part  
Is sadly summoned Those large conquests he  
Had triumphed in, whilst glorious victory  
Waited on's sword, too spacious to be kept  
Obedient whilst that glittering terror slept  
In an inactive peace, disclaiming all  
The harsh injunctions of proud victors, fall 80  
Off from's obedience, and to justify  
Their bold revolt, to the unsafe refuge fly  
Of a defensive power To crush whose pride,  
With such a force as an impetuous tide  
( 104 )

Assaults the shore's defence he's forced to take  
 A march so sad as souls when they forsake  
 The well known mansions of their bodies to  
 Tread death's uncertain paths and there renew  
 Acquaintance with eternity perplexed  
 To hear those new combustions but more vexed 90  
 With love's proud flames burning In which we'll leave  
 Him on his hasty voyage and receive  
 A smile from the fair princess' fate, which till  
 Enjoyment stifles strong desire will fill  
 The tragic scene no more but with as sad  
 A progress to her hopes as ever had  
 Poor virgin to the throne of Love will frame  
 Those harsh phylacteries which in Cupid's name  
 She must obey, unless she will dispense  
 With sacred vows and martyr innocence 100  
 These storms blown o'er, and the Epirot gone  
 Her father that till now had waited on  
 His entertainment, with a serious eye  
 Looks o'er his kingdom's wounds and doth supply  
 Each part, which in this late unnatural war  
 Was grown defective Unto some that are  
 Not lethargized in ill he gently lays  
 Refreshing mercies, sometimes danger stays  
 From an approaching gangrene by applying  
 Corroding threats, but unto those that flying 110  
 All remedies prescribed had mortified  
 Their loyalty, stern justice soon applied  
 The sword of amputation which care past,  
 As 'twas his greatest so becomes his last—  
 Pharonnida he places where she might  
 At once enjoy both safety and delight  
 Her thoughts clear calm too smooth for th' turbulent  
 And busy city wants that sweet content  
 The private pleasures of the country did  
 Afford her youth but late attempts forbid 120  
 All places far remote which to supply  
 He unto one directs his choice that by  
 Its situation did participate  
 Of all those rural privacies yet sate  
 Clothed in that flowery mantle, in the view  
 O the castle walls which as placed near it to  
 Delight not trouble in full bulk presents  
 Her public buildings various ornaments  
 This beauteous fabric where the industrious hand  
 Of Art had Nature's midwife proved did stand 130  
 Divided from the continent by the wide  
 Arms of a spacious stream whose wanton pride  
 In cataracts from the mountains broke as glad  
 Of liberty to court the valley had



Curled his proud waves, and stretched them to enclose  
That type of paradise, whose crown-top rose  
From that clear mirror, as the first light saw  
Fair Eden 'midst the springs of Hāvilah,  
So fresh as if its verdant garments had  
Been in the first creation's beauties clad, 140  
Ere, by mistaking of the fatal tree,  
That blooming type of blest eternity,  
Subjected was, by man's too easy crime,  
Unto the sick vicissitudes of time

Nor was she in domestic beauty more  
Than prospect rich—the wandering eye passed o'er  
A flowery vale, smooth, as it had been spread  
By nature for the river's fragrant bed  
At the opening of that lovely angle met  
The city's pride, as costlier art had set 150  
That masterpiece of wit and wealth to show  
Unpolished nature's pleasures were below  
Her splendid beauties, and unfit to be  
Looked on, 'less in the spring's variety  
Though from the palace where in prospect stood  
All that nice art or plainer nature would,  
If in contention, show to magnify  
Their power, did stand, yet now appeared to vie  
That prospect which the city lent, unless,  
Diverted from that civil wilderness, 160  
The pathless woods, and ravenous beasts within,  
Whose bulk were but the metaphors for sin,  
We turn to view the stately hills, that fence  
The other side o' the happy isle, from whence  
All that delight or profit could invent  
For rural pleasures, was for prospect sent

As Nature strove for something uncouth in  
So fair a dress, the struggling streams are seen,  
With a loud murmur rolling 'mongst the high  
And rugged cliffs, one place presents the eye 170  
With barren rudeness, whilst a neighbouring field  
Sits clothed in all the bounteous spring could yield  
Here lovely landscapes, where thou might'st behold,  
When first the infant morning did unfold  
The day's bright curtains, in a spacious green,  
Which Nature's curious art had spread between  
Two bushy thickets, that on either hand  
Did like the fringe of the fair mantle stand,  
A timorous herd of grazing deer, and by  
Them in a shady grove, through which the eye 180  
Could hardly pierce, a well-built lodge, from whence  
The watchful keeper's careful diligence

162 bulk.] Singer 'bulks' obviously but perhaps unnecessarily  
170 cliffs] Orig 'clefts' as often

Secures their private walks from hence to look  
 On a deep valley where a silver brook  
 Doth in a soft and busy murmur slide  
 Betwixt two hills whose shadows strove to hide  
 The liquid wealth they were made fruitful by  
 From full discoveries of the distant eye

Here from fair country farms that had been  
 Built amongst those woods as places happy in  
 Their privacy the first salutes of light  
 Fair country virgins meet cleanly and white  
 As were their milky loads so free from pride  
 Though truly fair, that justly they deride  
 Courts nice contentions and by freedom prove  
 More blest their lives—more innocent their love  
 Early as these appears within the field  
 The painful husbandman whose labour steeled  
 With fruitful hopes, in a deep study how  
 To improve the earth, follows his slow paced plough

190

200

Near unto these a shepherd having took  
 On a green bank placed near a purling brook  
 Protection from the sun's warm beams within  
 A cool fresh shade truly contented in  
 That solitude is there endeavouring how  
 On a well tuned pipe to smoothe the furrowed brow  
 Of careful Want seeing not far from hence  
 His flock, the emblems of his innocence  
 Where the more lofty rock admits not these  
 Domestic pleasures Nature there did please  
 Herself with wilder pastimes,—on those cliffs  
 Whose rugged heads the spacious mountain lifts  
 To an unfruitful height amongst a wild  
 Indomitable herd of goats the mild  
 And fearful cony with her busy feet  
 Makes warmth and safety in one angle meet

210

From this wild range the eye contracted in  
 The island's narrow bounds would think it had been  
 I the world before but now were come to view  
 An angel guarded paradise till to  
 A picture's first rude catagraph the art  
 Of an ingenious pencil doth impart  
 Each complement of skill or as the court  
 To the rude country as each princely sport  
 That brisks the blood of kings to those which are  
 The gross souled peasants rude delight—so far  
 These objects differ here well figured Nature  
 Had put on form and to a goodly stature  
 On whose large bulk more lasting arts were spent  
 Added the dress of choicest ornament

220

230

189 farms] Chamberlayne who always spells alarum alarm apparently gav  
 farm the sound of farum

The stately mount, whose artificial crown  
The palace was, to meet the vale stole down  
In soft descents, by labour forced into  
A sliding serpentine, whose winding clew  
An easy but a slow descent did give  
Unto a purling stream, whose spring did live,  
When from the hill's cool womb broke forth, within  
A grotto, whence before it did begin  
To take its weeping farewell, into all  
The various forms restrictive Art could call 240  
Her elemental instruments unto  
Obedience by, it courts the admiring view  
Of pleased spectators—here, exalted by  
Clear aqueducts, in showers it from those high  
Supporters falls, now turned into a thin  
Vapour, in that heaven's painted bow is seen,  
Now it supplies the place of air, and to  
A choir of birds gives breath, which all seemed flew  
From thence for fear, when the same element,  
With such a noise as seas imprisoned rent 250  
Including rocks, doth roar which rude sound done,  
As noble conquerors who, the battle won,  
From the loud thunders of impetuous war  
To the calm fields of peaceful mercies, are  
By manly pity led, so, Proteus-like,  
Returned from what did fear or wonder strike,  
The liquid nymph, resuming her own shape  
Within a marble square, a clear escape,  
Till from her winding stream the river takes  
Still fresh supplies, from that fair fountain makes 260  
Upon those banks which guarded her descent,  
Both for her odour and her ornament,  
Lilies and fragrant roses there were set,  
To heighten whose perfume, the violet  
And maiden primrose, in their various dress,  
Steal through that moss, whose humble lowliness  
Preserves their beauties, whilst Aurora's rose,  
And that ambitious flower that will disclose  
The full-blown beauties of herself to none  
Until the sun mounts his meridian throne, 270  
(Like envied Worth, together with the view  
Of the beholders), being exposed unto  
Each storm's rough breath, in that vicissitude  
Find that their pride their danger doth include,  
When scorched with heat or burthened with a shower,  
From blooming beauty sinks the fading flower,  
Though here defended by a grove that twined  
Mutual embraces, and with boughs combined,  
Protects the falling stream, which it ne'er leaves,  
Till thence the vale its flowery wealth receives 280

Placed as the nobler faculty to this  
 Of vegetation like an emphasis  
 Amongst the flowers of rhetoric did stand  
 The gorgeous palace, where Arts curious hand  
 Had to exceed example centred in  
 One exact model what had scattered been—  
 But as those fragments which she now selects  
 The glory of all former architects  
 Here did the beauties of those temples shine  
 Which Ephesus or sacred Palestine  
 Once boasted in the Persian might from this  
 Take patterns for his famed Persepolis,  
 This which had that fair Carian widow known  
 Mausolus tomb had neer a proverb grown  
 But been esteemed after her cost by her  
 That did erect a homely sepulchre

290

Though to describe this fabric be as far  
 Above my art as imitations are  
 Beneath its worth yet if thy Fancy's eye  
 Would at its outside glance receive it by  
 This cloudy medium—On a stately square  
 Which powerful art forced to a level where  
 The mountain highest rose compassed about  
 With a thick grove whose leafy veil let out  
 Its beauties so tis at a distance seen  
 A silver mount enamelled o'er with green  
 The shining palace stood whose outward form  
 Though such as if built for perpetual storm  
 Yet in that strength appeared but armed to be  
 Beauty's protector whose variety,  
 Though all met in an artful gracefulness,  
 In every square put on a several dress  
 The sides whose large balconies conveyed the eye  
 T the fields wild prospects were supported by  
 A thousand pillars where in mixture shone  
 The Parian white and red Corinthian stone  
 Supporting frames where in the like art stood  
 Smooth ivory mixed with India's swarthy wood  
 All which, with gold and purer azure brought  
 From Persian artists, in mosaics wrought  
 The curious eye into meanders led  
 Until diverted by a sight that bred  
 More real wonder—The rich front wherein  
 By antic sculpture all that ere had been  
 The various acts of their preceding kings  
 So figured was, no weighty metal brings

300

310

320

296 erect] Singer supplies t—'erect—t But though Chamberl yne certainly does not go out of his way to avo d these uglinesses one need not go out of one's way to insert them

324 antic] antic of course = antique

Aught to enhance its worth, Art did compose  
Each emblem of such various gems—all chose  
Their several colours—Under a sapphire sky  
Here cheerful emeralds, chaste smaragdī lie— 330  
A fresh green field, in which the armèd knights  
Were all clad in heart-cheering chrysolites,  
With rubies set, which to adorn them twist  
Embraces with the temperate amethyst,  
For parts unarmed—here the fresh onyx stood,  
And Sardia's stone appeared like new-drawn blood,  
The Proteus-like achates here was made  
For swords fair hilts, but for the glittering blade,  
Since all of rich and precious gems was thus  
Composed, was showed of flaming pyropus 340  
And lest aught here that's excellent should want,  
The ladies' eyes were shining adamant  
These glorious figures, large as if that in  
Each common quar these glittering gems had been  
By sweaty labourers digged, united by  
Successful art, unto the distant eye  
Their mixed beams with such splendid lustre sent,  
That comets, with whose fall the firmament  
Seems all on fire, amazes not the sight  
With such a full and sudden flux of light 350

As lines extended from their centre, hence  
Unto the island's clear circumference,  
Four flowery glades, whose odoriferous dress  
Tempted the weary to forgetfulness,  
Cutting the mountain into quadrants, led  
Into the valley Pleasure's humbler bed  
Where come, if Nature's stock can satisfy  
The fancy at the fountains of the eye,  
'Twas here performed, in all that did include  
What active mirth or sacred solitude 360  
Could happy call—Groves never seen b' the eye  
O' the universe, whose pleasing privacy  
Was more retired from treacherous light than those,  
To hide from Heaven, Earth's first Offender chose

When Contemplation, the kind mother to  
All thoughts that e'er in sacred rapture flew  
Toward celestial bowers, had here refined  
The yet imperfect embryos of the mind,  
To recreate contracted spirits by  
The soul's best medicine—fresh variety, 370  
An easy walk conducts them unto all  
That active sports did e'er convenient call  
All which, like a fair theatre b' the bank  
O' the river verged, was guarded by a rank  
Of ancient elms, whose lofty trunks, embraced  
By clasping vines, with various colours graced

Their spreading branches—Whose proud brows being crowned  
 With stately walks did from that ample round  
 The well pleased eye to every place convey  
 That in the island's humble level lay

380

To guard her court a hundred gentlemen  
 Such as had glorified their valour when  
 Tried in her father's wars attended which  
 Commanded by Argalia did enrich  
 His merit with such fair reward, that all  
 His better stars should they a synod call  
 Those fires convened neer with more glorious light  
 Could clothe his hopes his fortunes dim-eyed night  
 Enflamed to noon and the fair princess blest  
 By the same power, for though his fate invest

390

His noble soul within the obscure mask  
 Of an unknown descent his fame shall ask  
 In time to come a chronicle and be  
 The glory of that royal family  
 From whence he sprung But ere he must attain  
 The top of Fortunes wheel that iron chain  
 By whose linked strength it turns too oft will grate  
 Him with most hot afflictions his wise fate  
 Digs deep with miseries before it lays  
 The ground work of his fame which then shall raise  
 On the firm basis of authentic story,  
 To him eternal pyramids of glory

400

Thou that art skilled in Loves polemics here  
 Wish they may rest awhile and though drawn near  
 A sadder fate if Pity says—too rath  
 'Tis to let Sorrow sad the scene well bathe  
 Our pen awhile in nectar though we then  
 Steep it in gall again The Spring did when  
 The princess first did with her presence grace  
 This house of pleasure with soft arms embrace  
 The Earth—his lovely mistress—clad in all  
 The painted robes the mornings dew let fall  
 Upon her virgin bosom, the soft breath  
 Of Zephyrus sung calm anthems at the death  
 Of palsy shaken Winter whose large grave—  
 The earth whilst they in fruitful tears did lave  
 Their pious grief turned into smiles they throw  
 Over the hearse a veil of flowers the low  
 And pregnant valleys swelled with fruit whilst Heaven  
 Smiled on each blessing its fair hand had given

410

420

Becalmed on this pacific sea of pleasure  
 No boisterous wave appearing the rich treasure  
 Of Love being ballast with content did fear  
 No threatening storm so safe a harbour near

400 gr und work] Orig ground fork not perhaps possibly

416 lave] Orig leave which is obviously worth noting

As the object whence it sprung    Such royal sports,  
As take their birth from the triumphant courts  
Of happy princes, did contract the day  
To pited beauty, Time steals away  
On downy feet, whose loss since it bereaves  
Them of no more than what new birth receives  
From the next teeming day, by none is thought  
Worth the lamenting    Sometimes, rocked i' the soft  
Arms of the calmest pleasures, they behold  
A sprightly comedy the sins unfold  
Of more corrupted times, then, in its high  
Cothurnal scenes, a lofty tragedy  
Erects their thoughts, and doth at once invite,  
To various passions, sorrow and delight  
Time, motion's aged measurer, includes  
Not more, in all the hours' vicissitudes,  
Than their oft changing recreations, that,  
When the sun's lofty pride sat smiling at  
The earth's embroidered robes, or Winter's cold  
And palsied hand did those fresh beauties fold  
Up in her hoary plush, each season lends  
Delights of 'ts own—such a beguiled time spends  
Its stock of hours unwasted on, in chaste  
Though private sports    Here happy lovers past  
Fancy's fresh youth, whose first attempts did prove  
Too innocent for th' sophistry of love,  
Their scornful beauty, or the envious eye  
Of jealous rivals, ne'er afflicts—all by  
An equal and a noble height so blest,  
Pride none had raised, nor poverty depressed

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

## Canto V

## THE ARGUMENT

Whilst serene joy sat smiling in her court,  
As shadows to illustrate virtue by  
Fantastic Love becomes the princess' sport,  
Whose harsher dictates she ere long must try  
For now suspicion, Virtue's secret foe,  
Fired with Argalia's just-deserved fame,  
Makes her great father think each minute slow,  
Till separation had allayed the flame

LEST that her court, which seems composed of all  
That's great or good, the o'erweening world should call  
Perfection's height—a word which, whilst on earth,  
Vain as Delight, only from name takes birth—

In this the largest and most glorious sphere  
 E'er greatness moved in some few stars appear  
 To virtue retrograde The informing spirit—  
 Love, by whose motion on the pole of merit  
 This bright orb turned e'en amongst these heroes finds  
 A pair of followers whose imperfect minds  
 Transgressed his dictates and though no offence  
 So full of guilt as foul incontinence  
 Durst here approach by ways less known unto  
 What love intends, those various figures drew  
 Whose aspects ne'er more near conjunction move  
 Than eyes—the slight astronomy of love

10

That new Platonic malady the way  
 By which imperfect eunuchs do betray  
 Nature's diseases to contempt whilst by  
 Such slight repast they strive to satisfy  
 Loves full desires which pines or else must crave  
 More than thin souls in separation have  
 Being lately by some sick fantastics brought  
 But near the Court within it long had sought  
 For residence till entertained by two  
 Whose meeting souls no more distinction knew  
 Than sex a difference which whilst here it grows  
 Toward Heaven it to corporeal organs owes  
 But since that these so uncouth actors here  
 But as intruders on the scene appear  
 Ere in their story we engulf too far  
 Let's first behold them in their character

o

30

If e'er thy sober reason did submit  
 To suppling Mirth that wanton child of Wit  
 Beholding a Fantastic drest in all  
 His vain delights, what's analogical  
 To our Acretius then conceive thoust seen  
 Though if compared those short to him had been  
 As transcripts are to copies to complete  
 A humorist, here Folly had chose a seat  
 Mongst more than vulgar knowledge and might pass  
 The same account an academic ass  
 Makes of his father's four year charge when he  
 Frights villagers with shreds of sophistry  
 Mongst foreign parts of which like Coriote  
 Hed run through some he had acquired to prate  
 By privilege and as if every nation  
 Contributed is in each several fashion  
 Which like their tongues all so imperfect find  
 That both disguised his body and his mind  
 Though self conceit vain youth's fantastic crime,  
 Made him steal singly from the front of time  
 I the medium which but seldom proves the seat  
 For lust's wild fire or zeal's reflected heat

40

50



He amorous grows, and doubting to prevail,  
For all his wings caught Pegasus b' the tail,  
And being before with Cupid's engines fired,  
From his posteriors doubly was inspired

She that at first this sympathetic flame  
Inspired him with, the court knew by the name 60  
Of Philanta, to whom, all would impair  
Their skill, that gave the epithet of fair,  
Except Acretius,—since her beauty fit  
For praises was, where paralleled by wit  
Yet now, although time's sad discovery tells—  
Her Autumn's furrows were no parallels  
In Beauty's sphere, those youthful forms being grown  
So obsolete, scarce the vestigia's shown  
A native pride and strange fantastic dress,  
More admiration than e'er comeliness 70  
Could do, acquires She formerly had been  
A great admirer of romances, in  
Whose garb she now goes drest, a medley piece  
Made up of India, Turkey, Persia, Greece,  
With other nations, all enforced to be  
Comprised within five foot's stenography  
Her wit, that had been critical, and ranged  
'Mongst ladies' more than the ushers' legs, was changed  
To gratify, and every word she said,  
An apophthegm unto the chamber-maid, 80  
From whom, her long experienced knowledge in  
Some of the female mysteries of sin,  
Had gained the applause of being skilled in all  
That could prevent decaying beauty's fall

Acretius and she, being such a pair  
As Nature when tired with more serious care  
For recreation made, instructed by  
Their meeting natures' secret sympathy,  
Soon learn to love, but, as if now too wise  
For youth's first dictates, Love's loose rules comprise 90  
In such strict bounds, that each the object saw  
Of their desires, like sacred things, some law,  
Fear made obeyed, forbids the world to use,  
Lest the adored enjoyment should abuse  
Into contempt, nor are their meetings in  
Those plainer paths—which their nice art calls sin—  
At all performed, that, the dull road unto  
The bridal bed, this, the fantastic clew  
To a delight, which doth in labyrinths sit,  
None e'er beheld while they preserved their wit 100

Like wanton Jove committing secret rapes  
On mortal beauties, they transmute their shapes  
At every interview, now, in a dress  
Resembling an Arcadian shepherdess,

She in the woods encounters him, whilst he  
 Armed like a furious knight resolved to be  
 Her ravisher, approaches but being by  
 Her prayers charmed into pity there doth lie  
 Fettered in soft embraces now he must  
 Turn hermit and be tempted unto lust 110  
 By her a lady errant like distressed  
 Lovers whose hopes by rigid friends oppressed  
 Pine to despair, they now are wandering in  
 Unhaunted groves whose pensive shades had been  
 So oft their shady veil that every tree  
 In wreaths where love lay wrapped in mystery  
 Held their included names—a subtle way  
 To the observant courtiers to betray  
 Their serious folly, which from being their own  
 Delight, was now the sport o the pages grown 120  
 The pleasant offsprings of whose wanton wit  
 Disturb their peace that, though secured they sit  
 In shady deserts with as much of fear  
 As wandering ladies when the giant s near  
 Theyre still possessed, less terrible were all  
 The dreadful objects Amadis de Gaul  
 Or wittier Quixote from their enemies  
 F'er met than was the fear of a surprise  
 By those which did such strict observance take  
 They thus their folly the courts laughter make — 130  
 Near to the islands utmost verge did lie  
 Retired e'en from Heavens universal eye,  
 A deep dark vale whose night-concealing shade  
 By a fresh river's silver stream was made  
 So sweetly cool it often did invite  
 Pharonnida to meet the smooth delight  
 Of calm retirement there Where, to impart  
 With *Natures bounty all that liberal Art*  
 Thought fit for so remote a pleasure stood  
 A grotto where the macrocosms cold blood 140  
 Ran more dispersed in various labyrinths then  
 It circulates within the veins of men.  
 Hither the inventive lovers who long sought  
 Some way which Fancy neer her followers taught  
 To express their serious folly in repair  
 Oft as the sun made the insalubrious air  
 Unfit for publick walks To entertain  
 Them here with what exceeded all their vain  
 Delights before,—newly erected by  
 Successful art each various deity 150  
 Old Fancy placed the seas commanders here  
 They with delight behold but when drawn near  
 They saw i the midst o the blue eyed Tritons placed  
 Neptunes and Thetis chariot—yet not graced

With their unfinished figures, this they took  
For so much favour, as they had forsook  
Their thrones to give them place But what adds yet  
More to the future mirth, they swiftly fit  
Themselves with habits, such as art had drew  
Its fancies in—both of their robes being blue 160  
Enchased with silver streams, their heads, with fair  
Dishevelled periwigs of sea-green hair,  
Were both adorned, circling whose crowns they wore  
Wreathed coronets of flags, his right hand bore  
A golden trident, hers, yet hardly red,  
As if new plucked from the sea's frothy bed,  
A branch of coral—But whilst here they sit  
Proudly adorned, both void of fear as wit,  
The gates o' the grotto swiftly shutting in,  
A torrent, such as if they'd seated been 170  
At Nile's loud cataracts, by ways (before  
Unseen) breaks forth, by which the engine bore  
From its firm station, floats aloft, and, by  
A swift withdrawing of those bays which tie  
Floods from commerce, is wafted forth into  
A spacious pool, where the bold artist drew  
The unfathomed sea's epitome within  
A circling wall, but such as might have been  
A pattern to Rome's big-bulked pride, when they  
Showed sea's loud battles for the land's soft play 180  
Our amorous humorists, that must now appear,  
This narrow sea's commanders, shook with fear,  
Sit trembling—whilst the shrill-voiced Tritons sound  
Their crooked shells, whose watery notes were drowned  
B' the lofty laughter of that troop, they saw  
Their pleased spectators, for Pharonnida,  
Being now with all her beauteous train come to  
Behold this pageant, taught them how to view  
A shame as dreadful as their fear, which yet  
Was full of horror, for though safe they sit 190  
I' the floating chariot, yet the mounting waves  
So boisterous grew, that e'en great Neptune craves  
Himself relief, till frighted from all sense  
By second dangers From that port from whence  
They sallied forth, two well-rigged ships are now  
Seen under sail, whose actions taught them how  
Sea fights are managed, in a method that  
They being too near engaged to tremble at,  
By fear's slow conduct to confusion led,  
Fall from their thrones, and through the waves had fled 200  
From shame to death, had they not rescued been  
By swift relief—a courtesy that, in  
Its first approach, though welcomed—when they come  
To stand the shock o' the court's loud mirth, as dumb  
( 116 )

As were the fishes they so late forsook  
 Makes Mercy court them in a dreadful look  
 But leaving these to pay with future hate  
 Each courtiers present mirth a sadder fate  
 Commands my pen no longer to attend  
 On smooth delights before it gives an end 10  
 To that ephemera of pleasure which  
 Whilst a free conversation did enrich  
 Their thoughts too fast did ripen in the breasts  
 Of both our royal lovers whose fate rests  
 Not long in downy slumbers ere it starts  
 In vain phantasmas—Hope herself departs  
 In a distracted trembling Their bright sphere  
 Of milder stars had now continued clear  
 So long till what their smiling influence drew  
 From the unthankful earth contracted to 20  
 A veil of clouds whose coolness whilst some praised  
 Obscured those beams by which they first were raised  
 Hell's subtle embryos—the ingratitude  
 Of cursed Amphibia whose disguise includes  
 Mischief's epitome had often strook  
 In secret at their envied joys which took  
 Neer its effects till now So heavenly free  
 The virtuous princess was from what could be  
 Of human vice she knew not to mistrust  
 It in another but thinks all as just 30  
 As her own even thoughts wherefore without  
 Oppressing of her soul with the least doubt  
 Raised from suspicion, she dares let her see  
 She loved Argalia though it could not be  
 Yet counted more than what his merits might  
 Claim as desert But this small beam of light,  
 Through the prospective of suspicion to  
 Envy's malignant eye conveyed to do  
 An act, informs the cursed Amphibia, that  
 Makes love lament for what she triumphed at 40  
 Since virtue Heavens unspotted character  
 On the beloved Argalia did transfer  
 Merits of too sublime a height to be  
 Shadowed with vice—from that flowers fragrant  
 She sucks her venom and from what had built  
 His glory now intends to raise his guilt  
 For though the prince no engines need to move  
 His passions frame but just desert—his love—  
 Her close endeavours are to heighten t by  
 Praises that make affection jealousy 50  
 Whose venom having once possessed his soul  
 It swiftly doth like fatal charms control

-37 prospective] Singer perspective unnecessarily

Reason's fair dictates, and although no fear  
From such well-ordered actions could appear  
To strengthen it, Argalia's merits caused  
Some sad and sullen doubts, such as, when paused  
Awhile upon, resolve their cure must be—  
Their cause removed—though in that action he  
From his breast's royal mansion doth exclude  
The noblest virtue—generous gratitude

260

To cure this new-felt wound, and yet not give  
Strong arguments—great virtues cannot live  
Safe in corrupted courts—the poison's sent  
In gilded pills A specious compliment,  
To call him from his calm and quiet charge,  
Pretends by new additions to enlarge  
His full-blown fame, to an extent as far  
As valour climbs in slippery heights of war  
Which now, though calmed in's own dominions, by  
A friendly league invites him to supply  
The stout Epirot with an army that,  
Though rich in valour, more was trembled at  
For being commanded by Argalia, than  
Composed of Sparta's most selected men

270

As if no grief could be commensurate  
Unto their joys, but what did blast their fate  
In its most blooming spring our lovers were,  
When first assaulted by the messenger  
Of this sad news, sate, in the quiet shade—  
A meeting grove of amorous myrtles, made  
To veil the brow of a fair mount, whose sides  
A beauteous robe of full-blown roses hides,  
In such discourse, the flying minutes spending,  
As passion dictates, when firm vows are ending  
Those parles by which love toward perfection went  
In the obliging bliss of full consent

280

The fatal scroll received, and read until  
She finds their parting doom, the spring-tides fill  
Her eyes, those crystal seas of grief she stops—  
Fans with a sigh her heart, then sheds some drops  
Upon the guilty paper Trembling fear  
Plucks roses from her cheeks, which soon appear  
Full-blown again with anger—red and white  
Did in this conflict of her passions fight  
For the pre-eminence Which agony  
Argalia noting, doubtful what might be  
The cause of so much ill, he in his arms  
Circles his saint, with all the powerful charms  
Of love's soft rhetoric, her lost pleasure strives  
To call again,—but no such choice flower thrives,

290

300

Though springs of tears thither invite this rest  
In the cold region of her griefswollen breast

Long had she strove with grief's oppressive load  
Ere sighs make way for this — Is thy abode  
Become the parent of suspicion? Look

On this Argalia there hath poison took

Its lodging underneath these flowers whose force  
Will blast our hopes—there there a sad divorce

Twixt our poor loves is set, ere we more near

Than in desires have met As much of fear

310

As could possess his mighty soul did shake

His strenuous hand whilst twas stretched forth to take

The letter from Pharonnida Which he

Having looked o'er and finding it to be

An honourable policy to part

Them without noise he curtains o'er his heart,

Pale as was hers with fear in a disguise

Which though rage drew his soul into his eyes

So polished o'er his passion—to her grief

His own concealed he thus applies relief —

320

Dear virtuous princess give your reason leave

But to look through this cloud which doth receive

Its birth from nought but fear—This honour, which

Your royal father pleases to enrich

My worthless fortunes with will but prepare

Our future happiness—The time we spare

From feeding on ambrosia will increase

Our wealthy store when the white wings of peace

Shall bear us back with victory, there may

Through the dark chaos of my fate display

330

Some beam of honour, though compared with thine

(That element of living flame) it shine

Dim as the pale faced moon when she lets fall

Through a dark grove her beams —thy virtues shall

Give an alarum to my sluggish soul

Wheneer it droops thy memory control

The weakness of my passions When we strive

I the heat of glorious battle I'll revive

My drooping spirits with that harmony

Thy name includes—thy name whose memory

340

(Dear as those relics a protecting saint

Sends humble votaries) mentioned will acquaint

My thoughts with all that's good Then calm again

This conflict of thy fears I shall remain

Safe in the hail of death if guarded by

Thy pious prayers—Fate's messengers that fly

On wings invisible will lose the way

Aimed at my breast if thou vouchsafe to pray

345 hail] Singer vale —a possibly right but rather large change

To Heaven for my protection - But if we  
 Ne'er meet again—yet, oh ! yet let me be 350  
 Sometimes with pity thought on.' At which word  
 His o'ercharged eyes no longer could afford  
 A room to entertain their tears, both wept,  
 As if they strove to quench that fire which kept  
 Light in the lamps of life, whose fortunes are  
 I' the House of Death, whilst Mars the regal star.

Some time in silent sorrow spent, at length  
 The fair Pharonnida recovers strength,  
 Though sighs each accent interrupted, to  
 Return this answer — 'Wilt, oh ! wilt thou do 360  
 Our infant love such injury to leave  
 It ere full grown? When shall my soul receive  
 A comfortable smile to cherish it,  
 When thou art gone? They're but dull joys that sit  
 Enthroned in fruitless wishes, yet I could  
 Part, with a less expense of sorrow, would  
 Our rigid fortune only be content  
 With absence, but a greater punishment  
 Conspires against us—Danger must attend  
 Each step thou tread'st from hence, and shall I spend 370  
 Those hours in mirth, each of whose minutes lay  
 Wait for thy life? When Fame proclaims the day  
 Wherein your battles join, how will my fear  
 With doubtful pulses beat, until I hear  
 Whom victory adorns ! Or shall I rest  
 Here without trembling, when, lodged in thy breast,  
 My heart's exposed to every danger that  
 Assails thy valour, and is wounded at  
 Each stroke that lights on thee which absent I,  
 Prompted by fear, to myriads multiply 380

But these are Fancy's wild-fires, we in vain  
 Do spend unheard orisons, and complain  
 To unrelenting rocks—this night-peekt scroll,  
 This bill of our divorcement, doth enrol  
 Our names in sable characters nought will  
 Expunge, till death obliterate our ill'

'Oh ! do not, dear commandress of my heart,  
 (Argalia answers), let our moist eyes part  
 In such a cloud as will for ever hide  
 Hope's brightest beams, those deities that guide 390  
 The secret motions of our fate will be  
 More merciful, than to twist destiny  
 In such black threads Should Death unravel all  
 The feeble cordage of our lives, we shall,

356 Mars] i e Mars is in the ascendant Chamberlayne dares these clashes of s  
 imperturbably

383 night-peekt] Singer 'night-speckt' But we have had this odd word 'peekt,'  
 'peect,' &c before

Spite of that Prince of Terrors in the high  
 And glorious palace of Eternity  
 Being met again renew that love which we  
 On earth were forced before maturity  
 Had ripened it to leave I the numerous throng  
 Of long departed souls that stray among 400  
 The myrtles in Elysium I will find  
 Thy virgin ghost and whilst the rout inclined  
 To sensual pleasures here refining are  
 In purging flames laugh at each envious star  
 Whose aspect if ill sited at our birth  
 With poisonous influence blasts the joys of earth  
 'Oh' waste not (cries the princess) dear time in  
 These shadows of concert—the hours begin  
 To be mongst those inserted that have tried  
 The actions of the world which must divide 410  
 Us from our joy The sea through which we sail  
 Works high with woe nor can our prayers prevail  
 To calm its angry brow—the glorious freight  
 Of my unwelcome honours hangs a weight  
 Too ponderous on me for to steer the way  
 Thy humbler fortunes do else ere I'd stay  
 To mourn without thee I would rob my eyes  
 Of peaceful slumbers and in coarse disguise  
 Whilst love my sex's weakness did control  
 Command my body to attend my soul— 420  
 My soul my dear which hovering near thee not  
 Midnight alarms, that appear begot  
 By truth should startle twixt the clamorous camp  
 Lightened with cannons and the peaceful lamp  
 That undisturbed here wastes its oil I know  
 No difference but what doth from passion flow  
 Whose close assaults do more afflict us far  
 Than all the loud impetuous storms of war  
 We must, we must (replies Argalia) stand  
 This thunderbolt unmoved,—since his command— 430  
 Whose will confirms our law Happy had we  
 Great princess been if in that low degree  
 From whence my infancy was raised I yet  
 Had lived a toiling rural then when fit  
 For Hymen's pleasures uncontrolled I'd took  
 Some homely village girl whose friends could look  
 After no jointure for to equalize  
 Her portion but my love no jealous eyes  
 Had waited on our meetings we had made  
 All our addresses free the friendly shade 440  
 Cast from a spreading oak as soon as she  
 Had milked her cows had proved our canopy  
 Where our unpolished courtship had a love  
 As chaste concluded, as from the amorous dove  
 ( 121 )



Perched near us, we had learned it When arrived  
Unto love's zenith, we had, undeprived  
By disagreeing parents, soon been led  
To church b' the sprucest swains, our marriage-bed,  
Though poor and thin, would have been neatly drest  
By rural paranympths, clad in the best  
Wool their own flocks afforded In a low  
And humble shed, on which we did bestow  
Nought but our labour to erect, we might  
Have spent our lusty youth with more delight  
Than glorious courts are guilty of, and, when  
Age had decayed our strength, grown up to men,  
Beheld our large coarse issue Our days ended,  
Unto the church been solemnly attended  
By those of our own rank, and buried been  
Near to the font that we were christened in  
Whilst I in russet weeds of poverty  
Had spun these coarse threads, shining majesty  
Would have exhausted all her stock to frame  
A match for thy desert some prince, whose name  
The neighbouring regions trembled at, from whom  
The generous issue of thy fruitful womb  
Might have derived a stock of fame to build  
A future greatness on, such as should yield  
Subjects of wonder to the world' About  
To interrupt him, ere he had drawn out  
This sad theme, she began to speak, but by  
Night's swift approach was hindered Now drew nigh  
The time of his departure Whilst he bleeds  
At thought o' the first, a second summons speeds  
His preparations to the city, where  
That big-bulked body, unto which his care  
Must add a soul, was now drawn up, and staid  
Only to have his wished commands obeyed  
His powerful passion, love's strict rules respecting  
More than bright honour's dictates, yet, neglecting  
All summons, staid him till he'd sacrificed  
His vows to her, whose every smile he prized  
Above those trivial glories Ere from hence  
He dares depart, each, with a new expense  
Of tears, pays interest to exacting Fate  
For every minute she had lent of late  
Unto poor Love, whose stock since not his own,  
Although no spendthrift, is a bankrupt grown  
Look how a bright and glorious morning, which  
The youthful brow of April doth enrich,  
Smiles, till the rude winds blow the troubled clouds  
Into her eyes, then in a black veil shrouds  
Herself, and weeps for sorrow—so wept both  
Our royal lovers—each would, and yet was loath

( 122 )

To bid farewell till stubborn time enforced  
 Them to that task Iurst his warm lips divorced  
 From the soft balmy touch of hers next parts  
 Their hands those frequent witnesses o the heart  
 Indissoluble contracts, last and worst,  
 Their eyes—their weeping eyes—(O fate accurst,  
 That lays so hard a task upon my pen—  
 To write the parting of poor lovers) when  
 They had e'en lost their light in tears were in  
 That shade—that dismal shade forced to begin  
 The progress of their sorrow—He is gone.  
 Sweet sad Pharonnida is left alone  
 To entertain grief in soft sighs whilst he  
 Mongst noise and tumult, oft finds time to be  
 Alone with sorrow though encompassed by  
 A numerous army whose brave souls swelled high  
 With hopes of honour—lest flames trump lost breath  
 Haste to supply it by victory or death  
 But ere calmed thoughts to prosecute our story  
 Salute thy ears with the deserved glory  
 Our martial lover purchased here I must  
 Let my pen rest awhile and see the rust  
 Scoured from my own sword for a fatal day  
 Draws on those gloomy hours whose short steps may  
 In Britains blushing chronicle write more  
 Of sanguine guilt than a whole age before—  
 To tell our too neglected troops that we  
 In a just cause are slow We ready see  
 Our rallied foes nor will t our slothful crime  
 Expunge to say—Guilt awakened them betime  
 From every quarter the affrighted scout  
 Brings swift alarms in, hovering about  
 The clouded tops of the adjacent hills  
 Like ominous vapours lie their troops noise fills  
 Our yet unrallied army, and we now  
 Grown legible in the contracted brow  
 Discern whose heart looks pale with fear If in  
 This rising storm of blood which doth begin  
 To drop already I m not washed into  
 The grave my next safe quarter shall renew  
 Acquaintance with Pharonnida—I'll then  
 I leave the Muses to converse with men

TILL END OF THE SECOND BOOK

## BOOK III. Canto I

### THE ARGUMENT

Beneath the powerful tyranny of love,  
Whilst the fair princess weeps out every star  
In pleasure's sphere, those dark clouds to remove,  
All royal pastimes in it practised are

Amongst whose triumphs, that her train might lend  
Her their attendance in the shades of grief,  
Passion brings some so near a fatal end,  
That timely pity scarce affords relief

SOME months now spent, since, in the clouded court  
Of sad Pharonnida, each princely sport  
Was with Argalia's absence masked within  
Sables of discontent, robes that had been  
Of late her chiefest dress no cheerful smile  
E'er cheered her brow, those walks which were erewhile  
The schools where they disputed love, were now  
Only made use of, when her grief sought how  
To hide its treacherous tear the unfilled bed  
O' the widow, whose conjugal joy is fled,  
I' the hot and vigorous youth of fancy, to  
Eternal absence, sooner may renew  
(Though she for tears repeated praises seeks)  
The blooming spring of beauty on her cheeks

10

When bright-plumed Day on the expanded wings  
Of air approaches, Light's fair herald brings  
No overtures of peace to her, each prayer  
In pious zeal she makes, a pale despair  
In their celestial journey clogs But long  
Her feeble sex could not endure these strong  
Assaults of passion, ere the red and white,  
Vanquished, from beauty's throne had took their flight,  
And nought but melancholy paleness left  
To attend the light of her dim eyes—bereft  
Of all their brightness, pining agues in  
The earthquake of each joint, leaving within  
The veins more blood than dwelt in hers which beat  
The heart's slow motions with a hectic heat

20

Long passion's tyrant reigns not, ere this change  
Of mirth and beauty, letting sorrow range  
Beyond the circle of discretion, in  
Her father that suspicion which had been  
Kindled before, renewing, he removes  
His court to hers, but the kind visit proves  
( 124 )

30

## Pharonnida

A paroxysm unto that strong disease  
Which combats in her blood No mirth could please  
Her troubled soul since barred society  
With all its better angels—gone to be  
Attendant on Argalra she beholds  
Those studied pleasures which the prince unfolds  
His love and greatness in with no delight  
More smooth than that a sullen anchorite  
Which a harsh vow hath there enforced to dwell  
Sees the cold wants of his unhaunted cell

42

Amongst these sports whose time-betraying view  
Ravished each pleased spectator, the fair clew  
Contracts some sible knots of which my pen  
Is only one bound to unravel When  
Wtr had unclasped that dreadful book of hers  
Where honoured names in sanguine characters  
Brave valour had transcribed fair virtue fixed  
Eurulus in honour's orb and mixed  
Him with the court's bright stars but he who had  
Whilst unregarded poverty had clad  
His virtues in obscurity learned how  
To sail in fortune's boisterous storms is now  
By her false smiles becalmed and sunk, before  
Desert (bound thither) touched love's treacherous shore

50

I the playful freedom of their youth when she  
Was only a fair shepherdess and he  
A humble swain he truly did adore  
The fair Florenza, but aspired no more  
Since poverty clogged love's ambitious wing  
Than by his private muse alone to sing  
Her praise—with such a flame of wit that they  
Which have compared, say envied Laura may  
Look pale with spleen to hear those lines expressed  
Though in her great Platonic raptures dressed

60

But now his worth, by virtue raised did dwell  
High as his hopes and that a parallel  
To hers appearing either's merits had  
A climax to preferment, and thus clad  
Virtue in honour's robes, which equal fate  
Gave his affection language to relate  
What their disparity kept dumb nor did  
Those motions find acceptance such as child  
Them for presumption rather twas a frost  
Of virgin ice than fire of pride that crost  
His masculine desires, her eyes unfold  
So much of passion as by them she told  
Who had most interest in her heart which she  
From all brave rivals his resolves shall be

70

80

'Mongst those, Mazara, one whose noble blood  
Enriched the gems of virtue, though they stood  
In honour's altitude, was chief, nor could  
A nobler choice, were her affections ruled  
By worth, commend her judgement, his fresh youth  
Being crowned with virtues which might raise a truth  
Above hyperboles, his nature mild,  
As was the gall-less dove, yet not the wild  
And furious lion, when provoked, could have  
More daring valour, an untimely grave,  
Whilst it i' the embryo was, to every vice,  
But unto virtue a fair paradise,

90

Whose weedless banks no pining winter knew  
Till death the influence of warm life withdrew

That sympathy of meeting virtues, which  
Did both their souls with equal worth enrich,  
'Twixt him and brave Euriolus had tied  
A league not to be broke, could Love divide  
His blessings amongst friends, but that of all  
Our passions brooks no rival Fear may call  
Friends to partake of palsies, Anger strives  
To fire each neighbouring bosom, Envy thrives  
By being transplanted, but a lover's pure  
Flames, though converted to a calenture,  
Unwillingly with the least flame will part  
Although to thaw another's frozen heart

100

Few 'mongst the observant wits o' the court yet knew  
(Though it with twisted eye-beams strengthened grew  
At every interview, and often dropped  
Some tears to water it) whose love 'twas stopped  
Mazara's suit Euriolus, to her  
Whose melting pity only could confer

110

A cure, unlocks the secret, whilst the other,  
More confident to win, ne'er strives to smother  
A passion so legitimate, but, by  
All actual compliments, declares how high  
He prized her virtues but this worthy's fate  
Fixed him in love's intemperate zone, too late  
The pining fruit was sown, the spring so far  
Being spent, its days were grown canicular,  
Scorching all hopes, but what made able were  
By fruitful tears—love's April showers, to bear  
Neglect's untimely frosts, which oft have lost,  
In bloomy springs, the unhappy lover's cost

120

When this accomplished youth, whose tongue and pen,  
With negatives more firm and frequent then  
Cursed usurers give impoverished clients, oft  
Had been repulsed, truth for discovery brought

130

128 then] 'then' for 'than' as often

This accident—Within the royal court  
 Of bright Pharonnida a full resort  
 Of valiant knights were met convened to try  
 Whose valour fortune meant to glorify  
 Of which selected number there was one  
 Who though a stranger virtue soon made known  
 To all cause feared of most, his valour had  
 Before the first triumphant day unclad  
 The silver vested hemisphere, been oft  
 Clothed in the ornaments of honour—brought 140  
 On fame's fair wings from the opposing part,  
 Uncresting them to crown his high desert  
 But now when this new constellation near  
 Its zenith drew in honour's hemisphere  
 Called thither by deciding lots the brave  
 Lunolus appears, whom victory gave  
 In the first shock success and placed his name  
 In the meridian altitude of fame,  
 Where though the valiant stranger prove no foe  
 So fortunately valiant to overthrow 160  
 The structure of his fate yet his close stars  
 Now sink a mine to which those open wars  
 But easy dangers were. Mazara in  
 His crest a scarf that formerly had been  
 Known for Florenza's seeing jealous love  
 Converted into rage his passions move  
 Above the sphere of reason and what late  
 Was but a gentle blaze by altered fate  
 Ires to a comet, whose malignant beams  
 Foretold sad ills attending love's extremes. 180  
 Loath to betray his passions in so great  
 A breach of friendship to a close retreat  
 Mazara summons forward rage yet in  
 The stranger's name whose fortune might have been  
 The parent of a private quarrel, sends  
 To call Lunolus (who now attends  
 Nought but triumphant mirth) unguarded by  
 Applauding friends in secret fight to try  
 What power did him from threatening danger guard,  
 When public fame was victory's reward 200  
 This fatal scroll received by him that thought  
 It real truth since prison might have sought  
 In him the same delay a swift consent  
 Returns his answer But the message went  
 So far from its directed road that ere  
 It reached Mazara's loose neglect did bear  
 It to Carina's ear,—a lady that  
 In silent tears her heart had offered at  
 His virtues shrine yet with such secret zeal  
 Her eyes forbid their Cupids to reveal 220  
 ( 127 )

That language of her heart She knew that in  
Florenza's sea of merits, hers had been  
Shipwrecked and lost, yet, with a soul as far  
From envying her, as hating him, this war  
Of factious passions she maintains, and since  
Reason now wanted language to convince  
Those headstrong rebels, she resolves to be,  
Though ruined, ruled by their democracy

The information her officious maid  
Had from Mazara's careless page betrayed, 190  
Assures Carina—the preceding night,  
Such horse and armour as the stranger knight  
Euriolus had conquered in, had been  
By his most cautious diligence within  
A not far distant wood, in whose black shade  
He meant his fury should his foe invade,  
Lodged by his master Which discovered truth,  
Frightening her tears from the swift chase of youth  
And beauty into froward age, to meet  
Sorrow in private shades, withdraws the sweet 200  
But sad Carina, who resolves to spend  
Her sighs unnoted by her dearest friend

This in Florenza, who foresaw that nought  
But passions more than common could have wrought  
So swift a change, works high, who, that she might  
Displume these ravens ere the babes of light  
Smile in their weeping mother's face, prepares  
To see Carina who, with wakeful cares,  
(Her sad companions) by her friend surprised,  
No longer in their ebon veil disguised 210  
Her thoughts' pure candour, but with looks that did  
Seem to implore assistance, whilst they chide  
Her own indulgent nature, shows her how  
Preposterous love made her to passions bow,  
Whose fruit, since none of her first planters came  
From forward man, could be but female shame

This, with its fatal author, known, to free  
Her friend from shame, herself from cruelty,  
Unto Mazara, whose firm love attends  
Her least commands, incensed Florenza sends 220  
Whose zeal-transported soul no sooner hears  
That welcome sound, but, though presaging fears  
Prompt him to stay, lest haughty honour fall,  
Ruined by fame, he lets her standards fall  
Before commanding love, and goes to wait  
On's honoured mistress But this sly deceit  
Of hope no cordial proves unto the sad  
Carina's grief, the long experience had  
Of his affection to Florenza, tells  
Her doubtful soul, those even parallels 230

Could not by all her friends persuasions be  
 Wrested into the least obliquity  
 Which sad mistrust did love precipitate  
 On paths whose danger frights protecting fate  
 Assured the combats hour drew on and that  
 Mazara's love sick soul was offering at  
 Florenza's shrine and by that willing stay  
 Might be enforced some minutes to delay  
 The time in which his readier opposite  
 Expected him, she being resolved to write 240  
 Affection in her blood with love's wild haste  
 Makes toward the lists there finds his armour placed  
 Within the dark shade of an ancient wood  
 In whose black breast that place of horror stood  
 Where they appoint to meet like those of fate  
 Obscure and dark by beasts and birds that hate  
 The light alone frequented but love had  
 Displumed fears haggars being resolved she clad  
 Beauty's fair pearl where smooth delights did dwell 250  
 I the rough cast mould of that Cyclopiian shell  
 But that no arms nor bounding steeds affright  
 Where love's fair hand hath valour's passport writ  
 Here we should pause and pity her that now  
 Fancy beholds whilst she is learning how  
 To manage stubborn steel within her sleek  
 And polished hand through devious paths to seek  
 For doubtful dangers such whose horrid shape  
 On man's best judgement might commit a rape  
 Her swift conductor love ere this had brought  
 Her to the place where passion had not sought 260  
 Long for the object of her hate ere she  
 Her valiant brother that was come to be  
 His fame's protector sees but so disguised  
 In arms that both with envy unadvised  
 By knowledge an unthought of guilt prepare  
 In blood to meet Their foaming horses were  
 Now freed from the commanding rein and in  
 Their full career but love in vain to win  
 The field from valour strives her eager haste  
 But argues such an envy as did waste 270  
 Itself in weak attempts which to the length  
 Of power extended falls beneath the strength  
 Of her victorious foe whose fortune had  
 In robes of joy what he must weep for clad  
 Conquered Carina now dismounted lay

248 haggars] It is a pity that haggars has been allowed to become obsolete for we want something answering to the French *affres*. At the same time the word may be used in a sense closer to the usual one of haggard in relation to the person — those who are made wild and haggard by fear. In either case of course the poet has the untamed hawk in mind and *perhaps* nothing else.





Fearing those ills which desperate love attends  
 Spending that morning in the fruitless quest  
 Of her had been and now (their hopes distrest  
 With vain inquiries) to communicate  
 Their grief returning were which secret fate  
 To interpose through dark meanders brought  
 Neglect to find what care in vain had sought.

130

Whilst yet no more than brave humanity  
 Prompts them to part a quarrel that might be  
 Defiled with blood which if not shed in wars  
 With murder stains what it doth gild with scars  
 They toward them hste, even in that critical  
 And dangerous minute when Mazara's fall  
 With victory's laurels to adorn his crest  
 His valiant friend had robbed of future rest,  
 Had not this blest relief of innocence  
 The one from death the other from expense  
 Of tears restrained before revenge had found  
 So much of guilt as might his conscience wound

340

His high wrought rage stopped by too many hands  
 To vent its heat, Euriolus now stands  
 Shook with the fever of his anger till  
 Those friends which saw Mazara grown so ill  
 With wounds to gasp for breath by giving way  
 For air they to the victors view betray  
 His best of friends At which afflicting sight  
 Cursing the cause of that unhappy fight  
 His sword as guilty thrown aside, he hastes  
 To his relief in which kind act none wastes  
 Their friendly help life is but stolen from pain  
 Behind the veil of death appears again  
 On Nature's frontiers whose returning flame  
 Though scarce of strength to warm looked red with shame  
 When he so many well known friends beheld  
 Sad witnesses how much his passion swelled  
 Above the banks where reason should have staid  
 When to that meeting it his friend betrayed

340

360

Their veils of steel removed each now beholds  
 What shame and wonder in firm contracts folds  
 Amazed stands brave Euriolus to see  
 None but his friend—his honoured friend—should be  
 The parent of that quarrel, shame confounds  
 Mazara more and from internal wounds  
 Though like the Red Sea's springs his other bled,  
 Perhaps less danger but more torment bred  
 Both now by his unforced confession knew  
 Whose equal honoured beauty twas that drew  
 Them to this fatal combat whose event  
 Him near the grave on love's vain errand sent

30

372 equal honoured] Orig 'equalled honoured

Friendship renewed in strict embraces, they  
Are now arrived where weak Carina lay,  
So faint with love's phlebotomy that she,  
Masked in forgetful slumbers, could not see  
Approaching shame, which, when discovered, sticks  
Life's fair carnations on her death-like cheeks 330

Hasting to see what over-forward rage  
That unknown stranger's weakness did engage  
In that unhappy quarrel, they beheld,  
At the first glance, an object that expelled  
Into the shades of sorrow's wilderness  
All temperate thoughts — his sister's sad distress,  
Wrought by his arm whose strength betrayed her near  
The grave, did to Euriolus appear,  
Dreadful as if some treacherous friend had shown  
Those flames in which his scorched companions groan 390  
Nor did Mazara, though but prompted by  
Pity, that tender child of sympathy,

With less relenting sorrow live to see  
Love's bloody trophies, though unknown to be  
By his victorious beauty reared To save  
From the cold grasp of an untimely grave  
So ripe a virgin, whilst her brother stands  
Unnerved with grief, amongst the helpful hands  
Of other friends are his employed, till, by  
Their useful aid, fled life returns to try 400

Once more the actions of the world, before  
It shot the gulf of death, but on the shore  
Of active Nature was no sooner set,  
But that, together with the light, she met  
Her far more welcome lover Whom whilst she  
Beholds with trembling, Heaven, resolved to free  
A suffering captive, turns his pity to  
So much of passion, as ere long love grew  
On the same stem, whose flowers to propagate,  
She in these words uncurtains mystic fate 410

'Forbear your aid, brave sir, and let me die,  
Ere live the author of a prodigy  
That future times shall curse! Yet pardon me,  
Dear brother, Heaven will ne'er impute to thee  
The guilt of blood 'twas my unhappy love  
Which raised this storm, which, if my prayers may prove  
In death successful, let me crave of you,  
Dear sir, to whom I long have borne a true  
But indiscreet affection, that from hence,  
For poor Carina's sake, for this expense 420  
Of tears and blood, you would preserve those dear  
Respects of friendship, that did once appear  
Confirmed betwixt you, and, although my fate  
Unto the worst of ills precipitate

My fame and life oh! let my name not be  
 Offensive to your ear This this for me  
 Is all you shall perform —Which spoke, shed let  
 Her hovering soul forth to have paid the debt  
 Of nature to the grave had not she been  
 By some assisting friends whilst dropping in 430  
 Strid at the last step and brought back to meet  
 The bridal pair, no single winding sheet  
 This doubtful combat ended they are to  
 The court conveyed, where Time upon this new  
 Text commenting in various characters  
 Transcribes her sense —some this bold act of hers  
 Term unbecoming passion others brave  
 Heroic love But what most comfort gave  
 To cured Carina, was that this lost blood  
 Had proved loves balm and in a purple flood 440  
 Washed from her heart grief's sible stains for now  
 Merit had taught her dear Mazara how  
 To prize her virtuous love, and for its sake  
 Its cabinet her heart's best temple make.

Thus passions troubled sea had settled in  
 A smooth and gentle calm had there not been  
 Unhappily to blast their sweet content  
 Not long before an act, for th banishment  
 Of all such courtiers made as should without  
 A licence from the council fight about 450  
 Whatever private quarrel But not this  
 Mazara or his new choice frights—their bliss  
 Stood on more firm foundations than the courts  
 Uncertain favours were whose glorious sports  
 Although he left it was not to retire  
 To sullen cares, what honour could require  
 A state which called him her unquestioned lord  
 Without depending favours did afford

But whilst we leave this noble lover, by  
 This mandate freed from what before did tie 460  
 Unto a troublesome attendance we  
 From brave Euriolus are forced to be  
 With sorrow parted since the general love  
 His virtue had obtained wants strength to move  
 The ponderous doom Ere his impoverished heart  
 Grown poor in streams could from life's springs impart  
 Warm blood enough for his pale cheeks to drink  
 A health to beauty he's enforced to think  
 Of that sad theme of parting on whose sense  
 His grieved soul dictates sighs yet could dispense 470  
 Even with its harshest rigour were there but  
 Any exception in it, that might put

Out parting with Florenza, that though he  
 Were shrunk into his former poverty,  
 Calling the rugged frowns of Fate, would bear  
 A brow unclouded with Ambition's care  
 But he must go —not all the rhetoric  
 Of tempting love could plead against the quick  
 Approach of time, whose speedy motion now  
 Only some slippery minutes did allow  
 Their parting tears in whose exalted flood,  
 Had reason not with future hopes withstood  
 The rising stream, Love's summer fruits had been,  
 O'erwhelmed with grief, for ever buried in  
 A deluge of despair, but that, whilst she,  
 With such sad looks as wintering Scythians see  
 The sun haste toward the arctic pole, beholds  
 His slow departure, glimmering hope unfolds  
 Twilight, which now foretells their frozen fear—  
 Day may return to Love's cold hemisphere

187

490

## THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

The princess, by unlucky accident,  
 Having Love's secret embassies betrayed  
 To her great father, by that action spent  
 That stock of hope which promised future aid  
 His rage being to such rash extremes inflamed,  
 That he, whose mandates none durst disobey  
 As if his power were of such acts ashamed,  
 Shrinks from 't himself, and poorly doth betray

If angry Age, the enemy to love,  
 Tells thy grave pride—thy judgement is above  
 What with contempt, although it injure truth,  
 Thy spleen miscalls the vanity of youth,  
 If harsh employment, gross society,  
 That feast of brutes, make thee an enemy  
 To love, the soul's commercive language, then  
 Remove thy eye, whilst my unenvied pen,  
 That long to passion hath a servant been,  
 Confines the fair Pharonnida's within  
 These paper limits Frozen still she lies  
 Beneath opposing passions, her bright eyes,

10

*Arg* 8, 't himself] Orig 'itself'

*x* Age] Orig 'Aid,' which is of course pure nonsense and betrays, only more distinctly than many other misprints, the fact that the copy was set up from dictation, and never 'read'

Those stars whose best of influence scarce had power  
 To thaw what grief congealed into a shower  
 Of heart disburthening tears their influence spend  
 In sorrow's polar circles and could lend  
 No light to beauty's world I the vigorous reign  
 Of this pale tyrant whilst she did remain  
 Unlightened with a beam of comfort in  
 A bower being set that formerly had been 20  
 Her seat when she heard the unhappy news  
 Of parting with Argalia whilst she views  
 She blames the guiltless shadows who to ask  
 Pardon, in trembling murmurs did unmask  
 Their naked limbs and scattered at her feet  
 The fragrant veil in's death bed sat the sweet  
 But pining rose, each grass its heavy head  
 Laden with tears did hang whilst her eyes shed  
 A pattern to instruct them Hence whilst she  
 Looks thorough on a way conceived to be 30  
 The same her lord marched with his army when  
 He left Gerenza with a haste more then  
 A common traveller she sees one post  
 Towards her court whose visage had not lost  
 Its room within her memory—he's known  
 Argalia's page And now each minute grown  
 A burthen to her thoughts that did defer  
 A nearer interview the messenger  
 Arrives and to her eager view presents  
 His master's letters whose enclosed contents 40  
 Are now the object her expecting soul  
 Courts with desire nor doth she long control  
 Their forward haste—a diamond being by  
 The messenger returned whose worth might vie  
 Price with an Indian fleet when it sails slow  
 With its glittering burthen Though each word overflow  
 With joy whilst her inquisitive discourse  
 Was on this pleasing theme time did enforce  
 The pages swift departure who with all  
 Affected epithets that love can call 50  
 To gild invention when it would express  
 Things more sublime than mortal happiness  
 Is gone to carry his expecting lord  
 What pleasure could when rarified afford  
 Whilst this sweet joy was only clothed in fresh  
 Blossoms of hope like souls ere mixt with flesh,  
 She only by desire subsisted but  
 Now to her chamber come and having shut  
 The treacherous door, from the conjugal seal  
 The white lipped paper freed doth soon reveal 60

3a Gerenza] I follow S nger in adopting this form The orig wanders between  
 Ghirenza Ghieranza &c

Love's welcome embassies—She reads, and, by  
Each line transported to an ecstasy,  
In fancy's wild meanders lost the way  
She rashly entered, faint desire would stay  
At every word in amorous sighs to breathe  
A love sick groan, but she is yet beneath  
The mount of joy, and must not rest until  
Her swift-paced eye had climbed the flowery hill.  
Which now passed lightly o'er, with an intent  
Of a review to its best ornament, 70  
His name, she comes, which whilst bathed in the balm  
Of fragrant kisses, from joy's gentle calm  
She thus is startled—A redoubled groan,  
That sign of neighbouring sorrow, though unknown  
From whence, affrights her soul, but she too soon,  
Too sadly knows the cause The height of noon  
Raged in reflected heat, when, walking in  
Those outer rooms, her father long had been  
In expectation of her sight, but not  
Finding her there, a golden slumber got 80  
The start of 's meditations to comply  
With whose calm council, he did softly lie  
Down on a stately couch, whose glittering pride  
A curtain from the public view did hide  
Where, having plucked from off the wing of Time  
Some of her softest down, the dews, that climb  
In sleep to stop each ventricle, begin  
To steal a soft retreat hovering within  
His stretched-out limbs sleep's vapours lie, his hand  
Rubs from his eyes those leaden bolts that stand 90  
Over their heavy lids, which scarce was done,  
When first surprised Pharonnida begun  
To read her letter, and by that sad chance  
Betray her love Passion strove to advance  
Her father from his lodging when he first  
Heard the discovery, but though anger thirst  
For swift revenge, yet policy persuades  
Him to hear further, ere his sight invades  
Her troop of pleasures Whose thin squadrons broke  
By what she'd heard, before she could revoke 100  
Her vanquished spirits, that were fled to seek  
Protection in her heart, robbing her cheek  
Of all the blood to waft in, whilst she stands  
A burthen to her trembling legs, her hands  
Wringing each other's ivory joints, her bright  
Eyes scattering their distracted beams, the flight  
O' the curtain from her father's angry touch,  
Discovers whence that groan, which caused so much  
Her wonder, came Grief and amazement strives  
Awhile with love, which soon victorious drives 110

Those pale guests from her cheeks unto whose aid  
 Her noble heart secure from being betrayed  
 By its own strength did send a quick supply  
 Of its warm blood her conscience knows no why  
 To fear cause knows no guilt, nor could have been  
 By love so virtuous e'er drawn near a sin  
 But as the evening blushes for the rude  
 Winds of the ensuing day so fortitude  
 Upon the lovely roses that did grow  
 Within her face a deeper dye bestow  
 Than fear could e'er have done and did presage  
 The ensuing storms exagitated rage  
 Silent with passion which his eyes inflamed  
 The prince awhile beholds her ere he blamed  
 The frailty of affection but at length  
 Through the thick throng of thoughts armed with a strength  
 Which crushed the soft smiles of paternal love  
 He thus begins And must oh must that prove  
 My greatest curse on which my hopes ordained  
 To raise my happiness? Have I refrained  
 The pleasures of a nuptial bed to joy  
 Alone in thee not trembled to destroy  
 My name so that advancing thine I might  
 Live to behold my sceptre take its flight  
 To a more spacious empire? Have I spent  
 My youth till grown in debt to age she hath sent  
 Diseases to arrest me that impair  
 My strength and hopes e'er to enjoy an heir  
 Which might preserve my name that only now  
 Must in our dusty annals live whilst thou  
 Transferst the glory of our house on one  
 Which had not I warmed into life had gone  
 A wretch forgotten of the world to the earth  
 From whence he sprung? But tear this monstrous birth  
 Of fancy from thy soul quick as thou dost fly  
 Descending wrath if visible—or I  
 Shall blast thee with my anger till thy name  
 Rot in my memory not as the same  
 That once thou wert behold thee but as some  
 Dire prodigy which to foreshow should come  
 All ills which through the progress of my life  
 Did chance, were sent I lost a queen and wife  
 Thy virtuous mother, who for her goodness might  
 Have here supplied before she took her flight  
 To heaven my better angels place have since  
 Stood storms of strong affliction still a prince  
 Over my passions until now—but this  
 Hath proved me coward Oh! thou dost amiss

132 not] Singer nor perhaps unnecessarily



To grieve me thus, fond girl With that he shoo!  
His reverend head, beholds her with a look 160  
Composed of grief and anger, which she sees  
With melting sorrow but resolved love frees  
Her from more yielding pity 'To begin  
The prologue to obedience, which within  
Her breast still dwelt, though swayed by love, she falls  
Prostrate at 's feet, to his remembrance calls  
Her dying mother's will, by whose pale dust,  
She now conjures him not to be unjust  
Unto that promise, with which her pure soul  
Fled satisfied from earth, as to control 170  
Her freedom of affection Rather she  
Desires her interest in his crown might be  
Denied her, than the choice of one to sway  
It in her right She urges how it may  
Be by his virtue far more glorified  
Whom she had chose, than if by marriage tied  
To any neighbouring prince, who only there  
Would rule by proxy, whilst his greater care  
Secured his own inheritance She then  
Calls to remembrance who relieved him when 180  
Distressed within Alcithus' walls, the love  
His subjects bore Argalia, which might prove  
Her choice their happiness, with all, how great  
A likelihood it was—but the retreat  
Of royalty to a more safe disguise,  
Had showed him to their state's deluded eyes  
So mean a thing Love's boundless rhetoric  
About to dictate more, he with a quick  
And furious haste forsakes the room, his rage  
Thus boiling o'er —'And must my wretched age 190  
Be thus by thee tormented? But take heed,  
Correct thy passions, or their cause must bleed  
Until he quench the flame' At which harsh word  
He leaves the room, nor could her strength afford  
Her power to rise, which whilst she strives to do,  
Her memory adding more weights unto  
The burthen of her thoughts, her soul opprest  
Sinks in a pale swoon, catching at the rest  
It must not yet enjoy, swift help lends light,  
Though faint and glimmering, to behold what night 200  
Of grief o'ershadowed her You that have been,  
Upon the rack of passion, tortured in  
The engines of forbidden love, that have  
Shed fruitless tears, spent hopeless sighs to crave  
A rigid parent's fair aspect, conceive  
What wild distraction seized her I must leave

206 distraction] Orig 'destruction'

Her passion's volume only to be read  
 Within the breasts of such whose hearts have bled  
 At the like dangerous wounds Whilst she sits here  
 Amazed with grief know that no smiles appear 210  
 To smooth her father's angry brow yet to  
 None he unfolds his thoughts, but bent to do  
 Whatever his rage should dictate, to appease  
 This high wrought storm which turned into disease  
 Each motion of the brain he only takes  
 Scorn and revenge to whose ill counsel shakes  
 The quiet of the soul to be his guides  
 Thorough those night specked walks whose shadow hides  
 The languished beams of love Awhile their strong  
 Ingredients boil in's blood before they throng 220  
 The scattered thoughts into a quintessence  
 Of poisonous resolutions First from thence  
 There sprung this black disaster to attend  
 Argalia's fortune—He doth forthwith send  
 A secret messenger to the warlike prince  
 Of Syracuse to let him know that since  
 He sent those forces to assist him in  
 His war their general that till late had been  
 The darling of his love, by arguments  
 Too strong was proved a traitor whose intents 230  
 Aimed at his crown and life To aggravate  
 His spleen the more he writes him word—their fate  
 On the same ominous pinions flew if that  
 He proved successful Having warmed him at  
 This flame of passion he concludes with— Sir  
 You guess my meaning I would have no stir  
 About dispatching of him for he's grown  
 Strong in affection and may call his own  
 The hearts of half my kingdom Let this give  
 Your justice power he's too much loved to live 240  
 The startled Syracusan having read  
 These bloody lines which had not only bred  
 A new but nourished growing envy in  
 His mighty soul—a stranger to all sin—  
 So full of guilt as to dissemble till  
 The new made generals just deserts did fill  
 Fame's still augmented volume and was grown  
 More legible than what he called his own  
 What in a rival prince had been a high  
 And noble emulation kindled by 250  
 A smaller star blasts virtue He beholds  
 His lightning valour which each hour unfolds  
 Examples for posterity destroy  
 What though he trembled at creates no joy  
 Within his sullen soul a secret hate  
 By envy fed strives to unhinge his fate

From off its lofty pyramids, and throw  
 What merit raised unto a place more low  
 Than their first step to glory yet, whilst nought  
 But honour was engaged, disdain ne'er sought 260  
 For life-excluding corrosives, but love  
 Bearing a part, two suns might sooner move  
 In the same sphere, than that hot guest endure  
 A rival flame Desert could not secure  
 Worth thus besieged, yet this accurst intent  
 Dares not unveil itself The army sent  
 By him from fair Gerenza, ere the sun  
 Performed his summer's progress, had begun  
 To garrison their weary force within  
 Such towns as their own valour first did win 270  
 From the retired Aetolians Ere this task  
 Was fully ended, curtained in the mask  
 Of merit's lawful claim, reward, there came  
 A large commission, which Zoranza's name  
 Had made authentic—That the government  
 Of Ardena, a town whose strength had spent  
 The baffled foe whole fields of blood, should be  
 Conferred on him By the vicinity  
 O' the place freed from a tedious journey, in  
 The city he arrives, and, what had been  
 Sent from his prince, presents those mandates that  
 Informed the governor who, frighted at  
 The strange commands, lets a pale guilt o'ertake  
 His swift resolves, till glorious hopes did shake  
 Those mourning robes of conscience off, and, in  
 The purple garments of a thriving sin,  
 Shadows his trembling soul, lest she appear  
 Shook with a cold fit of religious fear  
 The discomposure of his look, which did  
 Appear the birth of discontent, forbid 290  
 Suspicion of a blacker sin That night,  
 As being the last of's charge, he did invite  
 Argalia to remain his guest, the next  
 Promising to be his, yet seeming vex  
 To leave the place, though only to conceal  
 His dark design, that did itself reveal  
 To none but some selected soldiers, by  
 Whose help he meant to murder him To vie  
 Its benefits with the day's, night had bestowed  
 Refreshing slumbers upon all that owed 300  
 It to the last day's labour, when, without  
 Fear of approaching danger, hemmed about  
 With guards of honest valour, all his train,  
 Save such as mere necessity detain,

269 force] Orig 'fort'

277 whole] Orig 'whose'

Lodged in the city fearless Argalia in  
 The castle lies where having tempted been  
 By midnight revels full crowned cups to be  
 Betrayed from reason to ebriety  
 But nought prevailing he at length is led  
 Like an intended sacrifice t the bed 310  
 Ordained to be his last until the earth  
 Within her womb afford him one The birth  
 O the morn grew near her slow approach ere all  
 Those engines by whose strength they meant his fall  
 Could be prepared The governor that held  
 The helm of this black mischief had expelled  
 The poisonous guilt of staining his own sword  
 With blood providing villains that abhorred  
 No sins contagion, though revenge did wait  
 On every guilty step That evenings bait 320  
 Their liquid mirth had laid although it took  
 No use of reason from his soul had shook  
 Its labouring faculties into a far  
 More sudden slumber which composed the war  
 Of wandering fancy in a harmony  
 Of the concordant humours until by  
 The sudden noise of those ordained to be  
 His murderers he wakes Amazed to see  
 His chamber so possessed he catches hold  
 On one of them but finds his strength controlled 330  
 By the assistance of the other in  
 The embryo of this treachery ere their sin  
 Was past to execution he conjures  
 Them to forbear so black a deed assures  
 Them of rewards greater than hope could call  
 A debt from him that basely sought his fall  
 But deadly silence had barred up the gates  
 Of every voice those cursed assassins  
 Prepared for action were but Heaven prevents  
 That aged sin of murdering innocents 340  
 With miracles of mercy There was found  
 Not long before an ancient story, crowned  
 With a prophetic honour that contained  
 This sacred truth — When Ardenna is stained  
 With treachery in friendships veil disguised  
 Her sable tower shall be by foes surprised  
 This known but misconceived to cozen Fate,  
 They did unwounded bear without the gate  
 The now resistless lion that did lie,  
 Like that brave prince o the forest fettered by 350  
 A crew of trembling hunters To the brow  
 Of a high promontory that did bow  
 Its black cliffs oer the clamorous waves they had  
 Conveyed the noble youth The place a sad  
 ( 141 )

And dismal horror wore, the grim aspects  
Of lowering rocks the grey-eyed sea reflects  
In ugly glaring beams, the night-raven beats  
His rusty wings, and from their squalid seats  
The baleful screech-owls fly, to bear their parts  
In the sad murmur of the night    Those hearts    360  
Custom had steeled with crimes, perhaps had been  
Here frightened to repentance, had not sin,  
Assisted by the hands of avarice, drawn  
The bridge of reason, and obscured the dawn  
Of infant goodness    To redeem the time  
Astonishment had lost, towards their crime  
They now themselves precipitate, the hand  
Ordnained to ruin that fair structure, and  
Unravel his life's even thread, prepares  
To strike the fatal blow, but He that dares    370  
Obstruct commanded villany forbid  
The further progress of their guilt, and chid  
That pale sin in rough language of a strange  
Confused sound, striking their ears—did change  
The ominous dirges of the night into  
A various noise of human voices    Who  
Durst in that secret place approach, 'twas now  
Too late to think on, the rock's spacious brow  
Was clouded o'er with men, whose glittering arms  
Threatened destruction, ere their swift alarms    380  
Could summon sleep's enfeebled aid    Whilst they  
Forsake their prisoner, who becomes a prey  
To the invaders, seeking safety in  
Their flight, they fall before him that had been  
Ordnained to speedier ruin, entering at  
The open sallyport, they give by that  
Rash act directions to the foe that mixed  
Promiscuously with them, and now had fixed  
Their standards on the gates    The castle, in  
Feverish alarms sweating, did begin    390  
To ease her fiery stomach, by the breath  
O' the full-mouthed cannon    ministers of death  
In this hot labour busily distils  
Extracted spirits, noise and tumult fills  
The frightened city, whose fired turrets lent  
A dismal light    But the assailants spent  
Their blood in vain, the soldiers that had been  
At the first trembling fit distracted in  
Confusion's giddy maze, had rallied now  
Their scattered spirits, and were seeking how    400  
To purge dishonour's stains in the bright fire  
Of rage-contracted valour    To retire

393, 4 distils, fills] Singer corrects both false concords—things which, it may be well to repeat just once, Chamberlayne certainly commits knowingly in some places

Unto their ships in safety now is all  
 The invaders hope for, but so many fall  
 In that attempt it leaves no triumph due  
 To Fortune's temple By this winding clew  
 Of various fate, Argalia only finds  
 That stroke of death deceived no hand unbinds  
 His corded arms but that which meant to lay  
 Bondage as hard so corrosives do stay 410  
 A gangrene fed by springs of poisonous blood  
 When reaching at the heart as these withstood  
 The cataracts of death With tyrants more  
 Indomitable than the sea that bore  
 Their black fleet leave our hero to untie  
 This knotty riddle of his fate whilst by  
 The ignis fatuus of a fancy led  
 With slow paced feet through other paths we tread  
 The tumults of the city silenced in  
 A peaceful calm what the effects had been 420  
 Of those loud clamours whilst all seek to know  
 Argalia's loss makes giddy wonder grow  
 Into suspicion—that this act might be  
 Some stratagem o the governor to free  
 Himself from a successor But those sly  
 Darts of mistrust were rendered hurtless by  
 His prince's mandates whose envenomed hate  
 That spurious birth had made legitimate  
 Yet swift revenge affronts his treason in  
 Its full career, his master having been 430  
 By him informed of a surprisal where  
 All sounds but death affrighted could not bear  
 The burthen of his fears and yet not sink  
 Deeper in sin Ere the poor wretch could think  
 On aught but undeserved rewards he by  
 A brace of mutes being strangled from the high  
 But empty clouds of expectation drops  
 To let the world know what vain shadow props  
 Those blood erected pyramids that stand  
 On secret murders black and rotten sand 440  
 When thus the Syracusan had secured  
 His future fame passion that still endured  
 A strong distemperature slept not until  
 The story of their crossed design did fill  
 Palermo's prince's ear Argalia's loss  
 Was now the ball that babbling Fame did toss  
 Thorough the court upon whose airy wing  
 Reaching the island it too soon did bring  
 The heavy news disguised in robes more sad  
 Than truth to her whose stock of virtues had 450

444 crossed] Or g cross and cross is not at all impossible

445 Palermo s] Palermo introduces a fresh confusion of scene

( 143 )

Been ventured on that sea of merit In  
 Such forms of grief, as princes that have been  
 Hurl'd from the splendid glories of a throne  
 Into a dungeon, her great soul did groan  
 Beneath the weights of grief the doleful tale  
 Had thunder-struck all joy, her spirits exhale  
 Their vigour forth in sighs, and faintly let  
 That glorious fabric, unto which they're set  
 Supporters, fall to the earth Yet sorrow stays  
 Not in this frigid zone, rude grief betrays 460  
 Her passions to her father's jealous ear,  
 Who, fearing least Argalia's stars might clear  
 Their smoky orbs, and once more take a flight  
 From death's cold house, by a translated light,  
 To separate from sorrow, and again,  
 In fortune's house, lord of the ascendant reign,  
 He doubts that island's safety, and from thence  
 Removes her with what speedy diligence  
 Fear could provoke suspicion to Her train,  
 Shook with that sudden change, desire in vain 470  
 The island's pleasure, ere they know how much  
 Their fates must differ As it oft in such  
 Unlooked for changes happens, each man vents  
 His own opinion,—some said, discontents  
 Of the young princess, others, that the season  
 O' the year was cause but though none know his reason.  
 All must obey his will The pleasant isle,  
 Whose walks, fair gardens, prospects, did beguile  
 Time of so many happy hours, must now,  
 A solitary wilderness whose brow 480  
 Winter had bound in folds of ice, be left  
 To wail their absence, whilst each tree, bereft  
 Of leaves, did like to virgin mourners stand,  
 Clothed in white veils of glittering icelets, and  
 Shook with the breath of those sharp winds that brought  
 The hoary frost The pensive birds had sought  
 Out springs that were unbarred with ice, and there  
 Grew hoarse with cold, the crusted earth did wear  
 A rugged armour, every bank, unclad  
 With flowers, concealed the juicy roots that had 490  
 Adorned their summer's dress, the meadows' green  
 And fragrant mantle, withering, lay between  
 The grizly mountain's naked arms,—all grows  
 Into a swift decay, as if it owes  
 That tribute unto her departure, by  
 Whose presence 'twas adorned Seated did lie,  
 Within the circuit of Gerenza's wall,  
 Though stretched to embrace, a castle, which they call

474 said] Orig 'did' 486 frost] 'Frost' is Singer's correction for 'fish' which cannot be right, and was probably suggested by 'birds'

The prince's tower—a place whose strength had stood  
 Unshook with danger—When that violent flood 500  
 Of war raged in the land hither were brought  
 Such if of noble blood whose greatness sought  
 From treacherous plots extension yet although  
 To those a prison here he did bestow  
 His best of treasure briefly it had been  
 Unto the Spartan kings a magazine  
 Since first they ruled that kingdom and whenever  
 A war drew near them their industrious care  
 Made it their place of residence The hill  
 'Twas built upon with s rocky feet did fill 510  
 A spacious isthmus at its depth a lake,  
 Supplied b the neighbouring sea let in to make  
 The fort the more impregnable with slow  
 But a deep current running did bestow  
 A dreadful prospect on the bended brow  
 O the hill which covered with no earth did bow  
 Its torn cliffs o'er the heavy stream The way  
 That led to it was o'er a bridge, which they  
 That guard it did each night draw up, from whence  
 A steep ascent whose natural defence 520  
 Assisted by all helps of art had made  
 The fatal place so dangerous to invade—  
 Each step a death presented Here when he  
 Had placed his daughter, whose security  
 Rocks walls nor rivers warranted without  
 A trusty guard of soldiers hemmed about  
 The walls less hard than they Those gentlemen  
 That on her happier court attended when  
 Argalia did command them as too mild  
 Were now discharged, their office on a wild 30  
 Band of those mountain soldiers who had in  
 His last great war most famed for valour been  
 Being conferred and these lest they should be  
 Forced by commands into civility  
 Bestowed upon the fierce Brumorchus one  
 Whose knotty disposition nature spun  
 With all her coarsest threads composing it  
 For strength not beauty yet a lodging fit  
 For such a rough unpolished guest as that  
 Black soul whose dictates it oft trembled at 40  
 In feverish glooms whose subterranean fire  
 Inflamed that ill formed chaos with desire  
 Its vigour to employ in nought of kin  
 To goodness till 'twas better tempered in  
 The prince's court where though he could not cast  
 His former rudeness off yet having past

540 oft] O 1g ought another no do bt, of the slips of ea



The fling of the courtiers' tongues, at length  
It thus far wrought him—he converts that strength  
To 's prince's service, which till then had lay  
In passion's fetters, learning to obey 550  
The gentle strokes of government Though bred  
In savage wildness, nursed with blood, and fed  
With hourly rapine, since he had forsook  
Those desert haunts a firm obedience took  
Hold on 's robustious nature, not to be  
By that effeminate wanton, Flattery,  
Stroked to a yielding mildness Which being known  
To the mistrustful prince, whose passions, grown  
So far above the reach of reason that  
Her strength could not support them, bending at 560  
Their own unwieldy temper, sunk into  
Acts that his milder thoughts would blush to do,  
Make him from all his nobler captains choose  
Forth this indomitable beast To use  
So harsh a discipline unto the sole  
Heir to his crown, a lady that did roll  
More virtues on the spindle of her life,  
Than Fate days' length of thread, had raised a strife  
So high in his vexed subjects' blood, that all  
Murmur in secret, but there's none durst call 570  
His prince's acts in question to behold  
Her prison through their tears, and then unfold  
Their friends a veil of sorrow, is the most  
Their charity durst do But that which crost  
Distressed Pharonnida above the grief  
Of her restraint, or aught but the belief  
Of her Argalia's death, is now to be  
Barred, when she wants it most, society  
With sorrowful Florenza, whilst she staid,  
The partner of her secrets, now betrayed 580  
By false Amphibia to her father, and  
Banished the court, retiring, to withstand  
The storms of greatness, to her father's own  
Poor quiet home, which, as if ne'er she'd known  
The beauties of a palace, did content  
Her even thoughts, at leisure to lament  
In pensive tears her wretched mistress' fate,  
Whose joys eclipsed, converts her robes of state  
To mourning sables What delights the place  
Was capable of having, to deface 590  
The characters of grief, her father strives  
To make them hers, but no such choice flower thrives  
In the cold region of her breast,—she makes  
Her prison such as theirs, whose guilt forsakes  
All hopes of mercy The slow-footed day,  
Hardly from night distinguished, steals away

Few beams from her tear-clouded eyes and those  
 A melancholy pensiveness bestows  
 On saddest objects The overshadowed room,  
 Wherein she sat, seemed but a large sized tomb,  
 Where beauty buried lay, its furniture  
 Of doleful black hung in it to inure  
 Her eyes to objects like her thoughts In which  
 Night-dress of sorrow, till a smile enrich  
 Impoverished beauty I must leave her to  
 Her sighs those sad companions! and renew  
 His fatal story, for whose love alone  
 She dares exchange the glories of a throne.

600

## THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO

## Canto III

## THE ARGUMENT

From treachery which two princes annals stained,  
 The brave Argal a by protecting fate  
 Delivered land on Rhodes fair isle attained  
 Being there elected champion for their state

In which design, although with victory blest  
 The common fate him soon a prisoner makes  
 To a proud Turk beneath whose power distressed,  
 His virtue proffered liberty forsakes.

THROUGH the dark paths of dusty annals, we  
 Led by his valour's light return to see  
 Argalias story who hath, since that night  
 Wherein he took that strange distracted flight  
 From treacherous Ardena performed a course  
 So full of threatening dangers that the force  
 Of his protecting angel trembled to  
 Support his fate which cracked the slender clew  
 Of destiny almost to death His stars  
 Doubting their influence when such horrid wars  
 The gods proclaimed, withdrew their languished beams  
 Beneath heavens spangled arch In pitchy streams  
 The heavy clouds unlade their wombs until  
 The angry winds fearing the flood should fill  
 The air their region where they ruled did break  
 Their marble lodgings, nature's self grew weak

10

*Ag 3 on] Orig or and I would not undertake that Chamberlayne's restless and  
 unconventional thought did not understand by land continent or main and  
 suggest a sort of parenthesis of correction*

*15 their] Snger 'the reg on to some positive loss*

With these distemperatures, and seemed to draw  
Toward dissolution, her neglected law  
Each element forgot the imprisoned flame,  
When the clouds' stock of moisture could not tame 20  
Its violence, in sulphury flashes break  
Thorough the glaring air, the swoln clouds speak  
In the loud voice of thunder, the sea raves  
And foams with anger, hurls his troubled waves  
High as the moon's dull orb, whose waning light  
Withdrew to add more terror to the night

When the black curtain of this storm that took  
The use of art away, had made them look  
For nought but swift destruction, being so vain  
For th' mariners to row that the proud main 30  
Scorned to be lashed with oars, to ease distress,  
The night forsook them but a day no less  
Dreadful succeeds it, by whose doubtful light  
The wretched captives soon discover right  
Near them a Turkish navy, to whose aid  
The renegadoes (having first displayed  
Their silver crescents) join Nor did they meet  
That help untimely, a brave Rhodian fleet  
Set forth from those, the Christian bulwarks, to  
Obstruct the Turks' invasions, was in view 40

To meet the threatening danger, which 'twas then  
Too late to waive, that miracle of men,  
The brave Argalia, chained unto an oar,  
Is with a thousand noble captives more  
Forced to assist damned infidels And now  
The well-armed fleets draw near, their swift keels plough  
The ocean's angry front First, they salute  
Each other with their cannon, those grown mute,  
Come to more desperate fight, unfriendly bands  
Unite their vessels, the fierce soldier stands 50  
Firm on his hatches, whilst another boards  
His active enemies, whose ship affords  
No room for such unwelcome guests, but sends  
Their scattered limbs into thin air, each bends  
His strength to's foe's destruction Plunging in  
Which bloody sweat, the Rhodians' hopes had been  
Lost with their fleet, had not kind fortune smiled  
Thus on their fear Whilst action had beguiled  
Each soul of passive cares, Argalia sees  
A way to unlock his rusty chain, and frees 60  
Himself and fellows from their bank, which done,  
Those that continued at their oars did run  
The vessel from the rest, and, ere unto  
Their sight betrayed, the trembling pirates slew

Then closing with their unsuspecting foes  
 I the vigour of the fight they discompose  
 Their well ranged fleet and such confusion strook  
 Into the van to see their rear thus shook  
 With an unlooked for hurricane that in  
 A fearful haste the numerous Turks begin  
 To stretch their fins and flee But all their speed 70  
 Was spent in vain Argali's hand had freed  
 So many captives that their galleys must  
 Unto the winds uncertain favour trust  
 Or else becalmed, but feebly crawl before  
 Their eager foes who both with sail and oar  
 Chased them to ruin Glorious victory  
 Thus to the Christian party being by  
 A stranger purchased, with such high applause  
 As those that rescue a declining cause 80  
 From the approach of ruin welcomed he  
 Is now received into th society  
 Of the brave Christian order But they not  
 Long joyed in victory, ere the Turk, to blot  
 The stains of being conquered out had made  
 A mighty army ready to invade  
 The valiant Rhodians where Argali shows  
 So brave a spirit their whole army owes  
 His valour for example The Turks had oft  
 Made desperate onslaughts on the isle but brought 90  
 Nought back but wounds and infamy, but now  
 Wearied with toil they are resolved to bow  
 Their stubborn resolutions with the strength  
 Of not-to-be resisted want The length  
 O the chronical disease extended had  
 To some few months since to oppress the sad  
 But constant islanders the army lay  
 Circling their confines Whilst this tedious stay  
 From battle rusts the soldier's valour in  
 His tainted cabin there had often been 100  
 With all variety of fortune fought  
 Brave single combats whose success had brought  
 Honours unwithered laurels on the brow  
 Of either party but the balance now  
 Forced by the hand of a brave Turk inclined  
 Wholly to them Thrice had his valour shined  
 In victory's refulgent rays thrice heard  
 The shouts of conquest thrice on s lance appeared  
 The heads of noble Rhodians which had strook  
 A general sorrow mongst the knights All look 110

89 oft] Orig ought There can be no doubt about the right word in meaning but it is an interesting point in the History of Rhyme whether brought was pronounced with the sound of cough or whether oft was forced in a *pl squa* Spenserian fashion to suit the eye

Who next the lists should enter, each desires  
The task were his, but honour now requires  
A spirit more than vulgar, or she dies  
The next attempt, their valour's sacrifice,  
To prop whose ruins, chosen by the free  
Consent of all, Argalia comes to be  
Their happy champion Truce proclaimed until  
The combat end, the expecting people fill  
The spacious battlements, the Turks forsake  
Their tents, of whom the city ladies take  
A dreadful view, till a more noble sight  
Diverts their looks Each part behold their knight  
With various wishes, whilst in blood and sweat  
They toil for victory The conflict's heat  
Raged in their veins, which honour more inflamed  
Than burning calentures could do, both blamed  
The feeble influence of their stars that gave  
No speedier conquest, each neglects to save  
Himself—to seek advantage to offend  
His eager foe The dreadful combat's end  
Nought but their loss of blood proclaims, their spirits  
In that reflux of heat and life inherits  
Valour's unconquered throne But now so long  
The Turks' proud champion had endured the strong  
Assaults of the stout Christian, till his strength  
Cooled on the ground, with 's blood, he fell at length  
Beneath his conquering sword The barbarous crew  
O' the villains, that did at a distance view  
Their champion's fall, all bands of truce forgot,  
Running to succour him, begin a hot  
And desperate combat with those knights that stand  
To aid Argalia, by whose conquering hand  
Whole squadrons of them fall but here he spent  
His mighty spirit in vain, their cannons rent  
His scattered troops, who for protection fly  
T' the city gates, but, closely followed by  
Their foes, did there for sad oblations fall  
To dying liberty Their battered wall  
Groaned with the wondrous weight of lead, and in  
Its ruins hides her battlements, within  
The bloody streets the Turkish crescents are  
Displayed, whilst all the miseries of war  
Raged in their palaces The common sort  
Of people make the barbarous soldier sport  
In dying, whilst those that survive them crave  
Their fate in vain, here cruelty did save  
And mercy only kill, since death set free  
Those happier souls from dire captivity,  
At length the unrestrained soldier tires,  
Although not satisfies his foul desires,

120

130

140

150

160

With rapes and murder When, amongst those poor  
 Distressed captives that from thence they bore  
 Argalia lies in chains ordained to die  
 A sacrifice unto the cruelty  
 Of the fierce bashaw, whose loved favourite in  
 The combat late he slew yet had not been  
 In that so much unhappy had not he  
 That honoured then his sword with victory  
 Half brother to Janusa been—a bright  
 But cruel lady whose refined delight 1,0  
 Her slave though husband Ammurat durst not  
 Ruffle with discontent Wherefore to cool that hot  
 Contention of her blood which he foresaw  
 That heavy news would from her anger draw  
 To quench with the brave Christians death he sent  
 Him living to her that her anger spent  
 In flaming torments might not settle in  
 The dregs of discontent Staying to win  
 Some Rhodian castles all the prisoners were  
 Sent with a guard into Sardinia there 180  
 To meet their wretched thraldom From the rest  
 Argalia severed soon hopes to be blest  
 With speedy death though waited on by all  
 The hell instructed torments that could fall  
 Within invention's reach But he's not yet  
 Arrived to a period his unmoved stars sit  
 Thus in their orbs secured—It was the use  
 O the Turkish pride which triumphs in the abuse  
 Of suffering Christians once before they take  
 The ornaments of nature off to make 190  
 Their prisoners public to the view that all  
 Might mock their miseries This sight did call  
 Janusa to her palace window where  
 Whilst she beholds them love resolved to bear  
 Her ruin on her treacherous eye beams till  
 Her heart infected grew their orbs did fill,  
 As the most pleasing object with the sight  
 Of him whose sword opened a way for th' flight  
 Of her loved brother's soul At the first view  
 Passion had struck her dumb but when it grew 200  
 Into desire she speedily did send  
 To have his name, which known hate did defend  
 Her heart besieged with love, she sighs and straight  
 Commands him to a dungeon, but Love's bait  
 Cannot be so cast up though to deface  
 His image in her soul she strives The place  
 For s execution she commands to be  
 Gainst the next day prepared but rest and she  
 Grow enemies about it if she steal  
 A slumber from her thoughts that doth reveal 210

Her passions in a dream, sometimes she thought  
She saw her brother's pale grim ghost, that brought  
His grisly wounds to show her, smeared in blood,  
Standing before her sight, and, by that flood  
Those red streams wept, imploring vengeance; then,  
Enraged, she cries—Oh, let him die But when  
Her sleep-imprisoned fancy, wandering in  
The shades of darkened reason, did begin  
To draw Argalia's image on her soul,  
Love's sovereign power did suddenly control 220  
The strength of those abortive embryos, sprung  
From smothered anger The glad birds had sung  
A lullaby to night, the lark was fled,  
On drooping wings, up from his dewy bed,  
To fan them in the rising sun-beams, ere  
Whose early reign, Janusa, that could bear  
No longer locked within her breast so great  
An army of rebellious passions, beat  
From Reason's conquered fortress, did unfold  
Her thoughts to Manto, a stout wench, whose bold 230  
Wit, joined with zeal to serve her, had endeared  
Her to her best affections Having cleared  
All doubts with hopeful promises, her maid,  
By whose close wiles this plot must be conveyed  
To secret action, of her council makes  
Two eunuch-panders, by whose help she takes  
Argalia from his keeper's charge, as to  
Suffer more torments than the rest should do,  
And lodged him in that castle, to affright  
And soften his great soul with fear The light, 240  
Which lent its beams unto the dismal place  
In which he lay, without presents the face  
Of horror smeared in blood—A scaffold, built  
To be the stage of murder, blushed with guilt  
Of Christian blood, by several torments let  
From the imprisoning veins This object set  
To startle his resolves if good, and make  
His future joys more welcome, could not shake  
The heaven-built pillars of his soul, that stood  
Steady, though in the slippery paths of blood 250  
The gloomy night now sat enthroned in dead  
And silent shadows, midnight curtains spread  
The earth in black for what the falling day  
Had blushed in fire, whilst the brave prisoner lay  
Circled in darkness, yet in those shades spends  
The hours with angels, whose assistance lends  
Strength to the wings of Faith, which, mounted on  
The rock of hope, was hovering to be gone  
Towards her eternal fountain, from whose source  
Celestial love enjoined her lower course 260

Whilst in this holy ecstacy, his knees  
 Descent did mount his heart to Him that sees  
 His thoughts developed whilst dull shades oppress  
 The drowsy hemisphere whilst all did rest  
 Save those whose actions blushed at day light, or  
 Such wretched souls whose sullen cares abhor  
 Truce with refreshing slumbers he beholds  
 A glimmering light whose near approach unfolds  
 The leaves of darkness Whilst his wonder grows  
 Big with amazement the dim taper shows  
 What hand conveyed it thither he might see  
 I also Minto entered who prepared to be  
 A bawd unto her lustful mistress came  
 Not with persuasive rhetoric to inflame  
 A heart congealed with death's approach but thaw  
 Him from the frozen rocks of rigid law  
 With brighter constellations, that did move  
 In spheres where every star was fired with love

20

The siren yet to show that she had left  
 Some modesty unruffled by the theft  
 Of mercenary baseness sadly wept—  
 Her errands prologue but guilt was not kept  
 Within the curtain long she only sate  
 A mourner for the sickness of his fate  
 Until esteemed for pitiful and then  
 I prescribe this remedy — Most blest of men  
 Compose thy wonder and let only joy  
 Dwell in thy soul, my coming's to destroy  
 Not nurse thy trembling fears Be but so wise  
 To follow thy swift fate and thou may'st rise  
 Above the reach of danger In thy arms  
 Circle that power whose radiant brightness charms  
 Pierce Ammurat's anger when his crescents shine  
 In a full orb of forces What was thine  
 I made a prisoner though the doubtful state  
 Of the best Christian monarch will abate  
 Its splendour when that daughter of the night  
 Thy feeble star shines in a heaven of light  
 If life or liberty then bear a share  
 Worthy thy courting swear not to escape  
 By the attempts of strength and I will free  
 The iron bonds of thy captivity

250

90

300

A solemn oath by that Great Power he served  
 Took and believed his hopes no longer starved  
 In expectation From that swarthy set  
 Of sad despair his narrow jail replete  
 With lazy damps she leads him to a room  
 In whose delights Joy's summer seemed to bloom,  
 There left him to the brisk society  
 Of costly baths and Corsic wines whose high

310



And sprightly temper from cool sherbets found  
A calm allay Here his harsh thoughts unwind  
Themselves in pleasure, as not fearing fate  
So much, but that he dares to recreate  
His spirits, by unwieldy action tired,  
With all that lust into no crime had fired

By mutes, those silent ministers of sin,  
His sullied garments were removed, and in  
Their place such various habits laid, as Pride  
Would clothe her favourites with, she means to hide 320  
From those deformities, which, accident,  
On Nature's issue, striving to prevent  
Form's even progress, casts, when she would twine  
That active male with matter feminine

Unruffled here by the rash wearer, rests  
Fair Persian mantles, rich Slavonian vests  
The gaudy Tuscan, or transmuted shape  
Of the fantastic French—the British ape,  
The grave and constant Spaniard, all might here  
Find garments, such as princes would appear 330  
To grace their honoured nuptials in, or tell  
Strangers how much their treasure doth excel  
Though on this swift variety of fate  
He looks with wonder, yet his brave soul sate  
Too safe within her guards of reason, to  
Be shook with passion that there's something new  
And strange approaching after such a storm,  
This gentle calm assures him, but the form  
Of pleasure softens not that which the other  
And worse extreme not with fear's damps could smother 340  
He flies not with the rugged separatist  
Pleasure's smooth walks, nor doth, enjoying, twist  
Those threads of gold to fetters, he dares taste  
All mirth, but what religion's stock would waste  
His limbs, from wounds but late recovered, now  
Refreshed with liquid odours, did allow  
Their suppled nerves no softer rest, but in  
Such robes as wore their ornament within,  
Veiled o'er their beauty Linen, smooth and soft  
As Phoenix' down, and whiter than what's brought 350  
From furthest China, he puts on, and then,  
What habit custom made familiar, when  
Clothed in his own, makes choice of for to be  
Most honoured of that rich variety

In an Italian garb t' the doublet clad,  
Manto, lust's swift and watchful spy, that had  
With an officious care attended on  
That motion, entering, hastes him to be gone

Toward more sublime delights Which though a just 360  
 And holy doubt proclaim the road of lust,  
 Knowing his better angel did attend  
 Upon each step he ventures to descend  
 The dreadful precipice so far until  
 The burning vale was seen then mounts the hill  
 Of heaven bred fortitude from whence disdain  
 Floods of contempt on those dark fires did rain  
 His guilty conduct now had brought him near  
 Janus's room the glaring lights appear  
 Thorough the windows crystal walls, the strong 370  
 Perfumes of balmy incense mixed among  
 The wandering atoms of the air did fly  
 Sights nimble scouts yet were made captive by  
 A slower sense as if but to reveal  
 What breathed within those fugitives did steal  
 Thorough their unseen salliesports which now  
 Were useless grown The open doors allow  
 A free access into the room where come,  
 Such real forms he saw as would strike dumb  
 Their Alcoran's tales of paradise, the fair  
 And sparkling gems, the gilded roof impair 380  
 Their tapers fires yet both themselves confess  
 Weak to those flames Janus's eyes possess  
 With such a joy as bodies that do long  
 For souls shall meet them in the doomsdays throng  
 She that ruled princes though not passions sate  
 Waiting her lover on a throne whose state  
 Epitomized the empire's wealth her robe  
 With costly pride had robbed the chequered globe  
 Of its most fair and orient jewels to  
 Enhance its value captive princes who 390  
 Had lost their crowns might here those gems have seen  
 That did adorn them yet she trusts not in  
 These auxiliary strengths her confidence  
 In her own beauty rests which no defence  
 Of chastity ere yet withstood and now  
 She scorns to fear it when her power did bow  
 Unto a slave condemned that neer could look  
 To see the light, but whilst some torment took  
 The use of eyes away Whilst he draws near  
 By her command no less it did appear 400  
 Her wonder to behold his dauntless spirit  
 Than his what virtue to applaud as merit  
 Placed in a seat near her bright throne to stir  
 His settled thoughts she thus begins — 'From her  
 Your sword hath so much injured as to shed  
 Blood so near kin to mine that it was fed

367 conduct] Conduct for conductress may just deserve a note because of the  
 odd reversal of meaning involved 383 4 Blake! 398 light] Orig sight.

By the same milky fountains, and within  
One womb warmed into life, is such a sin  
I could not pardon, did not love commit  
A rape upon my mercy all the wit 410  
Of man in vain inventions had been lost,  
Ere thou redeemed, which now, although it cost  
The price of all my honours, I will do —  
Be but so full of gratitude as to  
Repay my care with love Why dost thou thus  
Sit dumb to my discourse? It lies in us  
To raise or ruin thee, and make my way  
Thorough their bloods that our embraces stay'

This on the spur of passion spoke, she strains  
His hand in hers, where feeling the big veins 420  
Beat with intemperate heat, conceiving it  
The strokes of lust, to aggravate the fit  
Into a paroxysm of guilt, she shows  
More than with modesty, how much she owes  
To Nature's treasure, for that ill-spent stock  
Of beauty she enjoyed — Her eyes unlock  
Two cabinets of sparkling diamonds, which  
The even foils of ebon brows enrich  
With a more orient brightness, on her cheek  
The roses, conquering the pale lily, seek 430  
To counterfeit a blush, but vanquished shame  
Submits to love, in whose insulting flame  
The modest virgin a sad martyr dies,  
And at Fame's wounds bleeds—Passion's sacrifice,  
Nature's embossed work, her soft swelling breasts,  
Those balls of living ivory, unprest  
Even with the weight of tiffany, displays  
Whiteness that shamed the swan's the blood, that strays  
In azure channels over them, did show  
By their swelled streams, how high the tide did flow 440  
Wherein her passions sailed, the milky way,  
Love's fragrant valley that betwixt them lay,  
Was moist with balmy dew, extracted by  
The busy spirits that did hovering fly  
Thorough her boiling blood, whose raging flame  
Had scorched to death the April flowers of shame  
To charm those sullen spirits that within  
The dark cells of his conscience might have been  
Yet by religion hid—that gift divine,  
The soul's composure, music, did refine 450  
The lazy air, whose polished harmony,  
Whilst dancing in redoubled echoes, by  
A wanton song was answered, whose each part  
Invites the hearing to betray the heart

434 bleeds] Orig 'bled'

Having with all these choice flowers strewed the way  
 That leads to lust to shun the slow delay  
 Of his approach her sickly passions haste  
 To die in action 'Come (she cries) we waste  
 The precious minutes Now thou know'st for what  
 Thout sent for hither which if active at  
 Thou only liv'st in my esteem And then  
 Oh impudence! which from the worst of men  
 Might force a blush she swiftly hastes to tread  
 Within lust's tropics her polluted bed  
 And here black sinner thou whose blood's disease  
 Of kin to hell's wants numbers to appease  
 Its flaming calenture blush to behold  
 A virgin virtue spotless leaves unfold  
 In youthful volume whilst thy ripe years spent  
 In lust hath lost thy age's ornament

460

470

In this as hot and fierce a charge of vice  
 As since he lost the field in Paradise  
 Man ever felt the brave Argalia sits  
 With virtue cooled in passion's feverish fits  
 Yet at life's garrisons his pulses beat  
 In hot alarms till to a soft retreat  
 Called by that fair commandress spite of all  
 Beauty's prevailing rhetoric though he fall  
 Ruined beneath her anger he by this  
 Unwelcome language her expected bliss  
 Converts to rage — And must my freedom then  
 At such a rate be purchased? Rather when  
 My life expires in torments let my name  
 Forgotten die than live in black mouthed fame  
 A servant to thy lust Go tempt thy own  
 Damned infidels to sin that neer had known  
 The way to virtue not this cobweb veil  
 Of beauty which thou wear'st but as a jail  
 To a soul pale with guilt can cover o'er  
 Thy mind's deformities a tainted whore  
 Conscience proclaim thee will when thou shalt sit  
 Shook with this spotted fevers trembling fit  
 Rent from these gilded pleasures send me to  
 A dungeon dark as hell, where shadows do  
 Reign in eternal silence, let these rich  
 And costly robes, the gaudy trappings which  
 Thou meanst to clothe my sin in, be exchanged  
 For sordid rags When thy fierce spleen hath ranged  
 Through all invented torments choose the worst  
 To punish my denial, less accursed  
 I so shall perish than if by consent  
 I'd taught thy guilty thoughts how to augment

480

490

470 hath] Singer as usual changes to have

Their sins in action, and, by giving ease  
 To thy blood's fever, took its loathed disease'  
 To have the spring-tide of her pleasures, swelled  
 By lust's salt waters, thus by force expelled  
 Back to confusion's troubled sea, had made  
 Such troops of passion ready to invade  
 An ill-defended conscience, that her look,  
 Like a cast felon's out of hopes o' the book, 510  
 Was sad with silent guilt The room she leaves  
 To her contemner, who not long receives  
 The benefit of rest, she that had been  
 The prologue unto this obstructed sin,  
 With six armed slaves was entered, thence to force  
 Him to his dismal jail but the divorce  
 Of life from those which first approached, joined to  
 The others' flight, had put her to renew  
 That scattered strength, had not that sacred tie,  
 His solemn oath, from laurelled victory 520  
 Snatched the fair wreath, and, though brave valour strives  
 To reach at freedom through a thousand lives,  
 At her command more tamely made him yield,  
 Than conquered virgins in the bridal field

## THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

## Canto IV

## THE ARGUMENT

Anger, improved by lust's enormous flame,  
 Fires vexed Janusa with such sad extremes  
 Of rage, that her sweet sex's native shame  
 Is scorched to death in those prodigious beams  
 Which whilst they to her angry lord betray  
 Her honour's loss, such tumults in him breed,  
 That both their deaths must serve for an allay,  
 Whose sudden fall our Christian champion freed

OUR noble captive, to fair Virtue's throne  
 In safety passed, though through Lust's burning zone,  
 Finds in his dungeon's lazy damps a rest  
 More sweet, though with the heavy weights opprest  
 Of iron bondage, than if they had been  
 Love's amorous wreaths, Janusa's arms, within  
 Whose ivory circles he had slept But she,  
 Her grief composed of all malignity,  
 Lust's flames unquenched converts to, whilst they burn,  
 Black thoughts within her breast—the beauteous urn 10

510 hopes o' the book] i e 'benefit of clergy'

Of lust's corruption Sometimes anger flies  
 Above the sphere of reason and there dies  
 With tears extinguished she breathes curses in  
 Her soul's pale agony, such as had been  
 More deadly than infectious damps if not  
 Strangled in the embryo—dead before their hot  
 Poison could work upon her fancy more  
 Than spleenful thoughts which were recalled before  
 Ripened for execution Now she steeps  
 Her down in tears a flood of sorrow weeps  
 Of power if penitent to expiate  
 Youths vigorous sins but all her mourning sate  
 Beneath a darker veil than that which shades  
 Repentant grief since sin but wished invades  
 The soul with that which leads to horror when  
 Grief for sins past brings into light again  
 One through a sea of trouble leads the way  
 To a safe harbour the other casts away  
 Poor shipwrecked mortals when by death's swift stroke  
 Life's feeble hold is from Hope's anchor broke

20

30

So far the fair Janusa in this sad  
 Region of grief had gone till sorrow had  
 That fever turned upon whose flaming wings  
 At first lust only sat to one which brings  
 Death's symptoms near her heart which had so long  
 Beneath the burden groaned until the strong  
 Disease had wrought up all the blood within  
 Her cheeks into consuming flames, the skin  
 Had lost its soft repose of flesh and lay  
 On nought but bones whose sharpness did betray  
 Their macerated nerves the rose had lost  
 His ensigns in her cheeks and though it cost  
 Pains near to death the lily had alone  
 Set his pale banners up no brightness shone  
 Within her eyes dim orbs whose fading light  
 Being quenched in death had set in endless night  
 Had not the wise endeavours of her maid  
 The careful Manto grief's pale scouts betrayed  
 By sly deceit knowing if she should want  
 Health until cured by that exotic plant  
 The captives love what lust at first did burn  
 With inflammations might a gangrene turn  
 Although she cures not yet gives present ease  
 By laying opiates to the harsh disease

40

50

A letter which did for uncivil blame  
 His first denial in the stranger's name  
 Disguised she gives her which with eyes that did  
 Overflow with joy read o'er had soon forbid  
 Grief's sullen progress whose next stage had been  
 O'er life's short road the grave—death's quiet inn

60

From whose dark terror, by this gleam of light,  
Like trembling children by a lamp's weak light  
Freed from night's dreadful shadows, she'd embraced  
Sleep, Nature's darkness, had not joy defaced  
Those sooty characters, and on the wings  
Of airy hope—that wanton bird which sings  
As soon as fledged—advanced her to survey  
The dawning beauties of a longed-for day

But ere this pyramid of pleasure to  
Its height arrives, with 's presence to undo  
The golden structure, dreadful Ammurat  
From 's floating mansion safely landed at  
The city's port, impatient love had brought  
In an untimely visit ere swift thought,  
Fettered with guilt, could from his eager eye  
By an excuse to sanctuary fly,  
He enters, and she faints! In which pale trance  
His pity finds her, but to no such chance  
Imputes the cause, rather conceives it joy,  
Whose rushing torrent made her heart employ  
Its nimble servants, all her spirits, to  
Prevent a deluge, which might else undo  
Love's new-made commonwealth But whilst his care  
Hastens to help, her fortune did declare  
Her sorrow's dark enigma from her bed  
The letter drops—which, when life's army fled  
Their frontier garrisons, neglected had  
Been left within 't,—this seen, declares a sad  
Truth to the amazed bassa, though 'twere mixt  
With subtle falsehood Whilst he stands, betwixt  
High rage and grief distracted, doubtful yet  
In what new dress to wear revenge, the fit  
Forsakes Janusa, who, not knowing she  
Detected stood of lust's conspiracy  
'Gainst honour's royal charter, from a low  
Voice strains a welcome, which did seem to flow  
From fickle discontent, such as the weak  
Lungs breathe the thoughts in whilst their fibres break

To counterfeited slumbers leaving her,  
He's gone, with silent anger to confer,  
And, though rage lives in fire, the fury lies  
Unseen through the false optics of his eyes  
With such a farewell as kind husbands leave  
Their pregnant wives, preparing to receive  
A mother's first of blessings, he forsakes  
The room, and into strict inquiry takes  
The wretched Manto, who, ere she could call  
Excuse to aid, surprised, discovers all  
Her sin's black art, from whose dark theorems he  
This method draws —That night, designed to be

Lightened with lust's hot triumphs he pretends  
 Commanded absence yet the false stroke bends  
 But towards that guard ere by a swift reverse  
 Brought back, his souls sly scouts had gained commerce  
 With all those enemies to honour, by  
 Whose aid Janusa ruins chastity

Placed by false Manto in a closet, which  
 Silent and sad had only to enrich  
 Its roof with light some few neglected beams  
 Sent from Janusa's room which serve as streams 120  
 To waft intelligence,—here he beheld  
 Whilst she who with his absence had expelled  
 All thoughtful cares was with her joy swelled high  
 As captives are when called to liberty  
 Her linen like a princely brides that meets  
 In the soft folds of her first nuptial sheets  
 Perfumed and costly, her fur bed was more  
 Adorned than shrines whose saints rich kings adore,  
 Incense in smoky curls climbs to the fair  
 Roof whilst choice music rarifies the air 130  
 Each element in more perfection here  
 Than in their first creation did appear  
 Yet lived in harmony—the winged fire lent  
 Perfumes to the air that to moist cordials pent  
 In crystal vials strength and those impart  
 Their vigour to that ball of earth the heart  
 The nice eye here epitomized might see  
 Rich Persia's wealth and old Rome's luxury

But now, like Nature's new made favourite  
 Who until all created for delight 140  
 Was framed did neer see paradise comes in  
 Deceived Argalir thinking he had been  
 Called thither to behold a penitent  
 Arming for death not heavens choice blessings spent  
 On th' vanities of life but mirth soon gives  
 That thought its mortal wound and shows she lives  
 Beyond that dark sphere—where her joys did move  
 As if her eyes alone gave laws to love  
 Where beauty's constellations all did shine  
 As if no cross aspect could e'er untwine 150  
 Their clasped conjunctions which did seem to guide  
 Old nature's steps till from their zeniths pride  
 By virtue the souls motion which the world  
 In order keeps into confusion hurled  
 For here gay Vanity, though clothed in all  
 Her gaudy pageants lets her trophies fall  
 Before bright virtues throne With such a high  
 Heroic scorn as aged saints that die  
 Heavens favourites, leave the trivial world he slights  
 That gilded pomp no splendent beam invites 160



His serious eye to meet their objects in  
An amorous glance reserved as he had been  
Before his grave confessor, he beholds  
Beauty's bright magic, while its art unfolds  
Great love's mysterious riddles, and commands  
Captive Janusa to infringe the bands  
Of matrimonial modesty When all  
Temptation fails, she leaves her throne to fall,  
The scorn of greatness, at his feet but prayer,  
Like flattery, expires in useless air,  
Too weak to batter that firm confidence  
Their torment's thunder could not shake From hence  
Despair, love's tyrant, had enforced her to  
More wild attempts, had not her Ammurat, who,  
Unseen, beheld all this, prevented by  
His sight the death of bleeding modesty

170

Made swift with rage, the ruffled curtain flies  
His angry touch—he enters—fixed his eyes,  
From whence some drops of rage distil, on her  
Whose heart had lent her face its character  
Whilst he stood red with flaming anger, she  
Looks pale with fear,—passion's disparity,  
In such extremes as nature's laws require,  
'Twixt earth's cold centre and the air's circling fire,  
Dwelt in their troubled breasts, his wild eyes stood,  
Like comets when attracting storms of blood,  
Shook with portentous sadness, whilst hers sate  
Like the dull earth, when trembling at the fate  
Of those ensuing ills—heavy and fixt  
Within their orbs Passions thus strangely mixt,  
No various fever e'er created in  
The frenzied brain, when Sleep's sweet calm had been  
From her soft throne deposed This lightning past,  
Thunder succeeds, as burning mountains cast  
But horrid noise after their flaming smoke,  
So having paused, his dreadful voice thus broke  
The dismal silence —'Thou prodigious whore,  
The curse of my nativity, that more  
Afflicts me than eternal wrath can do  
Spirits condemned—some fiends instruct me to  
Heighten revenge to thy desert, but so  
I should do more than mortals may, and throw  
Thy spotted soul to flames Yet I will give  
Its passport hence, for think not to outlive  
This hour, this fatal hour, ordained to see  
More than an age before of tragedy'

180

190

200

She that fell from a firmament of pride  
To fortune's lowest region, and there died

207-220 A remarkable and almost unique example of a passage where poetry is absolutely 'above grammar'

A sad example to ensuing times—  
 That honour's altitude supports not crimes 210  
 When in their stretched extensions reaching to  
 Justice which can through reversed optics view  
 Giants though pigmy sins do oft appear  
 Like the dim moon more great because more near  
 Sins that till fear their guilt did aggravate  
 Wore virtues frontispiece since now too late  
 To hope for life in their own monstrous form  
 Encounter reasons guards till the big storm  
 Of various passions all were settled in  
 Dregs of despair When fearing tears should win 220  
 The victory of anger Ammurat draws  
 His cimetar which had in blood writ laws  
 For conquered provinces and with a swift  
 And cruel rage ere penitence could lift  
 Her burthened soul in a repentant thought  
 Towards Heaven sheathes the cold steel in her soft  
 And snowy breast With a loud groan she falls  
 Upon the bloody floor, half breathless calls  
 For his untimely pity but perceiving  
 The fleeting spirits with her blood, were leaving 230  
 Her heart unguarded she employs that breath  
 Which yet remained not to bewail her death  
 But beg his life that caused it—on her knees  
 Struggling to rise But now calmed Ammurat frees  
 Her from disturbing death in s last great work  
 And thus declares some virtue in a Turk —  
 I have brave Christian by perusing thee  
 In this great act of honour learnt to be  
 Too late thy slow paced follower this ring (with that  
 Gives him his signet) shall when questioned at 240  
 The castle guards thy safety be And now  
 I see her blood's low water doth allow  
 Me only time to launch my soul's black bark  
 Into death's rubric sea—for to the dark  
 And silent region though we here were by  
 Passion divorced fortune shall not deny  
 Our souls to sail together From thy eyes  
 Remove death's load and see what sacrifice  
 My love is offering With that word a stroke  
 Pierces his breast whose speedy pains invoke 250  
 Death's opiates to appease them He sinks down  
 By s dying wife who ere the cold flood drown  
 Life in the deluge of her wounds once more  
 Betrays her eyes t the light and though they bore  
 The weight of death upon their lids did keep  
 Them so long open till the icy sleep  
 Began to seize on him and then she cries—  
 Oh see just Heaven! see see my Ammurat dies,

To wander with me in the unknown shade  
Of immortality But I have made 260  
The wounds that murdered both his hand that gave  
Mine, did but gently let me blood to save  
An everlasting fever Pardon me,  
My dear, my dying lord! Eternity  
Shall see my soul washed white in tears, but oh!  
I now feel time's dear want they will not flow  
Fast as my stream of blood Christian, farewell!  
Whene'er thou dost our tragic story tell,  
Do not extenuate my crimes, but let  
Them in their own black characters be set 270  
Near Ammurat's bright virtues, that, read by  
The unpractised lover, which posterity,  
Whilst wanton winds play with our dust, shall raise  
On beauty's throne, the good may justice praise  
By his example, and the bad by mine  
From Vice's throne be scared to Virtue's shrine'  
And here the speed Death's messengers did make  
To hurry forth their souls, did faintly shake  
Her words into imperfect accents 'This,'  
She cries, 'is our last interview'—a kiss 280  
Then joins their bloodless lips—each close the eyes  
Of the other, whilst the parting spirit flies  
Mounted on both their breaths, the latest gasp  
They e'er must draw Whilst with stiff arms they clasp  
Each other's neck, Argalia through a cloud  
Of liquid sorrow did behold the proud  
Triumphs of death in their untimely fate  
He sees great Ammurat for a robe of state  
Groveling in blood, the fair Janusa lie,  
Purpled in death, like polished ivory 290  
Dipped in vermillion, the bright crystals, that  
Her soul in conquering flames looked thorough at,  
Both quenched and cooled in death But time did lend  
His tears scarce passage, till a drop could end  
Its journey o'er his cheeks, before a page,  
Whose cruelty had far out-grown his age,  
Enters in haste, and with an anger that,  
Though indiscreet, at wrongs seemed kindled at,  
In wounds did on the bassa's body vent  
A spleen that death's discharge could not content 300  
This seen, Argalia, to whom all must be  
Offence that injures fair humanity,  
Stops the vain torrent, and a nearer way  
To just revenge directs the angry boy  
Who, by unfolded truth, now lets him know,  
His rage to that uncivil height did grow,  
Not from a childish spleen, but wrongs that he,  
A Christian, suffered in captivity

Assured by this confession that he might  
 Be useful more than in a secret flight 310  
 Argalia bids him in his bassa's name  
 A mandate write for some of worthiest fame  
 Mongst all the Christian citizens and those  
 To send the guard for ere the morning rose  
 On the black ruins of the night This done  
 Before that time the victory had won  
 Of opportunity, their warders lain  
 Each Christian captive from his rusty chain  
 His bold hand frees and by their happy aid  
 The gates being first secured with ease dismayed 320  
 The drowsy garrison from whom they sound  
 But weak resistance —some soft sleep had bound  
 To beds of ease intemperate not kept  
 Others more vainly waking here one slept  
 Between a mistress arms and there another  
 Stole to a private catamite did smother  
 Delight in whispers, in which loose garb found,  
 Ere time rolls up what slow neglect unwound  
 Even in security's soft lap surprised  
 They met grim death in pleasures shape disguised 330  
 All now being slain but feeble eunuchs and  
 Poor trembling maids the new but valiant band  
 Of late, freed captives crown the walls from whence  
 They saw the soldiers wicked diligence  
 In finding those which the false mandate had  
 Designed for ruin general as sad  
 The city's sorrows were a desolate  
 And silent horror unregarded sate  
 In the empty streets which action had not filled  
 Yet with employment But when day did gild 340  
 The ebony of night to hear the rude  
 Murmur that did from the mixed multitude  
 Open together with their doors assures  
 Argalia, that their fear which yet secures  
 That handful of insulting tyrants might,  
 With anger being charged home be put to flight  
 With a reserve of hope, whilst every breast  
 Was swelled with stifled spirits, whilst oppress  
 With silent grief helpless spectators they  
 Saw those they once for virtue did obey— 350  
 Their reverend senators whose silvered heads  
 Age now made fit for ease forced from their beds  
 By feverish power's rude fits, whose heat not all  
 The juleps of their tears though some drops fall  
 From Beauty's lovely blossoms cool—Their rage  
 Neglected youth slights like unreverent age

343 open] Orig opened

But when the conquering captives, by the brave  
Argalia rescued from the castle, gave  
Bright victory's signal, when they saw each lance  
The bleeding head of a grim Turk advance, 360  
Anger, like unobstructed love, breaks forth  
In flaming haste Yet here the want of worth  
And valour 'mongst the city herd, had drove  
Them all to death's dark fields, if, whilst they strove  
With that stout band of Janissaries, they  
Had not been by Argalia taught the way  
To victory, who in a sally meets  
Retreating fear when creeping from the streets  
T' the vain protection of their doors And now,  
His conquering sword having taught all to bow 370  
Beneath its burnished splendour, since the high  
Applause o' the loudest acclamations fly  
Beneath his worth, a general vote elects  
Him for their prince but his brave soul affects  
Not so sublime a burthen, knowing they,  
Bred under a democracy, obey  
Contracted power, but harshly he returns  
All to their senate, who of late, like urns,  
Nought but the useless ashes did contain  
Of their own laws, which were by conquest slain 380  
But his refusal, where acceptance not  
Envy could say Ambition had begot,  
But new plants virtue, who from thence did take  
The deeper root, and 'mongst the throng did make  
That choice so epidemical, that he,  
For valour feared, loved for humility  
The people's prayer, those humble shrubs that owe  
For safety to power's cedars, join to grow  
Shadowed beneath his merit, and create  
Him prince o' the senate, who, their doubtful state 390  
Requiring strong allies, a fleet prepared,  
To seek those princes who their danger shared  
Which ready, with a prosperous gale of wind,  
He, though employed by honour, sails to find  
Out Love's rich Indies, and, with 's white-winged fleet,  
Hastens Palermo's nearest port to meet

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

363 herd] Orig 'heard'

## Canto V

## THE ARGUMENT

With prosperous sails moved from Sardinia's shore  
 Argal a safe doth now from danger set  
 The Cyprian prince who though so large in score  
 With noble friendship soon repays the debt

In Sparta's court they're now arrived where he  
 That life he saved ventures to save him in  
 An act so great—it sets the princess free  
 Who for his sake had long a prisoner been

WHILST with bent oars Argalia's squadrons move  
 Like the light wings of Time's physician Love  
 Who steered his course and now had safely drawn  
 Him through the Ionian waves when by the dawn  
 Of a still morning whose pale sickly light  
 Yet bounded in the ebony of night,  
 Showed like a dull quicksilver foil spread o'er  
 The world's great glass whose even surface bore  
 Within their view two galleons whom they saw  
 Like timorous hares base hunters give no law  
 Chased by a nimble numerous fleet Drawn near  
 Christians the chased the chasers Turks appear  
 Which like a shoal of smaller fishes made  
 So bold by number that they durst invade  
 The big bulked whale on every side assails  
 The slow paced fleet who since not strength prevails  
 Against such odds their fiery spirits spent  
 In thunder which had from their broadsides sent  
 The last great groan for power's decease and they  
 Not their foes terror but good fortune lay

10

20

Whilst cramped in this convulsion of their fear  
 Which honour gilding made despair appear  
 The child of fortitude they all prepare  
 Bravely to die Argalia's squadrons bear  
 Up with the wind and ere the Turk's proud fleet  
 Deceived by their own crescents fear to meet  
 A danger like a hurricane falls in  
 Destruction which was suffered whilst unseen  
 So wealthy merchants whose returning cost  
 A storm on the pacific sea hath lost  
 Fall from the arms of hope sudden and swift  
 As inundations whose impetuous drift  
 Swallows a sleeping city up had they  
 Lost the firm hold of victory and lay  
 Sad captives in their own lost ship—for flight  
 Saves few where all in hopes of conquest fight  
 Fair victory made more bright by accident  
 (Even when despair hopes wasted stock had spent)

30

Those that were rescued from their soft prayers raise,  
 To pay Heaven's tribute in their louder praise 40  
 Which oft-neglected debt discharged, they gave,  
 Allayed with thanks, to him, whose hand did save—  
 A miracle in their delivery—all  
 Deserved applause, that can when mounted, fall  
 I' the circle of humanity To kiss  
 Those hands which plucked him from the black abyss  
 Of death, their brave commander goes, where he  
 Discovered by majestic courtesy  
 Such real forms of worth, that he was grown  
 Rich in esteem before more fully known 50

But long truth stands not veiled in a disguise  
 Of ignorance, ere they are taught to prive  
 His friendship at a higher rate, by seeing  
 Their active valour had been blest in freeing  
 The Cyprian prince, for such he was, and then  
 Bound for Morea This made public, when  
 Acquaintance had taught love more boldness, he,  
 All that discretion would permit to be  
 Lodged in the closet of a friendly breast,  
 Tells to Argalia who, though in his best 60  
 Of hopes a rival knowing him, was in  
 Love too secure to harbour envious sin

Their prosperous fleet, ere Time's short steps had trod  
 In hours a full day's journey, safely rode  
 At anchor in Gerenza's bay, from whence,  
 When known, their cannons in a loud expense  
 Proclaim their welcome The acquaintance that  
 The Cyprian's father, ere his youth staid at  
 Its summer solstice, with Cleander had,  
 Revives i' the son's embraces, which the glad 70  
 City i' the triumphs echoes, ere 'twas known  
 That his resolves were such—as love was grown  
 The wishes of the people's throng, who thought  
 That that unpolished prince Zoranza brought  
 Unequal strength of merit, ere to win  
 The fort Pharonnida lodged virtue in

When first they entered the admiring court,  
 Fame (wise men's care, but the fools' busy sport)  
 Making the ear the eye's wise harbinger,  
 By learning first their virtues, did confer 80  
 More honour on their persons They beheld  
 I' the Cyprian prince heroic worth, yet swelled  
 With no ambitious tumour, calm and free  
 As wholesome air, when its ubiquity  
 Breathes healthful blasts, were his smooth thoughts—to all  
 Most sweetly affable, but few could call

69 Cleander] Cleander, seldom if ever *named* before, is the King, Pharonnida's father.

His love familiar, his youth had not  
 Yet learnt rough war, although from precept got  
 Its useful rudiments and by valour shows  
 Future command may pay what action owes 90  
 To speculation by the grave sad man  
 Whose counsel could conspiracies unspan  
 When ready to give fire, he is beheld  
 As one whose virtues far his years excelled,  
 And might, when at maturity afford  
 Length to the sceptre from s victorious sword  
 From this young prince Heavens hopeful blossom, they,  
 Pleased but not satisfied their souls convey  
 On those winged messengers—their eyes, unto  
 Manly Argalia, finding there a new 100  
 And various form of worth —on s brow did sit  
 Reserved discretion reconciled to wit  
 Serious and grave his carriage, yet a face  
 Where Loves fair shrine did Wisdoms temple grace  
 His scars those broad seals which protecting fate  
 His future safety signed in, on him sate  
 Not to deform but until age remain  
 Like maids of honour placed in Beauty s train  
 True worth dwelt in the other but in this  
 Brave heroes breast had her metropolis 110  
 The Cyprians safety and Sardinias brave  
 Redemption, were the passports which fame gave  
 Unto his travelling praise, which fled in haste  
 Through the ears short stages in each breast had placed  
 A love of s worth, which wise men softly praise  
 Whilst the loud throng to acclamations raise  
 Not long these true-born sons of honour in  
 Palermo s court remain ere what had been  
 The cause which had the youthful Cyprian drew  
 From s fathers court, white fame presents unto 120  
 Busy inquirers Which design from all—  
 Those swift but weak recruits good wishes—call  
 Except from some it most concerned 'mongst which  
 Cleander staggers unresolved The rich  
 And powerful kingdom, which affinity  
 With Cyprus promised was a prize to be  
 Valued before Epirus wealth who though  
 Of late victorious yet could never grow  
 Up to that glorious height This thought the most  
 Of all that eer obstructed love had crost 130  
 Zoranzas hopes, had not his wishes been  
 Though covetously vast, confined within  
 The others merits amongst which the chief  
 Opposes first itself and the relief  
 Whispers in s soul, that had been thence brought by  
 Him when his state wept blood for liberty  
 ( 169 )



This in the scale of justice seemed as large  
As love's dimensions, till a second charge  
Of thoughts proclaim the Cyprian's power to do  
The same if in necessity sought to , 140  
Which blames becoming gratitude, as, in  
Relation to servility, a sin

In the great soul of princes, who can be,  
If they remain in debt for courtesy,  
But captives in the throne—too oft the cause  
Why meritorious subjects meet the law's  
Harsh rigour for reward, when their deserts,  
Many and great, o'erfill their princes' hearts

Before Cleander's gravity had laid  
This tempest of his passions, fame betrayed 150  
Their cause to the Epirot prince, who hears  
The Cyprian's welcome , which his various fears  
But briefly comment on, before, without  
More slow delays than what were spent about  
The swiftest preparations, he intends

To visit fair Pharonnida, and ends  
His journey, ere a thought unwinged with love  
Could lead him forth of 's court which haste did prove  
His passions stronger than the strength of age  
Appeared to promise What it might presage, 160  
To see at once two royal strangers in

Their glorious court, which both employed had been  
About one amorous errand, strangely did  
Affect the citizens , whose fears, forbid  
The public stage, in private whispers tells  
What danger lay betwixt those parallels

Yet, in the opposition of those stars  
That shine in passion's sphere, Love's civil wars  
Had no field army , all his power did rest  
Within the private garrisons o' the breast, 170  
Which, though besieged by sly suspicion, made  
No verbal sallies, but prepare to invade  
Beauty's bright province Yet, each only had  
A single visit given unto the sad

Sweet object of their hopes, and thence received  
A welcome, such as neither had bereaved  
The other's hopes—both rather finding cause  
Of cold despair Cleander pleads the laws  
Of nature and free choice, to wave his own  
Engagements to Zoranza , which had blown 180  
Love's sickly flame with the tempestuous breath  
Of anger forth, had not those thoughts to death  
I' the bud been doomed Whilst thus his passions slept  
In Love's soft arms, the noble Cyprian kept  
A distance 'twixt his hopes and wishes by  
The staid Epirot's interest both rely

( 170 )

On their own merits and Love's doubtful fate  
Makes subject to the monarchy of Fate.

But whilst this busy combat of the heart  
On equal terms is fought time bent to part 190  
The royal champions Through the obscure ports  
Of dark disguise into Love's field resorts  
A third brave combatant, whose merit had  
(Though not i the armour of great titles clad)  
By parley won that maiden sort which they  
Although they scaled on golden mountains lay  
Before in vain Argalia, though within  
Gerenza's court had yet a stringer been  
More than in fame and big report to her  
Whose best of thoughts wore his soul's character 200  
And yet although a virgin's bashful grace  
Concealed her own for to behold that face  
So much in debt t the people's prides, to  
Her window oft the royal maid had drew,  
Where whilst his eyes did waste their beams in vain  
To pierce those stubborn walls that did contrun  
Rich Love's unvalued treasure she beholds  
His brave deportment which, since strange unfolds  
New volumes of unprinted joy which she  
(Sorrow affording so much liberty) 210  
Oft with delight looks oer beholding in t  
Argalia's virtues in a different print

But his wise fate even when his prayer grew weak  
In faith did through hopes cold antarctic break  
In a long summer's day—His noble friend  
The princely Cyprian did so largely spend  
His stock of eloquence in s praise when he  
Last saw divine Pharonnida that she  
Although from no remoter cause than springs  
From *virtus public love* tells him—he brings 220  
His next best welcome with his friend which proud  
To be observant in when time allowed  
A visit he performs Now to the court  
Beauty's dull cloister which no thronged resort  
Of clients fill they're come the surly guard  
Those wakeful dragons did without reward  
Let in that danger in disguise which had  
Met death i the entrance if in that unclad

The way that cleft the scowling rock being by  
A thousand steps ascended they i the high 230  
Cliffs find the royal eaglet trying that  
Bright eye of her fair soul discretion at  
The fiery beams of anger which were shot  
From her majestic father Being got

187 8 fate] The first fate should of course be state

Once more to breathe his soul upon that hand  
Where love's first vows, sealed with his lips, did stand,  
(Knowledge inflaming passion's fever), like  
Unpractised saints, which miracles do strike  
Into a reverend zeal, he trembling takes  
That holy relic, which a cold fear shakes 240  
In that warm touch Her eyes' fair splendour shone  
Like bright stars in heaven's trepidation,  
Shook with the general motion, though betwixt  
The spheres of love and wonder they stood fixt  
In their own orbs, and their united beams  
Centred on him, yet (like dead friends which dreams  
Imperfectly present) his lovely form,  
As mariners when land is through a storm  
With doubtful joy descried, she sees but yet  
Knowledge had met with no prospective fit 250  
To guide her through the dark disguise unto  
The road of truth,—his valour was in new  
Habiliments of honour clothed, and scars  
Made her love's heaven adorned with unknown stars

But whilst her recollecting spirits were  
All busied his idea to compare  
With what she saw, a sudden glance of the eye  
Develops truth, that jewel, which was by  
His first protector left, is seen, by which  
Hope, near impoverished with despair, grows rich 260  
In faith, heaven's tenure But the rushing tide  
O'erflows so much, that love's fresh rivers glide  
Over weak Nature's banks,—she faints, and in  
A silent joy contracted what had been  
By love dilated from which giddy trance  
To rescue her, Argalia doth advance  
To charge those troops of passions, which o'er her  
Had proved victorious, nor did Fate defer  
The conquest long, ere she displays again  
Beauty's fair banner in Love's ivory plain 270

The imprisoned spirits freed, the blood in haste,  
Fearing her love had Wisdom's throne defaced,  
To Beauty's frontiers flies, so mornings weep  
And blush together, when they oversleep  
Themselves in night's black bed Though fear's dull charms,  
Whilst in the circle of Argalia's arms,  
Like dream's fantastic visions, vanish in  
Her waking joys, yet, knowing they had been  
Betrayed into a stranger's view, they both  
Stood mute with passion, till the Cyprian, loath 280  
To add more weights unto affliction, by  
Imping Love's wings with noble courtesy,  
Fans off the southern clouds of fear, and thus  
Calms the loud storm 'Doubt not, because to us,

Fair princess Loves mysterious riddles are  
 By accident resolved the factious war  
 Shall be renewed, such base intelligence  
 Traitors and spies give when the dark offence  
 Starts at discovery If my service may  
 Be useful know I sooner dare betray  
 My sins t the world than your intentions to  
 A smooth seducer This rare interview  
 May be my wonder—but shall never prove  
 My guilt though all the stratagems of Love  
 Lay open to my heart which though unskilled  
 In his polemics yet with truth is filled

Since now too late to seek protection by  
 A faint denial the wished privacy  
 Their room afforded gives them leave to lead  
 His apprehension where conceit did read  
 The story of Loves civil wars whose rage  
 Since treaty could not calm makes him engage  
 His stock of power in their defence and end  
 His passions progress to let Love attend  
 On Iriendslup's royal train what not the force  
 Of earths united beauties could divorce  
 Nor wealths nor honours strong attractions draw  
 To other objects by that holy law  
 Informed as hateful sacrilege doth fly  
 The bold intrusion on loves hierarchy

With joy assured of such a powerful friend,  
 The hopeful lovers sadder cares suspend  
 To lay the platform of their safety by  
 A fair escape But fear doth oft untie  
 The golden webs of fancy When they come  
 To name the means invention then struck dumb  
 Startles into distraction no smooth stroke  
 Of soft palmed flattery could ere provoke  
 Sleep in her watchful dragons nor no shower  
 Of ponderous gold pierce through her sable tower—  
 The harsh commander of her surly guard  
 Wakeful as foaming Cerberus and hard  
 As Parian quars a heart that could not melt  
 In loves alchmbe the slave never felt  
 His darts but when lust gave the wound and then  
 Seared with enjoying the blood stops again,  
 And leaves behind the fever, which disease  
 Now in him raged Amphibiz, that could please  
 None but a sympathizing nature in  
 His blood had both disease and medicine been —  
 With lusts enchantments thick loose glances first  
 Breeding a calenture whose sickly thirst  
 Consenting sin allays again But long  
 This monster thrives not in the dark, ere, strong

By custom grown, with impudence he dares  
Affront unveiled report, and boldly bears  
Himself above those headstrong torrents, by  
Whose streams harsh censure grew to calumny  
Which careless pride did unobstruct the way,  
Through which to liberty love's progress lay 340

A short delay, which lets not fancy rest  
In idle thought, their actions did digest  
Into a method The succeeding night  
To that great day, by whose triumphant light  
Their annual feasts her birth did celebrate,  
The time designed Which done, to stroke rough fate  
Into a calm, Argalia first finds out  
Despised Florenza, then employed about  
Coarse housewifery in the dull country, where  
She soon became a partner of his care, 350  
Prepares for safety with a diligence  
Whose privacy pays lavish time's expense

Now from night's swarthy region rose that day,  
'Gainst which Invention taught her babes the way  
To level at delight, though she flew high  
As monarchs' breasts Beauty and valour vie  
Each other in a conquering pride within  
A spacious field, that oft before had been  
The theatre of martial sports, each knight,  
Whom the desire of honour did invite 360  
By her swift herald, Fame, were met, and all,  
Whom the respects of either part did call  
To the Epirot's or young Cyprian's part,  
Repair unto their tents, which, rich in art,  
Adorned both sides o' the stately lists, and lent  
Their beauties to be prospect's ornament

Near to the scaffold every seat was filled  
With bright court beauties, ladies that did gild  
Youth, Nature's throne of polished ivory, in  
Pride there but greatness, though low fortune's sin 370  
Ranged next to these the city madams, that  
Came both to wonder and be wondered at,  
Fine as on their first Lady-days, did sit  
Comparing fashions, to commend their wit,  
Besides the silk-worms' spoils, their husbands' gain,  
Jewels they wore, like eyes in beauty's wane  
Grown dim with age, so dim, that they did look  
As if they'd been from plundered Delphos took,  
Although that sprung from faction, yet each face  
Was all set form, hardly affording place 380

342 digest] *Sic in orig* and perhaps worth keeping, the pronunciation being even now hardly obsolete as a vulgarism

366 be] *Singer* 'the' for 'be' It is not at all improbable, considering his system of versification, that Chamberlayne wrote 'be th'

For a stolen smile save when some ticklish lord  
 Strikes sail which they could wish should come aboard  
 Below, near to the over heated throng  
 Sweet country beauties such as neer did wrong  
 Nature with nicer art were seated where  
 Though big rude pride cast them in honours rear  
 Yet in Loves province they appeared to have  
 Command from their acknowledged beauty gave  
 Humble their looks yet Virtue there kept state  
 And made e'en Envy wish to imitate  
 Their fashions—not fantastic yet their dres  
 Made gallantry in love with comeliness

390

Whilst here the learned astronomers of love  
 Observed how eyes those wandering stars did move  
 And thence with heedful art did calculate  
 Approaching changes in that doubtful state,  
 The princess, like the planet of the day  
 Comes with a lustre forth that did betray  
 The others beams into contempt and made  
 The morning stars of meaner beauties fade  
 Sadly confessing by their languished light  
 They shone but when her absence made it night  
 Stately her look yet not too high to be  
 Seen in the valleys of humility

400

Clear as Heavens brow was hers her smiles to all  
 Like the suns comforts epidemical  
 Yet by the boldest gazer with no less  
 Reverence adored than Persians in distress  
 Do that bright power who, though familiar by  
 An airy medium still is throned on high

410

Lest the ungoverned multitude which raise  
 Their eyes to her, should in their lavish praise  
 From zeal to superstition grow they re now  
 Drawn off—the entered combatants allow  
 Their eyes no further leisure, but beginning  
 Their martial sports with various fate were winning  
 Bright victorys laurels But I here must let  
 Honour in their own stories live the debt  
 I owe to promise but extends unto  
 The fortune of our royal lovers who  
 Though both concerned in this have actions far  
 More full of fate approaching That bright star  
 Which gave Argalia victory here scarce shows  
 Its spangled records unto which he owes  
 Far more sublime protection yet it lends  
 Vigour to that bright planet which attends  
 His future fortune and discovers all  
 His astracisms in rising cosmical

420

Followed with acclamations such as made  
 The troops of envy tremble to invade

430

His conquering fame, he leaves the field, and by  
Cleander, with rewards of victory  
First honoured in the public view, is brought  
From thence to meet delicious mirth in soft  
Retired delights, which in a spacious flood,  
From princes' breasts to tenify the blood  
Of the blunt soldiers, hastes, whose dull souls swelled  
With airy pleasures had from thought expelled  
All sullen cares, and levelled paths unto  
Designs which did to their neglect ensue

440

The black-browed night, to court the drowsy world,  
Had put her starry mantle on, and hurled  
Into the sea (their spacious-breasted mother)  
Her dark attendants, silent sleep did smother  
Exalted clamours, and in private meets  
The busy whisperer, sporting 'twixt his sheets  
Veiled in which shady calm, Argalia, by  
The noble Cyprian only in his high  
Attempt assisted, now prepares to free  
The great preserver of his liberty

450

Come to the bridge, that to secure the sleep  
O' the careless guard, which slender watch did keep,  
Finding it drawn, the depth and ugly look  
O' the heavy stream had from the Cyprian took  
All hopes of passage, till that doubt did end  
In greater fear the danger of his friend,  
Who, with a courage high as if in that  
He'd centred all the world did tremble at  
In his precedent victories, had cast  
Himself t' the mercy of the stream, and past  
In safety o'er, though nets enough were spread  
On her dark face to make his death's cold bed

460

Giving his spirits leave to fortify  
His heart with breath, he then ascends the high  
Opposing cliffs, which in an ugly pride  
Threatened beneath her ruined scales to hide  
That rising flame of honour Being come  
To the other side, a sentry, but struck dumb  
With sleep's prevailing rhetoric, he finds,  
Upon whose keys he seizes, and then binds  
His sluggish limbs, ere full awake, conveys  
Him to a place whence no loud cry betrays  
The sounds of danger to his fellows, that  
Revelled in louder mirth Unstartled at

470

433, 4 brought] This couplet confirms the view of the pronunciation of 'brought,' taken above

436 tenify] This unusual word should of course be 'tenuify' and was very probably written so. Singer, in next line, 'haste'

466 scales] 'Scales' no doubt in sense of 'staircase.'

The rivers depth the wondering Cyprian now  
Crossed the united bridge, and, being taught how  
By imitation to slight danger goes  
With his brave friend toward their careless foes.

Not far were they advanced before they hear  
Approaching steps a soldier was drawn near 480  
Which to relieve the other came but shared  
In his misfortune ere he had prepared  
To make resistance which attempt succeeds  
So equal to their wishes that there needs  
No more to strengthen faith By the command  
O the wills best leader reason both did stand  
Awhile to view their danger —through a way  
Narrow and dark their dreadful passage lay,  
The rugged rock upon each side so steep  
That should they ve missed no trembling hold could keep 490  
Them from the grasp of death to add to this  
More forms of horror from the dark abyss  
Which undermined the rock's rough sides, they hear  
A hollow murmur the black towers appear  
Flanked with destruction every part did hold  
Peculiar terror but the whole unfold  
Through the black glass of night, a face like that  
Which chaos wore ere time was wakened at  
The first great fiat—or could ought appear  
More dark and dreadful know twas emblem'd here 500

Safe passed through the first steps of danger they  
Now to the main guard come whom they betray  
By a soft knock—of all conceived t had been  
The voice their sentry called for entrance in  
Their errand undisputed postern gates  
Are open thrown at which the royal mates  
Both rushing in strangely amaze them but  
Now being entered twas too late to shut  
The danger forth nor could confusion lend  
Their trembling nerves a strength fit to defend 510  
By opposition In base flight lay all  
Their hopes of life which some attempting fall  
On the dark road of death but few escape  
To show their fellows danger's dreadful shape

Whilst here like powerful winds that dissipate  
Infectious damps in unobstructed state  
Their valour reigned, to tell them that the way  
Which led unto the princess freedom lay  
Yet through more slippery paths of blood with haste  
Wild as their rage Brumorchus brothers placed 520  
That guards commanders enter Loose neglect  
Which drew them thence since cause of that effect,  
They now redeem with speed Riot had not  
Unnerved their limbs although their blood grew hot



With large intemperate draughts, the fever yet  
I' the spirits only dwelt, till this rude fit  
On the stretched heart lays hold in flames, which had  
Scorched valour's wings if not in judgement clad  
Here, though their numbers equal were, yet in  
A larger volume danger had not been 530  
Often before presented to the view  
Of the brave champions, as if she had drew  
With doubtful art lines in the scheme of fate  
For them and their proud foci, pale virtue sate  
Trembling for fear her power should not defend  
Her followers, 'gainst that strength which did attend  
Those big-boned villains' strokes Beneath whose force  
The Cyprian prince had felt a sad divorce  
Of Nature's wedlock, if, when sinking in  
The icy sleep, Death's wide gorge had not been 540  
Stopped by a stroke from fierce Argalia, sent  
To aid him when in his defence he'd spent  
His stock of strength Freed by which happy blow  
From Janus' guard, since now his friend lay low,  
Near Death's dark valley, he contracts his power  
To quench the other's lamp of life a shower  
Of wounds lets fall on 's enemy, which now  
Clogged his soul's upper garments, and allow  
His eyes' dim optics no more use of light,  
Than what directs him in a staggering flight 550  
Yet in the darkness of approaching death,  
In mischief's sables, that small stock of breath  
That yet remains, to clothe, he suddenly  
Gives fire unto a cannon that was by  
Wise care ordained to give intelligence  
When big with danger fear could not dispense  
With time's delays The princess, that within  
Her closet had that fatal evening been  
Retired and sad, whilst strong-winged prayer acquaints  
Her flaming zeal with Heaven's whole choir of saints, 560  
Thus startled by the treacherous thunder, all  
Her yet unnumbered stock of beads lets fall  
'Mongst those that prayer had ranked, and did implore  
In one great shriek deliverance, to her door  
Hastes to behold the danger of those friends  
On whose success love's fortress—hope, depends  
Where being come, her eyes' first progress met  
Her prayers' reward, e'en whilst his sword was wet  
With blood, the balm of victory But long  
The ecstasies of fancy, though more strong 570  
Than sacred raptures, last not, all was now  
Too full of noise and tumult to allow

544 Janus' guard] 'Janus' guard' I suppose means that if he had had to face the two, he would have had to look both ways at once, to prevent being attacked behind

A room for passions flow disputes within  
 The schools of action loud alarms in  
 The castle court and city eyed all were  
 Huddled into confusion some prepare  
 To fly what others with an ignorance  
 As great (though bolder) to oppose advance  
 Here had our heaven-protected lovers lost  
 What such large sums of prayer and tears had cost  
 Had not the torrent of the people's throng  
 When rushing towards the castle by a strong  
 Voice—danger been diverted to prevent  
 A hungry flame which in the Cyprans tent  
 Begun had spread its undiluted win  
 Over the city whose feared danger brings  
 On them a worse distemperature than all  
 Their last night's sufferings. While good turrets fall  
 In their own ashes the discordant bells  
 Ordained to call for aid but ring the knells  
 That in a drunken fury half awake  
 First thir warm beds and then their lives forsake  
 To destruction here the people had swelled  
 Had not night's errors been by day expelled  
 With swift calls invited but none terrified  
 At their sad cause fear being his doubtful guide  
 The stout Ippo to Cleander's court  
 Repairs and there amongst a thick resort  
 Of subjects find the prince distracted by  
 Those epidemic rumours that did fly  
 From every part of the city To appease  
 Whose fury what he fears the sharp disease  
 In flames feeds on her ruined beauty and  
 Mounts on insulted wines which to withstand  
 The mazed inhabitants did stop its flight  
 With the whole weight of rivers till that light  
 Which an usurper on the sooty throne  
 Of darkness sat vanished or only shone  
 From their dim torches rays The prince thus staid  
 In a hasty journey till the flames allayed  
 Lent safety to the city by it gave  
 The royal fugitives the time to save  
 Themselves by flight from those ensuing ills,  
 Whose clamorous scouts rude sounds the stirred air fills.  
 Descended to the garden's postern gate  
 A place where silence yet unruffled sat  
 (A night obscure and an unhunted way  
 Conspiring their pursuers to betray  
 To dark mistakes) with silent joy which had  
 All fear's pale symptoms in love's purple clad  
 Close as that bold Attempter, whose brave theft  
 Was sacred fire the walks behind them left  
 (179)

## *William Chamberlayne*

Argalia hastes unto the castle moat  
With his rich prize, there a neglected boat,  
Half-hid amongst the willow beds, finds out,  
In which Pharonnida, that nought could doubt  
Whilst her successful lover steered, passed o'er  
To meet the safety of a larger shore

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK

## BOOK IV Canto I

### THE ARGUMENT

Whilst noise and tumult fill the court the sad  
Orinda, to lament alone retired,  
Finds the brave Captain in death's symptoms clad  
Whose perfect health her friendly care acquired

The scouts with an unwelcome emptiness  
Of news returned the princess secret flight  
Yet well succeeds but now in sad distress  
Finds a black morning to that dismal night.

WHEN Fear like an unskilful pilot in  
A storm distracted long in vain had been  
I laced at the helm of Action whilst those rude  
Waves raised by greater winds, the multitude,  
Swelled with uncertain counsels all met in  
A thick and dangerous confluence, those within  
The castle by a hotter passion to  
A high wrought fury startled, did undo  
Those links of counsel which the other broke  
With corrosives of fear by the rude stroke  
Of heedless anger, whose uncivil strife  
Had robbed revenge of justice and each life  
That here was in death's inundations spilt  
Shed but to aggravate a private guilt,  
Had not the prince whose anger's flame they feared  
More than grim death to appease the storm appeared

Beat from the outworks of their hopes all in  
A busy tumult are employed within  
The princess lodgings but there only find  
Their knowledge by her secret flight struck blind  
Stumbled on errors No characters but what  
The wasteful hand of death had scattered at  
The guard inform them, and even those seem left  
The weak opposers of successful theft  
Dropt as their foes victorious fate flew by  
To show his fortune and their loyalty  
Leaving which late warm tenements of breath  
Without once throwing up that bed of death  
Their grave-clothes o'er them every active friend  
Hastes toward her search whilst suffering females spend  
The hours (grown slow since burdened by their fears)  
In prayers, whose doubts they numbered by their tears

3 3 Captain] S nger 'Cyprian' which is no doubt correct in sense, but by no  
is necessary Arg 8 finds] Orig 'find'

But amongst all of those that sacrificed  
Tears to her loss, sorrow had most disguised  
Lovely Orlinda, the fair sister to  
The vexed Messenian, who, with love that grew  
From equal attributes of honour, in  
The parallels of beauty placed, had been  
In this restraint of liberty so long  
Her pleased companion, that her grief too strong 40  
For comfort grown, to mourn her absence she,  
Forsaking all her friends' society,  
Whilst seeking of some shady grove, is brought  
To one whose veil, black as her darkest thought,  
Appeared so much a stranger to the light,  
That solitude did thither soon invite  
The pensive lady who, whilst entering, by  
A deep groan's sound diverted, turns her eye  
Toward one, who, near the utmost ebb of life  
Disguised in's blood, was with the latest strife 50  
Of death contending At the dreadful view  
Of which sad object she, retreating to  
Some of her maids, who, fearing to intrude  
Whilst she appeared intending solitude,  
A distance kept, made bold by number, now  
Return to see if life did yet allow  
A room for help, or, if his soul were fled,  
To let their care entomb the helpless dead  
Arrived so near, that through the rubric veil  
Of's blood they saw how life did yet prevail 60  
O'er death's convulsions, they behold one lie,  
Whose wounds, an object for their charity,  
Soon drew them nearer in such trembling haste,  
As if they feared those lavish springs would waste  
Life's stock too fast Where come, with linen soft  
And white as were those hands that thither brought  
That blessing, having gently wiped away  
His blood, his face discovered did betray  
Him to their knowledge For the Cyprian prince  
All soon conclude him, whose desert e'er since 70  
That court she knew, had to Orlinda proved  
A dear delight, yet she ne'er knew she loved,  
Till her soft pity and his sad distress,  
Conspiring to betray that bashfulness  
Whose blushes scorched that tender plant, did now,  
Even in their fortune's roughest storm, allow  
It leave to grow safe, since yet passing by  
No other name but noble charity  
By all the nimblest stratagems which Art  
E'er learnt from Nature, striving to impart 80  
The best of mortal blessings, health, unto  
Her royal patient, praised Orlinda grew  
( 182 )

So high in his deserved esteem that, though  
 Posterity doth to his friendship owe  
 For their most perfect copy knowing she  
 Too much adored Pharonnida to be  
 Her base betrayer, when his health's advance  
 Gave way for language every circumstance  
 Declares which was in that so fatal night  
 The sad preludiums to her secret flight 90  
 By which when she whose love (though full of fire)  
 Yet lay raked up in a remote desire  
 Unstirred by hope with joy had learned that he  
 More than what friendship patronized was free  
 From all affection to the princess in  
 Her eyes which unto then had clouded been  
 Love with as bright and pure a flame as e'er  
 Did in the shades of modesty declare  
 Passion breaks forth Which happy signs by him  
 Whose heart her eyes e'en whilst they shone most dim 100  
 With mutual flames had fired —that loyal love  
 Which fate in vain shall struggle to remove  
 Begins with flames as innocently bright  
 As the first rays of new-created light

But stay rash reader! think not they are led  
 Through these smooth walks unto their nuptial bed  
 But now behold that their misfortune prove  
 Which thou hast wept for if thou e'er didst love  
 A separation The suspicion that  
 Sparta's vexed king (when first distempered at  
 His daughter's loss) did of this stranger prince 110  
 Justly conceive persuades him now that since  
 Not found within the Cyprian court that he  
 Who had been vainly sought abroad might be  
 Yet lodged at home Which supposition bred  
 So strict a search that though the silent dead  
 Not silenter than her attendants were  
 Yet kind Orlinda whom a pious care  
 Prompted to save what she did yet possess  
 Whilst seeking with a lover's tenderness 120  
 How to secure him doth at length convey  
 Her roving fancy to this hopeful way —

Not long before though now were silenced in  
 Domestic ills report had busied been  
 In the relating of the sad distress  
 Of a brave Lybian prince whom Heaven to bless  
 With an eternal crown in midst of all  
 His youths fresh glories by a powerful call  
 Summons to serve her and that faith which he  
 Had from the early dawn of infancy 130  
 Sucked from the great Impostor of the Last  
 Though now by time opinions strength increast  
 ( 183 )

Spite of a people's prayers or father's threats,  
Wholly forsaking, which revolt begets  
So much aversion, pity could invent  
Nought easier than perpetual banishment,  
To punish what their faith, mistaken in  
Its object, terms a black apostate's sin

Disguised in such a dress as pity might  
Expect to encounter so distressed a wight  
As was that wandering prince, attended by  
No train but what becomes the obscurity  
Of such a fortune, to the Spartan court  
Amindor comes, where, though the thick resort  
Of well-known friends might justly make him fear  
Some treacherous eye, knowledge could ne'er appear  
Through that black veil his happy art had took,  
To make him like a sun burnt Lybian look

Yet what engaged them more than safety in  
Prayers to Heaven, his person had now been  
Not long the wonder of the court, before  
His fairer virtues, which adorned him more  
Than the other could disguise, did justly prove  
The happy object of the prince's love  
Whose influence, whilst it him to power did raise,  
Taught by reflex the people how to praise  
That fair election, till the pyramid,  
Raised to his fame, had fixed its lofty head  
Above the clouds of fortune Yet not this  
Fate's fairest smile, a lover's best of bliss  
A free commerce (which unsuspected might,  
Though long and pleasant as the summer's light,  
Be ne'er disturbed) with fair Orlinda, gives  
Content such fullness, that although he lives  
To all unknown but her alone, in that  
Enjoyed more than ambition e'er aimed at

And now from all the fruitless diligence  
Of inquisitions, and the vain expense  
Of time, returned were every troop that had  
Through forlorn hopes been active in the sad  
Search of Pharonnida, which ending in  
A just despair, some that till then within  
The castle walls had (though as vainly) sought  
Their sorrow forth, before the grieved prince brought  
Brumorchus, whom they in a small lodge, where,  
Secured by solitude, the household care  
Of locks and bolts were vain, unsought, they found  
In the soft bands of grief's best opiate bound,  
Sleep, who, though throned within her ebon seat,  
From lust's hot field appears but his retreat

When tired with action for besides him they  
 Where s poison s antidote Amphibia, lay  
 Locked up in s arms beheld The air with all  
 Their voices struck at length had raised a call  
 That drowned their sleeping thunder from the bed  
 Brumorchus starting struggles to have fled  
 The shameful danger whilst Amphibia creeps  
 Beneath her sheets protection but nought keeps  
 Pursuing vengeance back They re took and brought  
 Before the prince who startled at the thought  
 Of such a complicated crime, refers 190  
 Their punishment to death s dire messengers

The yet successful lovers long ere this  
 Safely arrived at their first stage of bliss  
 Florenza s low and envied roof did there  
 Since speed was now the fairest child of care  
 Stay only to exchange their horse and take  
 With her a guide whose practic skill could make  
 Their untrod paths familiar Through a low  
 Dark vale where shade affecting weeds did grow 200  
 Eternal strangers to the sun did lie  
 The narrow path frequented only by  
 The forest tyrants when they bore their prey  
 From open dangers of discovering day

Passed through this desert valley they were now  
 Climbing an easy hill where every bough  
 Maintained a feathered chorister to sing  
 Soft panegyrics and the rude winds bring  
 Into a murmuring slumber whilst the calm  
 Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm 210  
 With an intent, before the next sun s birth  
 To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth  
 Received from s last days beams The hills ascent,  
 Wound up by action in a large extent  
 Of leafy plains shows them the canopy  
 Beneath whose shadow their large way did lie  
 Which being looked oer whilst thankful praise did pay  
 Their debts to Heaven they thence with a convey  
 Of prayers those swift ambassadors did send  
 A hopeful glance toward their large journeys end 220

These short surveys past since the place assures  
 A safe repose to cool the calentures  
 Of fevish action down a way that led  
 From Pleasure s throne unto her fragrant bed  
 A rank of laurels spreading to protect  
 The flowery path which not unpruned neglect  
 Robbed of delight they passed the slow descent  
 Soon brings them where her richest ornament



(Although with art unpleited) Nature in  
 A lovely landscape wore, that once had been 230  
 Sacred to the island's fruitful goddess Here  
 Whilst they behold the infants of the year  
 I' the spring's unsullied livery clad, the fair  
 And large-limbed trees preparing to repair  
 Autumn's spent stock, from out a humble hill  
 A tributary fountain did distil  
 The earth's cold blood, and murmuring conveys  
 It on a bed of pebbles, till it pays  
 Her debts to the neighbouring river, near to it  
 Full choruses of feathered heroes sit 240  
 Amidst their willow mansions, to whose case  
 Their shrill notes call the sportive Dryades  
 Whilst by the brightest glories of that age  
 This royal robe, worn in a hermitage,  
 Is seen with such a silent sad delight  
 As smoothes the furrows of an anchorite,  
 Their solemn walk had brought them to a green  
 Skirt of that mantle, fairly spread between  
 Two mossy rocks, that near the crystal flood  
 Appendices to larger mountains stood 250  
 Near which they saw, with mournful majesty  
 A heap of solitary ruins lie,  
 Half sepulchred in dust, the bankrupt heir  
 To prodigal antiquity, whose fair  
 Composures did, beneath time's pride sunk low,  
 But dim vestigia of their beauty show  
 Yet that it might unreverend gazers tell  
 It once was sacred, Ceres' image, fell  
 From a throne's splendour, did neglected lie,  
 Sunk with her temple to deformity 260  
 Dark gloomy groves, which holy altars shade  
 With solitude, such as religion made  
 Full of an awful reverence, and drew  
 The ravishing soul from the world's wandering view,  
 Circled the sacred valley into one  
 Of which our royal lovers were alone  
 Retired, in private solitude to pay  
 Sleep's forfeitures, whilst the bright bloomy day  
 Sweats the hydroptic earth, but joy denies  
 That sullen guest an entrance in their eyes— 270  
 Their eyes, which now like wandering planets met  
 After a race of cross aspects, and set  
 Within a firmament of beauty, thence  
 On Love's cold region dropped their influence,  
 Warmed by whose vigour, springs of pleasure had,  
 Watering their cheeks, those fields in roses clad

unpleited] Singer 'unplighted' But I should rather take the orig. as = 'un-  
 e not 'folded up in,' 'complicated with'

I fear, that till now had made them languish in  
 A dangerous hectic, or at best had been  
 But eased with intervals which did include  
 Ambiguous hopes in time's vicissitude,  
 Ceased to usurp, yet (though the throne expelled)  
 A large command in Reason's empire held  
 Leading those parties which wise counsel sent  
 Close ambuscadoed dangers to prevent  
 Nor could the conduct fail assailed by aught  
 Within the circuit of extended thought,  
 Deliberation, the soul's wary scout  
 Being still employed to lead fresh parties out  
 Gainst the known enemies of hope. But here  
 Black troops of danger undiscerned of fear,  
 Assaults unrallied fortitude, whilst she  
 Slept amongst the rose beds of security,

Exalted far above the gross mistakes  
 Of vulgar love—clothed in such thoughts as shakes  
 Ripe souls from out their husks of earth to be  
 Licked up by angels, joy's stenography  
 In their embraces met not with less strength  
 Of love (though yet not to be wrought at length)  
 Than that which meets in nuptial folds when they  
 Reap Heaven's first blessing in their blood's ally  
 Met their full seas of passion yet both calm  
 As Virtues brow their blood but warmed like balm  
 To pour in sorrows wounds not boiled into  
 A scum of lust the world's first man did woo  
 The blushing offspring of his side the first  
 Unpractised virgin with as great a thirst  
 Of blood as thine, when in the safe defence  
 Of paradise each yet was innocence

Here whilst their sweet employment was discoursed  
 Taught in the school of virtue to divorce  
 Those maiden brides their twisted eye beams Sled  
 Which flies the open gates of care, did creep  
 In at their crystal windows to remove  
 The lamp of joy filled with the oil of love  
 The princess spirits fled from the distress  
 Of action into forgetfulness  
 Having the curtains drawn Argalia's head  
 Softly reposing on her lap that bed  
 Of precious odours there receives awhile  
 A rest, for sweetness—such as saints beguile  
 Time [with] in their still dormitories till  
 Heaven's summons shall their hopes on earth fulfil  
 Removed from them feeding his horses in  
 A well fleeced meadow which that age had seen

Till then ne'er lose its summer robe before  
Russet with age he put it off, and wore  
A glittering tissue furred with snow, did lie  
Their careful guide, secured, till frightened by  
A dreadful noise of horse, whose rushing wakes  
Him to behold what seen, with terror shakes 330  
Off sleep's declining weights, in such a strange  
Amaze as (forts surprised) the scared guards change  
Their swords for fetters flying he looks back  
On the steel-fronted troop, till at his back  
Approaching danger, gathering in a cloud  
Of death, o'erwhelms him, frightening with its loud  
Exalted clamours from their then closed eyes—  
Love's altars, sleep's intended sacrifice

Shook from their slumber with the first salutes  
Of light to meet their ruin, thick recruits 340  
Of brave resolves into Argalia's breast  
Had swiftly summoned, but the princess' rest  
Exchanged for wild amazement in which sad  
Restraint of spirits, life with beauty had  
Fled to the silent region, if not by  
Her royal friend supported, who, the high  
Pitch of exalted anger, whilst he draws  
His sword to vindicate their righteous cause,  
Descends to comfort her Thinking those troops  
Her father's messengers, his brave soul stoops 350  
Not to request a favour, but although  
Their multitude, in hope's account outgrow  
Life, more than those diseases which attend  
On age's cold extreme, he dares defend  
Love, though, by vigour of supreme commands,  
Deprived of favour's mercenary bands

Prompted by power, that sovereign antidote  
'Gainst Nature's poison, baseness, and by rote,  
Not Art's fair rules, taught lessons of defence,  
These dregs of men, not having more pretence 360  
Than what from riot was extorted, in  
Unwieldy throngs the conquest strive to win  
From single valour Not the powerful prayer  
Of her, whose voice had purified the air  
To a seraphic excellence, the sweet  
Heaven-loved Pharonnida, could come to meet  
Pity in this rude wilderness, her words,  
Losing their form in the wild air, affords  
Their busy souls no heedful leisure, but  
With wilder passions the soul's portals shut 370

That sober friend to happy solitude,  
Silence, which long those blest shades did include,  
By rude noise banished from her solemn throne,  
Did in a deep and hollow echo groan,

Whilst the brave champion whose own worth did bring  
 Assistance yet had in a bloody ring  
 Strewed death's pale triumphs and in safety stands  
 The dangerous business of so many hands  
 All which had in the grave joined palms if by  
 One stroke that index unto victory

380

His sword had no with sudden breaking proved  
 Traitor to the strength by whose command it moved

Robbed of this safe defence valours brave flame  
 In vain's spent that pyramid of fame  
 Built by his hand o'er Loves fair temple now  
 Even in the view of a saint is forced to bow  
 Beneath an earthquake His commanding soul  
 In this sharp conflict striving to control  
 Nature rebellious to her power lets fly

390

In vain the piercing lightning of the eye  
 Whose dark lids drooping in a death-like close  
 Forbid high fury thundering on his foes

He falls and from each purple sallyport  
 Of wounds tired spirits in a thick resort  
 Fly the approach of death in which wild trance  
 His eyes did their declining lights advance  
 Above their gloom of darkness to convey  
 The last faint beam of nature's falling day  
 To his distressed Pharonnida. But she

400

In clouds of sorrow lost was gone to be  
 Close mourner for his rigid fate beneath  
 A pale swoon's shady veil and could not breathe  
 One sigh to welcome those sick guests nor lend  
 A beam to light them to their journey's end  
 Which being deprived of in death's dark disguise  
 Forgetful shadows did obscure his eyes

Branded with an ignoble victory  
 His base oppressors staying not to try  
 Where fire remain in life's dark lamp forsake  
 Their bleeding shame and only with them take

410

The trembling ladies whose amazement yet  
 Grief's flood gates shuts in a distracting fit  
 Of wilder passions circled in which cloud  
 She's turned thence, and ere that damp allowed  
 Light through her soul's prospectives had passed o'er  
 Much of the desert and arrived before

A barren rock's proud front which being too steep  
 For the laborious traveller a deep  
 Dark vault did pierce whose dismal black descent  
 Safe passage to a distant valley lent

420

With slow ill boding steps this horrid way  
 Overcome, they meet the beauties of the day

409 Where is Singer's reading and very likely but the where of the original is not quite impossible

Within the pregnant vale, a place that showed  
Some art had pruned what nature's hand bestowed  
No earth-encumbering weeds, but wholesome plants,  
Such as relieve the winter of our wants,  
Were here in comely order placed, each tree,  
Tired with his fruitful burden, stoops to be  
Eased by the lowliest hand, for want of which  
Their feeble stems had dropped them to enrich 430  
Their pregnant mother This civility,  
Proclaiming more than art had meant to be  
The dress of deserts, did at first appear  
As if those useful blessings had, for fear  
That wasteful man should ravish them to feed  
His luxury, fled thither none that need  
Such thrifty joys, in the circumference  
O' the valley seeming to have residence

All whose exalted pride did terminate  
The levelled eye, was a round hill that sate 440  
As centre to the golden vale, come near  
To which, what did externally appear  
A rock in ivy dressed, being entered, shewed  
The beauties of a gorgeous palace, hewed  
Out of the living stone, whose vaulted breast  
Had by the union of each part exprest  
The strength of concord The black rock was all  
Tinselled with windows, over which did fall  
Thin ivy wreaths, like cobweb veils that shade  
The sallyports of beauty, only made 450  
To cool, not darken, and on those that sit  
Within bestow a shady benefit

They being drawn near, a sad old man that sate  
Unwilling porter, from the spacious gate  
Withdrew the verdant curtain—She is now  
Entered the castle, where, could fear allow  
Her eyes that liberty, she had surveyed  
Buildings, whose strength with beauty joined, betrayed  
Time's modern issues to contempt, and by  
A lasting glory praised antiquity 460  
But pleasure spreads her baits in vain, she sate  
Beneath the frozen arctic of her fate,  
Whilst he, from whose aspect she only felt  
Delightful heat, in's winter-solstice dwelt

More to depress her sinking spirits, she  
Too soon finds cause to think that gravity  
She met in the entrance but the reverend shade  
Of injured worth, which accident had made  
Stoop to that bondage, virtue drooping in  
His furrowed cheeks, as if disposed, she'd been 470  
Thither confined within the walls, to let  
Imperious vice her painted banners set

## Pharonnida

A troop of wild bandits villains whose guilt  
 Shunned public haunts Heavens private blessings spilt  
 There in luxurious riot which grown bold  
 By toleration durst t the light unfold  
 Vices deformedst issues nought b the name  
 Of sin being known but sins betrayer shame  
 In such a loose intemperance as reigns  
 In conquered cities when the soldiers pains  
 With spoils of peace is paid they lived Mongst these 480  
 Some few unhappy women kept to appease  
 Lusts tumults she beheld whose looks betrayed  
 A sickly guilt and made the royal maid  
 Amidst her griefs cold symptoms blush to see  
 How pale they looked with lusts deformity  
 Whilst these are viewed with such a change as that  
 Poor village drunkards are enforced to at  
 An officers approach when the night grows  
 Deep as their draughts she sees them all compose  
 Their late wild looks nor was this dross of fear 490  
 In vain put on Almanzor did appear—  
 Dreaded Almanzor who on them had built  
 A power which though by unsuccessful guilt  
 Banished t the desert forced their wants to be  
 The helpless sufferers of his tyranny  
 Passed through the fear dispersèd thron'g he s to  
 The princess come where startled at the view  
 Of majesty shrinks back Unsteady haste  
 Which brought him there but to view beauties placed 500  
 Within the reach of s lust assaulted by  
 Objects that both to love and loyalty  
 Had proved him an apostate to retreat  
 Within a blush attempts but that s too great  
 A friend to bashful virtue in that face,  
 Whose heart deposes her to sprinkle grace  
 Ruffled with this recoil of spirits in  
 Such troubled haste as novices begin  
 New conned orations he himself applies  
 To the injured lady whose brave spirit flies  
 Not what see feared but with the brave defence 510  
 Of scorn opposes blushless impudence  
 Crushing the embryos of that language, in  
 Whose guilty accents he attempts to win  
 Opinion's favour and by that redeem  
 What former guilt had lost in her esteem  
 Contemned with such a look as princes cast  
 On overbold usurpers he is past  
 The first encounter of her eye and she  
 Turned in disdain to show her great soul free

473 bandits] Note the accent of *ba d'it* preserved in bandits.  
 (191)

From low submission, by which fired into  
A sullen anger, he resolves to mew  
The royal eaglet, until freedom grow  
A favour, whose fair streams might overflow  
Those barren fields of indelert, in which  
His fortune pines—lest this fair prize enrich  
The cursed soil, and on its surface place  
The long-abstracted beams of princely grace

She to the narrow confines of a room  
Restrained, to let his muffled thoughts resume  
Their calm composure, counsel's throne, he goes  
Aside, and on that doubtful text bestows  
The clearest comment of his judgement, yet  
Falls short of truth, and must contented sit  
To know her there, though not the accident  
Which from her father's glorious court had sent  
Her so ill guarded but referring that  
To time's discovery, he, transported at  
What was a truth confirmed, within the wide  
Arms of his hope, grasps what aspiring pride  
Or lust's loose rhetoric, when youth's vigorous fire  
Beauty hath kindled, prompts him to desire

530

540

Yet by two several paths to tread that way,  
His crimes' dark roads, lust and ambition, lay,  
The poor Florenza, that long since had been  
The trembling object of the baser sin,  
To make his sly access to either free  
From the other's thoughts, must from her lady be  
In this dark storm removed, he fearing less  
That counsel aiding virtue in distress,  
Though wanting strength the battle to maintain,  
Might countermine the engine of his brain

550

To this sad separation leaving them,  
Whom innocence had licensed to condemn  
Fortune's harsh discipline, Almanzor goes,  
Fate's dark enigmas, by the help of those  
That took her, to unveil, but 'twas a work  
Too full of subtle mystery A Turk,  
Her brave defender, by those garments which  
Rash fear had only rifled to enrich  
Nice inquisition, seemed By which betrayed  
To dark mistakes, his policy obeyed  
Domestic counsels, and by subtle spies,  
Whose ears were more officious than their eyes,  
Soon from the love-sick lady's close complaints  
His wiser knowledge with their cause acquaints

560

## THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

526 lest] Orig 'least,' is here as not seldom = 'unless'  
541 vigorous] Orig 'rigorous,' possibly

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

From all the hopes of love and liberty  
 Overwhelmed in the vast ocean of her grief  
 The wretched princess is constrained to be  
 A prisoner to her youth's first dreadful thief—

The cursed Almanzor in whose dismal cell  
 She comments on the various texts of grief  
 In every form till from the tip of hell  
 When seeming darkest just Heaven sent relief

DISTRACTED in the agony of love  
 Pharonnida, whose sad complaints did prove  
 Her sorrows true interpreters had made  
 Argalia's name wrapped up in sighs invade  
 The ears of an unseen informer whence  
 Almanzor's thoughts delivered from suspense  
 Shake off their doubtful dress of fears and teach  
 Hypocrisy by paths untrod to reach

The apex of his hopes What not the fear  
 Of ill whilst her own interest did appear  
 The only sharer could perform he now  
 Presumes affection to her friend would bow  
 With low submission if by that she might  
 Aid his dim stars with a reserve of light.

10

With frequent visits which on sins dark text  
 Wrought a fair gloss Almanzor oft had text  
 The calmer passions of the princess in  
 To ruffled anger but when all could win  
 No entrance on her favour fury tries  
 A harsher corrosive—Stern power denies  
 Her even of those poor narrow comforts which  
 Her soul's dark region that was only rich  
 In sorrows' sables could possess Withdrew  
 Were all those slippery parasites that knew  
 To her no pity but what did reflect  
 The rays of the tyrant's favour whose neglect  
 Taught them the lesson of disdain whilst she  
 Her practised soul trained in humility

20

Pensive as an unpractised convert in  
 A bath of tears she shadowed lies within  
 The unfrequented room a curtain bed  
 Her close retreat, till light's fair angel fled

30

*Argalia p] lip]*

20 denies] denies of is a characteristic blending—'deprives of' and 'denies'  
 31 curtain bed] Singer curtained but curtain bed (cf arm chair) is quite prob-  
 able



The swarthy region But whilst here she lies,  
Like in a dark lantern that in black disguise  
Circles imprisoned light  
Grief from the sullen world concealed to turn  
The troubled stream—as if the silent urn  
Of some dead friend, to private sorrow hid  
Summoned her hither, entered was a sad  
And sober matron, in her hands she bore  
A light, whose feeble rays could scarce restore  
The sick successor of the day unto  
A cheerful smile Sad pilgrims, that renew  
Acquaintance with their better angels by  
Harsh penitence, have of humility  
Less in their looks than she, —her habit showed  
Like costly ruins that for fashion owed  
To elder pride, in whose reversion she  
Appeared, the noble choice of charity

40

This shadow of religious virtue drawn  
Near her disordered bed, a sickly dawn  
Of light breaks through the princess' clouded eyes  
To meet the welcome object, the disguise  
Of sorrow, which at first appearance sat  
Fixed on her brow, a partner of her fate  
Making her seem Nor was the fancy crushed  
In the infancy of faith, fair truth first blushed  
For verbal crimes Near to the bed reposed  
Where the sad lady lay, she thus disclosed  
Her cause of entrance —'Cease, fair stranger, to  
Monopolize a sorrow, which not you  
Here share alone, pity, instructed by  
Experience in the rules of misery,  
Hath brought me from complaining of my own  
To comfort thine This castle once hath known  
Me for its mistress, though it now behold  
Me (in the dress of poverty grown old)  
Despised and poor, the scorn of those that were  
Nursed into life by my indulgent care'

50

60

This, in her tears' o'erflowing language spoke,  
Persuades the pensive princess to revoke  
Depraved opinion's doom, confessing she  
Wedded not grief to singularity  
But comfort in the julep of her words  
Was scarce dissolved, ere a reply affords  
Conceived requital, striving to prevent  
The oft more forward thanks 'Rise to content,  
Fair soul, (she cries), be but so wise to let  
Sick passion die with just neglect, I'll set  
Thy dropped stars in their orbs again I have,  
Forced by command, a late attendance gave  
Unto a wounded stranger, that remains

70

80

*Pharonnida*

Within this castle in the heavy chains  
 Of cruel bondage from whose weight unless  
 Your love redeem him dark forgetfulness  
 Will draw the curtains of the grave about  
 His dull mortality and the sick doubt  
 Of hope resolve in death This evening I  
 Overheard his heavy doom from which to fly  
 He hath no refuge but your mercy which  
 Stripped of light passion must be clothed in rich  
 But graver robes of reason when it sits  
 In council how to reconcile the fits  
 Of feverish love—when being most propense  
 To passion's heat a frost of abstinence  
 Benumbs it to a lethargy In brief  
 'Tis he whose prosperous tyranny the chief  
 Command within this castle gave, that in  
 His swift destruction doth attempt to win  
 Free passage to enjoying you then prove  
 He friend to him that begs you to change love  
 For now more useful pity and so save  
 A life that must no longer live to crave  
 If now denied This ring (with that presents  
 A jewel that, when love's first elements  
 The harmony of faith united she  
 Gave to confirm her vows) he sends to be  
 A note that he denies whatever was made  
 Authentic, when your mixed vows did invade  
 Unwilling Heaven which in your sufferance shows  
 We may intend but wiser powers dispose.  
 Pharonnida, whose fears confirmed did need  
 No more to wound a fancy that did bleed  
 At all the springs of passion being by  
 The fatal present taught whose liberty  
 Her love's exchange must purchase with a sad  
 Reverse of the eye beholding it, unclad  
 Her sorrow thus — And did oh did this come  
 By thy commands Argalia? no by some  
 Unworthy hand thou art robbed of it—I know  
 Thou sooner wouldst be tempted to let go  
 Relics of thy protecting saint—Oh cease,  
 Whatever you are to wrong him the calm peace  
 He wears to encounter death in cannot be  
 Scattered by any storm of fear Would he,  
 That hath affronted death in every shape  
 Of horror tamely yield unto the rape  
 Of a base tyrant's anger? But I mock  
 My hopes with vain phantasms 'tis the love  
 He bears to me carries his fear above  
 101 He] So or g and Singer Emendation is not easy

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130

The orb of his own noble temper to  
An unknown world of passions, in whose new  
Regions ambitious grown, it scorns to fall  
Back to its centre—reason, whither all  
The lines of action until now did bend  
From 's soul's circumference Yet know, his end,  
If doomed unto this cursed place, shall tell  
The bloody tyrant that my passing bell  
Tolls in his dying groans, and will ere long  
Ring out in death—if sorrow, when grown strong  
As fate, can raise the strokes of grief above  
The strength of nature, which if not, yet love  
Will find a passage, where our souls shall rest  
In an eternal union—whilst opprest  
With horror, he, by whose commands he dies,  
Falls to the infernal powers a sacrifice

140

'If that your pity were no fiction, to  
Betray my feeble passions, and undo  
The knots of resolution, tell my friend—  
I live but to die his, and will attend  
Him with my prayers, those verbal angels, till  
His soul's on the wing, then follow him, and fill  
Those blanks our fate left in the lines of life  
Up with eternal bliss, where no harsh strife  
Of a dissenting parent shall destroy  
The blooming springs of our conjugal joy'

150

Vexed by this brave display of fortitude  
To sullen anger, with a haste more rude  
Than bold intrusions, lust's sly advocate  
Forsakes her seat, and though affronts too late  
Came to create a blush, yet passion had  
Her cheeks in red revenge's livery clad,  
Her eyes, like Saturn's in the house of death,  
Heavy with ills to come, her tainted breath  
Scattering infectious murmurs with a look  
Oblique and deadly, the cursed hag forsook  
That ebon cabinet of grief, and hastes  
To tell Almanzor how his passion wastes  
More spirits in persuasion's hectic, than  
If power had quenched ambition's fever when  
'Twas first inflamed with hope, whose cordials prove  
Oft slow as opiates in the heat of love

160

170

This, with a heat that spoiled digestion, by  
The angry tyrant heard, rage did untie  
The curls of passion, whose soft trammels had  
Crisped smooth hypocrisy, from which unclad,  
Developed nature shows her unfiled dress  
Rough as an angry friend, by no distress  
Of beauty to be calmed Since sly deceit  
Virtue had now unmasked, no candid bait

180

*Phaenomena*

Conceals his thoughts which soon in public shows  
 From what black sea those mists of passion rose  
 Days sepulchre the ebon archèd night  
 Was raised above the battlements of light,  
 The frenzied world's allaying opiate sleep,  
 Oertaking action did in silence steep  
 The various fruits of labour and from thence  
 Recovers what pays for her times expense  
 In which slow calm whilst half the drowsy earth  
 Lay in the shade of nature, to give birth  
 Unto the burthen of sick fancy—fear  
 Groans deep as death's alarms through her ear  
 Fly toward the throne of reason to inform  
 The pensive princess, that the last great storm  
 Of fate was now descending beyond which  
 Her eyes overwhelmed in sorrow must enrich  
 Their orbs with love no more but in the dawn  
 Of life behold her friends destruction drawn  
 Since threatened danger sad assurance gives—  
 In those deep groans he now but dying lives  
 More swiftly to destroy the falling leaves  
 Of blasted hope, with horror she receives  
 By a convey of wearied light, that strook  
 Through rusty gates intelligence which shook  
 The strength of fortitude—There was a room  
 Deep and obscure, where, in a heavy gloom  
 The unstirred air in such a darkness dwelt  
 As masked Egyptians from Heavens vengeance felt  
 Till by the struggling rays of a faint lamp  
 Forced to retreat and the quicksilver damp  
 Shed on the sweaty walls which hid within  
 That glittering veil worn figures that had been  
 The hieroglyphic epitaphs of those  
 Which charity did to the earth dispose  
 In friendships last of legacies except  
 What is to cure loose fumes diseases kept  
 Here mongst the ruins of mortality  
 In blood disfigured she beholds one lie  
 Who though disguised in death's approach appears  
 By s habit that confirmer of her fears  
 Her gentle love, alone and helpless in  
 The grasp of death striving in vain to win  
 The field from that grim tyrant who had now  
 Embalmed him in his blood and did allow  
 Him no more spirits but what in that strife  
 Served to groan out the epilogue of life,  
 And then depart Nature's cold stage to be  
 Sucked up from time into eternity  
 When thus the everlasting silence had  
 Locked up his voice, and death's rude hand unclad

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His hovering soul, whose elemental dress  
Is left to dust and dark forgetfulness,  
When Nature's lamps being snuffed to death, he lay  
A night-pieced draught of once well-modelled clay  
With such a silent pace as witches use  
To tread o'er graves, when their black arts abuse  
Their cold inhabitants, his murderers were  
Entered the vault, from the stained floor to bear  
The cold stiff corpse, which having softly laid 240  
In's doomsday's bed, unto the royal maid,  
Whose beauty, in this agony defaced,  
Grief's emblem sat, with eager speed they haste

Either a guilty shame, or fear to be  
Converted by her form's divinity,  
Made them choose darkness for protection, in  
Whose hideous shade, she of herself unseen  
Is hurried thence unto that dreadful place  
Where he entombed lay, whom she must embrace  
In death's dark lodgings, and, ere life was fled, 250  
Remain a sad companion of the dead  
Confining beauty, in youth's glorious bloom,  
To the black prison of a dismal tomb  
Where, fast enclosed, earth's fairest blossom must  
Unnaturally be planted in the dust,  
Where life's bright star, Heaven's glorious influence,  
Her soul, in labour with the slow suspense  
Of lingering torments, must expecting lie,  
Till famine Nature's ligatures untie

And can, oh, can we never hope to save 260  
Her that's in life a tenant to the grave!  
Can aught redeem one that already lies  
Within the bed of death, whose hot lust fries  
In the enjoyment of all beauties that  
The aged world ere had to wonder at!  
To feed whose riot, the well-tempered blood,  
That sanguine youth's smooth cheek mixed with a flood  
Of harsh distemperatures, o'erflows, and brings  
Some to their lodgings on the flaming wings  
Of speedy fevers, whilst the others creep 270  
On slow consumptions, millions from the steep  
And dangerous precipice of war some in  
A stream of their own humours that have been  
Swelled to a dropsy, being even pressed to death  
By their own weight, whilst others part with breath  
From bodies worn so thin, they seemed to be  
Grown near the soul's invisibility

But whither strays our fancy? have we left  
The woful lady in a tomb, bereft

*Pharonnida*

Of all society, and shall I let  
 My wandering pen forsake her? Such a debt  
 Would bankrupt pity The undistinguished day  
 Whose new born light did but e'en then display  
 Its dewy wings when first she was confined  
 To the dark tomb was now grown almost blind  
 With age when thus through Fates black curtain broke  
 Unlooked for light that darkness—which did choke  
 All passages by which the thin air held  
 Commerce with neighbouring rooms being now expelled  
 By the dim tapers glimmering beams—let fall  
 Part of the rays through an old ruined wall  
 That fenced an ugly dungeon where the night  
 Dwelt safe as in the centre By the sight  
 Of which unlooked for guest some prisoners who  
 Had there been staid even till despairing to  
 Be e'er released in eager fury tries  
 To force their way where their directing eyes  
 Led by the light should guide them come at length  
 Where with times burden tired the buildings strength  
 Losing its first firm union was divorced  
 With gaping clefts an easy strength enforced  
 Those feeble guards but come into the room  
 Where o'er the living lady's sable tomb  
 Hung the directing light they there in vain  
 For further passage seeking were again  
 To the black dungeon horrors dismal seat  
 In sad despair making their slow retreat  
 Now near departing a deep doleful groan  
 Reversed their eyes amazement almost grown  
 To stupefaction stays them whilst they hear  
 New sighs confirm their wonder not their fear  
 Till thus Euriolus whose bold look spoke  
 The braver soul the dismal silence broke  
 Whate'er thou art that hoverest here within  
 This gloomy shadow speak what wrong hath been  
 Thy troubled ghosts tormentor? art thou fled  
 From woe to stir the dust o' the peaceful dead?  
 Or com'st from sacred shadows to lament  
 Some friend's dead corpse which this dark tenement  
 Hath lodged in dust? The trembling lady hearing  
 A human voice again and now not fearing  
 The approaches of a greater danger cries —  
 Whate'er you are fear mocks your faith here lies  
 A woful wretch entombed alive that ne'er  
 Must look on light again my spirit were  
 Blest if resolved to air but here it must  
 A sad companion in the silent dust,  
 To loathed corruption be until the pale  
 Approaching fiend harsh famine shall exhale

In dews of blood, the purple moisture, that 330  
Fed life's fresh springs —but none shall tremble at  
My doleful story, 'tis enough that Fate  
Hath for this tomb exchanged a throne of state'

To active pity stirred, the valiant friends  
Attempt her rescue, but their labour ends  
In fruitless toils, the ponderous marble lies  
With too much weight to let the weak supplies  
Of human strength remove 't, which whilst they tried  
To weary sweats, kind fortune lends this guide 340  
To their masked virtue The informing ear  
Proclaims approaching steps, which ushered fear  
Into Ismander's breast, but his brave friend,  
The bold Euriolus, resolved to end  
By death or victory their bondage, goes  
Near to the gate, where soon were entered those  
Which in Pharonnida's restraint had been  
The active engines of that hateful sin,  
With them, that hag whose cursed invention had  
Revenge in such an uncouth dressing clad

Whilst her Ismander seized, and with a charm 350  
Of nimble strength commands, the active arm  
Of fierce Euriolus, directed by  
Victorious valour, purchased liberty  
By strokes whose weight to dark destruction sunk  
His worthless foes, and sent their pale souls, drunk  
With innocent blood, staggering from earth, to be  
Masked in the deserts of eternity

This being beheld by her whose hopes of life  
With them departed she concludes the strife  
Of inquisition by directing to 360  
An engine, which but touched would soon undo  
That knot which puzzled all their strength, and give  
The captive princess hopes again to live  
Within the reach of light, whose beams, whilst she  
Unfolds her eyes—those dazzled stars, to see,  
Dark misty wonder in a cloud o'erspread  
His faith that raised her from that gloomy bed,  
Amazed Euriolus, whose zeal-guided eyes  
Soon know the princess through grief's dark disguise  
Could his inflamed devotion into one 370  
Great blast of praises be made up, 't had gone  
Toward' heavenly bowers on the expanded wings  
Of his exalted joy, nor are the springs  
Of life less raised with wonder in the breast  
Of's royal mistress, whose free soul exprest

331 none] Orig 'now'

357, 378 masked] Both these passages illustrate, in the same word 'masked,' Chamberlayne's curious locution The first passage looks quite wrong, the second helps to gloss the word as = 'bewildered,' 'out of themselves'

*Pharonnida*

As much of joy as in her clouded fate,  
 With reason at the helm of action sate  
 Here had they masked in mutual wonder staid  
 To unriddle fate, had not wise fear obeyed  
 Reasons grave dictates and with eager speed  
 Urged their departure for whose guide they need  
 No more but her directions who then lay  
 Taught by the fear of vengeance to obey  
 Their just demands By whom informed of all  
 That might within the castle's circuit fall  
 With weights of danger and taught how to free  
 Confined Florenza to meet liberty  
 They march in triumph leaving none to take  
 Possession there but her whose guilt would make  
 The torment just though there constrained to dwell  
 Till death prepared her for a larger hell  
 Whilst sleeps guards doubled by intemperance reigned  
 Within the walls with happy speed they gained  
 The castle's utmost ward and furnished there  
 With such choice horses as provided were  
 For the outlaws next days scouts a glad adieu  
 Of their loathed jail they take Ismander knew  
 Might safely promise so that sullen flight  
 Could not obstruct their passage through ways  
 So full of dark meanders not the days  
 Light could assist a stranger Ere the dawn  
 O'er the fair virgins of the spring they re past  
 That sylvan labyrinth and with that had cast  
 Their greatest terror off and taught their eyes  
 The welcome joys of liberty to prize  
 And now the spangled squadrons of the night  
 Encountering beams had lost the field to light  
 The morning proud in beauty grown whilst they  
 By cheerful speed passed on the levelled way  
 Save early labourers that resided in  
 Dispersed poor cottages by whom they re viewed  
 With humble reverence such as did delude  
 Sharp-eyed suspicion they are now drawn near  
 Ismander's palace whose fair towers appear  
 Above the groves whose green enamel lent  
 The neighbouring hills their prospects ornament  
 A river whose unwearied bounty brings  
 The hourly tribute of a thousand springs  
 From several fragrant valleys here as grown  
 So rich she now strove to preserve her own

380

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410

420



Streams from the all devouring sea, did glide  
Betwixt two hills, which Nature did divide  
To entertain the smiling nymph, till to  
An entrance where her silver eye did view  
A wealthy vale she came—a vale in which  
All fruitful pleasures did content enrich,  
Where all so much deserved the name of best, 430  
Each, took apart, seemed to excel the rest

Rounded with spacious meads, here scattered stood  
Fair country farms, whose happy neighbourhood,  
Though not so near as justling palaces  
Which troubled cities, yet had more to please  
By a community of goodness in  
That separation Nature's hand had been  
To all too liberal, to let any want  
The treasures of a free inhabitant,  
Each in his own unracked inheritance 440  
Where born expired, not striving to advance  
Their levelled fortunes to a loftier pitch  
Than what first styled them honest, after rich,  
Sober and sweet their lives, in all things blest  
Which harmless nature, living unopprest  
With surfeits, did require, their own flocks bred  
Their homespun garments, and on that they fed  
Which from their fields' or dairies' plenteous store  
Had fresh supplies what fortune lent them more  
Than an indifferent mean, was sent to be 450  
The harbingers of hospitality

Fair virgins, in their youth's fresh April drest,  
Courtied by amorous swains, were unopprest  
By dark suspicion, age's sullen spies,  
Whose spleen would have the envious counted wise  
Love was religious here, and for to awe  
Their wilder passions, conscience was their law  
More to complete this rural happiness,  
They were protected from the harsh distress  
Of long-winged power by the blest neighbourhood 460  
Of brave Ismander, whose known greatness stood  
Not to eclipse their humble states, although  
It shadowed them when injured power did grow  
To persecution, by which means he proved  
Not feared for greatness, but for goodness loved  
Which gentle passion his unhappy loss  
Had soured to grief, and made their joy their cross

But now their antidote approaches, he  
From heavy bondage is returned to be

435 Which troubled cities] In another writer one might suspect '*In* troubled cities' or '*Which trouble cities*'. But it is quite like Chamberlayne to *attract* his verb into the form of 'stood' and 'had'

## Pharonnida

10

Their joyful wonder At his palace gate  
 Being now arrived his palace that of late  
 With s absence dimmed in her most beauteous age  
 Stood more neglected than a hermitage,  
 Or sacred buildings when the sinful times  
 To persecution aggravate their crimes  
 But being entered sadder objects took  
 Those outside wonders off each servant's look  
 Spoke him a sullen mourner grave and sad  
 Their sober carnage in no livery clad  
 Of doleful sable all their acts like those  
 Their youthful wives, when they t the grave dispose  
 Imperfect shadows of a sorrow put  
 In distant landscape when to trial brought  
 Near his fair Ammida whose grief had sought  
 As dark a region for her sad retreat  
 As desperate grief e'er made pale Sorrow's seat  
 In sacred temples the neglected lamp  
 So wastes its oil when heresies do cramp  
 Religion's beams with such a heavy look  
 Monarchs deposed behold themselves forsook  
 By those that flattered greatness shut from all  
 Those glorious objects of the world that call  
 Our souls in admiration forth her time  
 Being spent in grief made life but time  
 The rough disguise of time assisted by  
 The meagre gripe of harsh captivity  
 Had now expunged those characters by which  
 Ismander once was known and even the rich  
 In love and duty rendered strangers to  
 Their honoured master from whose serious view  
 Neglective grief withdraws them so that he  
 An unknown pilgrim might have gone to be  
 Not thus been cured — A spaniel being of dear  
 Esteem to Ammida since the delight  
 Of her Ismander once come to the sight  
 Invites acquaintance stays not till a call  
 Fanning on s master checks the sleights of sense  
 The guides of reason by the intelligence  
 Of s more forgetful followers Which being seen  
 Spun out amongst that family till by  
 By an old servant (whose firm youth had been  
 Grave age surprised) it led his sober eye  
 To stricter observations such as brought  
 Him near to truth and on contracted thought  
 Raised a belief which though it durst conclude  
 Nought on the dark text yet t the magnitude  
 (203)

480

490

500

510

Of hope exalted, by his joy he hastes 520  
To's mourning mistress, tells her that she wastes  
Each minute more she spends in grief, if he  
Dares trust his eyes to inform his memory  
Contracted spirits, starting from the heart  
Of doubtful Ammida, to every part  
Post through the troubled blood, a combat, fought  
Betwixt pale fear and sanguine hope, had oft  
Won and lost battles in her cheeks, whilst she,  
Leaving her sullen train, did haste to see  
Those new-come guests But the first interview 530  
Unmasks Ismander, winged with love she flew  
To his embraces 'twas no faint disguise  
Of a coarse habit could betray those eyes  
Into mistakes, that for directors had  
Love's powerful optics, nuptial joys unclad  
In all their naked beauties—no delight  
So full of pleasure, the first active night  
Being but a busy and laborious dream  
Compared with this—this, that had swelled the stream  
Of joy to fainting surfeits, whose hot strife 540  
Had overflowed the crimson sea of life,  
If not restrained by a desire to keep  
What each had lost in the eternal sleep  
But now, broke through the epileptic mist  
Of amorous rapture, rallied spirits twist  
Again their optic cordage, whose mixed beams  
Now separate, and on collateral streams  
Dispersed expressions of affection bore  
To each congratulating friend, that wore  
Not out those favours with neglect, but by 550  
A speedy, though unpractic sympathy,  
Met their full tide of bliss Glad Fame, which brings  
Truth's messages upon her silver wings  
In private whisper hovers for awhile  
Within the palace, every servant's smile  
Invites a new spectator, who from thence  
(Proud to be author of intelligence  
So welcome) hastes, till knowledge ranged through all,  
Diffusive joy made epidemical  
For though that noble family alone 560  
Afforded pleasure a triumphant throne,  
Yet frolic mirth did find a residence  
In every neighbour's bosom They dispense  
With their allegiance to their labour, and  
Revel in lusty cups, the brown bowls stand  
With amber liquor filled, whose fruitful tears  
Dropped loved Ismander's health, till it appears  
In sanguine tincture on their cheeks All now  
Had if not calmed their passions, smoothed a brow  
( 204 )

## CANTO II]

*Pharonnida*

To temporize with pleasure The sad story  
Of his own fortune and that ages glory  
Pharonnida, whilst each attentive dwells  
On expectation brave Ismander tells

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO

## Canto III

*THE ARGUMENT*

From the sad consort of her silent grief  
The princess doth with pleasing wonder hear  
Poor Vanlores fate and the unjust relief  
Which his unworthy father freed from fear  
Whose hell deep plots the dregs of avarice  
Had so defiled that whilst he seeks for aid  
His subtilty masked on the road of vice  
By his presumed assistant is betrayed.

COMPOSING time did now begin to slack  
The reign of mirth exalted joy shrunk back  
From pleasures summer solstice, and gave way  
For more domestic passions to obey  
An economic government which brought  
Loose fancy on the wings of serious thought  
Back to her sober home in that to find  
Those several burthens that were left behind  
In the career of mirth amongst which number  
Pharonnida, that had let sorrow slumber  
In the high room of joy awakes again  
That clamorous elf which she must entertain  
At beauty's cost. Yet in this dark retreat  
From pleasures throne to sorrows dismal seat  
She finds a sweet companion one that had  
By fatal love opposed with loss unclad  
Delight of all his summer robes to dress  
Her trembling soul in sables of distress  
The sad Silvandra (for surviving fame  
Hath on record so characterized her name)  
Being sister to returned Ismander in  
This flourish of triumphant joy had been  
So much eclipsed with grief that oft her tears  
Dimmed beautys rays whilst through them she appears  
A fit companion for the princess to  
Twist those discourses with whose mourning clew  
Led through the labyrinth of their lives They oft,  
In shades as secret as their closest thought

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a reign] Orig 'rain  
text are possible

( 205 )

Singer rein The curious thing is that both as well as the

With pensive paces meeting, sit and tell  
Stories so sad, that nought could parallel— 30  
But love and loss, a theme they both had been  
By rigid power made hapless students in

One eye bright morning tempting them to take  
The start of time, soon as the lark did wake,  
Summons them from the palace to the side  
Of a small wood, whose bushy crest, the pride  
Of all the flowery plains, they chose to be  
'Gainst the invading sun their canopy  
Reposed beneath a full grown tree, that spread  
His trembling arms to shade their fragrant bed, 40  
They now are set, where for awhile they view  
The distant vale, whilst contemplation grew  
Pregnant with wonder, whose next prosperous birth  
Had been delight, had they not sent their mirth  
In sad exchange, whilst tears did usher in  
Silvandra's fate, who, weeping, did begin,  
With such a look as did command belief,  
The late-past story of a present grief

'In yonder fields (with that directs her eye  
To a black fen, whose heavy earth did lie 50  
Low in a dark and dirty vale) is placed  
Amarus's castle, which though now defaced  
More by the owner's covetous neglect  
Than time's rough strokes, that strength, which did protect  
Once its inhabitants, being now but made  
Use of when want doth with weak prayers invade  
The gates, being thought sufficient—if they keep  
The poor at bay, or, whilst his stiff limbs sleep,  
Their labouring beasts secure But I, alas,  
Blush to discover that this miser was 60  
Father to my dead Vanlore, and to her  
Whose living virtues kind Heaven did confer  
As blessings on my brother, but the sun  
Ne'er saw two sweeter streams of virtue run  
From such a bitter fountain This accurst  
And wretched man (so hated that he durst  
Scarce look abroad, fearing oppression would  
Be paid with vengeance, if he ever should  
Fall into the hands of those whose faces he  
Ground with extortion, till the injury 70  
Fear clothed like justice), venturing once to view  
A manor, whose intemperate lord outgrew  
In debts the compass of a bond, besides  
His common guard of clowns, fellows whose hides  
Served for defensive armour, he commands  
His son's attendance, who, since from his hands  
Racked tenants hoped for ease, he thought that they  
Would for that hope with reverent duty pay

*Pharonnida*

But vain mistakes betray opinion to  
 A fatal precipice which they might view  
 I the objects of each glance one side affords  
 Large plains, whose flocks—the wealth of several lords  
 By him contracted but the spoils appears  
 Of beggared orphans pickled in their tears  
 Farms for whose loss poor widows wept and fields  
 Which being confined to strict enclosure yields  
 To his crammed chests the starving poor man's food  
 For private ends robbing their public good  
 With guilt enclosed those ways which now had brought  
 Him by some cottages whose owners bought  
 Poor livelihoods at a laborious rate  
 From his racked lands for which pursuing Hate  
 Now follows him in curses for in that  
 They yet take vengeance till arriving at  
 The thicker peopled villages where more bold  
 By number made, the fire of hate takes hold  
 On clamorous women whose vexed husbands thirst  
 I the fever of revenge to these, when first  
 They kindled had the flame swiftly succeeds  
 More active men such as resolved their deeds,  
 Spite of restrictive law should set them free  
 From the oppressors of their liberty  
 His son the noble Vanlore to appease  
 The dangerous fury of this rash disease  
 Spends all his stock of rhetoric, but in  
 Fruitless attempts His rustic guard had been  
 At the first onset scattered and were now  
 Posting for safety whilst his son taught how  
 By frequent injuries to entertain  
 Anger's unusual guests shows it in vain  
 Though brave attempts of valour by whose high  
 Unhappy flame whilst circling foes did die  
 Unworthy hecatombs for him at length  
 Engaged him had beyond the power of strength  
 Though backed by fortune to redeem which when  
 Beheld by those whose characters of men  
 In rage was lost they wildly persecute  
 Revenge till life nature's harmonious fruit  
 Was blasted to untimely death —And here  
 Her fatal story in its full career  
 The memory of him, who died to be  
 The people's curse and crime of destiny,  
 Grief did obstruct whilst liquid passion feeds  
 Her crystal springs which stopped she thus proceeds —  
 His brave defender now retreating to  
 The road to death, whilst he did vainly sue

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For undeserved remorse, Amarus lies  
Their fury's object, in whose wild disguise,  
Whilst giddy clouds of dark amazement dwell  
O'er his dim eyes, the exalted tumult fell 130  
In a black storm of danger, in whose shade  
They drag him thence, that fury, being made  
Wise by delays, might study torments great  
As was their rage, but in their wild retreat  
They thus are stopped A wandering knight that near  
The place approached, directed by his ear  
How to inform his eye, arrives to see  
The wretched trophies of this victory,  
A dying son, whose latest beams of light  
Through death's dim optics bids the world good night, 140  
With looks that did so black a sorrow limn  
He frowned on earth though Heaven did smile on him,  
Hurried from thence by unrelenting hate,  
A living father of more woful fate  
'Pity, that brave allay of manly heat,  
Persuades the noble stranger to entreat  
A parle with rage, which, being denied, he then  
Attempts to force, and since their ablest men  
Were wounded in the former conflict, soon  
Successful proves Like mists i' the pride of noon, 150  
Being huddled into hurtless clouds, they fly  
Before his fury, till from reach of the eye  
Shrunk to the wood's protection, where, whilst each,  
With such a fear a sanguine guilt did teach  
The world's first murderer, seeks for safety, he  
Retreating leaves the scattered herd—to be  
Their own afflictors, and hastes thence to find  
Him to whom fortune proved so strangely kind  
In his approach, as by his sword to be,  
When hope lost anchor, blest with liberty 160  
Come to the place where old Amarus lay  
With fear so startled, that he durst betray  
Life through no motion, yet he's followed by  
That train of cowards, which, though they did fly  
The danger, when they saw their foes pursued,  
On the reward—the victory, intrude,  
Whose easy spoils, those invitations to  
A coward's daring, such a distance drew  
Them from their homes, that they with labour were  
Recalled from rifling enemies to bear 170  
Their feeble masters off—Amarus lying  
As weak with fear as Vanlore was with dying  
'Before the black obstructions of the night  
Did interpose, they were arrived i' the sight  
O' the castle's ruined walls, a place whose hue,  
Uncouth and wild, banished delight unto

*Pharonnida*

13 Uncomely profit and at distance gives  
 A sad assurance—that its owner lives  
 By men so hated and by Heaven unblest,  
 As he enjoyed not what he there possest  
 Come to the front of the house whose dirt forbid  
 A cleanly entrance he sees pavements hid  
 With heaps of rubbish—times slow hand let fall  
 From the neglected ruins of the wall  
 Green arbours pleasant groves all which were now  
 Swiftly dismantling to make way for th' plough  
 Only his barns preservers of that store  
 Detained with curses from the pining poor  
 Their upper garments of warm thatch did wear  
 So thick to keep them dry whilst thin and bare  
 E'en his own lodging stood the hall first built  
 To have that wealth which he in sparing spilt  
 Spent there in hospitality neer by  
 More heat warmed than a candle gave did lie  
 Moulded with lazy damps—the wall oergrown  
 With moss and weeds—unhaunted and alone  
 The empty tables stood for never guess  
 Come there, except thin bankrupts whom distress  
 Spurred on with sharp necessity to crave  
 Forbearing months which he when bribed forgave  
 Hence by a rude domestic led he goes  
 To view the cellar where like distant foes  
 Or buildings in a new plantation stand  
 The distant barrels yet from all command  
 But his own keys exempted To bestow  
 A welcome on him which he neer did show  
 To man before, led by a rusty slave  
 Whose iron limbs rattling in leather gave  
 Alarums to the halfstarved rats he here  
 Is by Amarus visited whose fear  
 That place should too much suffer soon from thence  
 Sounds a retreat to supper where the expense  
 Became a usurer's purse yet what was by  
 Sparing defective neatness did supply  
 A virtue where repining penury  
 Prepares unusual but he soon did see  
 Whence it proceeds—The sad sweet Ammida  
 Whom shame and grief attempted to withdraw  
 From public view was by her father's call  
 To crown that entertainment brought whose all

180

190

200

210

220

178 owner] Orig again 'honour  
 merely d ctat on as observed before but a probably Irish d ctater  
 197 guess] Singer boldly p ints guests wh ch the sense of course requires  
 But guess is in original and I leave it to the reader to decide whether the sense  
 or the rhyme or the pronunciation is to yield the place



Was else so bad, it the first visit might  
Repented make, not to the next invite

‘Here, with afflicted patience, he had spent  
Some few, but tedious days, whose slow extent  
Behind his wishes flagged, ere he had seen  
Vanlore interred, whose obsequies had been  
In secret huddled up, but then prepares  
To take his leave, when adverse fate, that shares  
Double with man’s intentions, in the tart  
Of’s full resolves opposing, claims her part  
By harsh command      A dangerous fever, that  
Threatened destruction ere arriving at  
Its distant crisis, and on flaming wings,  
Posts through the blood, whose mass infected brings  
Death’s banners near the fort of life, which in  
Acute distempers it attempts to win  
From Nature’s guards, had not the hot assault  
By youth sustained, made Death’s black army halt  
Whilst marching to the grave—the swift disease  
Like a proud foe repulsed, forced to give ease  
By slow retreats, yet of those cruel wars  
Left long remaining bloodless characters

230

240

‘But ere the weak Euriolus (for he  
This hapless stranger was) again could be  
By strength supported, base Amarus, who  
Could think no more than priceless thanks was due  
For all his dangerous pains, more beastly rude  
Than untamed Indians, basely did exclude  
That noble guest which being with sorrow seen  
By Ammida, whose prayers and tears had been  
His helpless advocates, she gives in charge  
To her Ismander—that till time enlarge  
Her then restrained desires, he entertain  
Her desolate and wandering friend      Nor vain  
Were these commands, his entertainment being  
Such as observant love thought best agreeing  
To her desires      But here not long he staid,  
Ere fortune, prompted by his wit, obeyed  
That artful mistress, and reward obtains  
By fine imposture for firm virtue’s pains  
The gout, that common curse of slothful wealth,  
With frequent pain had long impaired the health  
Of old Amarus, who, though else to all  
Gripping as that, for ease was liberal  
From practised physic to the patient’s curse—  
Poor prattling women, or impostors worse—  
Sly mountebanks, whose empty impudence  
Do frequent murders under health’s pretence,

260

261 Although I have barred myself from frequent annotation on matter, the following passage may deserve an invitation to observe the poet’s professional spirit

He all had tried yet found he must endure  
 What though some eased none perfectly could cure 210  
 Oft had his judgement purse and patience been  
 Abused by cheats yet still defective in  
 The choice of men which error known unto  
 My brother and Euriolus they drew  
 Their platform thus —Euriolus clad in  
 An antic dress which showed as he had been  
 Physician to the Great Mogul first by  
 Ismander praised at distance doth apply  
 Himself unto Amarus where to enhance  
 The price of s art, he first applauds the chance 280  
 That had from distant regions thither brought  
 Him to eclipse their glory who had sought  
 For t in his cure before then seconds that  
 With larger promises which tickled at,  
 Amarus vies with his threatening to break  
 His iron chests and make those idols speak  
 His gratitude though locked with conscience they  
 To his own clamorous wants had silent lay

Some common medicines which the people prize  
 Cause from their knowledge veiled in slight disguise 290  
 Applied to s pain and those assisted by  
 Opinion whose best antidotes supply  
 The weak defects of art he soon attains  
 So much of health that now his greatest pains  
 Had been the engaged reward, had he not been  
 By future hopes kept from ungrateful sin  
 So far that in performing action he  
 Exceeds his passion's prodigality—  
 Large promises with such performance that  
 Whilst his deluders smile and wonder at 300  
 Thus speaks its dark original To show  
*Euriolus how fortune did outgrow*  
 Desert in his estate he was one day  
 From th castle walls taking a pleased survey  
 Of spacious fields whose soils made fertile by  
 Luxurious art in rich variety  
 Still youthful nature clothed which whilst he views  
 An old suspicion thus his tongue renews —

'How blest, my worthy friend how blest had I  
 Been in my youth's laborious industry 310  
 T'have seen a son possessed of this' But now  
 A daughter's match a stranger must endow  
 With what I've toiled to get and what is more  
 My torment one that, being betrothed before  
 My son's decease, wants an estate to make  
 Her marriage blest. But knew I how to shake  
 This swaggerer off there lives not far from hence  
 One that to match her to were worth the expense

Of my estate, his name is Dargonel  
A wary lad, who, though his land do swell 320  
Each day with new additions, yet still lives  
Sparing and close, takes heed to whom he gives,  
Or whom he lends, except on mortgage, by  
Whose strength it may securely multiply  
This worthy gentleman, with wise foresight  
Beholding what an object of delight  
Our linked estates would be, hath, since I lost  
My heir, been in's intention only crost  
By this Ismander, whom though I confess  
A braver man, yet since a fortune less, 330  
Ne'er must have my consent, only since by  
Her contract I have lost the liberty  
Of second choice, unless I vainly draw  
Myself in danger of the o'erbusy law,  
I want some sound advice that might inform  
Me how to rid him, yet not stand a storm  
Broke from his rage Although my daughter love  
Him more than health, I shall command above  
Her feeble passions, if you dare impart  
So much of aid from your almighty art 340  
As to remove this remora" And here  
He stopped, yet lets a silent guilt appear  
In looks that showed what else the theme affords  
He'd have conceived, as being too foul for words  
Which seen by him whose active wit grew strong  
In friendship's cause, as loath to torture long  
His expectations, thus their streams he stays  
With what at once both comforts and betrays  
"Raise up your spirits, my blest patron, to  
Sublime content, Heaven sent me to renew 350  
Your soul's harmonious peace, that dreadful toy  
Of conscience wisely waived, you may enjoy  
Uninterrupted hopes Yet since we must  
Be still most wary where we're most unjust,  
Let's not be rash, swift things are oft unsure,  
Whilst moles through death's dark angles creep secure  
Then, since it's full of danger to remove  
Betrothed Ismander, whilst his public love,  
By your consent raised to assurance, may  
A granted interest claim first let us stay 360  
His fury and the people's censures by  
A nuptial knot, whose links we will untie,  
Ere the first night confirms the hallowed band,  
By ways so secret, that death's skilful hand  
Shall work unknown to fate, and render you  
To the deluded world's more public view,

329 whom] Singer 'who,' obliterating attraction and not quite conciliating the more rigid grammar

A real mourner whilst your curtained thought  
 Triumphs to be from strict engagements brought.  
 Besides the veiling of our dark design  
 Like virtue thus this plot will sink a mine 30  
 Whose wealthy womb in ample jointure will  
 Bring much of dead Ismander's state to fill  
 The vast desire of wealth This being done  
 I with prevailing philtres will outrun  
 Sorrow's black bark which whilst it lies at drift,  
 I'll so renew her mirth no sigh shall lift  
 Its heavy sails which in a calm neglect  
 Shall lie forgot whilst what's not now respect  
 To Dargone! shall soon grow up to be,  
 Like Nature's undiscovered sympathy 380  
 A love so swift so secret all shall pause  
 At its effects whilst they admire the cause  
 This by Amarus with belief which grew  
 Into applause heard out he doth renew  
 With large additions what he'd promised in  
 His first attempts Then hasting to begin  
 The tragic scene which must in triumph be  
 Ushered to light, his known deformity  
 Of wretched baseness for awhile he lays  
 Aside and by a liberal mirth betrays 390  
 Approaching joy which since incited by  
 His wishes soon lifts Hymen's torches high  
 As their exalted hopes The happy pair  
 Dear to indulgent Heaven with omens fair  
 As were their youthful paranympths had been  
 In the hallowed temple taught without a sin  
 To taste the fruits of paradise, and now  
 The time when tedious custom did allow  
 A wished retirement come preparing are  
 To beautify their beds whence that bright star, 400  
 Whose evenings blush did please the gazers eyes  
 Eclipsed in sorrow is ordained to rise.  
 But such whose superficial veil opprest  
 Only her friends whose knowledge were not blest  
 With the design which to our proscribed lovers  
 Eunolus with timely zeal discovers  
 The morning opens and the wakened bride  
 By light and friends surprised attempts to hide  
 Her bashful beauty till their hands withdrew  
 The curtains which betrayed unto their view 410  
 Ismander cold and stiff Which horrid sight  
 Met where they looked for objects of delight  
 At first a silent sad amazement spread  
 Through all the room till Fears pale army fled  
 In sad assurance, Sorrows next hot charge  
 Began in shrieks, whose terror did enlarge  
 ( 213 )

Infectious grief, till, like an ugly cloud  
That cramps the beauties of the day, grown proud  
In her black empire, Hymen's tapers she  
Changes to funeral brands, and, from that tree 420  
That shadows graves, pulls branches, which, being wet  
In tears, are where love's myrtles flourished set  
Their nuptial hymns thus turned to dirges, all  
In sad exchange let cloudy sable fall  
O'er pleasure's purple robes, whilst from that bed,  
Whence love oppressed seemed, to their sorrow, fled  
To death for refuge, sadly they attend  
T' the last of homes—his tomb—their sleeping friend  
Who there, with all the hallowed rights that do  
Betray surviving friendship, left unto 430  
Darkness and dust, they thence with sober pace  
Return, whilst shrouded near that dismal place  
Euriolus conceals himself, that so,  
When Sleep, whose soft excess is Nature's foe,  
Hath spent her stupefactive opiates, he  
Might ready to his friend's assistance be  
'And now that minute come, which, to comply  
With Art's sure rules, gives Nature leave to untie  
Sleep's powerful ligatures, his pulses beat  
The blood's reveille, from whose dark retreat 440  
The spirits thronging in their active flight,  
His friend he encounters with the early light,  
By whose assistance, whilst the quiet earth  
Yet slept in night's black arms, before the birth  
O' the morn, whose busy childhood might betray  
Their close design, Ismander takes his way  
Toward a distant friend's, whose house he knew  
To be as secret as his love was true  
There whilst concealed e'en from suspicion he  
In safety rests, Euriolus, to free 450  
Her fear's fair captive, Ammida, hastes back  
To old Amarus, who, too rash to slack  
Sorrow's black cordage by degrees that might  
Weaken mistrust, lets mirth take open flight  
Into suspected action, whilst he gives  
To Dargonel, who now his darling lives,  
So free a welcome that he in 't might read,  
If love could not for swift succession plead,  
Power should command, yet waives the exercise  
Of either, till his empiric's skill he tries 460  
Who now returned, ere Dargonel, that lay  
Slow to attempt since certain to betray,  
Had more than faced at distance, he pretends  
To close attempts of art, whose wished-for ends,  
Ere their expecting faith had time to fear,  
In acts which raised their wonder did appear

'Love, which by judgement ruled had made desert  
 In her first choice the climax to her heart  
 By which it slowly moved now as if swayed  
 By heedless passion seems to have betrayed 40  
 At one rash glance her heart which now begins  
 To break through passion's bashful cherubins  
 Spreading without a modest blush the light  
 Of morning beauty o'er that hideous night  
 Of all those dull deformities that dwell  
 Like earth's black damps, o'er cloudy Dargonel  
 Who being become an antic in the mask  
 Of playful love grows proud and scorns to ask  
 Advice from sober thought, but lets conceit  
 Persuade him how his worth had spread that bait 45  
 Which sly Amarus who presumed to know  
 From whence that torrent of her love did flow  
 With a just doubt suspecting's rives to make  
 His thoughts secure ere reason did o'erthike  
 Passion's enforced career Nor did his plot  
 Want an indulgent hope like dreams forgot  
 In the delights of day his daughter shook  
 Off grief's black dress, and in a cheerful look  
 Promised approaching love, no more disguised  
 Than served to show strict virtue how she prized 49  
 Her only in applause whose harmony  
 Still to preserve, she is resolved to be  
 If secret silence might with action dwell  
 Swift as his wish espoused to Dargonel  
 'More joyed than fettered captives in the year  
 Of Jubilee Amarus did appear  
 Proud with delight in whose warm shine when's haste  
 Had with officious diligence embraced  
 Furiolus he, waving all delays 50  
 To Dargonel the welcome news conveys  
 Who soon prepared for what so long had been  
 His hopes delight, to meet those joys within  
 The sacred temple hastes The place they chose  
 For Hymen's court lest treacherous eyes disclose  
 The bride's just blushes was a chapel where  
 Devotion when but a domestic care  
 Was by his household practised for the time—  
 'Twas ere the morn blushed to detect a crime  
 'All thus prepared the priest conducting they  
 With sober pace which gently might convey 51  
 Diseased Amarus in his chair they to  
 The chapel haste which now come near as through  
 The ancient room they pass a sad deep groan  
 Assaults their ears which whilst with wonder grown  
 Into disease they entertain appears  
 A sad confirmer of their doubtful fears—

Ismander, whom but late before they had  
Followed t' the grave, his lively beauty clad  
In the upper garments of pale death Which sight  
The train avoiding by their speedy flight, 520  
Except the willing bride, behind leave none  
But lame Amarus, who, his chair o'erthrown  
By his affrighted bearers, there must lie  
Exposed to fear, which, when attempts to fly,  
Through often struggling, proved his labour vain,  
He grovelling lies unseen to entertain

'Thus far successful, blest Ismander, thence  
Conveys his lovely bride, whilst the expense  
Of time being all laid out in fear, by none  
He was observed Amarus long alone 530  
Lying tormented with his passions, ere  
His frighted servants durst return to bear  
Their fainting master off, but being at length,  
When greater numbers had confirmed the strength  
Of fortitude, grown bold, entering again  
The room, which yet fear told them did retain  
The scent of brimstone, there they only found  
Their trembling master, tumbling on the ground  
Horror, augmented by internal guilt,  
Had in his conscience's trepidations spilt 540  
Both prayers and tears, which, since Heaven's law they crost,  
For human passions in despair were lost  
Obscured in whose black mists, not daring to  
Unclose his eyes, fearing again the view  
Of that affrighting apparition, he  
Is hurried from that dreadful place, to be  
Their mirth, whom he (for fiends mistaking) cries  
For mercy to, scarce trusting of his eyes,  
When they unfolded had discovered none  
But such whom long he'd for domestics known 550

'Yet to torment him more, before these fears  
Wholly forsake him, in his room appears  
Some officers, whose power, made dreadful by  
The dictates of supreme authority,  
As guilty of Ismander's death, arrest  
Him for his murderer By which charge opprest  
More than before with fear, he, who now thought  
On nought but death, to a tribunal brought,  
Ere asked, confesses that foul crime, for which  
He this just doom receives —Since to enrich 560  
What had before wealth's surfeit took, this sin  
Was chiefly acted, his estate, fallen in  
T' the hands of justice, by the judge should be  
From hence disposed of, then, from death to free

His life, already forfeited, except  
 Murdered Ismander whom he thought had slept  
 In s winding sheet his hopeless advocate  
 Should there appear In which unhappy state  
 The wretch now ready to depart beholds  
 This glorious change — Ismander first unfolds  
 Himself and her who bound by Nature's laws  
 Implore his pardon ere they plead his cause  
 Which done the judge that his lost wealth might be  
 No cause of grief unmasking lets him see  
 Euriolus by whom from th worst of sin  
 To liberal virtue he d deluded been

570

## THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

## Canto IV

## THE ARGUMENT

Whilst we awhile the pensive lady leave  
 Here a close mourner for her rigid fate  
 Let s from the dark records of time receive  
 The manner how Argalia waived the hate  
 Of h s malignant stars which when they seem  
 To threaten most through that dark cloud did lead  
 Him to a knowledge of such dear esteem —  
 He his high birth did there distinctly read

FREED from the noise o the busy world within  
 A deep dark vale whose silent shade had been  
 Religion's veil when blasted by the beams  
 Of persecution far from the extremes  
 Of solitude or sweaty labour were  
 Some few blest men whose choice made Heaven their care  
 Sequestered from the throngs of men to find  
 Those better joys calms of a peaceful mind  
 Yet though on this pacific sea their main  
 Design was Heaven that voyage did not restrain  
 Knowledge of human arts, which as they past  
 They safely viewed, though there no anchor cast  
 Their better tempered judgements counting that  
 But hoodwinked zeal which blindly catches at  
 The great Creator's sacred will without  
 Knowing those works that will was spent about  
 Which being the climax to true judgement we  
 Behold stooped down to visibility  
 In lowliest creatures Nature's stock being nought  
 But God in s image to our senses brought  
 In the fair evening of that fatal day  
 By whose meridian light love did betray

10

20



Engaged Argalia near to death, was one  
Of these, Heaven's happy pensioners, alone,  
Walking amongst the gloomy groves, to view  
What sovereign virtues there in secret grew,  
Confined to humble plants, whose signatures  
Whilst by observing, he his art secures  
From vain experiments Argalia's page,  
Crossing a neighbouring path, did disengage 30  
His serious eye from Nature's busy task,  
To see the wandering boy, who was to ask  
The way, for more his youth's unprompted fear  
Expects not there, to the blest man drawn near  
But when, with such a weeping innocence  
As saints confess those sins which the expense  
Of tears exacted, he had sadly told  
What harsh fate in restrictive wounds laid hold  
Of's worthy master, pity, prompted by  
Religious love, helps the poor boy to dry 40  
His tears with hopes of comfort, whilst he goes  
To see what sad catastrophe did close  
Those bloody scenes, which the unequal fight  
Foretold, before fear prompted him to flight  
Not far they'd passed ere they the place had found  
Where, grovelling in a stream of blood, the ground  
His purple bed, the wearied prince they see  
Struggling with death from whose dark monarchy  
Pale troops assail his cheeks, whilst his dim eyes,  
Like a spent lamp, which, ere its weak flame dies, 50  
In giddy blazes glares, as if his soul  
Were at those casements flying out, did roll,  
Swifter than thought, their blood-shot orbs, his hands  
Did with death's agues tremble, cold dew stands  
Upon his clammy lips, the springs of blood,  
Having breathed forth the spirits, clotted stood  
On that majestic brow, whose dreadful frown  
Had to death's sceptre laid its terror down  
The holy man, upon the brink o' the grave  
Finding such forms of worth, attempts to save 60  
His life from dropping in, by all his best  
Reserves of art, selecting from the rest  
Of his choice store an herb whose sovereign power  
No flux of blood, though falling in a shower  
Of death, could force, which gently bruised, and to  
His wound applied, taught Nature to renew  
Her late neglected functions, and through short  
Recruits of breath, made able to support  
His blood-enfeebled body, till they reach  
The monastery, where nobler art did teach 70

70 monastery] Chamberlayne probably meant this spelling

Their simple medicines to submit to those  
Which skill from their mixed virtues did compose

Life which the unexpected gift of Fate  
Rather than Art appeared in this debate  
Of death prevailing in short time had gained  
So much of strength that weakness now remained  
The only slothful remora that in

His bed detained him Where being often seen  
By those whom art alike had qualified  
For his relief as one of them applied

80

His morning medicines to a spacious wound  
Fixed on his breast he that rare jewel found  
Which in his undiscerning infancy

There hung by s father fortune had kept free  
From all her various accidents to show  
How much his birth did to her favour owe

Shook with such silent joy as he had been  
In calm devotion by an angel seen

The good old man his wonder rarified  
Into amazement stands he had descried

90

What if no force had robbed him of it since

'Twas first bestowed none but his true born prince

Could wear since Art, wise Nature's fruitful ape

Neer but in that had birth which bore that shape

Assured by which with unstirred confidence

He asks Argalia—Wheer he knew from whence

When Nature first did so much wealth impart

To earth that jewel took those forms of art?

But being answered—That his infancy

When first it was conferred on him might be

100

The excuse of s ignorance that voice alone

Confirms his aged friend who having known

As much of fortune as in Fate's dark shade

His understanding legible had made

From weak Argalia, to requite him leads

Knowledge where he his life's first copy reads

Dressed in this language

'Twas unhappy prince'

(For such this story must salute you since

Told to confirm t a truth) my destiny

110

When youth and strength rendered me fit to be

My dearest country's servant placed within

Mantineas glorious court where having been

Made capable by sacred orders I

Attained the height of priestly dignity

Being unto him whose awful power did sway

That crown in dear esteem but honour's day

Which gilded then the courtly sphere sunk down

I lost my mitre in the fall o the crown

Sad is the doleful tale yet, since that in

120

( 219 )

Its progress you may find where did begin  
Your life's first stage, thus take it When the court,  
Stifled with throngs of men, whose thick resort  
Plenty and peace called thither, being grown  
Sickly with ease, viewed, as a thing unknown,  
Danger's stern brow, which even in smiling fates  
Proves a quotidian unto wiser states,  
Whilst Pride grew big, and Envy bigger, we,  
Sleeping i' the bed of soft security,  
Were with alarums wakened Faction had, 130  
To show neglect's deformities, unclad  
That gaudy monster, whose first dress had been  
The night-pieced works of their unriper sin,  
And those that in contracted fortunes dwelt,  
Calmly in favour's shadow, having felt  
The glorious burthen of their honour grown  
Too large for all that fortune called their own,  
Like fishes which the lesser fry devour,  
Pride having joined oppression to their power,  
Preyed on the subject, till their load outgrew 140  
Their loyalty, and forced even those that knew  
Once only to obey, in sullen rage  
To mutter threats, whose horror did presage  
That blood must in domestic jars be spilt,  
To cure their envy, and the people's guilt  
'These seeds of discord, which began to rise  
To active growth, by the honourable spies  
Of other princes seen, had soon betrayed  
Our state's obscure disease, and called, to aid 150  
Ambitious subjects, foreign powers, whose strength,  
First but as physic used, was grown at length  
Our worst disease, which, whilst we hoped for cure,  
Turned our slow hectic to a calenture  
'A Syracusan army, that had been  
Against our strength often victorious in  
A haughty rebel's quarrel, being by  
Success taught how to ravish victory  
Without his aid, which only useful proved  
When treason first for novelty was loved,  
Seizing on all that in's pretended cause 160  
Had stooped to conquest, what the enfeebled laws  
In vain attempted, soon perform, and give  
The traitor death from what made treason live.  
This done, whilst their victorious ensigns were  
Fanned by Fame's breath, they their bold standards bear  
Near to our last hopes,—an army which,  
Like oft-tried ore, disasters made more rich

133 'Night pieced,' 'secretly combined,' is quite Chamberlaynian, but the word *may* have been that odd 'night-peeked' which we have had before

In loyal valour than vast numbers and  
 By shaking fixed those roots on which did stand  
 Their well elected principles which here 170  
 Opprest with number, only did appear  
 In bravely dying when their righteous cause  
 Condemned by Fates inevitable laws  
 Let its religion—virtue—valour—all  
 That Heaven calls just beneath rebellion fall  
 Near to the end of this black day when none  
 Was left that durst protect his injured throne  
 When loyal valour having lost the day  
 Bleeding within the bed of honour lay,  
 Thy wounded father when his acts had shown 180  
 As high a spirit as did ever groan  
 Beneath misfortune is enforced to leave  
 The fields wild fury, and some rest receive  
 In faithful Enna where his springs of blood  
 Were hardly stopped before a harsher flood  
 Assails his eyes—Thy royal mother then  
 More blooming than Earth's full blown beauties when  
 Warmed in the ides of May her fruitful womb  
 Pregnant with thee to an untimely tomb  
 Her fainting spirits in that horrid fright 190  
 Losing the paths of life from time from light  
 And grief steals down yet ere she had discharged  
 Her debts to death protecting Heaven enlarged  
 Thy narrow lodging and that life which she  
 Lost in thy fatal birth bestowed on thee—  
 On thee in whom those joys thy father prized  
 More than loved empire are epitomized  
 'And now as if the arms of adverse fate  
 Had all conspired our ills to aggravate  
 Above the strength of patience, we are by 200  
 Victorious foes before our fear could fly  
 To a remoter refuge closed within  
 Unhappy Enna which before they win  
 Though stormed with fierce assaults the restless sun  
 His annual progress through the heavens had run,  
 But then tired with disasters which attend  
 A slow paced siege unable to defend  
 Their numbers from resistless famine they  
 With an unwilling loyalty obey  
 The next harsh summons and so prostrate lie 210  
 T the rage or mercy of their enemy  
 But ere the city's fortune was unto  
 This last black stage arrived safely withdrew  
 T the castle's strength thy father was where he  
 Though far from safety finds the time to be  
 Informed by sober counsel how to steer  
 Through this black storm, love loyalty and fear,  
 ( 221 )

Had often varied judgements, but at last  
 Into this form their full resolves were cast  
 'To cool hot action, and to bathe in rest 220  
 More peaceful places, darkness dispossess  
 The day's sovereignty, to usher whom  
 Into her sable throne, a cloud's full womb,  
 Congealed by frigid air, as if that then  
 The elements had warred as well as men,  
 In a white veil came hovering down—to hide  
 The coral pavements, but forbid b' the pride  
 O' the conqueror's triumphs, and expelled from thence  
 As that which too much emblemed innocence—  
 Since that the city no safe harbour yields, 230  
 It takes its lodging in the neighbouring fields,  
 Which, mantled in those spotless robes, invite  
 The prince through them to take his secret flight  
 'In sad distress leaving his nobles to  
 Swallow such harsh conditions as the view  
 Of danger candied o'er, from treacherous eyes  
 Obscured in a plebeian's poor disguise,  
 His glorious train shrunk to desertless I  
 The sad companion of his misery,  
 He, now departing, thee, his infant son, 240  
 Heir to his crown and cares, ordained to run  
 This dangerous hazard of thy life before  
 Time taught thee how thy fortune to deplore  
 When venturing on this precipice of fate,  
 We slowly sallied forth, 'twas cold and late,  
 The drowsy guard asleep, the sentries hid  
 Close in their huts did shivering stand, and child  
 The whistling winds with chattering teeth When now  
 A leave as solemn as haste would allow,  
 Of all our friends, our mourning friends, being took, 250  
 We, like the earth, veiled all in white, forsook  
 Our sallyport, whilst slowly marching o'er  
 The new-fallen snow, thee in his arms he bore  
 Whilst this imposture made the scared guards, when  
 They saw us move—then make a stand again,  
 Either to think that dallying winds had played  
 With flakes of snow, or that their sight betrayed  
 Their fancy into errors, we were past  
 The reach of danger, and in triumph cast  
 Off, with our fears, what had us safety lent, 260  
 When strength refused to save the innocent  
 The eager lover hugs himself not in  
 Such roseal beds of joy, when what hath been  
 His sickly wishes is possessed, as we,  
 Through watchful foes arrived to liberty,

263 roseal] Singer again '*roseate*,' which is even worse than before, because it would simply mean a 'pink' bed, not a 'bed of roses'

Embrace the welcome blessing First we steer  
 Our course towards Syracuse whose confines near  
 The mountain stood upon whose cloudy brow  
 Poor Enna did beneath her ruins bow

The stars clothed in the pride of light, had sent 270

Their sharp beams from the spangled firmament  
 To silver o'er the earth which being embost  
 With hills seemed now enamelled o'er with frost,  
 The keen winds whistle in the justling trees  
 And clothed their naked limbs in hoary frieze  
 When having paced some miles of crusted earth  
 Whose labour warmed our blood before the birth  
 O the sluggish morning from his bed had drawn  
 The early villager the sober dawn

Lending our eyes the slow salutes of light 280

We are encountered with the welcome sight  
 Of some poor scattered cottages that stood  
 I the dark shadow of a spacious wood  
 That fringed an humble valley Towards those  
 Whilst the still morn knew nought to discompose  
 Her sleepy infancy we went and now  
 Being come so near we might discover how  
 The unstirred smoke streamed from the cottage tops  
 A glimmering light from a low window stops  
 Our further course we're come to a low shed 290

Whose happy owner ne'er disquieted  
 With those domestic troubles that attend  
 On larger roofs here in content did spend  
 Fortunes scant gifts at his unhaunted gate  
 Hearing us knock he stands not to debate  
 With wealthy misers slow suspicion but  
 Swift as if twere a sin to keep it shut  
 Removes that slender guard But when he there  
 Unusual strangers saw with such a care  
 As only spoke a conscious shame to be 300

Surprised whilst unprovided poverty  
 Straiteden desire he starts yet entertains  
 Us so that showed by an industrious pains  
 He strove to welcome more Here being by  
 Their goodness and our own necessity  
 Tempted awhile to rest we safely lay  
 Far from pursuing ill yet since the way  
 To danger by suspicion lies we still  
 Fear being betrayed by those that meant no ill  
 Since oft their busy whispers though they spring 310  
 From love and wonder slow discoveries bring

Being now removing since thy tender age  
 Threatened to make the grave its second stage,

291 owner] Here again in orig the misprint, or misprision of honour

If thence conveyed by us, whose fondest love  
 Could to thy wants but fruitless pity prove  
 T' enlarge thy commons though increase our fears,  
 To those indulgent rurals, who for tears  
 Had springs of milk to feed thee, thou remain'st  
 An infant tenant, for thy own name gain'st  
 What since thou hast been known by, which when we 320  
 Contracted had to the stenography,  
 Some gold, the last of all our wealth, we leave  
 To make their burden light, which they receive  
 With thankful joy, amazed to see those bright  
 Angels display their strange unwonted light  
 In poverty's cold region, where they had  
 Been pined for want, if not by labour clad  
 'When age should make thee capable to tell  
 Thy wonder how thy infancy had fell  
 From honour's pyramids, a jewel, which 330  
 Did once the splendour of his crown enrich,  
 About thy neck he hangs, then breathing on  
 Thy tender lips a parting kiss, we're gone  
 Gone from our last delight, to find some place  
 Dark as our clouded stars, there to embrace  
 Unenvied poverty, in the cold bed  
 Of sad despair, till on his reverend head,  
 Once centre to a crown, grief makes him wear  
 A silver frost, by frequent storms of care  
 Forced on that royal mount, whose verdure fades, 340  
 Ere Time—his youth's antagonist, invades  
 'Not far, through dark and unknown paths we had  
 Wandered within those forests, which, unclad  
 By big winds of their summer's beauteous dress,  
 Naked and trembling stood, ere fair success,  
 Smiling upon our miseries, did bring  
 Us to a crystal stream, from whose cold spring,  
 With busy and laborious care, we saw  
 A feeble hermit stooping down to draw  
 An earthen pot, whose empty want supplied 350  
 With liquid treasure, soon had satisfied  
 His thirsty hopes who now returning by  
 A narrow path, which did directing lie  
 Through the unfrequented desert, with the haste  
 Of doubtful travellers in lands laid waste  
 By conquering foes, we follow, till drawn near  
 To him whom innocence secured from fear,

339 gain'st] Orig 'against,' which Singer duly corrected, as he did nearly all such things. And I should like to observe that the notes in which I have sometimes differed with him imply no slight to the very great care and intelligence which he bestowed on our text

341 This is Singer's reading. The orig has 'Time by,' and I am not sure that, as in some other cases it is not right. If it is, 'youth's antagonist' would be *Age*, Time's general in the attack. I do not think this is unlike Chamberlayne

Disburthening of his staff he sits to rest

What was with age and labour both oppress

Our first salutes when we for blessings had

360

Exchanged with him being set, we there unclad

All our deformed misfortunes, and unless

A kingdom's loss developed our distress

Which heard with pity that he safely might

Be the directing Pharos by whose light

We might be safely guided from the rocks

Of the tempestuous world his tongue unlocks

A cabinet of holy counsel which

More than our vanished honour did enrich

Our souls (for whose eternal good was meant

370

This cordial) with the world's best wealth content

Content, which flies the busy throne to dwell

With hungry hermits in the noiseless cell

More safe than age from the hot sins of youth

Peaceful as faith free as untroubled truth,

Being by him directed hither we

Long lived within this narrow monastery

Whose orders being too strict for those that neer

Had lost delight the prosecuting care

Of unsuccessful action suited best

380

With us whose griefs compared taught the distress

To slight their own as guests that did intrude

On reason in the want of fortitude

That brave supporter which such comfort brings

That none can know but persecuted kings

'The purple robe his birth's unquestioned right

For the coarse habit of a carmelite

Being now exchanged and we retired from both

Our fears and hopes like private lovers loath

When solved from the observant spy to be

390

Disturbed by friends from want or greatness free

Secure and calm we spent those happy days

In nought ambitious but of what might raise

Our thoughts towards Heaven with whom each hour acquaints

In prayer more frequent than afflicted saints

Our happy souls which here so long had been

Refining till that grand reward of sin

Death did by Age his common harbinger—

Proclaim's approach and warned us to defer

For the earth's trivial business nought that might

400

Concern eternity lest life and light

Forsaking our dark mansions leave us to

Darkness and death unfurnished of a clew

Which might conduct when time shall cease to be

Through the meanders of eternity

362 Here as els wh e 'unless = 'except

391 from] Orig for



‘Thy pious father, ere the thefts of age,  
Decaying strength, should his stiff limbs engage  
In an uneasy rest, to level all  
Accounts with heaven, doth to remembrance call  
A vow, which though in hot affliction made,  
Whilst passion’s short ephemeras did invade  
His troubled soul, doth now, when the disease  
Time had expunged, from solitary ease  
Call him again to an unwilling view  
Of the active world, in a long journey to  
Forlorn Enna, unto whose temple he  
Had vowed, if fortune lent him liberty,  
Till tired with the extremes of weary age,  
The cheap devotion of a pilgrimage

410

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

## Canto V

## THE ARGUMENT

To the grave author of this happy news  
The pleased Argalia with delight did hear,  
Till, whilst the fatal story he pursues,  
He brings his great soul near the gates of fear  
By letting him in full discovery know  
The dreadful danger that did then attend  
His royal sire, who to his sword must owe  
For safety, ere his sad afflictions end

‘FORSAKING now our solitary friends,  
Whose prayers upon each slow-paced step attends,  
From danger by a dress so coarse exempt,  
As wore religion to avoid contempt,  
Through toils of many a tedious day, at last  
We Enna reach, where when his vows had past  
The danger of a forfeiture, and we,  
That debt discharged to heaven, had liberty  
To look abroad, with sorrow-laden eyes  
We view those ruins in whose ashes lies  
Sad objects of our former loss, not then  
Raked up so deep, but old observant men,  
When youths were in procession led, could tell  
Where towers once stood, and in what fights they fell,  
Which to confirm, some in an aged pride  
Show wounds, which then though they did wisely hide  
As signatures of loyal valour, they,  
Now unsuspected, with delight display  
‘Hence when commanded by the wane of light,  
We sought protection from approaching night

10

20

In an adjacent monastery where we  
 The wandering objects of their charity  
 Although by all welcomed with friendly zeal  
 Found only one whose outside did reveal  
 So much of an internal worth that might  
 To active talk our clouded souls invite  
 From grief's obscure retreats, his grave aspect  
 Though reverend age dwelt with unpruned neglect  
 Seemed dressed with such a sacred solitude  
 As ruined temples in their dust include.

30

My royal master as some power divine  
 Had by instinct taught great souls how to twine  
 Though mongst the weeds of poverty with this  
 Blest man consorting whilst their apt souls miss  
 In all their long discourse no tittle set  
 For man's direction in Heaven's alphabet  
 Whilst controverted points, those rocks on which  
 Weak faiths are shipwrecked did with gems enrich  
 Their art assisted zeal, a sudden noise,  
 Clamorous and loud in the soft womb destroys  
 That sacred infant — The concordant bells  
 Proclaim a joy which larger triumph tells  
 To be of such a public birth that they  
 In quiet cells for what they late did pray  
 In tears—the souls overflowing language now  
 (Being by examples common rule taught how)  
 They vary passions and in manly praise  
 Their silent prayers to hallelujahs raise.  
 By swift report informed that this day's mirth  
 From the proclaiming of their prince took birth  
 These private mourners for the public faults  
 Of busy nations by the hot assaults  
 Of triumph startled from their gravity,  
 Prepare for joy, all but grave Sophron he  
 Then with the pilgrim prince who both were sate  
 Like sad physicians when the doubtful state  
 O the patients threatens death — the serious eye  
 Of Sophron as a threatening prodigy  
 Viewing that flattering smile of Fate which they  
 Of shallower souls praised as approaching day

40

50

60

'When both their souls from active words retired  
 Awhile had silent sat the prince desired  
 To know the cause why in that triumph he  
 Of all that convent found the time to be  
 With thoughtful cares alone whom Sophron gave  
 This satisfaction — Worthy sir I have  
 In the few hours of our acquaintance found  
 In you such worth twould question for unsound  
 My judgement, if unwilling to impart  
 A secret though the darling of my heart —

70

Know then, this hapless province, which of late  
Faction hath harassed, a wise prince, whom Fate  
Deprived us of, once ruled, but so long since,  
That age hath learned from time how to convince  
The hot enormities of youth, since we  
With such a ruler lost our liberty  
For though at first, (as he alone had been  
Our evil genius, whose abode brought in  
All those attendant plagues), our fortune seemed  
To calm her brow, and captive hope redeemed 80  
In the destruction of our foes, which by  
A hot infection were enforced to fly  
From conquest near obtained yet we, to show  
That only 'twas our vices did o'erthrow  
The merits of his weaker virtues, when  
Successful battles had reduced again  
Our panting land from all external ill,  
Domestic quarrels threatened then to kill  
What foreign powers assailed in vain, and made  
Danger surprise, which trembled to invade 90  
For many years tossed by the uncertain wind  
Of wild ambition, we had sailed to find  
Out the Leucadian rocks of peace, but in  
A vain pursuit for we so long had been  
A headless multitude, the factious peers  
Oppressing the injured commons, till our fears  
Became our fate, few having so much left  
Unsequestered, as might incite to theft  
Even those whom want makes desperate, all being spent  
On those that turn to th' worst of punishment 100  
What wore protection's name—villains that we,  
Enforced, maintained to Christian tyranny  
I' the injured name of justice, such as kept  
Litigious counsels, for whose votes we wept,  
From punishment so long, till grown above  
The blinded people's envy or their love  
“But lately these prodigious fires, that led  
Us through the night of anarchy, being fled  
At the approach of one, who since hath stood  
Fixed like a star of the first magnitude, 110  
Diffusive power, which then was only shown  
In faction's dress, being now rebellion grown,  
By the uniting of those atoms in  
One haughty peer, ambitious Zarrobrin,  
Whose pride, that spur of valour, when't had set  
Him in the front of honour's alphabet,  
The sole commander of those forces whence  
Our peace distilled, and in as large a sense  
As subjects durst, whilst loyal, hope to have  
Adorn their tombs, the highest titles gave 120

Of a depending honour, to repay  
 Their easy faiths that levelled had the way  
 Unto his greatness that command he made  
 The steps by which he struggled to invade  
 A throne and in their heedless votes include  
 Unnoted figures of their servitude

' When with attempts frequent as fruitless I  
 With others whose firm love to loyalty  
 Time had not yet expunged had oft in vain  
 Opposed our power which found too weak to gain 130  
 Our country's freedom we, as useless did  
 Retire to mourn for what the Fates forbid  
 To have redressed Since when, his pride being grown  
 The peoples burthen whilst he urged his own  
 Ambitious ends he hath to fix their love  
 On principles whose structure should not move  
 Unless it their allegiance shook brought forth  
 Their prince, whose father's unforgotten worth  
 Did soon command their full consent and he  
 For treason feared made loved for loyalty 140  
 But since that mongst observant judgements this  
 So sudden change might stand in doubt to miss  
 A fair construction to confirm t he brings  
 An old confessor of their absent kings,  
 The reverend Halophantes one whose youth  
 Made human hearts submit to sacred truth  
 So much that now, arrived to graver age  
 He (like authentic authors) did engage  
 The peoples easy faith into a glad  
 Belief—that, when his youth's afflictions had 150  
 Unthroned their prince he in that fatal night  
 Wisely contracting his imagined flight  
 As roads unto destruction leaving all  
 Frequent paths did in the night's silence call  
 At s unfrequented cell where entertained  
 With all the zeal that subjects which have gained  
 From gracious sovereigns study to express  
 A virtue in which thrives by the distress  
 Of an afflicted patron's he betrays  
 Inquiring scouts till some expunging days 160  
 Make them forsake their inquisition in  
 Despair to find which vacancy did win  
 Time to bestow his infant burthen where  
 Some secret friends did with indulgent care  
 Raise him from undiscerning childhood to  
 Be such as now exposed unto their view

Thy father who with doubtful thoughts had heard  
 This story till confirmed in what he feared  
 Starts into so much passion as betrays  
 Him through the thick mask of those tedious days 170

Time had in thirty annual journeys stept,  
To Sophron, who, when he awhile had wept  
A short encomium to good fortune, in  
Such prostrate lowliness as seemed for sin  
To censure guiltless ignorance, he meets  
His prince's full discovery, whom he greets  
With all the zeal, such whose uncourtly arts  
Make tongues the true interpreters of hearts,  
To those wise princes whom they know to start  
At aguish flattery, as if inderset

180

Ushered it in — Those that know how to rate  
Their worth, prize it by virtue, not by fate

‘With arguments, which to assist he made  
Reason's firm power Passion's light scouts invade,  
He had so oft the unwilling prince assailed,  
That importunity at length prevailed

On his resolves, from peaceful poverty,  
His age's refuge, hurrying him to be

Once more an agent unto fortune in

Uncertain toils Whose troubles to begin,

190

Leaving his prince to so much rest as those

Whose serious souls are busied to compose

Unravelled thoughts into a method, now

Sophron forsakes him, to discover how

His fellow-peers of that lost party stand

Disposed for action, if a king's command

Should give it life, all which he finds to be

So full of yet untainted loyalty,

That in a swift convention they prepare

By joining judgements to divide their care

200

From distant places, with such secret haste

As did declare a flaming zeal, though placed

In caution's shadow, old considerate peers,

Such whose light youth the experienced weight of years

Had long since ballast with discretion, met

To see their prince, and to discharge the debt

Of full obedience Each had with him brought

His state's surviving hope, snatched from the soft

Hands of lamenting mothers, that to those,

If fit for arms, they safely might dispose

210

The execution of those councils, which

Their sober age with judgement did enrich

‘In Sophron's palace, which being far removed

From the street's talking throngs, was most approved

For needful privacy, these loyal lords,

Whose faithful hearts—the infallible records

The heedless vulgar (whose neglective sin

Had lost the copies of allegiance in

179 To those] Singer ‘Do,’ of which I fail to make sense

This interregnum) trust to—being met  
 To shun delays man's late repented debt, 220  
 The prince with speed appears whom no disguise  
 Of youth's betrayer, time could from their eyes  
 Long undiscovered keep through the rough veil  
 Of age, or what more powerful did prevail  
 On beauty's ruins they did soon descri  
 The unquenched embers of a majesty  
 Too bright for time to hide with curtains less  
 Dark than that mansion of forgetfulness  
 The grave which man's first folly taught to be  
 The obscure passage to eternity 230

That their example might be precept to  
 Unknowing youth with all the reverence due  
 To awful princes on their thrones the old  
 Experienced courtiers kneel by which grown bold  
 In their belief those of unriper age  
 Upon their judgements did their faith engage  
 So far that they in solemn vows unite  
 Their yet concordant thoughts which ere the flight  
 Of time should leave the day behind desired  
 To live in action But this rising fire 240  
 Of loyal rage which in their breasts did burn  
 The thankful prince thus gently strives to turn  
 Into a milder passion, such as might  
 Not scorch with anger, but with judgement light —

How much tis both my wonder and my joy  
 That we whom treason studied to destroy  
 With near as much of miracle as in  
 The last of days lost bodies that have been  
 Scattered amongst the elements shall be  
 Convened i the court of immortality 250  
 Depressed with fortune and disguised with age,  
 (Sad arguments brave subjects to engage  
 Your loyal valour!) I had gone from all  
 My mortal hopes had not this secret call  
 Of Heaven which doth with unknown method curb  
 Our wild intention brought me to disturb  
 Your peaceful age whose abler youth had in  
 Defending me exposed to ruin been  
 I had no more my conscience now at rest  
 With widows curses orphans tears opprest 260  
 No more in fighting fields those busy marts  
 Where honour doth for fame with death change hearts

246 we] Left entirely in the air for the reader to supply are now convened or something similar

259 had] Similarly deprived of 'been' I note these two because little as Charnier layne seems to have revised the earlier books he appears to have left this last part even more in ostrich fashion

Beheld the sad success of battles, where  
Proud victors make youth's conquest age's care,  
But, hid from all a crown's false glories, spent,  
Like beauteous flowers, which vainly waste the scent  
Of odours in unhaunted deserts, all  
My time concealed till withered age should fall  
From that short stem of nature—life, to be  
Lost in the dust of death's obscurity

270

“When in the pride of youth my stars withdrew  
Their influence first, I then had stood with you  
Those thunderbolts of fate, and bravely died,  
Contemning fortune, had that feverish pride  
Of valour not been quenched in hope to save  
My infant son from an untimely grave  
But he, when from domestic ills conveyed  
In safety, being by treacherous fate betrayed,  
Either by death or ignorance, from what  
His stars, when kindled first, were pointed at,  
Either lives not, or else concealed within  
Some coarse disguise, whose poverty hath been  
So long his dull companion, till he's grown  
Not less to us than to himself unknown

280

“All this being weighed in Reason's scale, is there  
Aught in 't can tempt decrepit age to bear  
Such glorious burthens, which if fortunate  
In the obtaining of, in Nature's date  
Can have no long account, ere I again  
What I had got with danger, kept with pain,  
Summoned by Death—the grave's black monarch, must  
With sorrow lose? Yet since that Heaven so just,  
And you so loyal I have found, that it  
Might argue fear, if I unmoved should sit  
At all your just desires, I here, i' the sight  
Of Heaven declare, together with my right,  
To prosecute your liberties as far  
As justice dares to patronize a war”

290

“This, with a magnanimity that showed  
His youth's brave spirits were not all bestowed  
On the accounts of age, had to so high  
A pitch of zeal inflamed their loyalty,  
That in contempt of slow-paced counsels they  
Did, like rash youth, whose wit wants time's allay,  
Haste to unripe engagements, such as found  
The issue weak, whose parents are unsound

300

“All, to those towns where neighbourhood had made  
Them loved for virtue, or for power obeyed,  
Whilst each with his peculiar guard attends  
His honoured prince, employ their active friends,  
Who having with collecting trumpets made  
Important errands ready to invade

310

The people's censure, for a theme to fame—  
 Their long lost prince's safe return proclaim  
 Which though at first a subject it appeared  
 Only for faith when circumstance had cleared  
 The eye of reason from each nobler mind  
 The embraces of a welcome truth did find  
 In public throngs whilst every forward friend  
 Spoke his resolves, his sullen foes did spend 330  
 Their doubts in private whispers by exchange  
 Of which they found hate had no further range  
 Than close intelligence whose utmost bounds  
 Ere they obtain the useful trumpet sounds  
 No distant summons but close marches to  
 His loyal friends, whom now their foes might view  
 In troops which if fate favour their intents  
 Ere long must swell to big bulked regiments  
 Through country towns and cities prouder streets  
 The murmuring drum in busy marches meets 335  
 Such forward valour—husbandmen did fear  
 The earth would languish the succeeding year  
 For want of labourers nor could business stop  
 The straitened prentice who the slighted shop  
 Left to his angry master (who must be  
 Forced to abridge his seven years tyranny)  
 Changes the baser utensils of trade  
 For burnished arms and by example made  
 More valiant scorns those shadows which they feared  
 More than rough war whilst amongst the city's herd 340  
 To regiments from scattering bands being grown,  
 From that to armies whose big looks made known  
 Those bold designs which justice feared to own  
 Though her's till placed in Powers imperial throne  
 They now toward action haste Which to begin  
 Whilst castles are secured and towns girt in  
 With armed lines whose palisadoes had  
 Whole forests of their whispering oaks unclad  
 The prince his mercy willing to prevent  
 Approaching danger by a herald sent 350  
 To Zarrobrin, commands him to lay down  
 His arms and as he owed unto his crown  
 A subject's due allegiance to appear  
 Before a month was added to that year  
 Within his court which now since action gave  
 Life to that body whose firm strength did save  
 His life—by treason levelled at was in  
 His moving camp But this too weak to win

338 th s] Here e ther s might be absorbed or bei g left out S nger apparently  
 th ght the former was the case a d put a s mi col n at rebel I think the l tter  
 mo e Chamberlaynian and prefer a comma Cf But come *infra*, l 365



The doubtful rebel, since his lawful right  
Swords must dispute, the prince prepares to fight 360  
‘Proud Zarrobrin, who had by late success  
Taught Syracuse how to avoid distress  
By seeking peace, like a black storm that flies  
On southern winds, which in a tumult rise  
From neighbouring seas, was on his march But come  
So near the prince, that now he had by some  
Of’s spreading scouts made full discovery where  
His army lay, whose scarce discovered rear  
Such distance from their well-armed van appeared,  
That such, whose judgements were with numbers feared, 370  
Making no further inquisition, fled—  
By swift report their pale disease to spread  
Disturbing clouds, which rather seemed to rise  
From guilt than fear, spread darkness o’er the eyes  
O’ the rebels, who, although by custom made  
To death familiar, wish their killing trade  
In peace concluded, and with murmurs, nigh  
Grown to the boldness of a mutiny,  
Question their own frail judgements, which so oft  
Had life exposed to dangers, that had brought 380  
No more reward than what preserved them still  
The slaves unto a proud commander’s will  
To stop this swift infection, which, begun  
In lowly huts, to lofty tents had run,  
Sly Zarrobrin, who to preserve the esteem  
Of honour, least liberality might seem  
The child of fear, with secret speed prevents  
What he appears to slight—their discontents,  
As if attending, though attended by  
Their young mock-prince, whose landscape royalty 390  
Showed only fair when viewed at distance, he  
Passing with slow observant pace to see  
Each squadron’s order, he confirms their love  
With donatives, such as were far above  
Their hopes if victors, then, to show that in  
That pride of bounty he’d not strove to win  
Assistance by unworthy bribes, he leads  
Them far from danger, since his judgement reads  
In long experience—that authentic story,  
Whose lines have taught the nearest way to glory 400  
That soft delays, like treacherous streams, which by  
Submitting let the rash intruder try  
Their dangerous depth, to an unwilling stay  
His fierce pursuers would ere long betray  
Whose force, since of the untutored multitude,  
By want made desperate and by custom rude,  
Would soon waste their unwieldy strength, whilst they,  
Whom discipline had taught how to obey,

By pay made nimble and by order sure  
 Would war's delays with easier wants endure 410  
 'This sound advice meeting with sad success  
 From the pursuing army whose distress  
 From tedious marches being too clamorous grown  
 For s friends estates to quiet, soon was shown  
 In actions such which though necessity  
 Enforced on virtue made their presence be  
 To the inconsiderate vulgar whose loose glance  
 For virtue takes vice glossed with circumstance  
 Such an oppression that comparing those  
 Which fled with mildness they behold as foes 420  
 Only their ruder followers whom they curse—  
 Not that their cause but company was worse  
 When thus their wants had brought disorder in  
 And that neglect whose looser garb had been  
 At first so shy that what was hardly known  
 From business then was now to custom grown  
 This large limbed body, since united by  
 No cement but the love to loyalty  
 Loses those baser parts such as to please  
 Unworthy ends turned duty to disease 430  
 Retaining only those whose valour sought  
 No more reward than what with blood they bought  
 But here,—to show that slumbering Justice may  
 Oppressed with power faint in the busy day  
 Of doubtful battle—when their valour had  
 So many souls from robes of flesh unclad  
 Of his brave friends that the forsaken prince  
 Whose sad success taught knowledge to convince  
 The arguments of hope unguarded, left  
 Unto pursuing foes was soon bereft 440  
 Of all that in this cloud of fortune might  
 By opposition or unworthy flight  
 But promise safety, and when death denied  
 Him her last dark retreat, to raise the pride  
 Of an insulting foe is forced to see  
 The scorn of greatness in captivity  
 Yet with more terror to limn sorrow in  
 His mighty soul such friends as had not been  
 By death discharged in fatal battle now  
 Suffered so much as made even fear allow 450  
 Her palest sons to seek in future wars  
 Brave victory got by ages honour—scars  
 Or braver death—that antidote of shame  
 Whose stage none pass upon the road of fame  
 Those that fared best being murdered others sent  
 With life to more afflicting banishment

## *William Chamberlayne*

When thus by him, whose sacred order made  
The truth authentic, from his fortune's shade  
Argalia was redeemed, the prelate, to  
Confirm his story, from his bosom drew  
The jewel, which having by ways unknown  
To him that wore it opened, there was shown  
By wit contracted into art, as rare  
As his that durst make silver spheres compare  
With heaven's light motion, an effigies, which  
His royal sire, whilst beauty did enrich  
His youth, appeared in such epitome,  
As spacious fields are represented by  
Rare optics on opposing walls, where sight  
Is cozened with imperfect forms of light

460

470

When with such joy as Scythians, that grow proud  
Of day, behold light gild an eastern cloud,  
Argalia long had viewed that picture, in  
Whose face he saw forms that said his had been  
Drawn by that pattern, with such thanks, as best  
The silent eloquence of looks express,  
The night grown ancient ere their story's end,  
With solemn joy leaves his informing friend

465-467 which appeared] 'In which' or 'displayed' would of course be required  
y precisians

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK

# BOOK V Canto I

## THE ARGUMENT

Tired with afflictions in a safe retreat  
From the active world Pharonnida is now  
Making a sacred monastery her seat  
Where near approaching the confirming vow

A rude assault makes her a prisoner to  
Almanzor's power to expiate whose sin  
The subtle traitor swiftly leads her to  
The court where she had long a stranger been

HERE harsh employments the unsavoury weeds  
Of barren wants had overrun the seeds  
Of fancy with domestic cares and in  
Those winter storms shipwrecked whate'er had been  
My youths imperfect offspring had not I  
For love of this neglected poverty—  
That meagre fiend whose rusty talons stick  
Contempt on all that are enforced to seek  
Like me a poor subsistence mongst the low  
Shrubs of employment whilst blest wits that grow  
Good Fortune's favourites like proud cedars stand  
Scorning the stroke of every feeble hand  
Whose vain attempts though they should martyr sense  
Yet blush not gentle Muse! thou oft hast had  
Followers by Fortune's hand as meanly clad  
And such as when time had worn envy forth  
Succeeding ages honoured for their worth  
Then though not by these rare examples fired  
To vain presumption with a soul untired  
As his whose fancy's short ephemeras know  
No life—but what doth from his liquor flow  
Whose wit grown wanton with Canary's wealth  
Makes the chaste Muse a pandress to a health  
Our royal lovers story I'll pursue  
Through Times dark paths which now have led me to  
Behold Argalia by assisting Art  
Advanced to health preparing to depart  
From his obscure abode to prosecute  
Designs which when success strikes terror mute  
With pleasing joy shall him the mirror prove  
Of forward valour glossed with filial love  
But let us here with prosperous blessings leave  
Awhile the noble hero and receive

10

20

30

From Time's accounts the often varying story  
Of her whose love conducted him to glory,  
Distressed Pharonnida, whose sufferings grown  
Too great for all that virtue ere had known  
From human precepts, flies for refuge to  
Heaven's narrowest paths, where the directing clew  
Of law, to which the earth for order owes,  
Lost in zeal's light, a useless trouble grows 40

Returned were all the messengers, which she  
Had at the first salutes of liberty  
To seek Argalia sent but since none brought  
Her passion's ease, sick Hope no longer sought  
Those flattering empirics, but at Love's bright fires  
Kindling her zeal, with sober pace retires  
From all expected honours, to bestow  
What time her youth did yet to Nature owe, 50  
A solemn recluse, by a sacred vow  
Locked up from action, whilst she practised how,  
By speculation safely to attain  
What busier mortals doubtfully do gain

Within the compass of the valley, where  
Ismander's palace stood, the pious care  
Of elder times had placed a monastery,  
Whose fair possessors, from life's tumults free,  
In a calm voyage towards Heaven—their home, there spent  
The quiet hours, so sweetly innocent, 60  
As if that place, that happy place, had been  
Of all the earth alone exempt from sin,  
Some sacred power ordaining (when 'twas given)  
It for the next preparing school to heaven,  
From whence those vestals should, when life expires,  
Be for supplies advanced to heavenly choirs  
Lost to the world in sorrow's labyrinths, here  
Pharonnida, now out of hope to clear  
This tempest of her fate, resolves to cast  
Her faith's firm anchor but before she passed 70  
The dangerous straits of a restrictive vow,  
She, to such friends as judgement taught her how  
To prize, imparts it, 'mongst which few, the fair  
Silvandra, whom lost love had taught despair,  
With sad Florenza, both resolve to take  
The same strict habit, and with her forsake  
The treacherous world But to disturb this clear  
Stream of devotion, soon there did appear  
Dissuading friends—Ismander, loath to lose  
So loved a guest, whilst she's of power to choose, 80  
Together with the virtuous Ammida,  
Spend their most powerful arguments to draw  
Her from those cold thoughts, that her virtue might,  
Whilst unconcealed, lend weaker mortals light

*Pharonnida*

Long had this friendly conflict lasted ere  
 Her conquered friends whom a religious care  
 Frighted from robbing Heaven of saints withdrew  
 To mourn her loss yet ere they left her to  
 Her cloistered cell Ismander to comply  
 With aged custom calls such friends whom nigh  
 Abode had made familiar to attend  
 His royal guest Some hasty days they spend  
 In solemn feasting where each friend although  
 Clothed as when they at triumphs met did show  
 A silent sadness such as wretched brides  
 When the neglected nuptial robe but hides  
 The cares of an obstructed love before  
 Harsh parents wear The mirthless feast passed o'er  
 The noble virgins in procession by  
 The mourning train unto the monastery  
 Slowly conducted are each led by two  
 Full breasted maids whom Hymen to renew  
 The world's decaying stock, his joys to prove  
 By contracts summoned to conjugal love  
 These as they passed like paranympths which led  
 Young beauties to espouse a maidenhead  
 With harmony whose each concurring part  
 Tickled the ear whilst it did strike the heart  
 With mournful numbers rifling every breast  
 Of their deep thoughts thus the sad sense exprest

## I

To secret walks to silent shades  
 To places where no voice invades  
 The air but what's created by  
 Their own retired society  
 Slowly these blooming nymphs we bring  
 To wither out their fragrant spring,  
 For whose sweet odours lovers pine  
 Where beauty doth but vainly shine  
 Where Nature's wealth and Art's assisting cost  
 Both in the beams of distant Hope are lost

## II

To cloisters where cold damps destroy  
 The busy thoughts of bridal joy  
 To vows whose harsh events must be  
 Uncoupled cold virginity  
 To pensive prayers where Heaven appears  
 Through the pale cloud of private tears  
 These captive virgins we must leave  
 Till freedom they from death receive  
 Only in this remote conclusion blest  
 This vale of tears leads to eternal rest.

III

Then since that such a choice as theirs,  
Which styles them the undoubted heirs  
To Heaven, 'twere sinful to repent,  
Here may they live, till beauty spent  
In a religious life, prepare  
Them with their fellow-saints to share  
Celestial joys, for whose desire  
They freely from the world retire  
CHO Go then, and rest in blessed peace, whilst we  
Deplore the loss of such society

140

Through all the slow delays of love arrived  
To the unguarded gate, Friendship, that thrived  
Not in Persuasion's rhetoric, withdraws  
Her forces to assist that juster cause—  
Prayers for their future good—with which whilst they  
Are taking leave, the unfolded gates give way  
For the blest votaries' entrance, whom to meet,  
A hundred pair of maids, more chastely sweet  
Than flowers which grow untouched in deserts, were  
Led by their abbess, to whose pious care  
These being joined, with such a sad reverse  
Of eyes o'erflowing, (as the sable herse  
Close mourners leave, when they must see no more  
Their confined dead), their friends are from the door  
With eager looks, woe's last—since now denied  
A further view—departs unsatisfied

150

This last of duties, which the dearest friend  
Ought to perform, brought to successful end,  
For here no custom with a dowry's price  
At entrance paid, nursed slothful avarice,  
They're softly led through a fair garden where  
Each walk was by the founder's pious care,  
For various fancies, wanton imagery,  
To catch the heart, and not to court the eye,  
Adorned with sacred histories From hence  
T' the centre of this fair circumference,  
The fabric come, the roving eye, confined  
Within the buildings, to enlarge the mind  
In contemplation, saw where happy art  
Had on the figured walls the second part  
Of sacred story drawn, in lines that had  
The world's Redeemer, from His first being clad  
In robes of flesh, presented to the view  
Through all His passions, till it brought Him to

160

170

156 departs] Singer, on general grammatical principles as usual, 'depart' But he does not seem to have noticed that, if any alteration is made, a *participle* is required for 'are' Chamberlayne would not have hesitated to write 'are departed' and I am not sure that he would have hesitated to scan 'depart'd'

*Pharonnida*

The cross that highest seal of love where He  
 A sinless offering died from sin to free  
 The captivèd world which knew no other price  
 But that to pay the debts of paradise  
 Passed through this place where bleeding passion strove  
 Their melting pity to refine to love  
 They re now the temple entered where to screen  
 Their thoughts yet nearer Heaven whom they had seen  
 I the entrance scourged contemnèd and crucified,  
 They there beheld though veils of glory hide  
 Some part of the amazing majesty  
 In His ascension as when raised to be  
 For them that hear His death freed from the hate  
 Of angry Heaven the powerful advocate.  
 Besides these bold attempts of art that stood  
 To fright the wicked or to prompt the good  
 Art be expressed more sacred than could by  
 Reached at the centre of the soul from whence  
 To Heaven our raised desires circumference  
 Striking the lines of contemplation she  
 Wrapped from the earth is in an ecstacy  
 Holy and high through faith's clear optic shown  
 Those joys which to departed saints are known  
 Before those prayers which zeal had tedious made  
 With their last troops did conquered Heaven invade  
 The day was on the glittering wings of light  
 Fled to the western world and swarthy night  
 In her black empire throned from silver shrines  
 The kindled lamps through all the temple shines  
 With dappled rays that did to the eye present  
 The beauties of the larger firmament  
 In which still calm when all their rites were now  
 So near performed, that the confirming vow  
 Alone remained a sudden noise of rude  
 And clamorous sound did through the ear intrude  
 On their affrighted fancies in so high  
 A voice that all their sacred harmony  
 In this confusion lost appeared so small  
 As if that whispered which was made to call  
 Although the awful majesty that here  
 Religion held the weak effects of fear  
 With faith expelled yet when that nearer to  
 Their slender gates the murmuring tumult drew  
 The abbess sends not to secure but see  
 Who durst attempt what Heaven from all kept free  
 By strictest law save those unhallowed hands  
 That follow curses whilst they fly commands  
 But they being entered ere the timorous scout  
 Could notice give fear which first sprung from doubt,



Being into wild confusion grown, from all  
Set forms affrights them, whilst at once they call  
For Heaven's protecting mercy, to behold  
That place where peaceful saints used to unfold  
Heaven's oracles, possessed with villains that  
Did ne'er know aught but want to tremble at, 230  
Which looked like those that with proud angels fell,  
And to storm Heaven were sent in arms from Hell,  
Converts that scene, where nothing did appear  
But calm devotion, to distracting fear  
Amazed with horror, each sad vot'ress stands,  
Whilst sacred relics drop from trembling hands,  
Here one whose heart with fear's convulsions faint,  
Flies to the shrine of her protecting saint,  
By her another stands, whose spirits spent  
In passion, looks pale as her monument 240  
One shrieks, another prays, a third had crossed  
Herself so much, ill angels might have lost  
The way to hurt her, if not taught to do 't,  
'Cause she t' the sign too much did attribute  
The royal stranger, by her fear pursued,  
To the altar fled, had with mixed passion viewed  
This dreadful troop, whilst from the temple gate  
They passed the seat where trembling virgins sat  
Free from uncivil wrongs, as if that they  
That entered had been men prepared to pray, 250  
Not come to ravish, from which sight her fear  
Picks flowers of hope, but such as, they drawn near,  
From fancy's soft lap, in a hurricane  
Of passion dropped her prayers and tears in vain,  
As words in winds, or showers in seas, when they  
Prepare for ruin the obstructed way  
To pity, which her stock of prayers had cost,  
In the dark shade of sudden horror lost  
Seized on by two o' the sacrilegious train,  
Whose black disguise had made the eye in vain 260  
Seek to inform the soul, she and the poor  
Florenza, whilst their helpless friends deplore  
With silent tears so sad a loss, are drew  
From the clasped altar in the offended view  
Of their protecting saints, from whose shrines in  
A dismal omen dropped whate'er had been  
With hopes of merit placed. Black sulphury damps  
With swift convulsions quenched the sacred lamps,  
The fabric shakes, and, as if grieved they stood  
To circle guilt, the walls sweat tears of blood 270  
Shrieks, such as if those sainted souls, that there  
Trode Heaven's straight paths, in their just quarrel were

271 sainted] Orig 'fainted'—of course a mere 'literal' for the long s

*Pharonnida*

Rose from their silent dormitories to  
 Deter their foes through all the temple flew  
 But here in vain destroying angels shook  
 The sword of vengeance whilst his bold crimes struck  
 Gainst heaven in high contempt with impious haste,  
 Snatched from the altar whilst their friends did waste  
 Unheard orisons for their safety they  
 Unto the fabrics utmost gate convey  
 Their beauteous prizes where with silence stood  
 Their dreadful guard which like a neighbouring wood  
 When vapours tip the naked boughs in light,  
 With unsheathed swords through the black mists of night  
 A sparkling terror struck with such a speed  
 As scarce gave time to fear what would succeed  
 To such preceding villanies Within  
 Her coach imprisoned the sad princess, in  
 A march for swiftness such as busy war  
 Hastens to meet death in but for silence far  
 More still than funerals, is by that black troop  
 With such a change as falling stars do stoop  
 To night's black region from the monastery  
 Hurried in haste by whom or whither she  
 Yet knows no more than souls departing when  
 Or where to meet in robes of flesh again.  
 The day salutes her and uncurtained light  
 Welcomes her through the confines of the night  
 But lends no comfort every object that  
 It showed her being such as frighted at  
 The prince of day grieved he d no longer slept  
 To shun shrunk back beneath a cloud and wept  
 When the unfolded curtains gave her eyes  
 Leave to look forth a troop whose close disguise  
 Were stubborn arms she only saw and they  
 So silent, nought but motion did betray  
 The faculties of life by whom being led  
 In such a sad march as their honoured dead  
 Close mourners follow she some slow paced days  
 Mongst strangers passing thorough stranger ways  
 At both amazed at length unfathomed by  
 Her deepest thought within the reach of the eye  
 Her known Gerenza views but with a look  
 From whence cold passion all the blood had took  
 And in her face that frozen sea of fear  
 Left nought but storms of wonder to appear  
 Convened within the spacious judgement hall  
 Of Reason she ere this had summoned all  
 Her weaker passions to the impartial bar  
 Of moral virtue where they sentenced are

50

290

300

310

320

310 thorough] Orig  
value is required

( 243 )

Only to an untroubled silence, in  
Which serious act whilst she had busied been,  
She is, unnoted, ere the fall of day  
Brought by her convoy to a lodge that lay  
Off from the road, a place, when seen, she knew  
Ere his rebellion had belonged unto  
Her worst of foes, Almanzor, which begins  
At first a doubt, whose growing force soon wins  
The field of faith, and tells her timorous thought,  
Her father's troops would ne'er have thither brought  
Her, if designed to suffer, since that he  
Knew those more fit for close captivity

330

But long her reason lies not fettered in  
These cross dilemmas, the slow night had been  
With tedious hours passed o'er, whilst she by none  
But mutes, no less unheard than they're unknown,  
Is only waited on, by whom, when day  
To action called, she veiled, is led the way  
To the attending convoy, who had now  
Varied the scene, Almanzor, studying how  
To court compassion in his prince, dares not  
At the first view, ere merit had begot

340

A calm remission of rebellious sin,  
Affront an anger which had justice been  
In his confusion, his arms he now behind,  
As that which might too soon have called to mind  
His former crimes, he leaves, and for them took,  
To gain the aspect of a pitying look,  
A hermit's homely weed his willing train,  
By that fair gloss their liberties to gain,  
Rode armed, but so, what for offence they bore,  
Was in submission to lay down before  
The throne of injured power, to cure whose fear  
Their armed heads on haltered necks appear

350

Near to the rear of these, the princess in  
A mourning litter, close as she had been  
In a night-march unto her tomb, is through  
The city's wondering tumults led unto  
The royal palace, at whose gates all stay,  
Save bold Almanzor, whom the guards obey  
For his appearing sanctity so much,  
That he unquestioned enters, and, thought such  
As his grave habit promised, soon obtained  
The prince's sight, where with a gesture feigned  
To all the shapes of true devotion, he  
By a successful fiction comes to be  
Esteemed the true converter of those wild  
Bandits, which, being by their own crimes exiled,

360

345, 347 he] One of these is of course superfluous and the first is not even necessary for the metre

*Pharonnida*

In spite of law had lived to punish those  
 Which did the rules of punishment compose  
 These being pardoned as he'd took from thence  
 Encouragement veiled under the pretence  
 Of a religious pity he begins  
 In language whose emollient smoothness wins  
 An easy conquest on belief to frame  
 A sad petition which although in name  
 It had disguised Pharonnida did find  
 So much of pity as the prince inclined  
 To lend his aid for the relief of her  
 Whose virtue found so fair a character  
 In his description it might make unblest  
 That power which left so much of worth distress  
 Though too much tired with private cares to show  
 In public throngs how much his love did owe  
 To suffering virtue yet since told that she  
 Was too much masked in clouds of grief to be  
 The object of the censuring court, he to  
 The litter goes whose sable veil withdrew  
 With wonder that did scarce belief admit  
 Shadowed in grief he sees his daughter sit  
 His long lost daughter whom unsought to be  
 Thus strangely found to such an ecstasy  
 Of joy exalts him that his spirits by  
 Those swift pulsations had been all let fly  
 With thanks towards Heaven had not the royal maid  
 With showers of penitential tears allayed  
 Those hotter passions and revoked him to  
 Support her griefs whose burthen had outgrew  
 The powers of life but that there did appear  
 Kind Nature's love to cure weak Nature's fear  
 In this encounter of their passions both  
 With sorrow silent stood words being loath  
 To intrude upon their busy thoughts till they  
 In moist compassion melted had away  
 His anger's fever and her frozen fears  
 In nature's balm soft love's extracted tears  
 Like a sad patient whose forgotten strength  
 Decayed by chronic ills hath made the length  
 Of life his burthen when near death meets there  
 Unhoped for health so from continual cure  
 The soul's slow hectic elevated by  
 This cordial joy the slothful lethargy  
 Of age or sorrow finds an easier cure  
 Than the unsafe extreme a calenture  
 Nor are these comforts long constrained to rest  
 Within the confines of his own swelled breast  
 Ere its dismantled rays did in a flight  
 Swift as the motions of unbodied light

370

380

390

400

410

Disperse its epidemic virtues through  
The joyful court, which now arrived unto 420  
Its former splendour, Heaven's expected praise  
Doth on the wings of candid mercy raise  
Which spreading in a joyful jubilee  
To all offenders, tells Almanzor he  
Might safely now unmask, which done, ere yet  
Discovered, at the well-pleased prince's feet,  
Humbled with guilt, he kneels, who, at the sight  
As much amazed as so sublime a flight  
Of joy admitted, stands attentive to  
What did in these submissive words ensue 430  
    'Behold, great sir, for now I dare be seen  
An object for your mercy, that had been  
Too dreadful for discovery, had not this  
Preceding joy told me no crime could miss  
The road of mercy, though, like mine, a sin  
The suffering nation is enveloped in  
Sunk in the ocean of my guilt, I'd gone,  
A desperate rebel, waited on by none  
But outlaws, to a grave obscure, had not  
Relenting Heaven thus taught me how to blot 440  
Out some of sin's black characters, ere I  
Beheld the beams of injured majesty'  
    This, in his passion's relaxation spoke,  
Persuades the prince's justice to revoke  
Its former rigour By the helpful hand  
Of mercy raised, Almanzor soon did stand  
Not only pardoned, but secured by all  
His former honours from a future fall,  
Making that fortune, which did now appear  
Their pity's object, through the glass of fear 450  
With envy looked on, but in vain, he stood  
Confirmed in love's meridian altitude,  
The length of life from Honour's western shade,  
Except in new rebellion retrograde  
Which plotting leave him, till the winding clew  
Of fancy shall conduct your knowledge to  
Those uncouth vaults, and mounting the next story,  
See virtue climbing to the throne of glory

## THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

426 prince's] Singer, nodding, 'princess' In orig these words are often interchanged

## Pharonnida

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

Leaving Pharonnida to entertain  
 The various passions of her father we  
 Must now return to see Argalia gain  
 That power by which he sets his father free  
 From the command of haughty rebels who  
 By justice sent to a deserved death,  
 Argalia takes the crown his merits due  
 And the old prince in peace resigns his breath.

RETURNED to see what all the dark records  
 Of the old Spartan history affords  
 I the progress of Argalia's fate I found  
 The chained historian here so strictly bound  
 To follow truth although at dangers cost  
 No silent night nor smoky battle lost  
 The doubtful road which often did appear  
 Through floods of faction filled with storms of fear  
 Obscure and dark to the belief of that  
 Less guilty age though then to tremble at  
 Rome's bold ambition and those prodigies  
 Of earth their tyrants to inform their eyes  
 Left mourning monuments of ill but none  
 Like what they now attempt a sin unknown  
 To old aspirers which should have been sent  
 Some ages forward for a precedent  
 To these with whom compared their crimes had been  
 Though past to act but weak essays of sin  
 With such a speed as the supplies of air  
 Fearing a vacuum hasten to repair  
 The ruptures of the earth at our last view  
 We left revived Argalia posting to  
 Etolia's distant confines where arrived  
 He found their army whose attempts had thrived  
 Since he Ipirus had forsook so far  
 Advanced that now the varied scene of war  
 Transferred to faithless Ardenn was there  
 Fixed in a siege whose slow approaches were  
 The doubts of both the city pines for fear  
 Remote supplies might fail which drawn so near  
 The circling army knows that either they  
 Must fly from conquest near obtained or stay  
 To meet a danger which by judgement scanned  
 Their strength appears unable to withstand  
 Whilst thus their pensive leaders busied are  
 In cross dilemmas as by public war  
 He meant to meet revenge in private to  
 Their camp Argalia comes a camp which knew

10

20

30

Him by the fair wrought characters of fame  
So well, that now he needs no more than name 40  
Himself to merit welcome, all mistrust  
Being cleared by them which left, as too unjust  
To be obeyed, the false Epirot's side,  
When by his loss made subject to the pride  
Of stranger chiefs, these for their virtue praised,  
For number feared, to such a height had raised  
Applauding truths of him, that Zarrobrin,  
Conjoined to one he trembled at whilst seen  
In opposition, slights what did of late  
Appear a dreadful precipice of fate 50

Lest poor employments might make favour show  
Like faint mistrust, he doth at first bestow  
On the brave stranger the supreme command  
Of some choice horse, selected to withstand  
The fierce Epirot's march, whose army, ere  
The slow Ætolians could their strength prepare  
Fit to resist, if not by him withstood,  
With ease had gained a dangerous neighbourhood  
But he, whose anger's thunderbolts could stay,  
Though hurled from clouds of rage, if the allay 60  
Of judgement interposed, here finding nought  
More safe than haste, ere his secure foes thought  
Of opposition, strongly had possessed  
A strait in which small troops had oft distressed  
Large bodied armies, until brought so low,  
Those they contemned did liberty bestow

Whilst stopped by this unlooked-for remora,  
The baffled army oft had strove to draw  
Argalia from his safe retreats, but found  
His art of more advantage than his ground, 70  
In the dead age of unsuccessful night  
A forward party, which had learned to fight  
From honour's dictates, not commands, being by  
Youth's hasty guide, rash valour, brought so nigh  
Argalia's troops, that in a storm which cost  
Some lives, they many noble captives lost  
Amongst which number, as if thither sent  
By such a fate as showed Heaven's close intent  
Pointed at good, Euriolus appears  
First a sad captive but those common fears 80  
Soon, whilst in conflict with his passions, rest  
On the wished object of his long inquest  
Admired Argalia, to whose joy he brings  
As much of honour, as elected kings  
Meet in those votes, which so auspicious prove,  
They light to honour with the rays of love  
Having from him in full relation heard  
Pharonnida yet lived, whom long he feared  
( 248 )

*Pharomida*

Beyond redemption lost they thence proceed  
 To counsels whose mixture results might breed  
 Their heedless foes confusion which since they  
 That now were captives bore the greatest sway  
 In the opposing army proves a task  
 So free from danger death did scarce unmask  
 The face of horror in a charge, before  
 Argalia's name echoed in praises o'er  
 The rallied troops summons from thence so large  
 A party that the valour of a charge  
 In those that stood were madness, which to shun,  
 Base cowards taught brave fighters how to run  
 This easy conquest gained ere Zarrobrin  
 Was with his slower army drawn within  
 The noise o' the battle, to such vast extent  
 Of fame high virtues spreading ornament,  
 Had raised Argalia's merits that the pride  
 Of his commander wisely hid aside  
 For such advantage to let Honour stand  
 On her own basis the supreme command  
 Of all the strangers in his camp to him  
 He freely gives a power which soon would dim  
 His if ere by some harsh distemper piced  
 In opposition but his thoughts embraced  
 In all suspicious darkest cells no fiend  
 So pale as fear fixed on the sudden end  
 Of high designs he looks on this success  
 As the straight road to future happiness  
 With such a speed as prosperous victors go  
 To see and conquer when the vanquished foe  
 Retreats from honour the Tolinn had  
 Followed success till that far hand unclad  
 The sunk Lpirot of his strength and now  
 Secured from foreign ills was studying how  
 To cure domestic dangers which since he  
 The weak foundation of his tyranny  
 Had fixed in sand but only cemented  
 With loyal blood such just contempt had bred  
 In the ages deep discerning judgements that  
 The unsettled herd, ere scarcely lightened at  
 Those sober flames like ill mixed vapours break  
 In blustering murmurs forth which though too weak  
 To force his fortune on the rocks of hate  
 With terror shook the structure of his fate  
 Like wise physicians which when called to cure  
 Infectious ills with antidotes make sure  
 Themselves from danger since hypocrisy  
 Could steal no entrance to affection he  
 Leads part of s army for his guard that they  
 Where mines did fail by storm might force a way

90

100

110

120

130



But since he doubts constrained domestics, though  
Abroad obedient, might, when come to know  
From burthened friends their cause of grief, forsake  
Unjust commands, his wiser care did take  
Argalia and his stranger troops, as those  
Which, unconcerned, he freely might dispose  
To wind up all the engines of his brain,  
So guilt was gilded with the hopes of gain  
By hasty marches being arrived with these  
Within Ætolia, where his frowns appease  
Those bubbles that, their Neptune absent, would  
Have swelled to waves, ere his hot spirits cooled  
Were with relaxing rest, he visits him,  
The weak reflex of whose light crown looks dim  
T' the burnished splendour of his blade, that set  
Him only there to be the cabinet  
Of that usurpèd diadem, which he,  
Whose subtle arts in clouded brows could see  
The heart's intended storms, beheld without  
His unstrained reach, until the people's doubt,  
Which yet lived in the dawn of hope, he saw  
O'ershadowed with the forms of injured law  
Though Time, that fatal enemy to truth,  
Had not alone robbed the fresh thoughts of youth  
O' the knowledge of their long lost prince, but been,  
Even unto those that had adored him in  
His throne, Oblivion's handmaid, yet left by  
Some power occult, that in captivity  
Forsakes not injured monarchs, there remained  
In most some passions, which first entertained  
At Pity's cost, at length by Reason tried  
Grew so much loved, that only power denied  
Them to support his sinking cause Which seen  
By Zarrobrin, whose tyranny had been  
At first their fear, and now their hate, he brings  
His army, an elixir, which to kings  
Transforms plebeians, by the strength of that  
To bind those hands that else had struggled at  
Their head's offence, which wanting power to cure,  
They now with grief's convulsions must endure  
A court convened of such whose killing trade  
The rigid law so flexible had made,  
That their keen votes had forced the bloodiest field  
To the deep tincture of the scaffold yield,  
Forth of his uncouth prison summoned by  
The rude commands of wronged authority,  
An object which succeeding ages, when  
But spoke of, weep, because they blushed not then,  
The prince appears—a guarded captive in  
That city where his morning star had been  
( 250 )

Beheld in honours zenith slowly by  
 Inferior slaves which ne'er on majesty  
 Whilst uneclipsed durst look being led to prove 190  
 Who blushed with anger or looked pale with love  
 By these being to a mock tribunal brought  
 Where damned rebellion for disguise had sought  
 The veil of justice, but so thinly spread  
 Each stroke their envy levelled at his head  
 Betrayed black Treason's hand couched in that vote  
 Which struck with law to cut Religion's throat  
 From a poor pleader whose cheap conscience had  
 Been sold for bribes long ere the purple clad 200  
 So base a thing their calm souled sovereign hears  
 Death's fatal doom which when pronounced, appears  
 His candour and their guilt the one exprest  
 By a reception which declared his breast  
 Unstirred with passion the other struggling in  
 Their troubled looks which showed this monstrous sin  
 That this damned plot did to rebellion bear  
 Even frightened those that treason's midwives were  
 Hence all their black designs encouraged by  
 The levelled paths of prosperous villany 210  
 High mounted mischief stretched upon the wing  
 Of powerful ill pursues the helpless king  
 To the last stage of life, a scaffold, whence  
 With tears, cheap offerings to his innocence  
 Such of his pitying friends as durst disclose  
 Their passions view him whilst insulting foes  
 Exalted on the pyramids of pride  
 By long winged power with base contempt deride  
 Their sorrow and his sufferings whom they hate  
 Had followed near the period of his fate 220  
 Which being now so near arrived that all  
 With various passion did expect the fall  
 Of the last fatal stroke kind Heaven to save  
 A life so near the confines of the grave  
 Transcends dull hope by so sublime a flight  
 That dazzled faith amazed with too much light  
 Whilst ecstasies of wonder did destroy  
 Unripe belief near lost the road of joy  
 Even with the juncture of that minute when  
 The axe was falling from those throngs of men 230  
 Swayed by a command Argalia with a speed  
 That startled action mounts the stage and freed  
 The trembling prince from death's pale fear which done  
 To show on what just grounds he had begun  
 So brave so bold an action seizes all  
 That knowledge or suspicion dares to call

235 action] Singer reads act he. But the nom native is quite easily suppl ed from mounts

The tyrant's friends    The guilty tyrant, who,  
Whilst he doth from his distant palace view  
This dreadful change, with a disdain as high  
As are his crimes, being apprehended by  
Argalia's nimble guards, is forced to be  
Their sad conductor to a destiny  
So full of horror, that it hardly lies  
In 's foes to save him for a sacrifice  
From their wild rage, who know no justice but  
What doth by death a stop to fury put

240

From noiseless prayers and bloodless looks being by  
The bold attempters of his liberty  
Raised to behold his rescue, heedless fear,  
Hatched by mistake, from those that bordered near,  
Had with such swiftness its infection spread,  
That the more distant, knowing not what bred  
The busy tumult, in so wild a haste,  
As vanquished troops which at the heels are chased  
Fly the pursuing sword, they madly run  
To meet those dangers which they strove to shun  
In which confusion none o' the throng had been  
Left to behold how justice triumphed in  
Revenge's throne, had not a swift command,  
By power enabled, hastened to withstand  
That troubled torrent which the truth outgrew,  
Until their fears' original they knew

250

260

The onset past, Argalia, having first  
Secured the tyrant, for whose blood the thirst  
Of the vexed people raged, he mounted on  
That scaffold whence his father should have gone  
A royal martyr to the grave, did there  
By a commanded silence first prepare  
The clamorous throng to hear the hidden cause  
Which made him slight their new-created laws  
Then, in that mart of satisfaction which  
With knowledge doth the doubtful herd enrich,  
The public view, he freely shows how far  
Through Fortune's deserts the auspicious star  
Of Heaven's unfathomed providence had led  
Him—from the axe to save that sacred head,  
Whose reverend snow his full discovery had  
In the first dress of youthful vigour clad,  
Could constant Nature sympathize with that  
Reviving joy his spirits panted at

270

280

His son's relation, seconded by all  
That suffering sharer in his pitied fall,  
Mantineia's bishop, knew, joined to the sight  
Of that known jewel, whose unwasted light  
Had served alone to guide them, satisfies  
The inquisition e'en of critic eyes

With such a fullness of content that they  
 Each from his prince being lightened with a ray  
 Of sprightly mirth endeavoured to destroy  
 Their former grief in hope of future joy 290  
 Which to attain to those whose counsels had  
 The land in blood and then in mourning clad  
 Called forth by order to confession there  
 Are scarce given time the foulness to declare  
 Of their past crimes before the people's hate  
 That head strong monster strove to anticipate  
 The sword of vengeance and in wild rage save  
 The labour of an ignominious grave  
 To every parcel of those rent limbs that  
 When but beheld they lately trembled at 300  
 Such being the fate of falling tyrants when  
 Conquering the fear conquered the scorn of men  
 But here lest inconsiderate rage should send  
 Their souls to darkness ere confession end  
 Their tragic story, hated Zarrobrin  
 With that unhappy boy whose crown had been  
 Worn but to make him capable to die  
 A sacrifice to injured liberty  
 Rescued by order from the rout is to  
 A public trial brought, where in the view 310  
 Of all the injured multitude the old  
 Audacious traitor did t' the light unfold  
 His acts of darkness which discovered him  
 They gazed on whilst unquestioned power did dim  
 Discerning wits but a dull meteor—one  
 By hot ambition mounted to a throne  
 By an attractive policy which when  
 Its influence failed back to that lazy fen  
 His fortunes centre hurling him again  
 The only star in honours orb would reign 320  
 This sly impostor seconded by that  
 Rebellious guilt his actions offered at  
 In all its bold attempts had kindled in  
 The late supporters of unprosperous sin  
 So high a rage that in wild fury they  
 Their anger wanting what it should obey—  
 A sober judgement stands not to dispute  
 With the slow law but with their strength confute  
 All tending to delay like torrents broke  
 Through the imprisoning banks to get one stroke 330  
 At heads so hated all rush in until  
 Their severed limbs want quantity to fill  
 A room in the eyes receiving beams This done  
 With blood and anger warmed they wildly run  
 To search out such whom consanguinity  
 Had rendered so unhappy as to be

Allied to them all which, with rage that styled  
Beasts merciful, and angry soldiers mild,  
They to destruction chase, whilst guiltless walls,  
In which they dwelt, in funeral blazes falls, 340  
Where burns inviting treasure, as they saw  
In the gold's splendour an anathema  
So full of horror, as it seemed to be  
A plague beyond unpitied poverty

Impetuous rage, like whirlwinds unopposed,  
Hushed to a calm, as hate had but unclosed  
The anger-blinded eyes of love, the bold  
Flame, like a fire forced from repulsive cold,  
Breaks through the harsh extreme of hate, to show  
How much their loyal duty did outgrow 350  
Those fruits of forced obedience, which before  
They slowly to intruding tyrants bore  
In which procession of their joy, that he  
Might meet their hopes with a solemnity  
Large as their love, or his delight, the prince,  
Taught by informing age how to convince  
Ambition's hasty arguments, calls forth  
His long-lost son, whose late discovered worth  
Was grown the age's wonder, to support  
The ponderous crown, whilst he did tread the short 360  
And sickly step of age, untroubled by  
The burthen of afflicting majesty

His coronation passed, in such a tide  
Of full content, as to be glorified  
Blest souls in the world's conflagration shall  
From tombs their reunited bodies call,  
The feeble prince, leaving the joyful throng  
Of his applauding subjects, seeks among  
Religious shades, those cool retreats, to find  
That best composer of a stormy mind 370  
A still devotion, on whose downy bed  
Not long he'd laid, before that entrance led  
Him to the court of Heaven, though through the gate  
Of welcome death, a cross, which though from fate,  
Not accident, he being instructed by  
Age and religion to prepare to die  
On Nature's summons, yet so deep a strain  
Spreads o'er those robes that joy had died in grain,  
That his heroic son, to meet alone  
So fierce a foe, leaving the widowed throne, 380  
Retreats to silent tears, whose plenteous spring,  
By the example of their mourning king,  
From those small clouds there first beheld to rise,  
Begets a storm in every subject's eyes

*Pharonnida*

Betraying Time the world unquestioned thief  
 Intending o'er obliterated grief  
 Some new transcription to perform it brings  
 A ravished quill from Love's expanded wings  
 Presenting to Argalia's willing view  
 Whatever blind chance rolled on the various clew  
 Of his fair mistress fate, unfolded by  
 Luriolus who was when victory  
 First gave him freedom by Argalia sent  
 With speed that might anticipate intent  
 The unconfined Pharonnida to free  
 From her religious strict captivity  
 But being arrived where contrary to all  
 His thoughts he heard how first she came to fall  
 Into Almanzor's hand by whom conveyed  
 Thence to her father's court his judgement stayed  
 Not to consult with slow advice but hastes  
 On the pursuit of her whom found he wastes  
 Few days before fair opportunity  
 Was so auspicious to his prayers that he  
 Not only proves a happy messenger  
 Where first employed but in exchange for her  
 Returns the story of what had been done  
 Since first this tempest of their fate begun.—  
 How she forsook the monastery and in  
 What agonies of passion thence had been  
 Forced to her father's court, where all her fears  
 Dissolve in pity he related hears  
 With calm attention but when come to that  
 Whose first conceptions he had trembled at  
 The Syracusan's fresh assaults unto  
 That virgin fort whose strength although he knew  
 Too great for storm yet since assisted by  
 Her father's power the wreaths of victory  
 Rent by command from his deserts might crown  
 Another's brows To pull those laurels down  
 Ere raised in triumph he prepares to move  
 By royal steps unto the throne of love

390

40

410

420

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO

## Canto III

## THE ARGUMENT

From the Ætolians' late victorious king  
Ambassadors in Sparta's court arrive,  
Where slighted, back they this sad message bring,  
That force must only make his just claim thrive

Which to confirm, the Epirot's power invades  
His land, in hopes for full reward to have  
Pharonnida, but close Almanzor shades  
His glorious hopes in an untimely grave

AN unripe rumour, such as causes near  
Declining catch at, when betraying fear  
Plunges at hope, had through Gerenza spread  
The story of Argalia's fate, but shed  
From such loose clouds of scattered fame, as by  
Observant wits were only thought to fly  
In the airy region of report, where they  
Are forced each wind of fancy to obey,  
Whose various blasts, when brought unto the test  
Of judgement, rather the desires exprest,  
Than knowledge of its authors Here, 'mongst those  
Of various censure, sly Almanzor chose  
To be of the believing part, since that  
Might soonest crush all hopes that levelled at  
Affection to Pharonnida, whom he  
Strove to preserve in calm neutrality

10

But here he fails to countermine his plot,  
This seeming fable soon appears begot  
By solid truth, a truth which scorns to lie  
Begging at th' gates of probability  
Which to avoid, she from Argalia brings  
Ambassadors, those mouths of absent kings,  
To plead her right, at whose unlooked-for view,  
Almanzor, whose fallacious schemes were drew  
Only for false phenomena, is now  
Forced to erect new figures, and allow  
Each star its influence, but declared in vain,  
Since pride did lord of the ascendant reign  
Pride, which, conjoined to policy, had made  
All other motions seem but retrograde

20

His black arts thus deceived, since nought could make  
The dull spectator's ignorance mistake  
This constellation for a comet, he  
Attempts with fear of its malignity  
To fright each busy gazer, and since all  
The circles of opinion were to fall

30

## Pharonnida

Like spacious azimuths in that zenith to  
 Settle the prince through whom the people view  
 All great conjunctions where the different sign  
 Should force those aspects which might mongst that trine 40  
 Of love else hold a concord, to dispense  
 On him its most destructive influence.

The court being thus prepared he boldly now  
 Dares the delay'd ambassadors allow  
 A long expected audience which in brief  
 Makes known their master's fate in the relief  
 Of s injured father thence proceeds to show  
 How much of praise his thankful friends did owe  
 To Heaven for his own restored estate which he  
 Desires to join in calm confederacy  
 With them his honoured neighbours hence they past 50  
 To what concerned I haronnida their last  
 And most important message Which when heard  
 In such a language as the rivals feared

A language which to prove his interest  
 In her unquestioned come but to request  
 The freedom of a fathers grant a high  
 But stifled rage began to mutiny  
 In all their breasts such as if not withheld  
 B the law of nations had her father swelled  
 To open acts of violence which seen  
 By some o the lords they calm his passion in  
 A cool retreat such as might seem to be  
 Though harsh contempt wrapped in civility  
 Fired with disdain, the ambassadors in such  
 A speed which showed affronts that did but touch  
 Their masters honour wounded theirs forsook  
 Gerenza whilst Luriolus betook  
 Himself to some more safe disguise that might  
 Protect him till the subject of delight 60  
 The course his royal master meant to steer  
 In gaining her his story makes appear  
 Unto distressed I haronnida who in  
 That confidence secure as she had been  
 From all succeeding ills protected by  
 A guard of angels in a harmony  
 Of peaceful thoughts such as in dangers keep  
 Safe innocence rocks all her cares asleep

But here she rests not long before the fall  
 Of second storms proves this short interval  
 But lightning which in tempests shows unto  
 Shores which the shipwrecked must no more than view  
 Anger Ambition Hate and jealous Fear  
 Had all conspired Loves ruin which drew near 80

54 the] Singer their



From hasty counsels' rash results, which in  
His passion's storm had by her father been,  
Like rocks which wretched mariners mistake  
For harbours, fled to, when he did forsake  
That safer channel of advice that might,  
From free conventions, like the welcome light 90  
Of Pharos, guided his designs, till they  
At anchor in the road of honour lay

As if his fears by nothing could have been  
Secured, but what proved him ungrateful in  
Argalia's ruin, all discourses are  
Distasteful grown, but what to sudden war  
Incites his rage which humour, though it needs  
No greater fire than what his envy feeds,  
Besides those court tarantulas whose breath  
Stings easy princes, till they dance to death 100  
At the delightful sound of flattery, there  
Were deeper wits, such whom a subtle care,  
Not servile fear, taught how to aggravate  
His anger's flame, till their own eager hate,  
Though burning with a mortal fury, might  
Pass unobserved, since near a greater light  
Amongst those few whose love did not depend  
So much on fortune, but the name of friend  
Was still preserved, the faithful Cyprian prince  
Durst only strive by reason to convince 110  
Their wilder passions, but each argument  
With which affection struggled to prevent  
A swift destruction, only seemed to prove  
His friendship more effectual than his love  
From which mistake, such as did strive to please  
The angry prince's passionate disease,  
With what might feed the sickly humours, draw  
A consequence that proves Pharonnida  
A blessing which was to his merits due  
Who most opposed the bold aspirer to 120  
That throne of beauty, which before possest,  
Whole armies must dispute their interest

The slighted Cyprian, since their fear could trust  
None but confederates, from their counsels thrust,  
Those swift conclusions, which before to stay  
Their violence had reason's cool allay,  
Hurried to action, strict commands are sent  
From fierce Zoranza through each regiment  
Which stooped their ensigns to his power,—that, by  
Such marches as they'd follow victory, 130  
They reach Ætoha, ere its new-crowned king,  
Warned by report, had liberty to bring

91 guided] The omission of 'have' is characteristic

*Pharonnida*

Opposing strengths—a task too hard to be  
 Performed with ease in powers minority  
 Nor fails this counsel for their army draws  
 No sooner near but such as in the cause  
 Of unsuccessful rebels late had been  
 Exposed to danger seek for refuge in  
 A fresh revolt and since their ulcerous guilt  
 Was so malignant that e'en mercy spilt  
 Its balm in vain their injured prince forsake,  
 To strengthen his proud enemies who make  
 Those poisons up in cordials and compound  
 Them with their army which being thus grown sound  
 Whereas it lately fainted durst provoke  
 Unto the trial of another stroke  
 His late victorious forces which though yet  
 Faint with the blood lost in the last great fit  
 Of honours fever when the crisis proved  
 To cure's prognostic had with ease removed  
 The proud invaders had Morea been  
 As heretofore a hurtful nenter in  
 That war which now since double strengths oppose  
 Brave fortitude like base oppression shows  
 So long both parties with variety  
 Of fortune fought that fearing whose might be  
 The sad success that old Cleander in  
 Such speed as if his crown engaged had been  
 Raises in army whose command since he  
 Base flattery takes for brave fidelity  
 Waiving those peers in whose known faith he owes  
 The most of trust in hoodwinked hope bestows  
 On false Almanzor who by power advanced  
 Near to those hopes at which ambition glanced  
 But like weak eyes upon the dazzling sun  
 From that last fatal stage his plots begun  
 Mischief's dark course which ere concluded shall  
 Crush the Epirot in Morea's fall  
 In this the hot distemper of their state  
 Amindor whom the destinies of late  
 To double-dye his honours purple thread  
 Robbed of a father most disquieted  
 Their secret counsels since they knew the love  
 He bore Argalia propped with power might prove  
 A sad obstruction to their plots if he  
 Urged by distastes shook their confederacy  
 Off to assist his friend Which to oppose  
 With flattery—fleeing as the gourd that rose  
 But to discover his just wrath that made  
 The plant to cover when it could not shade—  
 They all attempt though he engage not in  
 Their party yet his easy youth to win  
 ( 219 )

By honour's moths, by time's betrayers, soft  
And smooth delights, those serpents which too oft  
Strangle Herculean virtues but they here  
In age's April find a wit appear  
Of such full growth, that by his judgement they  
Are undermined, who studied to betray

Being thus secured from foreign fears, they now  
Employ that rage, whose speed could scarce allow  
Advice from counsel, to extirpate those  
New planted laurels victory did compose  
To crown Argalia But before they go  
To ravish conquest from so cheap a foe,  
Whose valour by o'erwhelming power was barred  
From lying safe at a defensive guard,  
Till old Cleander, that their league might be  
Assured by bonds whose firm stability  
Death only could divorce, intends, though she,  
With such aversion as their destiny

190

200

Wretches condemned would shun, attempt to fly  
The storm of fate, yet countermanded by  
His power, the fair Pharonnida, although  
He not to love, but duty, seemed to owe  
For such a blessing, should Zoranza's be,  
Confirmed by Hymen's high solemnity

This resolution, whose self-ends must blame  
Her father's love, once registered by fame,  
Submits to censure, whilst Pharonnida  
Laments her fate, some, prompted by the law  
Of love and nature, are to entertain  
So much of freedom, as they prove in vain  
Her advocates, others, whose cautious fear  
Dares only pity, in that dress appear  
Silent and sad, only Almanzor, in  
This state distemper, by that subtle sin,  
Dissimulation, so disguises all

210

His black intentions, that whilst truth did call  
Him treason's agent, its reflected light,  
Appearance, spoke him virtue's proselyte,  
So much a convert, as if all those hot  
Crimes of his youth ambition had begot,  
Discreeter age had either cooled, or by  
Repentance changed to zeal and loyalty

220

Whilst thus i' the court the most judicious eyes  
Deluded were by faction's false disguise,  
By rumours heavy as the damps of death  
When they fly laden with the dying breath  
Of new-departed souls, this fatal news  
Assaults the princess, which whilst reason views  
With sad resentments, to support her in  
This storm of fate, Amindor, who had been

230

*Pharonnda*

In all her griefs her best adviser now  
 Enters to tell her fainting sorrows how  
 They'd yet a refuge left from whom she might  
 Reap hopes of safety The first welcome sight  
 Of such a friend whose former actions had  
 Enhanced his worth encountering with her sad  
 And serious thoughts so rarifies that cloud  
 Of grief that ere dissolving tears allowed  
 A vocal utterance as intended words  
 Something contained too doleful for records  
 Both sighed both wept at length the princess broke  
 Silence and thus her dismal passions spoke

240

Dare you my lord approach so near unto  
 A factious grief in this black storm to view  
 Distressed I haronnda! Have either I  
 Or my Argalia's slighted memory  
 Let in Morea a remaining friend  
 Whose virtue dares by its own strength contend  
 Against this torrent of court fictions? Now  
 Now royal sir that doom which will allow  
 My soul no more refreshing slumbers by  
 My father's passed—my father sir whom I  
 Must disobey with all the curses due  
 To black rebellion or else prove untrue  
 Those vows those oft repeated vows which in  
 Our loves full growth hath to Argalia been  
 Sealed in the sight of Heaven—About to speak  
 Her passions fuller sorrow here did break  
 The sad theme off and to proclaim her fears  
 Except the overflowing language of her tears  
 No herald left In which sad silent fit  
 The valiant Cyprian who at first did sit  
 His passions prisoner from that bondage free  
 To her disease prescribes this remedy

250

260

Cease madam  
 Cease to eclipse illustrious beauty by  
 Untimely tears your grief's deformity  
 I rights not Amundor from his friendship When  
 I first beheld that miracle of men  
 Adored Argalia pluck from victory  
 His naval laurels honour told me I  
 Was then so much his virtues captive that  
 Not all the dangers mortals tremble at  
 Can make me shun assisting of him in  
 Retaining you though my attempts have been  
 Employed in vain in public council to  
 Procure your peace there's something left to do  
 By which our private plots may undermine  
 Their public power and unperceived decline  
 That danger which without this secret friend

270

280

It lies not in our fortune to defend'

From grief's cold swoon to living comforts by  
This cordial raised, Pharonnida's reply  
Owns this pathetic language 'If there be  
In all the dark paths of my destiny  
Yet left a road to safety, name it, sir  
What I'll attempt, no danger shall deter,  
So brave Amindor be my conduct through  
The dismal road, but my wild hopes outgrow  
Whate'er my reason dictates No, my lord,  
Fly that sad fate whose progress can afford  
Nought but disasters, and live happy in  
Orlinda's love Should I attempt to win  
You from so fair a virtue, 'twere a wrong  
Too full of guilt to let me live among  
The number of your friends, 'mongst whom let me  
In all your future thoughts remembered be  
As the most wretched—to whom rigid fate  
All hope's weak cordials hath applied too late'

290

300

Here ceased the sorrowing lady, to suspend  
Whose following tears, her charitable friend  
Prescribes this comfort —'Though my zeal hath been,  
When serving you, so unsuccessful in  
My first attempts, it gives just cause to doubt  
My future actions, yet to lead you out  
Of this dark labyrinth, where your sorrow stands  
Masked with amazements, not the countermands  
Of my affection to Orlinda, though  
Confirmed by vows, shall stop, let Grief bestow  
But so much time, unclouded by your fear,  
To look Hope's volumes o'er, there will appear  
Some lines of comfort yet, which that we may  
Not in a heedless horror cast away,  
Prepare for speedy action, to prevent  
Ensuing ills, no time is left unspent,  
But only this approaching night, by which,  
To fly from danger, you must stoop to enrich  
A coarse disguise, whose humble shadows may  
Inquiring eyes to dark mistakes betray

310

320

'Our first retreat, which is designed to be  
No further than the neighbouring monastery,  
Where I of late did lie concealed, I have  
Thus made secure —There stands an ancient cave,  
Close hid in unfrequented shadows, near  
Your garden's postern-gate, which, when the fear  
Of bordering foes denied a free access  
To the old abbey, they, from the distress  
Of threatening scouts were safe delivered by  
A vault that through it leads, which, though so nigh  
Unto the city, careless time, since not

330

Forced to frequent hath wholly left forgot  
 By busy mortals In this silent cell  
 Where nought but lights eternal strangers dwell  
 In the meridian depth of night, whilst all  
 Are robed in rest you none encounter shall  
 Except myself but him who may with us  
 This secret share esteemed Eunolus,  
 With whom and your endeared Florenza we 340  
 Within the unsuspected monastery  
 Protected by some secret friends may stay  
 Till fruitless searches waste their hopes away  
 Whose watchful spleen by care conducted, might  
 Stop our intentions of a further flight  
 Raised from the cold bed of despair from this  
 Mature advice to hopes of future bliss  
 The heavenly fair Pharonnida had now  
 Withdrawn the veil of grief and could allow  
 Some smiles to wait upon those thanks which she 350  
 Returned her friend, who that no time might be  
 Lost by neglect from needful action in  
 A calm of comforts such as had not been  
 Her late associates leaves the princess to  
 Pursue those plots which Fortune bent to undo  
 Whilst Hope on Expectations wings did hover  
 Did thus by fatal accident discover  
 That knot in her fair thread of destiny  
 That lurking snake the purgatory by  
 Which Heaven refined her, cursed Amphibia had 360  
 Whilst mutual language all their thoughts unclad  
 Close as an unsuspected plague that in  
 Darkness assaults an unknown sharer been  
 Of this important issue which with hate  
 Her genius met, soon strives to propagate  
 A brood of fiends Almanzor, whose dark plots  
 Like images of damned magicians rots  
 Themselves to ruin others like in this  
 Last act of ill by too much haste to miss  
 The road that led through slippery paths of sin 370  
 From pride's stupendous precipice falls in  
 A gulf of horror in whose dismal shade  
 A private room his dark retreat is made  
 Here whilst his heart is boiled in gall his brain  
 Overwhelmed in clouds whose darkness entertain  
 No beam of reason, whilst ambition mixed  
 Examples of the bloodiest murders fixed  
 Upon the brazen front of time all which  
 Lends no unfathomed policy to enrich

346 from this] Singer by this probably according to expectation and still more probably in consequence of the previous from but not I think Chamberlayne being Chamberlayne quite certainly

His near impoverished brain, he hears one knock, 380  
Whose sudden noise soon scattering all the flock  
Of busy thoughts, him in a hasty rage  
Hurries t' the door, where come, his eyes engage  
His tongue to welcome one whose curs'd advice  
His tortured thoughts turned to a paradise  
Of pleasing hopes, on whose foundation he  
Prepares to build a future monarchy

A slow-consuming grief, whose chronic stealth  
Had shily robbed Palermo's prince of health, 390  
In spite of all the guards of art had long  
Worn out his strength, and now had grown too strong  
For age to bear Each baffled artist in  
A sad despair forsaking what had been  
Tried but to upbraid their ignorance, except  
An aged friar, whose judgement long had slept  
From watchful practice, but i' the court of arts  
Been so employed, that the mysterious parts  
Of clouded theoric, which he courted by  
High contemplation, to his mind's clear eye  
Lay all undressed of that disguise which in 400  
Man's fall, to afflict posterity, they'd been  
By angry Heaven wrapped in, so that he knew  
What astral virtues vegetables drew  
From a celestial influence, and by what  
Absconded magic Nature fitted that  
To working humours, which they either move  
By expulsive hate, or by attractive love  
This art's true master, when his hope was grown  
Faint with delays, to the sick prince made known,  
A swift command calls from his still repose 410  
The reverend sire who come, doth soon disclose  
That long concealed malignity which had  
The feeble prince in sickly paleness clad  
Nor stays his art at weak prognostics, but  
Proceeds to practise whatso'er may put  
His prince in ease—cordials abstracted by  
A then near undiscovered chemistry,  
Such as in single drops did all comprise  
Nature e'er taught Art to epitomize  
Such as, if armed with a Promethean fire, 420  
Might force a bloodless carcass to respire,  
Such as curbed Fate, and, in their hot assault  
Whilst storming Life, made Death's pale army halt  
This rare elixir by the prince had been,  
With such success as those that languish in  
Consuming ills, could wish themselves, so long  
Used, that those fits, which else had grown too strong

389 Palermo's] Observe that we are once more hovering between the Morea and Sicily

For Nature to contend withal were now  
 Grown more remiss when Fate that can allow  
 No lasting comforts to declare her power 430  
 O'er Art itself arrests that conqueror  
 Of others ills with a disease that led  
 Him a close prisoner to an uncouth bed  
 Which like to prove Nature's slow chariot to  
 The expecting grave loath to the public view  
 To prostitute a secret yet bound by  
 The obligation of his loyalty  
 To assist his prince he to Pharonnida  
 That sovereign secret which could only awe  
 Her father's threatening pain declares which she 440  
 Hath since composed whenever's extremity  
 Suffered those pains whose progress to prevent  
 Shed by Amphibia now the cordial sent  
 The sly Amphibia who did soon obey  
 What lent her hate a freedom to betray

His first salutes being past with such a speed  
 As did declare the guilt of such a deed  
 Might doubt discovery she unfolds that strange  
 Amazing truth which from the giddy range  
 Of wild invention soon contracts each thought 450  
 Into resolves such as no object sought  
 But the destruction of whatever might stop  
 Ambition's progress towards the slippery top  
 Of which now climbing, on Conceit's stretched wings  
 He silent stands whilst teeming Fancy brings  
 That monster forth for whose conception he  
 Long since deflowered his virgin loyalty

Few minutes by that auxiliary aid  
 Which her discovery lent his thoughts conveyed  
 Through all the roads of doubt which safely past 460  
 Strictly embracing her who in this last  
 And greatest act of villany must have  
 A further share he thus begins — Oh save  
 Save thou that art my better genius now  
 What thou alone hast raised my hopes must bow  
 Beneath impossibilities if not  
 By thee assisted Fortune hath begot  
 The means already let this cordial be  
 With poison mixed—Fate knows no enemy  
 Dares grapple with me—Do not start there's here 470  
 No room for danger if we banish fear

His thoughts thus far discovered finding in  
 Her various looks that apprehended sin  
 The soul's mercurial pill did penetrate  
 Her callous conscience in whose cell this sat  
 With gnawing horror whilst all other lives  
 Whom her fraud spilt, proved hurtless corrosives



From the cold ague of repentance he  
Thus rouses her 'Can my Amphibia be  
By fear, that fatal remora to all 480  
That's great or good, thus startled? Is the fall  
Of an old tyrant grown a subject for  
This soft remorse? Let thy brave soul abhor  
Such sickly passions when our fortune stands  
Fixed on their ruin, the unwilling hands  
Of those that now withstand our glorious flight,  
Will help enthrone us, whilst unquestioned right,  
Which is for power the world's mistaken word,  
Is made our own b' the legislative sword'  
Raised from her fear's cold trepidations by 490  
These hot ingredients, in an ecstasy  
Of flatuous hopes, she casts herself into  
This gulf of sin, and being prepared to do  
An act, which not the present times could see  
With sense enough, whilst in the extremity  
Of wonder lost, through all his guards' strict care  
Death to the unsuspecting prince doth bear  
Freed from this doubt, Almanzor, to avoid  
That storm of rage, which, when their prince destroyed  
The court should know, might rise from fear, pretends 500  
Haste to the army, but being gone, suspends  
That speedy voyage, and being attended by  
A wretch whose guilt assured his privacy,  
Through paths untrod hastes to the cave wherein  
Those habits, which had by Amindor been  
(Whilst he his beauteous charge did thence convey)  
Prepared to cloud illustrious beauty, lay  
Of which, in such whose size did show they were  
For th' largest sex, they both being clad, with care  
Secret as swift, haste to augment the flood 510  
Of swelling sins with yet more royal blood  
The Epirots' constant prince, by custom had  
Made known a walk, which, when the day unclad  
Of glittering tissue in her evening's lawn  
Sat coolly dressed, to court the sober dawn,  
He often used Near this, Almanzor, by  
Hell made successful in his villany,  
Arrived some minutes ere the other, lies  
Concealed, till darkness and a close disguise,  
Those safe protectors, from his unseen seat 520  
Call him to action, where, with thoughts replete  
With too much joy to admit suspicion, he  
Finds the Messenian, whom no fear to be  
Assaulted there had armed, his spacious train  
Shrunk into one that served to entertain  
Time with discourse Upon which heedless pair  
The armed Almanzor rushing unaware,  
( 266 )

## Pharonnida

Ere strength had time their valour to obey  
 In storms of wounds their senses lose the way  
 To external objects in which giddy trance  
 The other lord who e spirits re advance  
 To life they fear not his secure whilst by  
 Redoubled wounds his prince's spirits fly  
 From the most strong retreats of life which now  
 Battered by death no safety could allow  
 Revenge's thirst being in this royal flood  
 Quenched for awhile that from the guiltless blood  
 His honour might no yet a stain receive  
 First hasting to the cave he there doth leave  
 Those injured habits which by him were meant  
 For the betrayers of the innocent.  
 Thus done that he e'en from suspicion might  
 Secure his guilt before the wised night  
 Looks pale at the approach of day he flies  
 To the distant army there securely lies  
 Till all those black productions of his brain  
 Now ripening to perfection, should attain  
 Maturity and in the court appear  
 In their most horrid dress knowing the fear  
 Of the distracted city soon would call  
 Him and his army to prevent the fall  
 Of such distracting dangers as might be  
 Attendants on the eclipse of majesty

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

## Canto IV

## THE ARGUMENT

Now as if that great engineer of ill  
 Accurse! Almanzor had accomplished all  
 Those black designs which are ordained to fall  
 The Spartan annal by his prince's fall  
 With secret spite yet such as seemed to be  
 From an advised protector of the state  
 Pharonnida a ill fate assisting  
 Toward her destruction prosecutes his hate

THAT dismal night which in the dark records  
 Of story yet so much of fate affords  
 In the Morcan annals had to day  
 Resigned its reign whose eastern beams display  
 Their morning beauties by whose welcome light  
 The early courtier tired with tedious night

Rises to meet expected triumphs in  
Their princess' nuptials, which so long had been  
The joyful business of their thoughts, that now  
Sallying to action, they're instructed how  
To court observance from the studied pain  
Of best inventions—by attractive gain,  
Joined to the itch of ostentative art,  
Were thither drawn from each adjacent part

10

In this swelled torrent of expected mirth,  
Which all conclude must make this morning's birth  
To future ages celebrated by

An annual triumph, the disparity  
Of passion, sorrow, first breaks forth among  
The slain Epirot's followers, who so long  
Had missed their master, that they now begin  
To doubt his safety Every place had been  
By strict inquiry searched, to which they knew  
Either affection or employment drew  
His frequent visits, but with an effect  
So vain, their care served only to detect  
Their love, not him its object, who might have  
Lain till corruption sought itself a grave,  
Had not an early forester so near

20

The place approached, that maugre all that fear  
Alleged to stop a full discovery, he  
Beheld so much as taught him how to free  
His friends from further fruitless searches, in  
Discovering what beneath their fears had been

30

In sorrow, such as left no power to vent  
Its symptoms, but a deep astonishment,  
The amazed Messenians, whom a sad belief  
Deprived of hope, did entertain their grief  
Whose swift infection to communicate—

Their murdered prince, as if pale death kept state  
Clad in the crimson robes of blood, is to  
The city brought, where, whilst the public view  
In busy murmurs spread her sable wings,  
Pale terror to the court, grief's centre, brings  
The dreadful truth, which some officious lord,  
Whom favour did the privilege afford  
Of easy entrance, through the guards of fear  
In haste conveys, to assault the prince's ear

40

With such a silence as did seem to show  
Unwelcome news is in its entrance slow,  
Entered the room, he's with soft pace unto  
The bed approached, whose curtains when withdrew,  
Discovered Horror in the dismal dress  
Of Death appears—Freed from the slow distress  
Of Age, that coward tyrant which ne'er shows  
His strength till man wants vigour to oppose,

50



This fatal story to the princess, they  
A council call, by whose advice she may,  
Whilst floating in this sea of sorrow, be  
Saved from those unseen rocks, where Treachery, 110  
Rebellion's subtle engineer, might sit  
To wreck the weakness of a female wit,  
Which, though in her such that it might have been  
The whole world's pilot, could, since clouded in  
Such a tempestuous sea of passions, see  
No star that might her safe director be

A messenger, whose sad observant wit  
By age allayed, seemed a conveyer fit  
For such important business, with the news  
Hastes towards the princess Whom whilst Fear pursues 120  
On wings of Pity, being arrived within  
The palace, he, as that alone had been  
The only seat where rigid Sorrow took  
Her fixed abode, beholds each servant's look  
Obscured with grief, through whose dark shades whilst he  
Searches the cause, the strange variety  
Explains itself—As families that have  
Led their protecting ruler to the grave,  
Whose loss they in a heedless sorrow mourn  
So long, till care doth to distraction turn, 130  
Her servants sat, each wildly looking on  
The other, till even sense itself was gone  
In mourning wonder, whose wild flight to stay,  
Its cause they to the pitying lord display  
In such a tone, as, whilst it did detect  
The princess' absence, showed their own neglect

When this he'd heard, with such a sympathy  
Of sorrow, as erected Grief to be  
The mourning monarch of his thoughts, to those  
Returned that sent him, he that transcript shows 140  
Of this obscure original—the flight  
Of the absent princess, whilst the veil of night  
Obscured her passage, tells but, questioned—how,  
With whom, or whether knowledge did allow  
No satisfaction, all inquiry gained  
From her amazed attendants, but explained  
Their grief, whose troubled rivulet flowed in  
To that vast ocean, where before they'd been  
By sorrow shipwrecked, in the general flood  
Mixed, wants a language to be understood 150  
In a peculiar character, and so  
Conjoined, makes up one universal woe  
Only, as if Love knew alone the art

114 pilot] Orig as elsewhere 'Pilate'

120 Whom] Singer 'Who,' not only unnecessarily, but, I think, wrongly

*Pharonnida*

That taught his followers how to mourn apart  
 Sad sweet Orinda, whose calm innocence  
 Had fostered passion at her health's expense  
 Whilst wet with grief's overflowing spring she to  
 Her brother's ghost did pay soft Nature's due  
 In sorrow of such sad complexion that  
 Others might lose their own to wonder at  
 Yet when as in the margin placed she hears  
 Amindor lost with new supplies of tears  
 Grief sallying forth as if to be betrayed  
 Love now did fear he draws the bashful maid  
 From those that did the mourning concert keep  
 Where she unseen for Love's decease doth weep  
 Frail woman's faith and man's neglect doth blame  
 And softly then sighs out Amindor's name—  
 Her lost Amindor whose supposed disdain  
 Destroyed those spirits grief could neer have slain  
 And now before that power's decay engage  
 Too many hands in a vindictive rage  
 The wise supporters of the state to stay  
 Increasing factions which can neer obey  
 Lest Fear commands unto Almanzor send  
 A mandate which enjoins him to attend  
 Their councils in this interregnum till  
 Their joint consent had found out one to fill  
 The empty throne Which summons prompted by  
 A care which they interpret loyalty  
 Though truly called ambition he obeyed  
 With such a speed as Love would fly to aid  
 A ravished lady having to impede  
 His march no more than what his care could lead—  
 Even with a winged speed yet that a strength  
 Enough to make his will confine the length  
 Of their desires who soon in council sit  
 But to bewail the abortion of their wit  
 The frightened city having entered in  
 A mourning march as if his thoughts had been  
 A stranger to the sad events of this  
 So dismal night he by relation is  
 Informed of each particular which he  
 Seeming to hear in grief's extremity  
 From silent sorrow which appeared to wait  
 On still attention his prepared deceit  
 Disguised in rage appears a rage which in  
 Its active flight to find what hearts had been  
 Defiled with thoughts of such foul crimes did seem  
 So full of zeal its actions did redeem

185 winged] This is Singer's ingenious emendation for the orig. *was* *was*  
 s nges

The lost report of loyalty in those  
His former crimes made his most constant foes  
By guarded gates, and watchful parties that  
Surround the walls, till th' people, frightened at  
Their fury, shrink from public throngs They now  
Assured of safety, whilst inquiring how  
Hell hatched these monsters—whose original  
Whilst searching, they, by the consent of all  
His best physicians, whose experienced skill  
From outward signs knew what internal ill  
Death struck the prince, informed the cause could be  
From nought but such a subtle enemy  
As poison, which, when every accident  
They had examined, all conclude was sent  
Mixed with that cordial, whose concealed receipt  
Unknown to art, their envy termed the bait  
To tempt the easy prince's faith into  
That net which Death, allured by Treason, drew

210

With power, from this embraced suspicion sprung,  
Almanzor, whom not envy's spotted tongue  
Durst call profane, though rudely forcing those  
Weak gates, which need no greater strength to oppose  
Unclean intruders, than the reverence they,  
Enforced by zeal, did with religion pay  
Unto that place's sanctity, which he  
Contemning, ere the wronged society  
Expecting such injurious visits, in  
Rude fury entering, those whose power had been  
Employed by noble pity to attend  
The suffering princess, in such haste did send  
Them to her close and dark abodes, that now  
Their doubts confirmed, they're only studying how  
To shun that danger which informing fear  
Falsely persuades towards them alone drew near  
Which dark suspicion, ere unclouded by  
Seizing on him whose innocence durst fly  
To no retreat, the royal fugitives  
Back to the vault where first they entered, drives

220

230

Now, at the great'st antipathy to day,  
The silent earth oppressed with midnight lay  
Vested in clouds, black as they had been sent  
To be the whole world's mourning monument,  
When through the cave's damp womb, conducted by  
A doubtful light that scarce informed the eye  
To find out those unhaunted paths, they, in  
A faint assurance, with soft pace begin  
To sally forth, where, unsuspected, they  
Are seized by guards that in close ambush lay  
Which, ere amazement could give action leave  
To seek for safety, did their hopes deceive

240

250

## Pharonnida

By close restraint Awed by whose power they re to  
 Almanzor brought who from that object drew  
 Such joy as fills usurpers when they see  
 Wronged princes struggling with captivity  
 From hence in such disdainful silence led  
 As taught their fear from just suspicion bred  
 To tremble at some unknown ill about  
 That sober time when lights small lamps go out  
 At the approach of day's bright glories brought  
 Back to the court they there not long had sought  
 Their sorrows sad original before  
 A court convened of such whose power had bore  
 (Whilst God's own choice a monastery had lent  
 Their dictates law) the weight of government  
 They hither called by summons that did sound  
 Like bold rebellion in sad omen found  
 More than they feared — A mourning train of lords  
 Placed round a black tribunal that affords  
 To the spectator's penetrated eye  
 A dismal horror clothed in majesty  
 Like hieroglyphics pointing to that fate  
 Which must ensue all yet in silence sate—  
 A dreadful silence! such as unto weak  
 Beholders seemed to threaten when they speak  
 Death and destruction dictates When they saw  
 Their princess entered as if rigid law  
 To loyal duty let the sceptre fall  
 In an obedient reverence raised they all  
 Lowly salute her but that compliment  
 To bribe their pity fear in vain had spent  
 When all resuming now their seats command  
 The royal captives whose just cause did stand  
 On no defence but unknown truth to be  
 Summoned to the bar where that they first might see  
 What rigour on the royal blood was shown  
 From no unjust conspiracy had grown  
 A sable curtain from their horses drawn  
 Betrays her eyes then in the sickly dawn  
 Of grief grown dim unto that horrid place  
 Where they met death drawn in her father's face  
 By whom now turned into well modelled clay  
 Fitted for a tomb the slain Epirot lay  
 At this as if some overven'rous look  
 For temperate rays destructive fire had took  
 In at her souls receiving portals all  
 Life's functions ceased sorrow at once lets fall

269 penetrated] Snger with less than his usual judgement 'penetrating' Pene  
 rated of course means as it does in French and did in English as late as Madame  
 d'Arblay strongly moved.



The burthen of so many griefs, which in  
A death-like slumber had forgotten been,  
Till human thoughts, obliterated by  
The wished conversions of eternity,  
Oppressed no more, had not injurious haste,  
Before this conflict could those spirits waste,  
Which had, to shun passion's external strife,  
Fled to the *primum mobile* of life,  
Recalled with them her sorrows to attend  
Their nimblest motions, which too fast did spend  
Her strength, to suffer weakness to obey  
The court's intentions of a longer stay

307

From ruffled passions which her soul oppress,  
By the soft hand of recollecting rest  
Stroked to a calm, which settled Reason in  
Her troubled throne, by those that first had been  
Her guards, the princess—that fair pattern whence  
Men drew the height of human excellence,  
Is now returned, to let her proud foes see,  
That the bright rays of magnanimity,  
Though envy like the ungrateful moon do strive  
To hide that sun, except what's relative  
Ne'er knows eclipse, the darkness taking birth  
From what's below, whilst that removed from earth,  
Her clear unclouded conscience, ever stays  
Amongst bright virtue's universal rays

310

320

The mourning court, those ministers of fate,  
In expectation of their prisoners sate —  
They now appear in those disguises which  
They first were took, being habits, though not rich  
Enough to gild their rare perfections, yet  
Such as did seem by sorrow made to fit  
Their present sufferings —both the men clothed in  
Monastic robes, black as their threads had been  
Spun from Peruvian wool, the women, clad  
Like mournful votaries, showed so sweetly sad,  
As if their virtues, which injurious fate  
Did yet conceal, striving to anticipate  
The flights of time, had to the external sense  
Showed these as emblems of their innocence

330

But love, nor pity, though they both did here  
Within their judges' sternest looks appear,  
Durst plead for favour, their indictments read,  
So guilty found, that those whose hearts e'en bled,  
Disdained their eyes should weep, since justice did  
In such foul crimes mercy as sin forbid  
Yet more to clear what circumstance had made  
Level with reason, from the approaching shade  
Of death redeemed, that lord, whose wounds had been  
But slumbers to recover safety in,

340

# Pharonnida

When the Messenian murdered was did now  
 Declare as far as reason could allow  
 The eyes to judge those habits which they then  
 Did wear the same which clad the murderers when  
 His prince was slain which open proof appears  
 So full of guilt it stops her friends kind fears,  
 I re raised to hope and in appearance shows  
 A guilt which all but pity overgrows.  
 The vexed I prote who for comfort saw  
 Revenge appearing in the form of law  
 Actured to feed their speen with hope until  
 The extent of justice should their ven cance fill  
 When now by accusations that denied  
 Access to pity for a parricide  
 The prince's questioned whose too weak defence  
 Being but the unseen guards of innocence  
 Submits to censure Yet to show that all  
 The scattered pearls which from her eyes did fall  
 Dropt, did not to at empt their charity but show  
 That no injury's more or I'd over low  
 Her world of reason—which exalted's good  
 Above the surface of the spacious flood  
 (Her tears for grief not gul'd her shed) while in  
 The robes of magnanimity no sin  
 Crown impudent, her brave resolved soul late  
 Unshaken in this hurricane of fate  
 To meet her calm, which like religious dress  
 Doth all become but female virtues best,  
 The rough Amind'or while the discoloured face  
 Anger did more than native beauty grace  
 Since justly raised disdain, thus to be  
 By a plebeian base captivity  
 Forced to submit his innocence unto  
 Their doubtful test had from his anger drew  
 A ruin swifter than their hate intends  
 Had not his rage while it toward din or bends,  
 Been taught by her example to exclude  
 Vain passions with a princely fortitude  
 Whose useful aid like those good works which we  
 For comforts call in death's necessity  
 Brought all their better angels to defend  
 Them from those terrors which did death attend  
 In busy whispers which discovered by  
 Their doubtful looks the thoughts variety  
 Long in sad silence sat the court until  
 Those noiseless streams of fancy which did fill  
 Each several breast united by consent  
 Want only now a tongue so impudent  
 As durst condemn their sovereign which being in  
 Thecumanthus found a lord whose youth had been

By favours nursed, till power's wild beast, grown rude,  
Repays his foster with ingratitude  
This bold, bad man, love's most unhappy choice,  
From flattery's treble now exalts his voice, 400  
Without the mean of an excuse, into  
The law's loud bass, and what those feared to do  
That had been favoured less, that black decree  
Pronounced, which discords all the harmony  
Of subject fear and sovereign love, by what  
Succeeding ages justly trembled at  
Whilst innocent, but have of late been grown  
So bad to show such monsters of their own

This sentence passed, which knew no more allay  
Of mercy, than what lets their judgement stay 410  
From following life to death's obscure retreat,  
Till twenty nights had made their days complete,  
The court breaks up, yet ere from public view  
To close restraint the royal captives drew,  
Grant them this favour from their rigid laws  
That if there durst, to vindicate their cause,  
In that contracted span of time appear  
Any whose forward valour durst endear  
The people's love and prayers so much—to be  
Their champion, that his victory should free 420  
Them from that doom's strict rigour, to oppose  
Which brave attempter they Almanzor chose,  
Since high command that honour did afford  
To him alone, to wield the answering sword

Now near departing, whilst the Cyprian in  
A brave disdain, which for submissive sin  
Looks on an answer, as his haste would show  
An anger that did scorn to stoop so low  
To strike with threats, stands silent, whilst that she,  
Whose temper Heaven had made too calm to be 430  
By rage transported, with a soul unmoved  
By stormy passions, thus their sin reprov'd

'Should I, my lords, here with a female haste  
Discharge my passions, 'twere, perhaps, to waste  
My prayers or threats, whilst one you would not fear,  
Nor the other pity but when Heaven shall clear  
This curtained truth, wrapped in whose cloudy night,  
Unjustly you, from my unquestioned right  
By birth, obedience, into faction stray,  
Then, though too late, untimely sorrow may 440  
Strive by repentance to expunge these stains  
Cast on your honour These exhausted veins,  
Fixed eyes, pale cheeks, death's dismal trophies, in  
This royal face I now could not have seen

398 foster] 'forester' which Singer prints, is of course a result of confusion with the form of that word common in Malory, &c

*Pharoudda*

With a less sorrow than had served to call  
 Me to attend him had not the rude fall  
 Of your injustice, like those dangerous cures  
 Performed by turning into calentures  
 Dull lethargies upon my heart laid hold  
 In such a flame of passion as the cold  
 Approach of death wants power to quench until  
 You add that crime to this preceding ill  
 Yet though no fear can prompt my scorn to crave  
 A subject's mercy for myself to save  
 This noble stranger whose just acts being crost  
 By misconstruction have their titles lost  
 I shall become your suppliant, lest there be  
 A sin contracted by his serving me  
 And only in such noble ways as might  
 Unveil themselves to the sun's meridian light  
 Sure he unjustly suffers which my cause  
 You want more swords to vindicate your laws  
 Than his you late elected to make good  
 Your votes ere scarce cleansed of that loyal blood  
 He in rebellion shed—but I am now  
 Too near my fatal period to allow  
 Disturbing passion any place within  
 My peaceful soul Whatever his crimes have been  
 In public war or private treason may  
 Kind Heaven when with the injustice of this day  
 Those shall be quickly questioned to prevent  
 Their doom conceal them in the large extent  
 Of Mercy's wings, which there may prove so kind  
 To you though here I can no justice find  
 This spoken in a girl that did detect  
 A sorrow which was ripened to neglect  
 She silent stands whilst through the thick resort  
 Of thronged spectators toward the rising court  
 Orinda comes with such a haste as showed  
 That service she by Love's allegiance owed—  
 Love which had Sorrow's sable wings out fled  
 To mourn the living not lament the dead  
 Come where her fears now near lost object she  
 Within the shadow of the grave might see  
 By sentence shut, neglecting death that lay  
 In ambush there her reason to betray  
 To hate when by the false informing law  
 Her friend she as her brother's murderer saw  
 In actions such as Scythian tyrants feel  
 Some softness from she that ne'er used to kneel  
 To aught but Heaven a lowly suppliant falls  
 Before the court from whose stern breast she calls  
 So much of sorrow as perhaps had strook  
 Them all with horror if a sudden look

Obliquely on her murdered brother cast,  
Had not, ere Love assaulted with her last  
And powerfulest prayers, whilst hot with action, in  
A cool retreat of spirits silenced been

She, fainting fallen, as an addition to  
Their former grief, is from the throng withdrew  
Into the free untainted air—where, by  
Assisting friends, which gently did apply  
Their needful aid, heat, which was then grown slack  
In Nature's work, antipathy calls back

500

To beauty's frontiers, where, like bashful light,  
It in a blush meets the spectators' sight,  
But such an one, as, ere full blown, is by  
Her friend's disasters forced again to fly  
Beneath those clouds of grief, whose swelling pride,  
Spread by report, did now not only hide  
The court or city, but to bear a part  
Of that sad load summons each subject's heart

510

Whilst now the prisoners, ere the people's love  
To anger turn, the active guards remove,  
To still the clamorous multitude, who, swayed  
By various passions, did, whilst each obeyed  
Opinion's dictates, but in darkness rove  
At shadowed truth, whence now they boldly strove  
To pluck the veil from declarations that  
Contained those falsehoods, which whilst wondering at,  
They wept to force upon their faith, are sent  
Through th' land's each town, and army's regiment,  
By which Almanzor, who attempted in  
This plot to join security with sin,  
Doubting, if e'er this story reach his ear,  
Argalia might their combatant appear,  
Besides those stains which common fame did take  
For sin's just debts, shily attempts to shake  
The heaven-erected fabric of his love  
By closer engines, such as seemed to move  
On noble pity, which with grief engrost  
That faith which envy in disdain had lost

520

530

Black rumour, on the wings of raised report  
Flying in haste, had soon attained the court  
Of the amazed Aetolian prince, who hears  
The dreadful story with such doubtful fears  
As shook his noble soul, but not into  
An easy faith each circumstance was true,  
He knew Almanzor's villainy to be  
Of that extent, so foul a progeny  
As all those horrid murders, might from thence  
Take easy birth but when the innocence  
Of's virtuous princess, and his honoured friend,  
The noble Cyprian prince, come to contend

540

*Pharonnida*

With oft confirmed report that strikes a deep  
 And solemn grief yet such as must not keep  
 A firm possession in his soul until  
 A further inquisition either kill  
 His yet unfainting hopes or raise them to  
 Joy by confirming those reports untrue

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

50

## Canto V

## THE ARGUMENT

Through royal blood to level that dark way  
 Which rebels pass unto the injured throne  
 Pharonnida is now condemned to pay  
 A debt for crimes that none durst call her own  
 When near the last step brave Argala who  
 In close disguise Truth's secrets had betrayed  
 When most did doubt 'twas now too late to sue  
 To Heaven for pity brings a timely aid

If on those vanished heroes that are fled  
 Through the unknown dark chasms of the dead  
 To rest in regions so remote from hence—  
 Twixt them and life there's no intelligence  
 Whene'er thou look'st through Time's dim optics then  
 Brave emulation of those braver men  
 Rouses that ray of heaven—thy soul to be  
 A sharer in their fame's eternity  
 Thou'st then a genius fit to entertain  
 A muse's flight which may be raised again  
 To sing thy actions when there's left no more  
 Of thee but what by life whilst passing o'er  
 Nature's short stage had either scattered been  
 By careless youth or firmly planted in  
 Maturer age whose wasted talent spent  
 Those were his friends—This is his monument  
 Is all except some muse thy life records  
 That to thy worth the unthankful world affords  
 But if thy uninspired soul do bear  
 A lower sail which flagging with the care  
 Of humid pleasures ne'er is swelled into  
 Sublimar thoughts than such as only view  
 Earth for its object which ne'er yet did lend  
 Her favourites more than what they here do spend  
 To improve her barren wants may none rehearse  
 Thy name—beneath the dignity of verse  
 But trivial flatterers such as strive to gain  
 Thy favour from ephemeras of the brain

10

20

Unsalted jests ! Pleased at whose painted fire  
I leave fond thee in vapour to expire, 70  
Whilst from thy living shadow I return  
To crown the dust in brave Argalia's urn

From common fame, that wild impostor, he  
Had often heard what Love denied should be  
For truth admitted—his Pharonnida  
Accused for sins which envy strove to draw  
Objects for Heaven's severest wrath, and now,  
Ere his considerate judgement would allow  
Report for real, secret messengers  
To Corinth sends, who, ill-informed, transfers 40  
His further trouble, in confirming what,  
Whilst others wept for, he, transported at  
So sad a change in her whose virtue had  
Inflamed his thoughts, by passion near unclad  
His soul of all his robes of flesh, which now  
So loosely hung, as if she practised how  
To strip herself, should unexpected death  
To Heaven's hard course call forth the nimble breath.

Could earth here conquer, or had it within  
The power of whatsoe'er is mortal been, 50  
T' have wrought disorders of amazement, where  
The noble soul such true consent did bear  
With the harmonious angels, (he in all  
His acts like them appears, or, ere his fall,  
Perhaps like man, that he could only be  
Distinguished from some hallowed hierarchy,  
By being clothed in the specific veil  
Of flesh and blood), this grief might then prevail  
Over his perfect temper, but he bears  
These weights as if unfelt, on his soul wears 60  
The sable robes of sorrow, whilst his cheek  
Is dressed in scarlet smiles, no frown his sleek  
And even front contracts—like to a slow  
And quiet stream, his obscured thoughts did flow,  
With greater depths than could be fathomed by  
The beamy lines of a judicious eye

Whilst those good angels, which fond men call wit  
Reformed by age, did all in council sit,  
To steer those thoughts by which he did attend  
Pharonnida's escape, they to this end 70  
At length reduced his counsels —That he must,  
To succour her, leave grovelling in the dust  
His kingdom, which being by domestic strife  
Late wounded, was but newly rubbed to life.  
Yet since that there to her redemption lay  
In all the progress of his thoughts no way  
Less full of danger, such of's lords as he  
Honoured for age, and praised for loyalty,

Called to a secret council he discovers  
 His fixed resolves which they though now no lovers 80  
 With such consenting souls did hear that though  
 They knew his danger might e'en fear outgrow,  
 They to oppose that score of cowards brings  
 His vows his sacred vows those sceptred kings  
 Which justly rule the conscience that awed by  
 Usurping fear submits to tyranny

Their first proposals whence their judgement sought  
 To hide his absence to conclusion brought  
 They thence proceed to level him a way  
 Through that thick swarm of enemies that lay 90  
 Circling the walls where reason stays awhile  
 In various censure ere t could reconcile  
 Their differing judgements but at length in this  
 As that which in this danger's dark abyss  
 Seems to lend fear most of the helpful light  
 Of hope concludes—That when succeeding night  
 With strength of age was grown so gravely staid  
 That dark designs feared not to be betrayed  
 B the wanton twilight he in close disguise  
 Whilst some of s troops diverted by surprise 100  
 His watchful foes might pass their guards which done  
 Their care might be with s further march begun  
 In dismal darkness—that black throne of fear,  
 Night's silent empress awed the hemisphere  
 When now Argalia's ready troops with slow  
 And noiseless marches issued through their low  
 Close sallyports are swiftly rallied by  
 Such as had long taught Valour how to die  
 For Honours rescue—captains that had been  
 From youths first bud till age was revered in 110  
 Her honoured scars such strict disciples to  
 Wars hardest precepts that their fame outgrew  
 Their power which that had so authentic made  
 Where fear was scorned they were for love obeyed

By these brave heroes which had often led  
 Armies to sleep in Honours purple bed  
 The prince assisted was with secret haste  
 By ways where fear no sentinel had placed  
 Drawn near the leaguer which the alarm took  
 From a stormed fort had with such speed forsook 120  
 Their huts that haste which was intended to  
 Preserve being now to wild confusion grew  
 Helps to destroy In undistinguished sounds  
 Which not inform but frightened sense confounds  
 With wild amazement the unnoted words  
 Even of command are lost no ear affords  
 Room for advice nor the most serious eye  
 A place for order ensigns vainly fly



Since unperceived, through the dark air, which in  
A storm ne'er knew more tumult than had been, 130  
Since first their fear on this alarum fled  
From reason, through the troubled leaguer spread

In this loud horror, whilst they need no lamp  
To guide them more than their own flaming camp,  
His frightened foes, fled from their quarter, lend  
The prince some hope this sudden charge might end  
Their slow-paced siege, yet since approaching day,  
Persuading haste, denies his longer stay,  
The power to those commanders left, which he  
For valour knew might force from victory 140  
Unwilling laurels, though their judgement such,  
Those hallowed wreaths they ne'er durst rashly touch,  
He leaves (when first his sword, which none did spare  
Within its reach, had of his being there  
Left bloody marks) the conquered foes, to find  
Out sterner foes in his afflicted mind  
Which, since usurping doubt with peaceful love  
For empire strove, taught passion how to move  
In spheres so differing from his reason's right  
Ascension, that his cares' protracted night 150  
From this oblique position caused, had made  
His sorrow tedious as those nights which shade  
Cold arctic regions, when the absent sun  
Doth underneath the antarctic tropic run

This passage forced through his obstructed foes,  
That now the treacherous day might not disclose  
Him, whilst unguarded, to their view that might  
In larger troops pursue a baser flight,  
Through deep dark paths, which ne'er t' the sun had shown  
Their uncouth shades, being to all unknown 160  
Save neighbouring rurals, he, conducted by  
A faithful guide, directs his liberty  
Towards stately Corinth Near whose confines, ere  
Six morning dews had cooled the hemisphere,  
Arrived in safety, that kind Heaven might bless  
His future actions with desired success  
To seek to them, he first sought those that in  
The wane of 's blood had life's supporters been,  
Those holy hermits, to whose art he owed  
For life, next Heaven, which first that gift bestowed 170

Come to their quiet cell, where all receive  
Him with a wonder that did hardly leave  
A room for welcome, till their fear had, in  
A full relation of his fortune, been  
Changed for as much of sanguine mirth as they  
Could know, that had religion's cool allay  
To check delight He being retired with him,  
Whose first discoveries in his fortunes' dim

Imperfect light directed him to know  
 His royal offspring lets his language flow 180  
 With so much freedom as discovers what  
 Whilst he by active war was aiming at  
 His kingdom's safety called him thence to save  
 Sweet virtue from an ignominious grave

The fatal story heard by him whose love  
 Fixed by religion passion could not move  
 Although he pitied all the afflicted to  
 More softness than what had its offspring drew  
 From Heavens strict precepts which are then misspent  
 When easy man mistakes the innocent 190

Since what permits hypocrisy to win  
 Remorse by mercy doth but cherish sin  
 Which to avoid ere his consent approve  
 Of the design neglecting all which love  
 Prompted by pity could allege to draw  
 Him to the combat though he in it saw  
 Nought to defend but innocence since in  
 That shape deluded charity hath been  
 Too oft deceived that his victorious sword  
 Might not but where fair Justice could afford 200  
 Victory be drawn he like a Pharos placed  
 Mongst rocks of doubt, thus rectifies his haste —

Take heed brave prince, that, in this doubtful way  
 Twixt love and honour thy bright virtues stray  
 Not from religion's latitude into

More dangerous stations reasons slender clew  
 Is here too short to guide thee and may in  
 Its conduct but obliquely lead to sin  
 Be cautious then and rashly venture not  
 On unknown depths where valour seems begot 210  
 By vain presumption Mortal beauty that  
 Imperfect type of Heaven though wondered at  
 Yet may not be so much adored to make  
 Our passions Heavens directing road mistake

Though thy affections were legitimate  
 As mans first choice since in that happy state  
 Of innocence frail woman then found out  
 A way to fall still let thy reason doubt  
 The same deceit since that affected she  
 Which thou adorst yet wears mortality 220  
 A garment which since man first wore hath been  
 But once cast off without some spots of sin  
 Yet know my counsel strives not to prevent  
 Thy swords assisting of the innocent  
 As much of mercy on neglect being spilt  
 As there's got vengeance from presumptuous guilt  
 Only before thy valour dares to tread  
 This rubric path whose slippery steps have led  
 ( 283 )

So oft to ruin, let religion be  
Thy prompter unto so much policy 230  
As may secure thy conscience, which to do,  
Claim my assistance as thy virtue's due'

The grateful prince with lowly looks had paid  
His thankful offerings, when, that promised aid  
Might not fall short of expectation, he,  
Whose words, like vows that hold affinity  
With Heaven, breathed nought but constant truth, did thus  
Proceed towards action — 'Whilst, loved prince, with us  
Of this poor convent, you, by wounds restrained  
From action, lived, you know that what's contained 240  
In our calm doctrine, gives us leave to be  
So intimate with each society,  
No secret, though masked in the clouds of sin,  
Flies those discoveries which informs us in  
Their last confessions, by which means you may  
Know whether justice calls your sword to pay  
These bloody offerings, as a victim to  
The appeasing of an inward virtue due'

By this advice instructed to convince  
What love suggests, the apprehensive prince, 250  
Since this includes nothing but what's too just  
To disobey, although he all mistrust  
Of her, like sin, avoids, consents to be  
Ruled by his counsel, whose assistance he  
So oft successful found Which, that delay,  
That slow-paced sin, might not obstruct the way  
With time's too oft neglected loss, he now  
So fast toward action hastes, they could allow  
The night scarce time to steal a dark retreat,  
Ere, having left that melancholy seat, 260  
Devotion's dark retiring place, he goes  
To see how much her frowns did discompose  
That city's dress, of whom he'd ne'er a sight  
Before, but when 'twas polished with delight

His arms, bright Honour's burnished robes, into  
Such weeds as showed him to the public view  
A coarse monastic, changed, attended by  
His aged friend, soon as the morning's eye  
Adorned the east, the prosperous prince began  
His pious journey, which, before the sun 270  
Blushed in the west, found a successful end  
In clouded 'Corinth Where arrived they spend,  
The hours of the succeeding night to find  
How, in that factious troubled sea, inclined  
The city stood, whose shallow sons dare vent  
By nothing but their tongues, that discontent  
Their hands might cure, were not those useful parts  
Restrained from action by unmanly hearts,

Which being at once with grief and fear oppressed  
Durst do no more but pity the distressed 25  
Which gentle passion since so general lends  
Some light of hope to her inquiring friends

To usher in that dismal day whose light  
Designed to lead into eternal night  
As much of beauty as did e'er give place  
To death the morning shows her gloomy face  
Wrapped up in clouds whose heavy vapours had  
Hung Heaven in black when to perform the sad  
And serious office of confessors to  
Those royal sufferers whom harsh Fates pursue 20  
To Death's dark confines through their guard of foes  
Argalia and his grave assistant goes  
Where he, whose love to neither did surmount  
His zeal to take the Cyprian's last account  
Himself addressed whilst his kind passions lead  
Argalia from Pharonnida, to read  
Her life's last story made authentic by  
The near approach of her eternity

Entered the room which to his startled sight  
Appeared like sorrow sepulchred in night 25  
So dismal sad so silent that the cold  
Retreat of death the grave did near unfold  
A heavier object by a sickly light  
Which was e'en then to the artificial night  
That filled the room resigning its reign he saw  
Grief's fairest draught divine Pharonnida,  
Amidst her tears fallen like a full blown flower  
Whose polished leaves overburthened with a shower  
Drops from their beauties in the pride of day  
To deck the earth—So sadly pining lay 30  
The pensive princess whom an ecstasy  
Of passion led to practise how to die  
In such abstracted contemplations that  
Angels forsook their thrones to wonder at

Wet with those tears in whose elixir she  
Was bathing of the lilies nursery  
Her bloodless cheeks—her trembling hand sustained  
A book which what Heaven's mercy hath ordained  
For a support to human frailty in  
Storms of affliction lay which as she'd been 320  
Now so well in repentant lectures read  
That Faith was on the wings of knowledge fled  
To Meditation her unactive grief  
Lest softly fall whilst Time wise Nature's thief  
That all might look like Sorrow's swarthy night,  
Is stealing forth of the neglected light  
Whose sullen flame as it would sympathize

318 which] for in which.

With those quenched beams that once adorned her eyes,  
After a feeble blaze, that spoke its strife  
But vain, in silence weeps away its life

330

Come to behold this beauteous monument  
Of mourning passion, his great spirits spent  
On love and wonder, the astonished prince  
Here silent stands, valour could not convince  
His wild amazement To behold her lie,  
By rigid laws restrained from liberty,  
To whom his soul was captive, troubles all  
His reason's guards but when, how she must fall  
From beauteous youth and virtuous life, to be  
One of the grave's obscure society,

340

Must fall no martyr, whose lamented death  
Grows pity's object, but depart with breath  
'Mongst ignominious clouds of guilt, that must  
Stick an eternal odium on her dust  
That thought transports him from his temper to  
Passions, in which he had forgot to do  
His priestly office and, in rage as high  
As ever yet inflamed humanity,

Sent him to actions, whose attempt had been  
The road his valour must have perished in,  
Had not her sorrow's agony forsook  
The princess By whose first unsteady look,  
He, being as far as his disguise gave leave  
Discovered, is invited to receive

350

Those last confessions, in whose freedom she  
Seeks by absolving comforts how to free  
Her soul of all which a religious fear

Like spots on her white conscience made appear

Having from her unburthened soul learned how  
To ease his own, the priestly prince had now,  
As far as bold humanity durst dive

360

Into remission, Heaven's prerogative,  
Pronounced that pardon for whose seal there stood  
The sin-polluted world's redeeming blood

By which blest voice raised from what did appear  
Like sorrow, till her faith had banished fear,

The princess, in such gentle calms of joy  
As souls that wear their bodies but to cloy  
Celestial flights can feel, to entertain

Her fatal doom with a resolved disdain

370

Of death, prepares Whilst he, whom Heaven to her  
Had made their mercy's happy messenger,

Forsaking her, repairs to him that had

With the same hand the Cyprian's thoughts unclad

By whom informed, how that in their defence

His sword protected nought but innocence,

338 when] 'he thinks' has of course to be supplied from 'that thought' below

Armed with those blessings which so just a cause  
 Proclaimed his due he secretly withdraws  
 To change those emblems of religious peace  
 Monastic robes for such as might increase  
 Their joy and wonder whose contracted fear  
 Despaired to see a combatant appear  
 Although they knew his sword defended then  
 The best of causes 'gainst the worst of men

350

Whilst he prepares with near as much of speed  
 As incorporeal substances that need  
 But will for motion to defend her in  
 The assaults of death that hour which long had been  
 The dreadful expectation of those friends  
 That pined her arrived in sorrow ends  
 Fear's cold disease those ministers of fate  
 The props to all that's illegitimate  
 The army to suppress the weak essays  
 Of love or pity guarded had the ways  
 By which illegal power conducted her  
 From that dark room grief's curtained theatre  
 To be beheld upon the public stage  
 The glory yet the scandal of the age  
 Which two extremes met on the scaffold in  
 A princess suffering and a people's sin  
 Which now joined to the dreadful pomp that calls  
 His subjects to attend the funerals  
 Of her loved father whose life's virtues won  
 Tears for his death thus solemnly begun

90

400

Removed no farther from the city then  
 An hour's short walk though undertaken when  
 Sol raged in Cancer might with ease convey  
 Scorched travellers a dismal temple lay  
 In a dark valley where more ancient times  
 Had perpetrated those religious crimes  
 Of human offerings to those idols that  
 Their hands made for their hearts to tremble at  
 Yet this since now made venerable by  
 Those reverend relics of antiquity  
 The Spartan princes monuments by those  
 Of latter times though altered faith is chose  
 For their retreat when life's extinguished glory  
 Sought rest beneath a silent dormitory  
 Nor stood this fabric all alone long since  
 A palace by some melancholy prince  
 Which hated light or loved the darkness built  
 To please his humour or conceal his guilt  
 So near it stood to distant eyes which sent  
 Thither their beams it seemed one monument  
 Whose sable roof mongst cypress shadows fills

410

420

393 Another of the interesting Roy 1st flashes

The deep dark basis of those barren hills  
With such a mournful majesty, as strook  
A terror into each beholder's look,  
Awful as if some deity had made  
That gloomy vale to be the sacred shade, 430  
Where he chose in enigmas to relate  
The dark decrees of man's uncertain fate

    Betwixt this temple and the city stood,  
In squadrons thick as shows an ancient wood  
To distant sight, the army, placed to be  
In this sad march their guilt's security,  
Whose glittering swords shone, as if drawn to light  
Day's beauties to the palace of the night  
Toward which the prisoners, yet detained within  
The city, in this dreadful pomp begin 440  
Their mournful march, led by that doleful call  
By which loud war proclaims a funeral  
Those that had been the common guards unto  
The murdered princes, to the people's view  
Are first presented; on an ebon spear  
Each bore a scutcheon, where there did appear  
The arms which once adorned those princes' shields,  
Sadly displayed within their sable fields

    Next these, some troops, whose prosperous valour in  
Their courts had steps unto preferment been, 450  
Come slowly on, but slower followed are  
By elder captains, such whom busy war,  
Whose victories had their youth in honour died,  
As useless now for council laid aside  
I' the rear of these, the officers of state,  
Grave as they'd been of council unto Fate,  
I' the purple robes of royal mourners clad,  
With heavy pace conducted in a sad  
And dismal object—two black chariots, drawn  
Like hideous night when it assaults the dawn 460  
In dreadful shadows, where, to fright the day  
With sadder objects, on black hurses lay  
The effigies of the murdered princes, in  
Whose form those spots of treason that had been  
Fate's agents to unravel Nature's law,  
In bloody marks the mourning people saw  
At which sad sight, from silent sorrow they  
Advanced, had let external grief betray  
Their love and loss, if not diverted by  
Succeeding objects, which assault the eye 470  
With what, though living, yet more terror bred  
Than what they found for the lamented dead

    In such a garb as sorrow strives to hide  
The hot effluvioms of a sullen pride,

474 effluvioms] Singer, most improperly, 'effluvia'

Almanzor next, with slow portentous pace  
 Follows the herses his discovered face  
 So subtly dyed in sorrow as it had  
 Strove to outmourn the sable arms which clad  
 His falser breast whose studied treason knew  
 No such disguise, as first to meet the view 430  
 O the censuring people, in a dress that shows  
 Him by their states maturer council chose  
 Gainst whoever durst maintain the prisoners cause  
 By s valour for to vindicate their laws

But now to lose these rivulets of tears  
 In the vast ocean of their grief appears  
 Their last and most lamented object in  
 The royal captives whose sad fate had been  
 Not so disguised in attributes of guilt  
 But that the love their former virtue built 490  
 In every breast, broke through their fear to show  
 How much their duty did to sorrow owe  
 In that black train they had beheld before  
 Though full of sadness wearied life passed oer  
 The stage of Nature, is their darkest text  
 To comment on, which since good men perplexed  
 With lifes cares are finds less regret than now  
 To living sufferers justly they allow  
 Friends though less near since death is but that rest  
 They vainly seek that are in life distress, 500  
 Being pitied more than those whose worst of fate  
 We have beheld destruction terminate

That nought might in this scene of sorrow be  
 Wanting to perfect grief's solemnity  
 The kingdom's marshal—who supported in  
 His hand a sword which glittering through a thin  
 Wreathed cipers through the sad spectators eye  
 Struck such a terror, as if shadowed by  
*Death's sooty veil—conducting, after goes*  
 The undaunted Cyprian with a look that shows 510  
 A soul whose valour was of power to light  
 Such high resolves as by their splendour might  
 Make death look lovely on his upper hand  
 Her sex's glory, she whose virtues scanned  
 Her actions by Heavens strictest rules the sweet  
 Pharonnida, unmoved prepares to meet  
 The ministers of death, her train being by  
 Florenza, who must in that tragedy  
 Act her last part sustained The garment which  
 The beauteous princess did that day enrich 520

507 528 cipers] Singer with more excuse perhaps cyprus But where an antique  
 spelling d f nately indicates pronunciation and the modern obscures it, it is probably  
 better to keep the former



The deep dark basis of those barren hills  
With such a mournful majesty, as strook  
A terror into each beholder's look,  
Awful as if some deity had made  
That gloomy vale to be the sacred shade, 430  
Where he chose in enigmas to relate  
The dark decrees of man's uncertain fate

    Betwixt this temple and the city stood,  
In squadrons thick as shows an ancient wood  
To distant sight, the army, placed to be  
In this sad march their guilt's security,  
Whose glittering swords shone, as if drawn to light  
Day's beauties to the palace of the night  
Toward which the prisoners, yet detained within  
The city, in this dreadful pomp begin 440  
Their mournful march, led by that doleful call  
By which loud war proclaims a funeral  
Those that had been the common guards unto  
The murdered princes, to the people's view  
Are first presented; on an ebon spear  
Each bore a scutcheon, where there did appear  
The arms which once adorned those princes' shields,  
Sadly displayed within their sable fields

    Next these, some troops, whose prosperous valour in  
Their courts had steps unto preferment been, 450  
Come slowly on, but slower followed are  
By elder captains, such whom busy war,  
Whose victories had their youth in honour died,  
As useless now for council laid aside  
I' the rear of these, the officers of state,  
Grave as they'd been of council unto Fate,  
I' the purple robes of royal mourners clad,  
With heavy pace conducted in a sad  
And dismal object—two black chariots, drawn  
Like hideous night when it assaults the dawn 460  
In dreadful shadows, where, to fright the day  
With sadder objects, on black hurses lay  
The effigies of the murdered princes, in  
Whose form those spots of treason that had been  
Fate's agents to unravel Nature's law,  
In bloody marks the mourning people saw  
At which sad sight, from silent sorrow they  
Advanced, had let external grief betray  
Their love and loss, if not diverted by  
Succeeding objects, which assault the eye 470  
With what, though living, yet more terror bred  
Than what they found for the lamented dead

    In such a garb as sorrow strives to hide  
The hot effluvioms of a sullen pride,

474 effluvioms] Singer, most improperly, 'effluvia'  
( 288 )

Almanzor next, with slow portentous pace,  
 Follows the herses, his discovered face  
 So subtly dyed in sorrow as it had  
 Strove to outmourn the sable arms which clad  
 His falser breast, whose studied treason knew  
 No such disguise, as first to meet the view 450  
 O the censuring people, in a dress that shows  
 Him by their states maturer council chose  
 Gainst whoever durst maintain the prisoners cause  
 By s valour for to vindicate their laws  
 But now to lose these rivulets of tears  
 In the vast ocean of their grief appears  
 Their last and most lamented object in  
 The royal captives whose sad fate had been  
 Not so disguised in attributes of guilt,  
 But that the love their former virtue built 490  
 In every breast broke through their fear to show  
 How much their duty did to sorrow owe  
 In that black train they had beheld before  
 Though full of sadness wearied life passed o'er  
 The stage of Nature, is their darkest text  
 To comment on which since good men perplexed  
 With life's cares are finds less regret than now  
 To living sufferers justly they allow  
 Friends, though less near since death is but that rest  
 They vainly seek that are in life distress, 500  
 Being pitied more than those whose worst of fate  
 We have beheld destruction terminate  
 That nought might in this scene of sorrow be  
 Wanting to perfect grief's solemnity,  
 The kingdom's marshal—who supported in  
 His hand a sword which glittering through a thin  
 Wreathed cipers through the sad spectator's eye  
 Struck such a terror as if shadowed by  
 Death's sooty veil—conducting after goes  
 The undaunted Cyprian with a look that shows 510  
 A soul whose valour was of power to light  
 Such high resolves as by their splendour might  
 Make death look lovely, on his upper hand  
 Her sex's glory she whose virtues scanned  
 Her actions by Heaven's strictest rules the sweet  
 Pharonnida unmoved prepares to meet  
 The ministers of death her train being by  
 Florenza who must in that tragedy  
 Act her last part sustained The garment which  
 The beauteous princess did that day enrich 520

507 528 cipers] Singer with more excuse perhaps cyprus. But where an antique spell ng definitely indicates pronunciation and the modern obscures it it is probably better to keep the former

Was black, but cut on white, o'er which the fair  
Neglected treasure of her flowing hair  
Hung loosely down, upon her head she wore  
A wreath of lilies, almost shadowed o'er  
With purple hyacinths, on which the stains  
Of murder yet in bloody marks remains,  
Over all this, a melancholy cloud  
Of thick curled ciphers from the head did shroud  
Her to the feet, through which those spots of white  
Appeared like stars, those comforts of the night, 540  
When stole through scattered clouds, in her right hand  
She held a watch, whose next stage should have spanned  
The minutes of her life, her left did hold  
A branch of myrtle, which, as grown too old  
To live, began to wither,—for defence  
O' the falling leaves, as death and innocence  
Had both conspired to sweeten, the bough was round  
In mystic wreaths of black and silver wound

Near to the royal prisoners, many pairs  
Of either kingdom, men o' the gravest years 545  
And loyalest hearts, did with a doleful pace  
Bring up the rear, each melancholy place  
Through which they passed being with those pensive flowers  
That wait on funerals strewed The lofty towers  
Of chequered marble had their stately brows  
In sables bound, their pinnacles with boughs  
Of dismal yew adorned, as if their knell  
Should next be rung, a solemn passing bell  
In every church was tolled, whose doleful sound,  
Mixed with the drum and trumpet's Deed March, drowned 550  
The people's cries, whose grief can ne'er be shown  
In 'ts native dress, till loud and clariorous grown

In this black pomp the mourning train had left  
The sable city, which, being now bereft  
Of all her sad and solemn guests, did bear  
The emblem of an empty sepulchre,  
So full of silence, all her throng being gone  
With heavy pace to be attendants on  
Those funeral rites, which ere performed must have 555  
More virtue for attendants to the grave  
Than e'er they could again expect to see,  
Whose hopes of life lay in minority

Come to the desert vale, which yet had kept  
A solitary loveliness—that slept  
There in untroubled rest, a levelled green,  
Chose for the lists, which nature lodged between  
Two barren hills, upon whose bare front grew,  
Though thinly scattered, here a baleful yew,  
And there a dismal cypress, placed as they  
Had only chose that station to display 570

The people's passions who with eyes fixed in  
 Full orbs of tears ere this had sorrowing seen  
 The pitted prisoners to those scaffolds brought  
 Where those lamented lives whom treason sought  
 To ruin must be sacrificed to please  
 Ambitious man not angry Heaven appease  
 This curds their bloods which soon inflamed had grown  
 Had not the varied scene of sorrow shown  
 The murdered princes, who produced as they  
 Had been reserved as opiates to allay  
 Their anger's flame are both exposed unto  
 The satisfaction of the public view  
 Mounted on hersees which on either side  
 O the temple gate, with death's most dismal pride  
 On ebon pillars stood as raised to show  
 What justice did to their destruction owe

280

Placed near to these their sorrows sad records  
 Almanzor's tent, to show that it affords  
 For red revenge a close reception stood  
 Like a black rock from whence in clouds of blood  
 The sanguine streamers through the thickened sky  
 Did waving with unconstant motion fly  
 In view of which though at the other end  
 If any durst appear that could defend  
 Their cause whom Heaven alone knew innocent  
 There to receive him stood an empty tent,  
 Whose outside as if fancied to deter  
 His entrance there appeared a sepulchre  
 Over whose gate her false accusers had  
 Transcribed those crimes which so unjustly clad  
 In purple sins those candid souls which seen  
 In their bright virtues spotless robes had been  
 The hated wonders of those foes, whose ends  
 Now find success in the pity of their friends

290

600

Near this black tent on mourning scaffolds where  
 Death did to encounter Innocence prepare  
 His heaviest darts such as were headed by  
 That more than mortal plagues foul infamy,  
 The prisoners mounted At the other gate  
 Almanzor like the messenger of Fate  
 Fraught with revenge appears, his dreadful form  
 More full of terror than a midnight storm  
 To straitened fleets appearing to the view  
 O the multitude who whilst their prayers pursue  
 The prisoners safety on the flagging wings  
 Of sickly hope his sure destruction brings

610

577 curds] This is Singer's reading for original curls which is not quite impossible  
 and even rather vivid—for passion meeting and *effusing* the blood as wind does water  
 And if one begins guessing why not cools?

Since from their knowledge more remote to cure,  
Unto their hates' impatient calenture

Thrice had their trumpet sadly sounded been,  
And thrice a herald's voice had summoned in 620  
Some bold defendant, but both yet so vain,  
As if just Heaven neglected to maintain  
That righteous cause which sadly seen of all,  
The sorrowful but helpless people fall,  
Since hopes of life was shrunk into despair,  
To be assistant by their private prayer  
At death's distracting conflict In a brief  
Effectual speech, which answered to the chief  
Heads of's indictment, in those powerful words  
Conceived his last, the Cyprian prince affords 630  
Their sorrow yet a larger theme Which done,  
Being first to die, having with prayer begun  
That doubtful road, he now a short leave takes  
Of all his mourning friends, then calmly shakes  
Off each terrestrial thought, and, heightened by  
The speculations of eternity

Above those damps, which Nature's hand did weave,  
Of human fear, submitting to receive  
The fatal stroke, that centre to a crown,  
But orb of wit—his sacred head, lays down 640

Fled to the dark cell of their utmost fears,  
With eyes whose lids were cemented in tears,  
Each still spectator's thoughts did now repair  
To the last refuge of a silent prayer,  
In which close parl, from that deep lethargy  
They are to joy and wonder awakened by  
A trumpet's voice, which from the other gate  
Sounds a defiance 'Twas not yet so late  
In Hope's dim twilight, but they once more may,  
In expectation of a glorious day, 650  
Dare look abroad, which done, unto their view,  
A Cyprian herald being designed unto  
That office, they, leading a stranger knight  
Into the lists, behold, whose welcome sight  
Was entertained with acclamations that  
Raised thunder for his foes to tremble at

This valiant hero, whose brave gesture gave  
Life to that hope which told them Heaven would save  
Such suffering virtue, now drawn near unto  
The tent, is taking a disdainful view 660  
Of that accursed inscription, whilst all eyes,  
Centred on him, see through his steel disguise  
A goodlier shape, though not so vastly great  
As that cursed lump Nature had made the seat  
Of's enemy's black soul The armour which  
He wore, they knew not whether for more rich  
( 292 )

6.0

680

690

( 293 )

Confessed his guilt, the noble champion stays  
His just raised rage, whilst his own tongue displays  
His thoughts' black curtains, by discovering all  
Those crimes, beneath whose burthen he did fall,  
Heavy as curses which from Heaven are sent  
For th' people's plague, or prince's punishment  
In which short close of life, to ease the grief  
Of late repentance, that successful thief,  
Whose happiest hour his latest proved, being took  
For precedent, he in a calm forsook  
That world, which, whilst his plots did strive to build  
Ambition high, he had with tempests filled

720

The multitude, whose universal voice  
Had taught even such, though distant to rejoice,  
As age or sickness had detained within  
The city walls, forced those that yet had been  
Her foes, converted by the general votes  
For joy, to change their envy's ill-set notes  
To calm compliance, in whose concord they,  
With as much speed as duty did convey  
Her best of subjects, to congratulate  
Her freedom hastes Who, in this smile of fate,  
Whilst all her friends strove to forget those fears  
Whose form they lately trembled at, appears  
Shadowed in grief, on whose joy could reflect  
No beam of comfort, the supposed neglect  
Of her Argalia, whose victorious sword  
Did in her fears' extremity afford  
Some hopes of comfort, which to opinion lost,  
More sorrow than the assaults of death had cost,  
Had not, whilst she did in dark passion stray,  
His full discovery glorified the day

730

740

Amidst the people's acclamations, she,  
Though from a scaffold now conveyed to be  
Raised to a crown, all that vain pomp beholds  
With eyes o'ercast in grief, till he unfolds  
Her further comfort, by discovering what,  
Whilst each spectator was admiring at,  
Becomes to her so much of joy, that in  
This calm, that courage which before had been  
Unshook in tempests, now begins to move,  
And what scorned hate, submits to powerful love  
From whose fixed centre, with as swift a flight  
And kind a welcome, as the nimble light  
Salutes the morning, Pleasure now imparts  
Her powerful beams, until those neighbouring hearts  
That lived by Hope's thin diet, drew from hence  
Substantial lines to Joy's circumference

750

760

Her innocence unveiled by his success,  
And both by that black foil of wickedness,

Almanzor's guilt more glorious made is now  
 The only volume wonder could allow  
 Those that before her worst of foes had been  
 Sadly to read repentant lectures in 770  
 Which seen by her observant peers that all  
 Succeeding discords in that tyrant's fall  
 Might find a tomb him being their princess choice  
 The Spartan army's universal voice  
 Salute their chief Which precedent affords  
 A pattern to the wise Epirot lords  
 Who had a law age made authentic which  
 Prohibited their diadem to enrich  
 A female brow on him whose title stood  
 Nearest of all collateral streams of blood 780  
 They wisely fix a choice which proves to be  
 Their glory and their state's security

And now raised from that lowly posture in  
 Which fear had left them the vast rout begin  
 Their motion toward fair Gerenza where  
 The varied scene did such proportion bear  
 With joys exalted harmony which in  
 Their rescued princess dwelt, all that had been  
 Their sorrow's dismal characters they now  
 Obliterate and her late clouded brow 790  
 Crown with delights The solemn bells whose sad  
 Toll when they left your mourning city had  
 Frighted the trembling hearer now are all  
 Rung out for joy as if so loud a call  
 Only became a love which could not be  
 Expressed until the full solemnity  
 Of their approaching nuptials did unite  
 Their hearts or crowns not with more full delight  
 Than what did near as great a blessing prove  
 Discording subjects in your bonds of love 800

Thus after all the wild variety  
 Through Fates dark labyrinths now arrived to be  
 Crowned with as much content as e'er was known  
 By any that death did enforce to own  
 The frailties of mortality we leave  
 Our celebrated lovers to receive  
 Those blessings which Heaven on such kings showers down  
 Whose virtues add a lustre to the crown

792 your] Singer obviously their but strangely enough he leaves your in 800  
 Th double oddity suggests that Chamberlayne originally meant this to form part  
 of a speech then changed his mind and with his usual equanimity omitted the  
 necessary adjustment

806 celebrat d] A vivid instance of the correct use of the word as opposed to  
 the modern vulgarity



## ENGLAND'S JUBILEE[E]

[I do not know why Singer did not complete his edition by reprinting this Poem—but perhaps he had not seen it To me, the tedium of copying it has been not a little alleviated by the interest of its prosody, and of the comparison with Dryden's As we might expect, both from the fact of its being an address, not a narrative, and from its composition being later than at least the earlier part of *Pharonnida*, the stopped, or nearly stopped couplet is much more in evidence than the enjambed, though this latter is also common enough And the good side of the change has sufficient exemplification—there are some couplets, and more lines, of the new stamp, of which Dryden himself need not have been ashamed The older side is not so well shown for the flowing similes and conceits which it so well suited would have been out of place But the poem has vigour, adequacy, and not more than a proper share of exaggeration, where required It is certainly the best of the poems on the Restoration next to Dryden's<sup>1</sup>    En |

<sup>1</sup> The British Museum copy has no title-page

# ENGLAND'S JUBILEE

OR, A POEM ON THE HAPPY RETURN OF  
HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES THE II

TO THE KING'S MOST SACRED MAJESTY

PARDON great Prince for all our offering here  
But weak discoveries of our wants appear  
No language is commensurate with thee,  
Our loftest flights but plain humility  
Yet since we may our frailty to conceal  
Be guilty of a crime in smothering zeal  
That bids thy blest returns more welcome then  
Plenty to the starved, or land to shipwrackt men  
For such were we or if there s ought can more  
Demonstrate ill that wo was ours before 10  
Heaven to restore our lost light sent us him  
Without whose raise our sphere had still been dim  
Dim as in that dark interval when we  
Saw nothing but the clouds of anarchy  
Raised by the witchcraft of Rebellion to  
So vast a height, none durst pretend to view  
Whilst they lay curtained in that black disguise  
Majestic beams but twas with bloodshot eyes  
Then if such of necessity must pine  
Who re robbed of food, both human and divine 20  
How could we thrive when those that did pretend  
To feed did all on their ambition spend  
Who with the sword not reason, did convince,  
And rackt the subject to unthrone the Prince  
The doleful years of thy exile have been  
At once our Nation's punishment and sin  
Tost in a storm of dark afflictions we  
Floated at random, yet still looked on thee  
As our safe harbour but had none to guide  
Us to t, False pilots with the winds complied 30  
We saw what crime drenched the amazed rout  
Yet wanted strength to cast that curst thing out

7 then] then=than

12 raise] raise=rise

30 p lots] O 1g Pilates with a possible play (!) though as we have seen in  
*Pha oi mda* the mere misprint is common

## William Chamberlayne

Though oft 'twas vainly struggled for, yet we—  
Who were exiled from nought but Liberty,  
Who durst live here spectators of those times,  
Do now in tears repent our passive crimes,  
And with one universal voice allow  
We all deserve death, since we live till now

But this is England's Jubilee, nor must  
Thy friends doubt mercy, where thy foes dare trust  
Thou art our great Panpharmacon, which by  
Its virtue cures each various malady,  
Giving their pride a cool allay of fears,  
Whilst to restore our hectic, Hope appears  
And these began the cure, which to complete  
Expansive Mercy makes thy throne her seat  
So that there now (except the guilt within)  
No sign remains there hath a difference been

The giddy rout, who in their first address,  
Cried Liberty, but meant licentiousness,  
When depraved judgements, not content to see  
A heaven of stars their *primum mobile*,  
Did change the system, and i' th' spite o' th' love  
Or fear of Heaven, taught earth's base dregs to move  
In the bright orb of Honour, where to all  
That's great, or good, they were eccentric—  
Having long found their direful influence  
In nought but plagues descended—did from thence  
Learn sad repentant lectures, and dare now  
Present the sword, where late the knee did bow  
Dare tell their damn'd impostors they but made  
False Zeal the light, whilst Treason cast the shade  
Dare curse their new discoveries which placed in  
Hell's geography Americas of sin

But these, like dust raised 'twixt two armies, do  
Hurt or assist, as they are hurried to  
Either by levity, and therefore must  
By none be held an object of their trust,  
For though they are Usurpers' Lands, they've found  
They rent at night, what they i' th' morning crowned

But you, great Sir, whose fate has been so mixt  
As to behold these volatile and fixt,  
May, since the offspring of their sufferings, be  
More certain of their future loyalty  
And though your title, and heaven-settled state,  
Needs not, usurper-like, measure your fate  
By such vain love, yet may you still be sure  
They'll ne'er again a rebel's scourge endure

These past years of infatuation, which  
Hath drained their coffers, did their hearts enrich  
With so much eager loyalty that when  
With wonder—like those new recovered men,

# England's Jubile

Who by Our Saviour's miracles escaped  
From darkness thought men had like trees been shaped—  
They only through mist rarefied gazed at  
Those glimmering beams whilst they knew not what  
Th event would be now winged with hope did they  
Each feeble glance praise as approaching day

But when with such advantage as the light  
Gains by succeeding the black dress of night  
Through all the fogs of their preceding fear  
They from the North saw loyal Monk appear  
How in petitions did their prayers exhale  
To waft him on until the gentle gale  
(Although by ways so wisely intricate  
They raised our fear whilst they did calm our fate)  
Brought him at length through all our doubts to be  
The great assertor of our liberty !

Then did we think that modest blush but just  
Whose present dye displayed our late mistrust  
And to requite those injuries wed done  
To myriads raised what single praise begun

Through all the devious paths which he did tread  
From the base Rump unto the glorious Head  
We scanned his actions which did nought comprise  
That might offend but that he was too wise  
For vulgar judgements whose weak fancies guessed  
By present actions what would be the rest

But when their eyes unveiled discovered who  
Had to destroy the monster found the clew  
How did they praise his wisdom valour all  
That could within the name of subject fall  
And to complete whateer his due might be  
Knit up those laurels with his loyalty—

That noble virtue without which the rest  
Had only burdened not adorned his crest  
*Then since we now by this heaven guided hand*  
Once more behold the glory of our land  
Whom midnight plots long studied to exclude  
Again fixed in s meridian altitude

Let s cease to mourn and whilst those fogs attend  
Such miscreant wretches as dare still offend  
By flying mercy raise our souls deprest  
Eer since this Star set in the gloomy West—  
For then begun that dreadful night which we  
Have since with terror seen brave Loyalty  
Being so opprest by a prevailing fate

Tw as only known by being unfortunate  
Yet though Rebellion in unnatural wars  
So far did thrive to prove us falling stars

## William Chamberlayne

The wiser world saw those that did aspire,  
Not as Heaven's lamps, but Hell's impetuous fire  
As monsters of ambition, such whose wild  
Chimeras since Rebellion first defiled  
Our English annals, only were advanced,  
But Fortune's light ephemeras, to be glanced  
A while with secret envy on, and then  
Hurled from the ill-managed helm to be by men  
Pursued with such a just deserved hate  
As makes each curse add weights unto their fate, 140  
Horrid as are their names, which ne'er shall be  
Mentioned without adjuncts of infamy  
So full of guilt, all ages to ensue  
Shall weep to hear what this ne'er blushed to do

Whilst we were in these uncouth shades o'ercast  
To tell what wild meanders hath been past  
By thee, our Royal Sovereign, is a task  
That would the tongues of inspired angels ask  
Yet since domestic miseries hath taught  
Us part of the sad story's ruder draught, 150  
We may, by weak reflection, come to see  
With what dire weight these dark storms fell on thee  
Who, whilst thou didst, from hence excluded, stand  
The pitied wonder of each foreign land,  
Learnd'st, by commanding passions, how to sway  
A nation more rebellious far than they  
So that the school which thou wert tutored in,  
Though thy disease, our antidote hath been  
We suffering not our crime's desert, because  
From hence you learned to pity, and the laws' 160  
Just harness with such candour mitigate  
As once you bore the rigour of your fate

What earthquakes breeds it in our breasts, when we  
But think o'er thy progressive misery!

How thou, our restless dove, seeing no mark  
Of land, wert hurried from our floating ark,  
And, whilst those villains, that exposed thee, lay  
Forced every wind of faction to obey,  
Wert long with billows of affliction beat  
Ere thou didst with thy olive-branch retreat 170  
How by poor friends and powerful enemies,  
By flattering strangers, and by false allies,  
Were thy afflictions varied, for all these  
Shared in the complicating thy disease

Like doleful mourners that surround the bed  
Of a departing friend, those few that fled

161 harness] Orig 'harnesse' but it is almost certainly a misprint for 'hardness'  
candour] With the sense of 'mildness' Thus 'a *candid* critic' used to mean, what it  
scarcely does now, a favourable and polite censor

# England's Jubile

Hence on the wings of Loyalty to be  
Partakers of whateer attended thee—  
Whilst they did mourn but could not lend relief  
Did by their sorrow but increase thy grief 180  
Such was the power of thy prescribing foes  
No place afforded safety some of those  
Whom poverty sent to attend thy train  
To cure that malady did entertain  
Infectious counsels which did festering lie  
Till rebels gold outweighed their Loyalty  
And from the black pernicious Embryo bred  
Monsters whose hands strove to destroy their head  
Nor whilst these secret sorrows sunk a mine  
Which if not hindered by a power divine 190  
Had blown up all thy patience wert thou free  
From public injuries—that amity  
Which former leagues or the more sacred ties  
Of blood could claim veiled in the base disguise  
Of policy starts back and doth give way  
For treason to expel or else betray  
Great birth and virtues which did that excel  
As the meridian doth each parallel  
Are but weak props a rebels threats convince  
And all avoid a persecuted Prince 200  
When after these big storms of ill abroad  
Some loyal subjects had prepared the road  
Unto thy throne and thou didst once more here  
Armed for redemption of thy crown appear  
Whilst all our hearts whose distant Lands could not  
Come to assist thy righteous cause waxed hot  
With loyal hopes—how were we planet strook  
When Fortune with pretended friends forsook  
Thy side at fatal Worcester and to raise  
A rebels trophies robbed thee of thy bays! 210  
How dismal sad how gloomy was each thought  
Of thy obedient subjects whilst they sought  
Their flying Sovereign curtained from their eyes  
In the dark dress of an unsafe disguise!  
All wished to know what all desire should be  
A secret kept such strange variety  
Of contradictions did our passions twist  
We would behold the Sun yet praised the mist  
But whilst Desire thus shot at rovers that  
More powerful sacrifice our prayers being at 220  
Heavens penetrated ear directed found  
Our hopes by thy deserting us near crowned

192 that] = so that Orig has am ties which is obviously wrong and easily accounted for

222 crowned] Orig absurdly Crown

## William Chamberlayne

For though to want thee was our great'st distress,  
Yet now thy absence was our happiness

Then, though we ne'er enough can celebrate  
The praise of this, yet thy mysterious fate,  
Great favourite of Heaven! so often hath  
Advanced our wonder that the long trod path  
Directs us now without more guides to see  
Those miracles wrought in preserving thee  
Were God's immediate acts, to whose intents  
Were often fitted weakest instruments,  
From whose success faith this impression bore,  
He that preserved thee would at length restore,  
Which now through such a labyrinth is done,  
We see the end, ere know how 'twas begun

230

That big-bulked cloud of poisonous vapours in  
Whose dismal shades, our liberty had been  
Long in amaze of errors lost, was by  
A wholesome northern gale enforced to fly  
Easy as morning mists, so that the fate  
Seem'd not more strange, which did at first create,  
Than what did now destroy in it, did appear  
As far from Hope, as was the first from Fear

240

When a rebellious tyranny had been  
So strengthened by a prosperous growth in sin  
That the contagious leprosy had left  
None sound but what were honest by their theft—  
Then to behold that hydra, which had bred  
So many, in an instant, her last head  
Submit to justice, is a blessing we  
Must praise i' th' raptures of an ecstasy,  
Till from the pleasing trance, being welcomed by  
Loud acclamations, raised from Loyalty,  
We come, we come, with all the reverence due  
To Heaven's best gifts, great Prince, to welcome you—  
You, who by suffering in a righteous cause  
Safely restored that Liberty, those Laws,  
Which after long convulsive fits were now  
Expiring, so that future times, told how  
This great work was performed, shall wonder most  
To see the fever cured, yet no blood lost

250

260

But these are mercies fit to usher in  
Him to a throne, whose virtuous life hath been  
Beyond detraction good therefore attend  
Those joys which Heaven to us, by you, did send  
Whose sacred essence, waited on by all  
The most transcendant blessings that can fall,  
Within the sphere of human virtue, still  
Surround your throne! May all imagined ill

270

243 in it] If the poem were less badly printed, the extended form 'in it' for the usual 'in 't' would have prosodic interest but it is probably mere accident

# England's Jubile

Die in the embryo ! May no dark disguise  
Of seeming friends or foes that temporize  
Eer prejudice your peace ! May your foes prove  
All blushing converts ! May all those that love  
You do t for zeal not gain and though that we  
(What was of late your mark) our poverty  
Are still enforced to wear oh may there thence  
Neer spring a thought to take or give offence !  
May all toward you be fraughted with desires  
That may in flaming zeal outblaze the fires  
That you were welcomed in with ! May delight  
Within your royal breast no opposite  
Ere find but so let gentle pleasure grow  
That it may kiss the banks but neer overflow !  
When Hymen leads you to the temple let  
It be to take that gem which Heaven hath set  
The worlds adorning ornament—that we  
May by that blest conjunctions influence see  
Such hopeful fruit spring from our royal stem  
As may deserve the whole worlds diadem  
May Peace adorn your throne ! Yet if the sword  
Must needs be drawn may it no sound afford  
But victory until extended power  
Adds weight unto your sceptre ! May no hour  
Een set a seal to the records of Time  
But what still makes your pleasure more sublime  
Till they being grown too pure for earth shall be  
Called to the triumphs of Lternity !

So

90

By WILL CHAMBERLAINE

London Printed for Robert Clavell  
at the Stags-head in St. Pauls  
Church yard 1660

292 sound] So in orig

299 Chamberlaine] So here in orig In *Plarionida* Chamberlaine





# THEOPHILAS,

OR

## LOVES SACRIFICE.

### A Divine Poem.

WRITTEN BY E B Esq,

Several Parts thereof set to fit Aires by M<sup>r</sup> J JENKINS

*Longum Iter per Præcepta, breve & efficax per Exempla,  
Si Præceptis non accendimur, saltem Exemplis incitemur, atq; in  
Appetitu Rectitudinis nil sibi Mens nostra difficile æstimet,  
quod perfectè peragi ab Aliis videt Greg Mag l 9 c 43  
Id peragas Vita, quod velles Morte peractum*



LONDON

Printed by R N Sold by Henry Seile in Fleetstreet, and  
Humphrey Moseley at the Princes Arms in S Pauls  
Church-yard 1652



# INTRODUCTION TO EDWARD BENLOWES

THE fate of Benlowes has been one of the hardest in the history of English poetry. Such approval as he met with in his own time and from persons likely to sympathize with his general way of writing was chiefly interested. He was savagely though very amusingly satirized by the greatest satirist, save one, of his own later day. He came in long after his death for sneers suppressed and not suppressed from Pope as well as for a gratuitous salutation from Warburton's bludgeon<sup>1</sup>, and at the Romantic revival he was almost entirely passed over. Neither Ellis nor Campbell who were both pretty equitable to the Caroline poets gave him admission. Even Southey so far as I remember lets him alone which is a pretty clear sign that he did not know him. Of late he has received more attention. But most of it has been of the unsatisfactory bibliographical character little calculated to allay the thirst of the clear spirit in life or after death. and most even of this has been due to the very cause which (it may be more than suspected) has made Benlowes so rare. At one time (see biographical note<sup>2</sup>) he was a rich man or at least well to-do and with the nascent interest in art which distinguished the Cavalier party from the King downwards he

Notes of Benlowes have been apt to dwell only on Warburton's note at *Dunciad* 11. 21 which hits our poet's titles. But Pope himself probably from some traditional Roman Catholic grudge at the convert revert had set the example. The actual passage just cited is not crushing.

Benlowes propitious still to blockheads bows

But he had thought of including in *Prologium Satirarum* the couplet

How pleased I see some patron to each scrub

Quarles had his Benlowes T. B. bald has his Bubb

with the note at l. 250 — A gentleman of Oxford who patronized all bad poets of that reign

Information about Benlowes is mainly derived from Anthony Wood with some slight supplements. According to it he was born about 1603 the son and heir of a man of fortune who owned Brent Hall in Essex. He was sent to St. John's College Cambridge in 1610 and after leaving the University made the grand tour. Some say that he was brought up a Roman Catholic others that he adopted Roman Catholicism abroad but it is agreed that he died a faithful Anglican. According to Butler he served in the Civil War which may have assuaged his lavishness to friends and relations and his expenditure on collecting and otherwise in producing that exhaustion of his fortune which is also agreed upon. He spent the last eight years of his life at Oxford making good use of the Bodleian but (according to Wood) in a state of great poverty which (on the same authority) even shortened his life by insufficient provision of food and firing during a severe winter. At any rate he died in December 1676 aged seventy three and was buried in St. Mary's. Hazlitt attributes to him eight other works besides *Theophila* and the *Diary of a Natural Biography* ten with a possible eleventh but all of these are short and most of them are in Latin.

## Edward Benlowes

set himself to embellish his principal work, *Theophula*, in a manner very uncommon before his time. An uncertain number (for hardly any two copies agree, and the tale seems to vary from six-and-thirty downwards) of illustrations—sometimes separate, sometimes in the text, and ranging from more than full folio plates to two-inch-square vignettes—decorate the poem. These have in most instances been ruthlessly ravished from it often, in the case of those backing matter, to the mutilation of the text, and almost always to the danger and disintegration of the book. It is also probable that no very large number of copies was printed, while the poem was never reissued so that its rarity is not surprising.

But rarity is very far from being always or necessarily a cause of neglect. On the contrary, it notoriously, and very often, serves as a direct attraction and stimulant to reprinters. It is more difficult to know whether to admit or disallow as a *vera causa* of Benlowes' obscurity, the fantastic ingenuity (as 'metaphysical' in reality as its prey) of Butler's attack. A similar combination of rarity and satire has had no doubt much to do with Shadwell's practical occultation but this was never so complete as that of Benlowes, and moreover Dryden's consummate art had contrived to kill even curiosity about his victim. For few people care to explore simple and unmitigated dulness. There was something at least after the eighteenth century was over—which might have excited, instead of quenching, this curiosity in Butler's 'Character of a Small Poet' where, after several pages of general ridicule, Benlowes is gibbeted by name. The woes of Mr Prynne—when having put a new hat in a hat-box which had been unfortunately lined with leaves from *Theophula*, or something else of its author's, he suffered from singing in the head, vertigo, and even after blood-letting, a tendency to write harsh poetry, the poet's mastery of high-rope 'wit' and low-rope wit alike, his improvement on altars and pyramids by frying-pans and gridirons in verse, his troop-horse's furniture 'all in beaten poetry', the fatal effect of his printed sheets even upon tobacco, his Macaronic Latin and so forth—these are things which might rather tempt at least a slight exploration than discourage it. One does not object to a glimpse, at any rate, of the extravagant and absurd, though one may have a holy horror of the merely dull. And as for Warburton nobody, even in his own time, took him for much of an authority on poetry while his condemnation was rather likely to serve as a commendation, after the beginning of the nineteenth century, to anybody except the neoclassic remnant, whether the individual took his ideas of poetry from Coleridge or from Wordsworth, from Southey or from Byron, from Shelley or from Keats.

We shall hardly be epigrammatic out of season if we solve or evade the difficulty by saying that accident probably assisted rarity, and that Benlowes himself certainly assisted Butler. He has done (except in the

matter of the sculpturesque embellishments which have so often disappeared) almost everything he could to 'fence his table' against at least modern readers. Some (let it be hoped not too many) would drop off at once on perceiving that Theophila is but a name for the soul in its mystical status as the bride of Christ. More might faint at the prospect before them on coming to the information in the Preface that The glorious projection and transfusion of ethereal light both in the Sun and the six magnitudes constitute by astronomical computation more than 300 suns upward to the Empyrean Heaven. A star in the Equator makes 12 598 666 miles in an hour which is 99 994 miles in a minute a motion quicker than thought. For even Dante, though he may double Theology with Astronomy, does not cumulate both with Arithmetic in this fashion. And of those who still hold their course across prefaces and prefatory poems to the actual text not a few more may break down at or a little past the gateway.

Benlowes has chosen one of the most awkward stanzas (if it is to be called a stanza) possible—a triplet composed of decasyllable octosyllable and alexandrine—the jolt of which only after long familiarity becomes rhythmical even to the most patient and experienced ear, and never reaches a perfect charm. These triplets are monorhymed but the author begins with three on the same sound and never expresses the slightest consideration as to symphonic or symmetrical effect in rhyme. He showers italics and capitals in a fashion which might give pause to the sternest stickler for literal typographic reproduction. But undoubtedly the most serious objects of distaste are likely to be found where Butler long ago found them, in his style—taking that word in the wide sense which admits both diction and expression of thought.

Even before arriving at these one may quarrel (far from captiously) at his general plan and *ordonnance*. Despite more than one declaration of the author's design explicit enough in intention it is very difficult to put this design with any intelligible brevity and his introductory panegyrists in verse take very good care not to attempt it. The Praelibation Humiliation Restoration Inamoration Representation Contemplation Admiration Recapitulation Translations Abnegation Disincantation Segregation Reinvitation and Termination—as the several Cantos are headed—refuse reduction to any common denomination except perhaps this — a very discursive treatise on mystical theology and passions of the soul succeeded by an equally discursive comment on the sins of the flesh. The author adopts as his vehicle sometimes English sometimes Latin sometimes both in face to face translation. The mere lexicon of the vernacular parts is distinctively Caroline out of the way catchwords such as *remora* and *enthean* both of which he shares with Chamberlayne being alternated with extremely familiar phrases and archaisms as well as with the hideous

## Edward Benlowes

abbreviations ('who's days' for 'who his days' and the like), which are the greatest blot upon the poetry of this time. He coins pretty freely (e.g. 'angelence' in a very early and by no means bad stanza) and one of the things which shocked Butler was the certainly tremendous Macaronic invention of *hypocondriunculus* while one can imagine the almost stuttering rage of some critics to-day at such another word as 'Proteustant,' for the Covenanters. But, on the whole, his licences this way, though considerable and no doubt excessive, are certainly less frequent, if perhaps to the grave and precise more shocking, than the irresponsible and irrepressible libertinism of his composition as regards clause and sentence, material and contexture.

The late Greek rhetoricians, in that mania for subdividing and labelling figures which Quintilian soberly ridicules, might have lost themselves in endeavouring to devise tickets for the subdivisions of Benlowes' indulgence in good, or hectic, or horse-playful, conceit. Already the twentieth couplet of the 'Praelibation' provides us with this

Each gallon breeds a ruby,—drawer ' score 'um  
Cheeks dyed in claret seem o' th' quorum,  
When our nose-carbuncles, like link-boys, blaze before 'um

But an even less dignified use of 'the *blushing* grape of *western* France' occurs later

War hath our lukewarm *claret* broach'd with spears  
where it would be really interesting to know whether there is an earlier instance of the 'fancy' use of the word. It would not be easy to find a wilder welter of forced metaphors than here

Betimes, when keen-breath'd winds, with frosty cream,  
Periwig bald trees, glaze tattling stream  
For May-games past, white-sheet *peccavi* is Winter's theme<sup>1</sup>

And he surpasses even his usual quaintness when he concludes a long interruption of Theophila's address to him on heavenly things in the Fifth Canto

Fond that I am to speak Pass on to bliss,  
That with an individual kiss  
Greets thee for ever! Pardon this parenthesis

<sup>1</sup> Of course Benlowes, though he added the absurdity of 'cream,' borrowed this from the famous *locus* of Sylvester which Dryden ridicules in the Dedication to *The Spanish Friar*. But what is even more noteworthy, and to my knowledge has never yet been noted, is that Dryden himself, in the error which Scott has detected in quoting 'And periwig with *snow* the bald-pate woods' for Sylvester's 'wool' has been anticipated by Benlowes in another passage of *Theophila*,

When periwigg'd with snow's each bald-pate wood

Now, Dryden, who was twenty-one when *Theophila* came out, and was probably not past the stage when he wrote the 'Lines on Lord Hastings,' may very likely have read Benlowes himself

## Introduction

He does not hesitate to rhyme 'Hades' to 'Shades' and will draw attention in the margin with modest pride, to a *versus cancrinus* (it is in Latin) that is to say one which reads the same with the letters taken backwards or forwards. I have thought it well to make no secret or abscondence of these absurdities. They are such, and there are many others, indeed the man who could commit some of them evidently could not have guarded himself against others if he would and perhaps would not if he could. If any be of the mood of Butler on this particular occasion (for as I have hinted above his own method is often only that of Benlowes changed from unconscious indulgence to conscientious and deliberate utilization for comic effect) or of Boileau always he had better abstain from Benlowes. For awful examples of the metaphysical gone mad are on record plentifully already and there is no need to do again what Johnson did sufficiently more than a hundred years ago in the *Life of Couley*. Indeed I do not know despite the greater sureness of Crashaw's command of poetical expression that Benlowes has ever gone beyond Crashaw when he pictured the eyes of St. Mary Magdalen as walking baths and portable oceans though modern practice has brought out an extra whimsicality for us in this. But the arguments which have been sketched in the General Introduction apply here with special force. We know that Crashaw was not a fool, and though there is no reason for adopting the opinions of parasites and pensioners<sup>1</sup> about Benlowes there is nearly as little for agreeing with Butler that our poet was one. We come in him to one of the most remarkable examples provided by English literature of the extreme autumn of the Elizabethan *annus mirabilis*. The belief in conceits is as strong as ever and though the power of producing them poetically is dying down and except for flickers has almost died a fresh, deliberate critical belief in *furor poeticus* has come to blow the embers. There is still a too exclusive reliance on one of the great pair of poetic instruments—the method of making the unfamiliar acceptable of procuring a welcome for the strange. But the exercise and employment of this is forced mechanical what was called two hundred years later in a fresh though only momentary revival of the circumstances spasmodic. One perfectly understands how in presence of such things men especially not feeling any particular enthusiasm themselves turned to the *other* method—the method of raising and inspiring the familiar the ordinary the common sense. And one understands with scarcely less fulness and ease why men like Butler felt their own sense of the ridiculous stimulated and as it were exacerbated by the consciousness (half conscious as it might be) that it was their own method which was thus caricatured and brought into contempt—that their own matters were at stake or at least one side of them. Meanwhile the

<sup>1</sup> Who anagrammatized his name into 'Benevolus' and swallowed up his fortune



## Edward Benlowes

other side—that which leant to the new dispensation of Prose and Sense—was wholly and genuinely hostile to all the works, all the spirit, all the tastes, methods, intellectual habits of persons like the author of *Theophila*. The opportunity of such understanding is not fully provided till we know these persons in their own work—in that ‘horse-furniture of beaten poetry’ in which they ambled and jingled across the stage.

But we are, or ought to be, more disinterested now than Butler or even Dryden, though it is unnecessary to repeat what should have been said on this head before. And Benlowes, besides his interest of absurdity—his mere helotry which, though it might almost suffice for some, cannot be expected to do so for all—has other and less dubious claims. The earlier, larger, and better part of his poem is a really remarkable, and beyond all reasonable doubt a perfectly genuine, example of that glowing intensity of mystical devotion which plays, like a sort of Aurora, on the Anglican High Churchmanship of the seventeenth century, and has made it, to some, one of the most attractive phases of religious emotion to be found in all history. It may be prejudice or partisanship, but there seems to me some reason for connecting Benlowes’ return to Anglican orthodoxy, as contrasted with Crashaw’s permanent estrangement, with the freedom from *over-lusciousness* which is remarkable in the lesser poet. Benlowes is afraid of no metaphor, however extravagant and however doubtful in point of taste—but his metaphors are not, to use the Persian criticism,

Limber in loin and liquid on the lip

like those of some others. His ‘Clevelandisms,’ his astonishing contortions and bizarrenesses of thought and phrase, are not more incompatible with true and intense piety than some to be found in the poetical books of the Bible, and even no doubt, to some extent, owe suggestions to them. Those who insist upon ‘sanity’ as the first and last distinction of religion cannot like him, but they will find (and as is notorious enough have found) not very much less difficulty with a rather formidable body of Prophets, Saints, Apostles, Fathers, Divine Poets, from the earliest and the latest days of Christianity.

Coming to still closer quarters, the eccentricity of *Theophila* does not prevent it from containing not a few passages, sometimes of length, that require very little allowance or apology from any tolerably catholic-tasted reader of poetry. There is a fine outburst, justifying its own pretty phrase,

The opal-coloured dawns raise fancy high,

beginning at stanza LXIII of the ‘Praelibation’ itself, another, fantastic enough but not uncharming, on *Theophila* in penance, at Canto II LXX sq. *Theophila*’s Love-Song, in the six-lined stanza, shows at once the relief from

## Introduction

the stricture of the blood caused by the cross gartered triplet which Benlowes has perversely used elsewhere, the address to the Ancient of Days at vi LII sq is really impressive (one rather likes the idea of Blake illustrating Benlowes anew) and at the end there is a delightful country and evening piece to match the opal coloured dawns of the opening

But (as was once said in a phrase which as it happens chimes in with the Latin anagram that cost Benlowes part of his fortune) apologies are things which *lector benevolens supervacanea nihil curat malevolus* It is at any rate open to the former as well as to the latter, to treat this poet each after his own kind

In the setting up of *Pharonnida* Singer's reprint already modernized in spelling was utilized, but as *Theophila* is printed directly from the original it may be desirable to explain the principles of orthography which have been observed here and will be observed in similar cases I am of course well aware that there is as there has long been a habit of demanding adherence to original spelling and of regarding those editions which comply with this demand as scholarly and those which do not as slovenly I disagree with the opinion and decline to comply with the demand As a matter of fact the retention of the old spelling gives the editor very little trouble and the alteration of it a very great deal But this is nothing In the first place there is no real reason in the case of any writer at any rate later than the beginning of the seventeenth century for throwing in the way of the modern reader an unnecessary obstacle to enjoyment In the second place and in the case of such authors as those with whom we are now dealing the advantage of the original spelling even to the severest reader for knowledge and not enjoyment is almost infinitesimally small I have before writing these words carefully gone over a page selected at random of the text which follows It contains twenty six lines and in round numbers over two hundred words Of these (putting some classes of typographical peculiarity to be mentioned presently aside) exactly *eight* and *eight* only are spelt differently from our present system and these differences supply us with the immensely important and interesting knowledge that *less* was spelt *lesse* (twice) that adjectives like *natural* were spelt with two *ls* (twice) that *obey* was sometimes spelt *obay* that *wild* and *find* had a final *e* and that the contraction of *over* was carelessly written *ore* <sup>1</sup> Of the *general* variations the habit of beginning nouns with a capital can be neither surprising nor instructive to any one who has interest enough in English literature to open such a book as this and it frets the eyes of some who have a good deal of such interest. The other habit of frequent

By no means always Those who think that each spelling should be registered may also regret evidence that *gm* and *jem* were used according to the taste and fancy of the moment and the person and that *to Day* with a capital and *tomorrow* without occur in the same line

## Edward Benlowes

italicizing (*without* personification or the like) has a still more fretting effect, and is very difficult to reduce to any logical system, while though the presence of apostrophes in such words as 'pow'r' is undoubtedly important as showing metrical theory, and is therefore kept here, the absence of it in the genitive case is again fretting and sometimes confusing, so that it is worth correction. The same is not quite the case with Benlowes' frequent habit of printing whole words in capitals, and this is therefore frequently retained. But in those other things, general and particular, nothing is gained by the reproduction of what were in most cases mere arbitrary printers' caprices or fashions. And even putting aside, as a question not to be disputed, the question which makes the prettier page, there can be little dispute that retention of such things prevents that *horizontal* study of English poetry—that taking it all on equal terms—which some think the great *desideratum* and *desiderandum*. We want these things to be regarded as poems, not as curiosities and *bric-à-brac*. You cannot modernize Chaucer without loss, because his language itself is not modern; you cannot modernize Chatterton without unfairness, because his archaism was part of his deliberate method. But Chamberlayne and Benlowes lose (except in the very rarest instances) nothing at all and may gain something, while innumerable instances—whole lines, whole stanzas, whole passages, present not a single actual variation from modern practice except the initial capital. And the extraordinary 'harlequin' effect of the original printing of *Theophila*, of which a specimen is given, emphasizes unduly, for modern readers, the already sufficient eccentricity of the text. In every case where there is the slightest direct or indirect interest, historical, phonetic in the good sense, prosodic, grammatical, or other, attention will be drawn in the notes to the original spelling. Elsewhere, that method will be adopted which will give the poetry the best chance of producing any poetical effect of which it is capable.

After examining the minor poems attributed to Benlowes, I have decided to add only *two*, to *Theophila*. Most, as said above, are wholly in Latin, and though I did not think it fit to exclude the Latin parts of his *magnum opus* there is no reason for including these. Some are very doubtfully his—the initials E. B. being treacherous. The *Summary of Wisdom*, however, in a hundred triplets of the *Theophila* stamp, though it duplicates that poem largely does not do so wholly, and should therefore be given, while the little musical piece which follows it is fresh, pleasing, and very characteristic.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I may perhaps refer to an article of mine on Benlowes in *The [American] Bibliographer* (New York, Jan. 1903) at the end of which is an elaborate collation, text and plates, of an unusually complete copy of *Theophila* by Miss Carolyn Shipman.

## Mens Authoris<sup>1</sup>

TE, mi CHRISTE, Tuæq; canam Suf-  
 piria SPONSÆ  
 ARDORESq; pios & GAUDIA cœlica  
 Mundo  
 Abdita divinæ pandam MYSTERIA  
 Mentis  
 Accersasq; Faces CÆLO! Fuge cœca  
 Libido  
 Et Fastus populator Opum, Livorq;  
 secundis  
 Pallidus & rabidis violenta Calumnia  
 Dictis  
 Diraq; pacatas lacerans Discordia  
 Mentis  
 Et Scelerum male suada Cohors TE  
 mitis IESV  
 Da mihi velle sequi! Gressus alato  
 sequentis!  
 DIVINÆ sum testa ROTÆ Vas obline  
 fido

Rimofum Gyfso sic Vas ego reddar  
 Honoris  
 Sum tenebrofa Tui radiantis LUMINIS  
 umbra  
 Quod veniente Die quod decedente  
 viderem!  
 Cujus nec VISUS Spatium nec GLORIA  
 Laudem  
 Nec VOX ulli caput MERITUM nec  
 TERMINUS Ævum!  
 Unius est in Verba satis jurasse MAGI  
 STRI  
 Et TE præsentem Causæ petuisse  
 PATRONUM!

Thema fit Æthereo sacrandæ THEO  
 PHILA TEMPLO  
 Pura repurgato solvens LIBAMINA  
 Corde

## The Author's Design

OF CHRIST and of the SPOUSE S sighs  
 I sing  
 And of the joys that from those ardours  
 spring  
 The world ne'er knew of her soul's  
 mystic sense  
 And of her heav'nly zeal Blind Lust  
 pack hence  
 Hence Pride exhausting Wealth  
 hence Envy fly  
 Pald at success hence foul mouth'd  
 Calumny  
 And savage Discord striving to divide  
 United minds with all Sin's troop  
 beside  
 JESUS! grant I may follow THEE my  
 feet  
 Wing THOU and make them in pur-  
 suance fleet!

Close up my cracks by faith so shall  
 I be  
 A vessel made of honour unto THEE  
 I'm but a faint resultance from Thy  
 light  
 Which at Sol's rise and set, encheers  
 my sight  
 No space Thy view no glory bounds  
 Thy praise  
 No terms do reach Thy worth, no age  
 Thy days!  
 May I but swear obedience to Thy  
 laws  
 And crave THEE PATRON to my pre-  
 sent cause!  
 My subject s THEOPHIL for Heav'n  
 design'd  
 Offering pure Sacrifice with sacred  
 Mind

<sup>1</sup> Printed exactly from original as a specimen

## Edward Benlowes

LADIES,

We jangle not in schools, but strain to set  
Church-music, at which saints being met,  
May warble forth Heav'n's praise, and  
thence Heav'n's blessing get

Church-anthems irksome to the  
factious grow,  
In what a sad case were they, trow,  
Should they be penn'd in Heav'n,  
where hymns for ever flow?

As, fir'd affections to your beauties  
move—  
So, stillatories be of love,  
That, what was vapour, may, by virtue,  
essence prove

Survey THEOPHILA, her rules apply,  
That you may live, as you would  
die  
Virtue enamels life, 'tis Grace does  
glorify

O, may those fragrant flow'rs that in  
her grew,  
Blown by such breath, drench'd by  
such dew,  
Spring, and display their buds, ladies  
elect, in you!

To this Spring-Garden, virgins, chaste  
and fair,  
Coach'd in pure thoughts, make your  
repair,  
To recreate your minds, and take fresh  
heav'nly air

Ye snowy fires, observe her in each  
grace,  
So, may you, bright in soul as face,  
Have in the Gallery of Heroic Women  
place

Nay, when your days and piety shall  
sum  
Up their completeness, may ye come  
To endless Glory's Court, and with  
blest souls have room!

## THE PREFACE

SAD Experience confirms, what the  
Ancient of Days foretold, that the last  
times shall be worst for, in this dot-  
age of the world (where Atheism stands  
at the right hand of Profaneness, and  
Superstition on the blind side of  
Ignorance, where there is unmerciful  
oppression, and overmerciful con-  
nivence, her beloved favourites (who  
are of past things mindless, of  
future regardless, having different  
opinions, yet but one Religion, Money,  
one God, Mammon) do laugh at others,  
who fall not down, and worship the  
Golden Image that secular Nabucho-  
donosors have set up, but let them,  
who think themselves safe in the herd,  
being night-wildered in their intellects,  
prosecute their sensuality, which will  
soon, like Dalila, put out their eyes,  
for earthly complacencies and ex-  
terior gaieties are not only chaff in the  
hand, Vanity, but also chaff in the eye,  
Vexation of Spirit. How art thou,

foolish World, loaden with sin, fond of  
trifles, neglecting objects fit for Chris-  
tians, fit for men! Could thy minions  
consider, that thou canst give but  
what thou hast, a smoke of Honour, a  
shadow of Riches, a sound of Pleasure,  
a blast of Fame, which can neither add  
to length nor happiness of life, that  
thy whole self art an overdear bargain,  
if bought of the Devil, at the expense  
of a deadly sin, when as sudden chance  
or sickness may snatch and rend  
them hence in a moment, they would  
not then so madly *want* it as they do,  
but court sobriety, being aware of the  
dangers that proceed from, and wait  
upon the abused opulency of an indul-  
gent fortune, whose caresses are apt to  
swell into exorbitances of spirit, and  
run wildly into dissoluteness of man-  
ners. But, for want of circumspection,  
men grow covetous as Jewish mer-  
chants, ambitious as Eastern poten-  
tates, factious as the giddy multitude,

revengeful as jealousy and proud as usurpers though soon such swallowed baits dissolve into a gally bitterness wherefore it were highly to be wished that in the midst of their extravagancies they would ponder that nothing is more unhappy than the felicity of sinners who prosper as if they were the beloved of GOD, when indeed by His patience they are only (probably) hardened to their more dreadful destruction! How how will eternal anguish be aggravated by temporary past happiness! If we contemplate what unspeakable torments are for ever there we should have no cause to envy *Worldlings* prosperity, but rather wonder that their portion on earth is not greater and that ever they should be sensible of sickness affront or trouble since if their fortunateness should far exceed their ambition it could not any way recompense that torture for an hour, which yet shall hold to the duration of an infinite Eternity! when as all the play and pageantry of earth is ever changing and nothing abides but the stage of the world and the Spectator GOD. That bliss is not true of whose Eternity we may doubt. View then Christian reader the folly of ill counsel unmasked and demonstrated that all policy is wretched without piety without Scriptural wisdom without CHRIST the Essential Wisdom and that all iniquity has so much of justice in it that it usually condemns yea leads it self to execution witness Absolon's head Achitophel's hands and the surrender of Caesar's citadel (summoned by Judgement's herald and all his glory's cobweb guard yielded to the storm) just before the statue of Pompey whose ruin he had so ambitiously pursued. Would then any wise man choose to be Caesar for his glory Absolon for his beauty Achitophel for his policy Dives for his wealth or Judas for his office? Seeing then that happiness consists not in the affluence of exorbitant possessions nor in the humours of fickle honour all external splendours being unsatisfactory let Christians neglect terrestrial vanities and retire into the recesses of Religion nothing being so great in human actions as a pious

knowing mind which disposeth great things and may yield such permanent monuments as bring felicity to mankind above the founders of empires being an Antepast to the overflowing Feasts of Eternity. Man endued with altitude of wisdom in the sweetness of conscience and height of virtue is of all creatures sub angelical the Almighty's masterpiece the image of his Maker a candidate of Divinity and model of the universe who, in holy colloquies whisperings and secret conferences with GOD finds Him a torrent of pleasure a fountain of honour and an inexhaustible treasure whose divine life is a character of the Divine Nature by taking GOD for the text, Truth for the doctrine and Holiness for the use without which the highest endowments of the most refined wit are but the quaint magic of a learned lunacy. Most wretched therefore are they beyond all synonyms of misery whose undisciplined education leaves them unfurnished of skill to spend their time in anything, but what in the prosecution of sin tends to death wealth and greatness rendering them past reproof even ready to tempt their very tempter whereby they are wholly inclined to sensualities being in their entertainments commonly intemperate in their drink humorous their humours quarrelous their duels damnable concluding a voluptuous and brutish life in a bloody and desperate death preferring the Body before the Soul Sense before the Spirit Appetite before Reason temporary fooleries fantastic visits idle courtships gay trifles fascinating vanities (as if the pleasure of life were but the smothering of precious time in those things which are mere puffs in expectation vanity in enjoyment and vexation of spirit in departure) before solid goodness and eternal exultations. To divert thee therefore from such shelves of indiscreet vice and to direct thee to the safe and noble channel of virtue even to faith with good works to piety with compassion to zeal with charity and to know the end which distinguisheth thee from a beast and to choose a good end which differenceth thee from an evil man be so much thine own friend as to peruse seriously this

## Edward Benlowes

spiritual poem which treateth on Sub-coelestials, Coelestials, and Supercoelestials, whereby a delightful curiousness may steal thee into the pleasure of Goodness Know then that Sub-coelestials, or Sublunaries, have their assignment in the lowest portion of the universe, and being wholly of a corporal nature do enjoy spiritual gifts, the chief of which is life, by loan only, where there is no generation without corruption, no birth without death From the surface of the earth to the centre is 3,436 miles, the whole thickness 6,872 miles, the whole compass 21,600 miles, from its centre to the moon is 3,924,912 miles Now Coelestials, or aethereal bodies, are seated in the middle, which, participating of a greater portion of perfection, impart innumerable rare virtues, and influential efficacies to things below, not enduring a corruption, only subject, having obtained their period to change The glorious projection and transfusion of aethereal light, both of the sun and of the stars of the six magnitudes, constitute, by astronomical computation, more than 300 suns upward to the Empyrean Heaven A star in the Equator makes 12,598,666 miles in an hour, which is 209,994 miles in a minute, a motion quicker than thought Super-coelestials are intelligencies, altogether spiritual and immortal, excellent in their beings, intuitive in their conceptions, such as are the glorious quire of the Apostles, the exulting number of the Prophets, the innumerable army of crowned Martyrs, triumphing Virgins, charitable Confessors, &c, or the blessed hierarchy of Angels, participating somewhat of GOD and man, having had a beginning as man, and now being immortal with GOD, having their immortality for His sempiternity, void of all mixture, as is GOD, and yet consisting of matter and form as doth man, subsisting in some subject and substance as doth man, yet being incorporeal, as is GOD, they having charity, impassibility, subtilty, and agility, having understanding without error, light without darkness, joy without sorrow, will without perturbation, impassibility without corruption, pure as the light, ordained to serve the Lord of Light They are

local and circumscribed by place, as is man, yet are they in a place not properly by way of circumscription, but by way of definition, though they cannot be in several places at once, yet are they able in a moment to be anywhere, as GOD always is everywhere, of admirable capacity and knowledge, resembling GOD, yet ignorant of the Essence of GOD, much less see they all things in It, in that like man Even these incorporeal substances would pine and starve, if an all-filling, and infinitely all-sufficient and superabundant GOD were not the object of their high contemplation, whose bliss of theirs is the nearest approach to that Divine Majesty, Who is a true, real, substantial, and essential Nature, subsisting of Himself, an eternal Being, an infinite Oneness, the radical Principle of all things, whose essence is an incomprehensible light, His power is omnipotency, and his beck an absolute act, Who, before the Creation, was a book rolled up in Himself, having light only in Himself, Who is a Spirit existent from everlasting to everlasting, One Essence, Three Subsistencies, whose Divine Nature is an essential and infinite Understanding, which knows all things actually always, which cannot possibly be comprehended by any finite creature, much less by Man grovelling on earth in the mud of error and gross ignorance, who are unable by any art or industry to find out the true nature, form and virtue of the least fly or gnat The whole universe is the looking-glass of GOD's power, wisdom, and bounty, He loves as Charity, knows as Truth, judges as Equity, rules as Majesty, defends as Safety, works as Virtue, reveals as Light, &c He is a never deficient Brightness, a never weary Life, a Spring ever-flowing, the Principle of Beginning, &c If any creature knew what GOD is, he should be GOD, for none knoweth HIM but HIMSELF, Who is good without quality, great without quantity, present without place, everlasting without time, Who by a body is nowhere, by energy everywhere, above all by power, beneath all by sustaining all, without all by compassing all, within all by penetrating

# Preface

all being absent seen being present invisible of Whom to speak is to be silent Whom to value is to exceed all rate Whom to define is still to increase in definition Infiniteness being the right Philosopher's stone which turns all metals into gold and one dram of it being put not only to a Seraphim or to a whole element but even to the least gnat in the world or the least mote in the sun is of force to make it true and very GOD For first It maketh it to be the first Essence derived from none other 2 It maketh it to be but One because there can not be two Infinites where there are two there is division where division there is end of one and beginning of another and so no Infinite 3 It maketh the subject to be immaterial for no matter can be infinite for a body is contained and if contained not infinite being without matter it is also without passion for *sola materia patitur* and so becometh also immutable for there can be no change without passion 4 It maketh a thing to be immoveable for whatsoever moveth hath bounds but in Infinite there is no bounds 5 The Infinite Thing is simple for in composition there is division and quality and so by consequent limits Thus Infiniteness distinguisheth from all creatures and is first primary without cause but existing absolutely in Himself and of Himself and is to all other things the cause and beginning yet not diminishing Him having all their essence but no part of His Essence from Him But oh here the most superlative expressions of eloquence are no other than mere extenuations I tread a maze and thread a labyrinth on hills of ice where if I slip I tumble into heresy I am with St Peter in the deep where without the Hand of Power I should sink eternally and be swallowed up by the bottomless gulf The prosecution of this argument were fitter for the pens of Angels than for the sons of corruption whereof we may say that if all should be written of Infiniteness not only the whole world but even Heaven itself would not suffice to hold the books which should be written I satisfy my incapacity with rejoicing in GOD's incomprehensibility And

now descending from these amazing heights know reader that Divine Poesy is the internal triumph of the mind rapt with St Paul into the third heaven where she contemplates ineffables tis the sacred oracles of faith put into melodious anthems that make music ravishing no earthly jubilation being comparable to it It discovers the causes beginnings progress and end of things it instructeth youth comforteth age graceth prosperity solaceth adversity pleaseth at home delighteth abroad shorteneth the night and refresheth the day No star in the sphere of Wisdom outshines it Natural Philosophy hath not anything in it which may satisfy the soul because that is created to something more excellent then all Nature but this divine rapture chains the mind with harmonious precepts from a divine influence whose operations are as subtle and resistless as the influence of planets teaching mortals to live as in the sight of GOD by whom the coverts of the thickest hypocrisy (that white Devil) are most clearly seen through Now tis Judgement begets the strength Invention the ornaments of a poem both these joined form Wit which is the agility of spirits vivacity of Fancy in a florid style disposing light and life to a poem where in the masculine and refined pleasures of the understanding transcend the feminine and sensual of the eye From the excellence of Fancy proceed grateful similes apt metaphors &c Sublime poets are by Nature strengthened by the power of the mind inflamed and by divine rapture inspired they should have a plentiful stock to set up and manage it artfully their conceptions should be choice brief per spicuous, well habited In Scripture Moses Job David Solomon and others are famous for employing their talents in this kind St Paul likewise cited three of the heathen poets (whom he calls *prophets*) as evident convictions of vice and demonstrations of Divinity viz Epimenides to the Cretians *Tit 1 12 κρηται αι ψυχαι κ α θηρ γαστερ σ αργι* Menander to the Corinthians *1 Cor xv 33 φθ ρ υ αι ηθη χρησθ δμυλ* α α And Aratus to the Athenians



## Edward Benlowes

*Acts* xvii 28 Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν  
 From these results I fell in love with  
 our more divine and Christian poesy,  
 observing that in the sayings and  
 writings of our Blessed SAVIOUR and  
 His disciples, there are no less than  
 sixty authorities produced from above  
 forty of David's Psalms Hence from  
 that high Love, which hath no wea-  
 pons but fiery rays, my spirit is struck  
 into a flame to enter into the secret  
 and sacred rooms of *Theology*, and,  
 reader, if thou wilt not prejudice thine  
 own charity by miscrediting me,  
 I dare profess, thou wilt neither repent  
 of thy cost or time in reviewing these  
 interval issues of spiritual recreation,  
 which may thus, happily, prove a  
 pleasant lure to thy pious devotion  
 May likewise thy charity suggest to  
 thy belief, that I have done my best  
 to that end, and if thou thinkest that  
 I have wanted salt to preserve them to  
 posterity, know that the very subject  
 itself is balsam enough to make them  
 perpetual Delightest thou in a  
 Heroic Poem? If actions of mag-  
 nanimity and fidelity advancing moral  
 virtue merit the title of heroic, much  
 more may THEOPHILA, a combatant  
 with the world, hell, and her own cor-  
 ruptions, gain an eternal laurel, whose  
 example and precepts, well followed,  
 will without doubt bring honour, joy,  
 peace, serenity, and hopes full of con-  
 fidence The Composer hath extracted  
 out of the even mixture of theory and  
 action this cordial water of saving  
 wisdom, by distilling them through  
 the limbeck of Piety, whereof they  
 drink to their soul's health, who not  
 only take it in, as parched earth does  
 rain, but turn it into nourishment by  
 a spiritual digestion, being made like  
 it Divine This metrical Discourse of  
 his serious day, to which he was led by  
 instigation of conscience, not titillation  
 of fame, inoculates grafts of reason on  
 the stock of religion, and would have  
 all put upon this important considera-  
 tion, that the life of Nature is given  
 to seek the life of Grace, which  
 bringeth us to the life of Glory, the  
 obtainment of which is his only aim,  
 being fully persuaded, that as every  
 new star gilds the firmament, and in-  
 creaseth its first glory so those, who  
 are instruments of the conversion of

others, shall not only introduce new  
 beauties, but, when themselves shine  
 like other stars in glory, they shall  
 have some reflexions from the light of  
 others, to whose fixing in the orb of  
 Heaven they themselves have been  
 instrumental He would not run thee  
 out of breath by long-winded strains,  
 for in a poem, as in a prayer, 'tis vi-  
 gour not length that crowns it; Οὐκ  
 ἐν τῷ μεγάλῳ τὸ εὖ, ἀλλ' ἐν τῷ εὐ τὸ μέγα

*Tædia ut Ambages pænant, nervosa  
 Favorem  
 Sic Brevitas, Labor est non brevis  
 esse brevem*

He wisheth it might be his happiness  
 to meet with such readers, as discern  
 the analogy of Grounds, as well as the  
 knowledge of the letter, and have as  
 well a system of Reason, as the under-  
 standing of Words yea, such as have  
 judgement and affections refined, and  
 with THEOPHILA be love-sick too,  
 which love is never more eloquent,  
 than when ventilated in sighs and  
 groans, Heaven's delighted *music* being  
 in the broken consort of hearts and  
 spirits, the will there accepted for the  
 work, and the desire for desert  
 Behold here in an original is presented  
 an example of life, with force of pre-  
 cepts, happy who copy them out in  
 their actions! Indeed examples and  
 precepts are as poems and pictures,  
 for, as poems are speaking pictures,  
 and pictures are silent poems so  
 example is a silent precept, and precept  
 a speaking example And as musick  
 is an audible beauty, and beauty a  
 visible music so precepts are audible  
 sweets to the wise, and examples silent  
 harmony to the illiterate, who may  
 unclasp and glance on these poems,  
 as on pictures with inadvertency, yet  
 he who shall contribute to the improve-  
 ment of the author, either by a prudent  
 detection of an error, or a sober  
 communication of an irrefragable truth,  
 deserves the venerable esteem and  
 welcome of a good Angel, and he  
 who by a candid adherence unto, and  
 a fruitful participation of what is good  
 and pious confirms him therein, merits  
 the honourable entertainment of a  
 faithful friend But he who shall tra-  
 duce him in absence, for what in  
 presence he would seem to applaud,

# Preface

incurs the double guilt of flattery and slander and he who wounds him with ill reading and misprision does execution on him before judgement

*Now He who is the Way the Truth and the Life bring those to everlasting Life who love the Way and Truth in sincerity!*

## The several Cantos

The { Praelibation  
Humiliation  
Restoration  
Inamoration  
Representation  
Association  
Contemplation  
Admiration

The { Recapitulation  
Translations<sup>1</sup>  
Abnegation  
Disincantation  
Segregation  
Reinvitation  
Termination

Be pleased Reader, first to correct these Typographical Errours

*Acres circum fert cent 111 et Argus Ocellos  
Non tamen errantes cernat ubi que Typos*

At the bottom B 4 Line 20 Read *Ecstasies* Pag 1 Stanza 1 *Strains* p 54 St 23  
Cond s t p 76 St 71 *Unbounded* p 84 St 25 *Tree* p 106 St. 86 *doth* most 132  
31 *non* p 144 rectifie the Figures p 169 St 60 *repurgat* 173 90 *etersis* 203 8  
For 214 1 12 *examines* 217 1 7 *splendet* 239 29 *d dsl* 268 1 25 *Nectare &c*

## Pneumato-Sarco-Machia or Theophila's Spiritual Warfare

The life of a true Christian is a continual conflict each act of the good fight hath a military scene and our blessed SAVIOUR coming like a Man of War commands in Chief under the FATHER who hath laid help upon One that is mighty by anointing Him with the HOLY GHOST and with power This world is His pitched field His standard the cross His colours Blood His armour Patience His battle Persecution His victory Death And in mystical Divinity His two handed sword is the Word and Spirit which wounds and heals and what is shed in this holy war is not blood but Love

His trumpeters are Prophets and Preachers His menaces Mercies and His arrows Benefits When He offers Himself to us He then invades us His great and small shot are volleys of sighs and groans when we are converted we are conquered He binds when He embraceth us In the cords of love He leads us captives and kills us into life when He crucifies the old and quickens in us the new man So then here is no death but of inbred corruptions no slaughter but of carnal affections which being mortified the soul becomes a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto GOD

<sup>1</sup> Plural in *ong*

## Edward Benlowes

WHEN that great Gen'ralissimo of all  
Infernal janissaries shall  
His legions of temptations raise, enroll,  
And muster them 'gainst thee, my  
Soul,  
And ranks of pleasures, profits, hon-  
ours bring,  
To give a charge on the right wing  
And place his dreadful troops of deadly  
sins  
Upon the left, with murth'ring gins  
And draw to his main body thousand  
lusts,  
And for reserve—wherein he trusts,  
Shall specious Sanctity's Brigade pro-  
vide,  
Whose leader is Spiritual Pride  
And having treacherously laid his trains  
In ambush, under hope of gains  
By sinning, as so many scouts, to find  
Each march and posture of thy mind  
Then, Soul, sound an alarm to Faith,  
and press  
Thy Zeal to be in readiness,  
And levy all thy faculties to serve  
Thy CHIEF Take Pray'r for thy  
reserve  
Under the conduct of HIS SPIRIT, see  
Under the banner that they be

Of thy Salvation's CAPTAIN Then be  
sure  
That all thy outworks stand secure  
Yet narrower look into th' indenting  
line  
Of thy ambiguous thoughts Design  
With constant care a watch o'er every  
part,  
Ev'n at thy Cinque-ports, and thy  
heart  
Set sentinels Let Faith be captain  
o'er  
The life-guard, standing at the door  
Of thy well-warded breast disloyal  
Fear  
That corresponds with Guilt, cashier  
Nor let Hypocrisy sneak in and out  
Thy garrison, with that spy, Doubt  
The watchword be IMMANUEL Then  
set  
Strong parties of thy tears, and let  
Them still to sally forth prepared stand,  
And but expect the Soul's command,  
Waiting until a blest recruit from High  
Be sent, with Grace's free supply  
Thus where the LORD of hosts the van  
leads, there  
Triumphant palms bring up the rear

## To My Fancy upon Theophila

FLY, Fancy, Beauty's arched brow,  
Darts, wing'd with fire, thence spark-  
ling flow  
From flash of lightning eye-balls turn,  
Contracted beams of<sup>1</sup> crystal burn  
Waive<sup>2</sup> curls, which Wit gold-tresses  
calls,  
That golden fleece to tinsel falls  
Evade thou peach-bloom cheek-  
decoys,  
Where both the roses blend false joys  
Press not the two-leav'd ruby gates,  
Which fence their pearl-portcullis  
grates  
Suck not the breath, though it return  
Fragrant, as Phoenix' spicy urn

Lock up thine ears, and so disarm  
The magic of enamouring charm  
The lily'd breasts with violets vein'd  
Are flow'rs, as soon deflow'r'd as  
gain'd  
Love-locks, perfume, paint, spots dis-  
praise,  
These by the black-art spirits raise  
Garnish no Bristows<sup>3</sup> with rich mine,  
Glow-worms are vermin, though they  
shine  
Should one love-knot all lovelies tie,  
This one, these all, soon cloy and die  
*Cupid*, as lame as blind, being gone,  
Live one with HIM, Who made thee  
one

<sup>1</sup> Corrected to 'on' in my copy

<sup>2</sup> Orig 'Wave' but this is the common spelling for 'waive,' which seems to be required to match 'Fly' and 'Evade'

<sup>3</sup> Bristol being famous as a stronghold and also for 'diamonds'

# Commendatory Poems

Avoid exotic pangs o th brain  
Nor let thy margent blush a strain  
With artful method misc line<sup>1</sup> sow  
May judgement with invention grow  
I rofit with pleasure bring to th test  
Be ore refin d before imprest

Pass forge and file be point and edge  
Gunst wht severest brows allege  
Mix balm with ink let thy salt heal  
T each palate various manna deal  
Have for the wise strong sense, deep  
truth  
Grand sallet of choice wit for youth

Cull metaphors well weigh d and clear  
Enucleate mysteries to th ear  
Be wit stenographed, yet free  
Tis largest in epitome  
Fly through *Art's* heptarchy be clad  
With wings to soar but not to gad

Thy pinions raise with mystic fire,  
Sometimes bove high roof d sense as  
pire  
So draw THEOPH LA that each line  
Cent ring in Heav n may seem divine  
Her voice soon fits thee for tht quire  
W are cind red by intrinsic fire

Magnetic Virtue s in her breast  
Impregn d with Grace the noblest  
guest  
Who in Love s albo<sup>2</sup> are enroll d  
Unutterable joys behold  
Geographers Earth s globe survey,  
Fancy Heav n s astrolabe display

Six hast thou view d of Europe s  
Courts  
Soon as Ideas pass d their sports

Sense canst thou *parse* and *construe*  
bliss?

Only souls sanctified know this  
Then hackney not to toys life s span  
The Saint s rear tops the Courtier's van

In *Hope's* cell holy hermit be  
Let ecstasies transfigure thee  
There as *Truth's* champion strive  
always  
To storm Love's tower with hosts of  
praise  
Keep strong *Faith's* Court of Guard  
The stars  
March in battalia to these wars

Zealous in pray r besiege the sky  
Conquests are crown d by constancy  
Stand sent nel at the BRIDEGROOMS  
gates  
Who serve there, reign oer earthly  
states

Rais d on *Devotion's* flaming wings  
Disdain the crackling blaze of things

No music courts spiritual ears  
Like high tun d anthems this up  
rears  
Thee Fancy, rapt through mists of  
fears,  
And clouds of penitential tears  
Eagling bove transitory spheres  
Till ev n the INVISIBLE appears

Divorc d from past and present toys  
Spouse New Jerus lem s future joys  
Be re baptiz d in Eye-dew Fall  
Of all forgot forget thou all  
These acts well kept commence, and  
prove  
Professor in Seraphic Love

## A Friend's Echo, to his Fancy upon Sacrata

I

WHEN Fancy bright SACRATA courts  
It is not with accustom d sports  
'Tis not in prizing of her eyes  
To the disvalue of the skies  
Nor robbing gardens of their hue  
To give her flow ry cheeks their due

II

'Tis not in stripping of the sea  
For coral to resign that plea  
It hath to the vermilion dye  
If that her ruddy lips be nigh,  
Or that I long to see them ope  
As if I thence for pearl did hope

<sup>1</sup> Misc line<sup>1</sup> in various forms = 'mixed seed

<sup>2</sup> Album: declined

# Edward Benlowes

## III

Nor is't in promising my ears  
Rather to her than to the spheres,  
Or that a smile of hers displays  
As much content as *Phoebus'* rays,  
Or that her hand for whiteness shames  
The down of swans on silver Thames

## IV

Let such on these Romances dwell,  
Who do admire Love's husk and shell.  
Hark, wanton fair-ones, all your fawns  
Are Happiness's hapless pawns  
With these alone the mind does flag,  
Beauty is oft the soul's black bag

## V

Pure flames that ravish with their fire,  
Ascend unmeasurably higher,  
Which, after search we find to be  
In virtue link'd with piety  
The radiations of the soul  
All splendours of the flesh control

## VI

Fond sense, cry up a rosy skin,  
SACRATA rosied is within  
But brighter THEOPHIL behold,  
Whose vest is wrought with purpled  
gold  
LOVE'S self in her his flame em-  
beams,  
LOVE'S sacrifice ZEAL'S rapture seems

## VII

Of Paradise before the Fall  
This Saint is emblematical  
Then, *Fancy*, give her due renown,  
She's Queen of Arts, this book, her  
crown

SACRATA turns CASTARA unto us,  
And BENLOWES (anagramm'd) BENE-  
VOLUS

JER COLLIER<sup>1</sup>, *MA and*  
*Fell of S John's Coll, Camb*

# Non me Palma negata Macrum, data reddet Opimum

A SMOOTH clear vein should have it<sup>2</sup>  
source

From Nature, and have Art but nurse  
Which, though it men at Athens feasts,  
May fight at Ephesus with beasts

Wits, rudely ha'd to *Momus'* bar,  
By braying beasts condemn'd are  
Reason! How many brutes there be  
'Mong men, 'cause not inform'd by  
thee?

Vates Poet-Prophet is, if good,  
Alike both scorn'd, and understood  
Though readers' censure's writers' fate,

Spleen sha'nt contract, nor praise  
dilate

Or clap, or hiss The moon sails  
round,  
Though bark'd at by each yelping  
hound

The brighter she, the more they bark,  
But slumb'ring quetch<sup>3</sup> not in the dark

Deign him, bright souls, your piercing  
glance,

(Art's foes are sons of Ignorance)  
So, freed from Night's rude overseers,  
The Poet may be tried by his Peers

<sup>1</sup> This is not the famous Jeremy, who was born only two years before *Theophila* appeared

<sup>2</sup> 'It' for 'it's,' as so often

<sup>3</sup> 'Quetch,' more usually 'quitch,' 'to move,' 'stir'

## A Verdict for the Pious Sacrificer

To shine and light not scorch thy  
 Muse did aim  
 And so hath rais'd this quintessential  
 flame  
 By th' salt and whiteness of her lines  
 we think  
 With holy water (tears) she mixt her ink  
 And both the fire and food of this chaste  
 Muse [use  
 Is more what Altars than what Tables

Who does not pray with zeal thy Faith  
 may move  
 Rightly concentric with thy Hope and  
 Love?  
 So in the Temple these religious  
 hosts  
 From Hecatombs may rise to Holo-  
 causts

WALTER MONTAGUE<sup>1</sup>  
*Com Manch Filius*

## A Glance at Theophila

WHO sacrificèd last? The hallow'd  
 air  
 Seems all ensoul'd with sweet per-  
 fume  
 Which pleas'd *Heav'n* designs to  
 assume  
 The smiling sky appeareth brightly  
 fur  
 Was not THEOPHILA's fam'd sire,  
 Say sacred *Priest*, obtain'd the holy  
 fire  
 To bless and burn his victim of sub-  
 lime desire?  
 Know curious mortal this rare  
 sacrifice  
 Scarce known to our now bedrid  
 age  
 Was got by *Zeal* and holy *Rage*  
 And offer'd by *Benevolus* the wise  
 For speckled *Craft* and a loose  
 fit  
 Of aguish knowledge glimmering  
 acts beget  
 Chaste *Priety* bears fruit to *Wisdom*  
 not to *Wit*  
 No tiger's whelp with blood be  
 smear'd jaws  
 No cub of bears lick'd into shape  
 No lustful offspring of the ape  
 No musky panther with close guileful  
 claws

No dirty grunting of the swine  
 No lion's whelp of e'er so high  
 design  
 Is offer'd here keep off Unclean!  
 Here's all divine

The chosen wood (as harbinger to all  
 Those future then now passed  
 rites)  
 Was Laurel that guards lightning  
 frights  
 The weeping Fir sad Yew for funeral  
 The lasting Oak and joyful Vine  
 The fruitful Fig tree billets did con-  
 sign  
 The peaceful Olive with cleft Juniper  
 did join

On knees in tears think altar'd  
 THEOPHIL  
 Incensed with sweet *Obedience*  
 Who makes LOVE's life in death  
 commence  
 Scaling with heart hands eyes  
 Heav'n's lofty hill  
 Hercircled head you might behold  
 Was glorified with burnish'd crown  
 of gold  
 Embost with gems embrac'd by  
 Angels manifold

Thus in a fiery chariot up SHE flies,  
 Perfuming the forsaken earth

A rather remarkable person born about 1603 who died in 1677 after becoming  
 a Roman Catholic being imprisoned for Royalism in the Tower and enjoying the  
 abbacy of St. Martin at Pontoise.

## Edward Benlowes

(The midwife orbs do help her birth),  
Into the glory of the Hierarchies  
Where ecstasies of joys do grow,  
Which they themselves eternally do  
sow,

But 'tis too high for me to think, or thee  
to know  
Priests thus by hieroglyphic keys  
Unlock their hidden mysteries  
W DENNIE, *Baronet*<sup>1</sup>

### To the Author, upon his Divine Poem

TILL now I guess'd but blindly to what  
height  
The Muses' eagles could maintain their  
flight<sup>1</sup>  
Though poets are, like eaglets, bred to  
soar,  
Gazing on stars at Heav'n's mysterious  
pow'r,  
Yet I observe they quickly stoop to  
ease  
Their wings, and perch on palace-pin-  
nacles  
From thence more usefully they Courts  
discern,  
The Schools where greatness does  
disguises learn,  
The stages where *She* acts to vulgar  
sight  
Those parts which statesmen as her  
Poets write,  
Where none but those wise poets may  
survey  
The private practice of her public play,  
Where kings, GOD'S counterfeits, reach  
but the skill  
In studied scenes to act the Godhead  
ill  
Where cowards, smiling in their closets,  
breed  
Those wars which make the vain and  
furious bleed  
Where Beauty plays not merely  
Nature's part,  
But is, like Pow'r, a creature form'd by  
Art,  
And, as at first, Pow'r by consent was  
made,  
And those who form'd it did themselves  
invade  
So harmless Beauty (which has now far  
more  
Injurious force than States' or Mon-  
archs' power)

Was by consent of Courts allow'd  
Art's aid,  
By which themselves they to her sway  
betray'd  
'Twas Art, not Nature, taught excessive  
power,  
Which whom it lists does favour or  
devour  
'Twas Art taught Beauty the imperial  
skill  
Of ruling, not by justice, but by will  
And, as successive kings scarce seem  
to reign,  
Whilst lazily they empire's weight sus-  
tain,  
Thinking because their pow'r they  
native call  
Therefore our duty too is natural,  
And by presuming that we ought [t']  
obey,  
They lose the craft and exercise of sway  
So, when at Court a native Beauty  
reigns  
O'er Love's wild subjects, and Art's  
help disdains,  
When her presumptuous sloth finds  
not why Art  
In Pow'r's grave play does act the  
longest part,  
When, like proud gentry, she does  
level all  
Industrious arts with arts mechanical,  
And vaunts of small inheritance no less  
Than new States boast of purchas'd  
provinces,  
Whilst she does every other homage  
scorn,  
But that to which by Nature she was  
born:  
Thus when so heedlessly she lovers  
sways,  
As scarce she finds her pow'r ere it  
decays,

<sup>1</sup> Author of *The Shepherd's Holiday*, 1653, and other Poems, which might be included in this Collection if we had room This piece strikes one as above the ordinary commendatory work

## Commendatory Poems

Which is her beauty, and which un  
supplied  
By what wise Art would carefully pro  
vide  
Is but Love's lightning and does hardly  
last  
Till we can say it was ere it be past  
Soon then when beauty's gone she  
turns her face  
Asham'd of that which was ere while her  
grace  
So when a monarch's gone the chair  
of State  
Is backward turn'd where he in glory  
sat.  
The secret arts of Love and Pow'r  
how these  
Rule courts, and how those courts rule  
provinces  
Have been the task of every noble Muse  
Whose aid of old nor Low'r nor Love  
did use  
Merely to make their lucky conquests  
known  
(Though to the Muse they owe their  
first renown  
For she taught Time to speak and even  
to Fame  
Who gives the great their names she  
gave a name)  
But they by studying numbers rather  
knew  
To make those happy whom they did  
subdue.  
Here let me shift my sails! and  
higher bear  
My course than that which moral poets  
steer!  
For now (best poet!) I divine would be

And only can be so by studying thee  
Those whom thy flights do lead shall  
pass no more  
Through dark ning clouds when they to  
Heav'n would soar  
Nor in ascent fear such excess of light  
As rather frustrates than maintains the  
sight  
For thou dost clear Heav'n's darken'd  
mysteries  
And mak'st the lustre safe to weakest  
eyes  
Noiseless as planets move thy numbers  
flow  
And soft as lovers' whispers when they  
woo!  
Thy labour'd thoughts with ease thou  
dost dispense  
Clothing in maiden dress a manly sense  
And as in narrow room Lixir lies,  
So in a little thou dost much compri-  
se  
Here fix thy pillars! which as marks  
shall be  
How far the soul in Heav'n's discovery  
Can possibly advance yet whilst they  
are  
Thy trophies they but warrant our  
despair  
For human excellence hath this ill fate  
That where it virtue most doth elevate  
It bears the blot of being singular  
And Envy blasts that Fame it cannot  
share  
Ev'n good examples may so great be  
made  
As to discourage whom they should  
persuade.

WILL. DAVENANT

TOWER May 13 165

## For the Author, truly Heroic, by Blood, Virtue, Learning

*Scholar Commander Traveller* com-  
munt  
*Schools Camps and Courts* raise FAME  
and make it fixt  
Your fame and feet have Alps and  
Oceans past [Envy blist  
Fam'd feet! which Art can't raise nor  
*Beaumont and Fletcher* coin'd a golden  
way [play  
T express suspend and passionate a

Nimble and pleasant are all motions  
there  
For two intelligences rul'd the sphere  
Both sock and buskin sunk with them  
and then  
*Davenant* and *Denham* buoy'd them up  
again  
Beyond these pillars some think  
nothing is  
Great Britain swit stands in a precipice.



## Edward Benlowes

But, Su as though Heav'n's Straits  
discover'd were,  
By science of your card, Unknowns  
appear  
Sail then with prince of wits, illustrious  
*Donne*<sup>1</sup>,  
Who rapt earth round with Love, and  
was its sun

But your first love was pure whose  
ev'ry dress  
Is inter-tissu'd *Wit* and *Holmess*,  
And mends upon itself, whose streams  
(that meet  
With *Sands*'<sup>2</sup> and *Herbert's*) grow more  
deep, more sweet

I, wing'd with joy, to th' PRAELIBA-  
TION fly,  
Thence view I Error's Tragi-comedy  
With THEOPHIL from fear to faith  
I rise,  
The mystic Bridge, 'twixt Hell and  
Paradise

Hell scap't seems double Heav'n  
Renew'd, with bands  
Of pray'rs, vows, tears, with eyes, and  
knees, and hands,  
I see her cope with Heav'n, and  
Heav'n does thence,  
As in the *Baptist's* days, feel violence

But her ecstatic SONGS OF LOVE  
declare,  
To *Jedidiah* she's apparent heir  
Be those then next, The SONG OF  
SONGS Love styles  
Her *fourth*, The *Second* Book of CAN-  
TICLES

But with what dreadful yet delightful  
tones  
She sings when GLORIFIED<sup>1</sup> then,  
stingless drones  
Are Death and Hell Joy's crescent  
then's increast,  
To fullest lustre, at her Bridal Feast

Sixth, sev'nth, and eighth such ban-  
quets' frame would make  
Wisdom turn Cormorant, my spirits  
shake  
I'th' reading Soul of joy! thy ravish-  
ing sp'rit  
Draws bed-rid minds to longing  
appetite

Fame, write with gold on diamond  
pages, treat  
Upon the glories of a work so great  
*Be't then enacted, that all Graces  
dwell*  
*In Thee THEOPH'LA, Virtue's Chro-  
nicle*

Who gemm'st it in Jerusalem above,  
Where all is Grace and Glory, Light  
and Love  
To that Unparallel this comes so  
near,  
That, 'tis a glimpse of Heav'n to read  
thee here

O, blest Ambition! Speculations high  
Enchariot thee, Elijah-like, to the  
sky!  
What state worth envy, like thy sweet  
abode,  
That overtops the world, and mounts  
to GOD?

Walkt through your Eden stanzas, you  
invite  
Our ravisht souls to recreate with  
delight,  
In bow'r of compt discourse great  
verse, but prose  
Such, none but our great MASTER could  
compose

For bulk, an easy Folio is this all,  
Yet we a volume may each Canto  
call,  
For solid matter where we should  
consult  
On paragraphs, mark what does thence  
result

For, every period's of DEVOTION  
proof,  
And each resolve is of concern'd be-  
hoof  
Peruse, examine, censure, oh, how  
bright  
Does shine RELIGION, chequer'd with  
delight!

Diffusive Soul! your spirit was soar-  
ing, when  
This manna dew'd from your inspirèd  
pen  
Such melting passions of a soul divine,  
Could they be cast in any mould but  
thine?

<sup>1</sup> Donne

<sup>2</sup> George Sandys

## Commendatory Poems

Wonder arrests our thought that you  
alone  
In such combustions wherein thousands  
groan  
(And when some sparkles of the public  
flame  
Seiz'd on your private state and scorcht  
the same)  
Could warble thus Steer ships each  
pilot may

In calms but whoso can in stormy  
day  
May justly domineer But what may  
daunt  
Him who like mermaids thus in  
storms can chant?  
Grace crowns the suffering Glory the  
triumphing Saint

TH PESTIL

*Regi quondam à Sacris*

THOSE ladies Sir we virtuosas  
call  
But copies are to this original  
Whose charming empire of her grace  
does sense  
Astonish by a super excellence  
And like as *Midas* touch made gold  
so thus  
THEOPHILAS touch may make  
THEOPHILUS  
*Zeuxes* cull'd out perfections of each  
sort  
For his *Pandora* yet did all come  
short  
As far of this embellishment as she

Had been limn'd out in Paintings  
infancy  
For magisterial virtue draws no  
grace  
From corp'ral limbs or features of the  
face

Here Heav'n born SUADAS<sup>1</sup> star like  
gild each dress  
Of the Bride Soulespous'd to Happiness  
Here Piety informs poetic art  
As all in all and all in every part  
For all these died not with fam'd  
*Cartwright* though  
A score of poets join'd to have it so

T BENLOWES *A M*

## For the much honoured Author

THE winged Intellect once taught to fly  
By *Art* and *Reason* may be bold to pry  
Into the secrets of a wand'ring star  
Although its motions be irregular  
And from the smiles and glances that  
those bright  
Corrivals cast that do embellish night  
Guess darkly at though not directly  
know  
The various changes that fall here be  
low  
And perching on the high st perimeter  
May find the distances of every sphere  
Which in full orbs do move tunic'd so  
That the less spheres within the greater  
go  
As cell in cell spun by the dying fly  
Or ball in ball turn'd in smooth ivory  
Each hath a prince circled upon a  
throne  
In a refulgent habitation

Only the constellations seem to be  
Like nobles in an aristocracy  
Their Milky Way like *Innocence* and  
thus  
Should all great actions be diaphanous  
But the great Monarch *Light* dis  
poses all  
His stores are magazine and festival  
And by his pow'r Earth's epicycle may  
Move in a silver sphere as well as they  
Else her poor little orb appears to be  
A very point to their immensity  
Thus strung like beads they on their  
centres move  
But the great centre of this all is LOVE  
Though the brute creatures by the  
height of sense  
Foretell their calm and boisterous  
influence  
Yet to find out their motions is man's  
part

S ada or Suadela one of the subsidiary goddesses of Love and Marriage who  
persuades the Beloved

## Edward Benlowes

Not by the help of Nature, but of Art,  
Which rarefies the soul, and makes it  
rise,  
And sees no farther than *that* gives it  
eyes  
And by that prospect will directly tell  
What regions stoop to every parallel  
Which cities furrèd are with snow,  
which lie  
Naked, and scorch'd under Heav'n's  
canopy.  
How men, like cloves stuck in an  
orange, stand  
Still upright, with their feet upon the  
land  
And where the seas oppos'd to us do  
flow,  
Yet quench they not that heat where  
spices grow  
It sees fair Morning's rising neck beset  
With orient gems, like a rich carcanet  
Who every night doth send her beams  
to spy  
In what dark caves her golden trea-  
sures lie  
And there they brood and hatch the  
callow race,  
Till they take wing, and fly in every  
place  
It sees the frozen Fir shrouding its  
arms,  
While Cocus trees are courted with  
blest charms,  
That swell their pregnant womb whose  
issue may  
Sweeten our world, but that they die  
by th' way  
It sees the Seasons lying at the door,  
Some warm and wanton, and some cold  
and poor,  
And knows from whence they come,  
both foul and fair,  
And from their presence gilds, or soils  
the air  
It sees plain Nature's face, how rude  
it looks  
Till it be polishèd by men and books  
And most of her dark secrets can dis-  
cover  
To open view of an industrious lover  
Whatever under Heav'n's great  
throne we prize  
Or value, in Art's chamber-practice lies  
But when before the ALMIGHTY JUDGE  
he come  
To speak of HIM, my Orator is dumb  
Go then, thou silenced Soul, present  
thy plea

By the fair hand of sweet THIOPIA  
Happ'ly thy harsh and broken strains  
may rise  
In the perfume of her sweet sacrifice,  
And if by this access thou find'st a way  
To th' highest THYONOL, alas! what  
canst thou say?  
What can the bubble (though its breath  
it bring  
Upon the gliding stream) say of the  
spring?  
Can the proud painted flow'r boast  
that it knows  
The root that bears it, and whereon it  
grows?  
Or can the crawling worm, though  
ne'er so 'tout,  
With its meand'rings find the centre  
out?  
Can Infinite be measur'd by a span?  
And what art thou, less than all these,  
O man?  
*Man is a thing of rought!* yet from  
above  
There beams upon his soul such rays  
of love,  
As may discover by *Faith's* optic,  
where  
The Burning Bush is, though not see  
HIM there  
The meekest man on earth did only see  
His shadow shining there, it was not  
HE  
And if that great soul, who with holy  
flame,  
And ravish'd spirit to the Third Heav'n  
came,  
Saw things unutterable, what can we  
Express of those things that we ne'er  
did see?  
The Senses' strongest pillars cannot  
bear  
The weight of the least grain of glory  
there  
No more than where to bound, or com-  
prehend  
Infinity, they can begin, or end  
Since then the Soul is circumscrib'd  
within  
The narrow limits of a tender skin,  
Let us be babes in innocence, and grow  
Strong *upwards*, and more weak to  
things *below*  
By sacred chemistry, the spirit must  
Ascend and leave the sediment to dust  
This cordial is distilled from the eyes,  
And we must sprinkle 't on the sacri-  
fice

## Commendatory Poems

Offer'd th' virtue of THEOPHILAS  
name  
Which must be to it holocaust and  
flame  
Then, wing'd with Zeal, we may aspire  
to see

The hallow'd Oracles exprest by THEE  
Who art *LOVES Flamen* and with  
Holy fire  
Refin'st thy Muse, to make her mount  
the higher

ARTH WILSON

### For the Renowned Composer

A POET'S ashes need nor brass nor  
stone  
To be their wardrobe since his name  
alone  
Shall stand both brass and marble to  
the tomb  
Nor doth he want the cere cloths  
balmy womb  
T' enwrap his dust, until his drowsy  
clay  
Again enliven'd by an active ray  
Shot from the last day's fire, shall  
wake and rise  
Attur'd with Light No when a  
Poet dies  
His sheets alone wind up his earth  
They'll be  
Instead of Mourner, Tomb and Obscure  
And to embalm it, his own ink he  
takes  
Gum Arabic the richest mummy  
makes  
Then Sir you need no obelisk that  
may  
Seclude your ashes from plebeian  
clay  
For from your mine of Fancy now we  
see  
Y have digg'd so many gems of Poesy  
That out of them you raise a glorious  
shrine  
In which your ever blooming name  
will shine  
Free from th' eclipse of age and  
clouds of rust  
Which are the moths to other com-  
mon dust  
Then could we now collect th' all  
worship ore

With which kind Nature paves the  
Indian shore  
And gather to one mass that stock of  
spice  
Which copies out afresh old Paradise  
And in the *Phoenix* odorous nest is  
pent  
All would fall short of this rich monu-  
ment  
About the surface of whose verge  
you stick  
So many fragrant flowers of Rhetoric  
That lovers shall approach in throngs  
and seek  
With their rich leaves to adorn each  
beauty's cheek  
So that these sacred trophies will be-  
come  
In after times your altar not your tomb  
To which the poets shall in well dressed  
lays  
Offer their victims with a grove of bays  
For here among these leaves no  
speckled snake  
Or viper doth his bed of venom make  
No lust burnt goat nor looser Satyr  
weaves  
His cabin out, among these spotless  
leaves  
A virgin here may safely dart her eye  
And yet not blush for fear lest any by  
Should see her read These pages do  
dispense  
A julep which so charms the itch  
of sense  
That we are forc'd to think your guilt  
less quill  
Did with its ink the turtles blood  
distil

T PHILIPOT

## Pietatis, Pœticesque, Cultori

IGNE cales tali, quali cum Nuncius  
Ora  
Seraphicus sacro tetigit Carbone  
Prophetæ  
Macte DËI plenum Pectus, Te his  
dedito Flammis,  
Sancte Poetarum Phoenix! Repara-  
bilis Ignis  
Te voret hîc Totum, Quo plus con-  
sumeris Illo,  
Hoc magis Æterno Tu consummaberis  
Ævo

Incipe Censurâ major, qui Fonte  
Camænas  
Idalias tingis casto, Tua Metra  
Sionem  
Parnasso jungunt celebri, tam digna  
Lituris  
Nulla canis, quàm sunt omni dignis-  
sima Laude  
Theiophilam resonare docens Modu-  
lamine diam,  
Impia priscorum lustrasti Carmina  
Vatum

Perge, beatifico correptus NUMINE,  
Perge,  
Vivida felici fundendo Poemata  
Flatu,  
Pectore digna tuo, COELI penetrare  
Recessus  
Et, quæ densa tegit Nubes, Mystéria  
claro  
Lumine perlustra, solito non concite  
Plectro,  
Quælibet altisono prosterne Piacula  
Versu

Perfice, terrenum transcendere, Poeta,  
Cacumen.  
Conversus converte Vagos, Quos  
decipit Error  
Incautos, Meliora doce, Britonesque  
bilingues  
Lingua fac erudiat Britonum, sit  
quanta superbi  
Pectoris Ambitio et Veri Caligo,  
Camænis  
Subdola vesani depinge Sophismata  
Sech. JO GAUDENTIUS, STD

## In Sanctos Theophilæ Amores

VIX mihi Te vidisse semel concessit  
Apollo,  
Inque tuo pictam Carmine Theiophi-  
lam  
Quum gemino Ipse miser, sed fortu-  
natus Amore  
Deperi, dubius sic Ego factus  
Amans  
Cur Dubius? Fallor Nam, quamvis  
partibus æquis,  
Igne simul duplici me novus urat  
Amor,  
Afficitur tamen Objecto, atque unitur in  
uno,  
Totaque divisis una Favilla manet  
Ne, Lector, mirêre, Novum est  
Sed protinus Ignes,  
Si sine felle legas, experiêre meos  
Theiophila! In cunctis Præcellentis-  
sima Nymphis,  
Nominis ad Famam quot Tibi Corda  
cadent!

Corporis, Ingeniique Bonis dotata  
triumphas,  
Binaque cum summa Laude, Tro-  
phæa geris  
Docte, Tibi æternæ quales Specta-  
cula Chartæ,  
Quotque Illi efficient Pagina docta  
Procos!  
Sexus uterque pari, visâ Hac, ardebit  
Amore,  
Hacque frui ex æquo Sexus uterque  
volet  
Ne vereare tamen, Cuncti licet Oscula  
figant  
Theiophilæ, ne sit casta, vel una Tibi  
Famæ Ejus nil detrahitur si publica  
fiat,  
Hanc ut ament Omnes, Nil Tibi,  
Amice, perit  
Tusolus Domina dignus censeberis Illâ,  
Illam qui solus pingere dignus eras  
P DE CARDONEL

# Latin Commendatory Poems

## In celeberrimam Theophilam, feliciter elucubratam

ANNE novi veterisve prius Monumenta  
revolvam  
Ingenu et Tragicos superantia  
Scripta Cothurnos  
Atque Sophoclæis numerari digna Tri  
umphis?  
Quàm bene vivificis depingitur  
Artibus Echo?  
Quàm bene monstriferas Vitiorum  
discutis Hydras?  
Carminebusque in doces quantum pec  
caverit Ævum?  
Quanta Polucephalis repserunt Agmina  
Sectis?  
Sphinge Theologica quæ dia Poemata  
pangis?  
Mira et Vera canens nodosa Ænig  
mata solvis  
Nec vitæ pars ulla perit nec tran  
sigis unam  
Ingratam sine Luce Diem dum  
pervigil Artes  
Exantlas avidisque bibis Permessida  
Labris  
Jamque velut primo Phœnix revo  
Apparet nostris nova Sponsa Theo  
phila Terris  
Illius è roseis flammatur Purpura malis  
Et Gemmis Lux major adest et  
blandius Aurum

A Calamo Benlose tuo dum Dotibus  
amplis  
Excolis, Ingeniueque Opibus melioribus  
ornas  
Lactea Ripheas præcellunt Colla  
Prunas  
Fronte Decor radiat sanctoque Mode  
stia Vultu  
Suada verecundis et Gratia plena  
Labellis  
Assidet et casti Mores imitata Poetæ  
Te Moderatorem fusis amplectitur  
Ulnis  
Hisce Triumphatrix decorata Theo  
phila Gemmis  
Celsior assurgit Mundumque nitentior  
intrat  
Virgineis comitata Choris Quam  
Tramite longo  
Agmina Cecropius stipant Heliconia  
Turmis  
Non aliter quoties adremigat  
Æquoris Undas  
Frænatis Neptunus Equis fluit ocyus  
Antris  
Nereidum Gens tota suis Dominumque  
salutant  
Blandula cæruleo figentes Oscula  
Collo

P F

Qui Virtutes Theo[p]hilæ prædicat, Religioni  
non Gloriæ studeat Noverim Te, Domine,  
noverim me

LAUDIS in Oceano me submersistis  
Amici [patet  
Maxima pars Decoris me nihil esse  
Laus famulare DEO submissi Victima  
Cordis  
Est Hecatombæis anteferenda  
Sacris.  
CHRISTE mæ da par ut sit mea Vita  
Camænæ  
Sim neque Laus Aliis prodiga parca  
TIBI

Overcome me not with your perfumes  
O Friends!  
My greatest worth to show I in  
nothing tends  
Praise wait on Heaven Th Host of  
an humble heart  
Excels the sacred hecatombs of Art  
Grant LORD my life may parallel my  
lays!  
They me too much I THEE too  
little praise

# Edward Benlowes

## In Divinos Poetas

SANCTO Sancta Columba Musa Vati  
Parnassus superæ Cacumen Æthræ  
Christi Gratia Pegasus supremus.  
Vati Castalis Unda Dius Imber  
Pennam dat Seraphin . suis ab  
Ahs  
Agni scribitur Optimi Cruore

Vati Bibliotheca Sphæra Coeli  
Vitæ è Codice fœnerans Medullam,  
Internos penetrat Poli Recessus  
O, Conamina fructuosiora <sup>1</sup>  
O, Solamina delicatiora <sup>1</sup>  
Per Quæ creditur Angelus Poeta,  
Patronusque pio DEUS Poetæ <sup>1</sup>

## On Divine Poets

A HALLOW'D Poet's Muse is th' Holy  
Dove °  
Parnassus th' Empyrean Height above  
His lofty-soaring Pegasus Christ's Love  
Heav'n's Show'r of Grace is his Casta-  
lian spring  
A Seraphin lends pen from his own  
wing  
His ink is of the best LAMB'S purple  
dye  
To Him Heav'n's sphere is a vast  
library

Rais'd by th' advantage of th' Eternal  
Book,  
His piercing eye ev'n into Heav'n  
does look  
O, what endeavours can more fruitful  
be <sup>1</sup>  
What comforts can we more delightful  
see <sup>1</sup>  
By which the poet we an Angel  
deem,  
Yea, GOD to's sacred Muse does  
Patron seem

## Ergo brevi stringam Cœlestia Cantu

AIMING to profit, as to please, we  
bring  
No usual hawk to try her wing  
Come, come Theoph'la, fresh as  
May  
Hark how the falc'ner lures <sup>1</sup> This is  
Love's Holy-Day  
Her stretch is for Devotion's quarry,  
which  
Mounts up her Zeal to eagle-pitch

Cheerthou her present tim'rous flight,  
Whilst she thus cuts with wing the  
driving rack of height  
From thence, 'bove sparkling stars,  
she'll spritely move,  
Her plumes of Faith being prun'd  
by Love  
As Grace shall imp her pinion, more,  
Or less, she will, or flag, or 'bove  
what's mortal, soar <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Of these later pieces Davenant's has not only the most famous author but the most striking interest from contrast of style Pestil (-ell) was a Cambridge man who contributed to *Lacrymae Musarum* If Arthur Wilson is the A W who died in the year of our book he was a man of some mark T Phil[1]pot was a 'miscellaneous writer', 'Gaudentius' the famous 'editor' of *Eikon Basilike*, Cardonel probably the father of Marlborough's secretary Of T Benlowes and P F I know nothing

# THEOPHILA

## THE PRELIBATION TO THE SACRIFICE

### Canto I

#### THE ARGUMENT

Spes al t occiduas qui Sublunaribus hæret  
 Rivales Jesus non n Amore s nit  
 Quid m hī non sapiat Terra mīhī dum sapit Æther?  
 Sed sapiet sapias nī mīhī CHRISTE nīhī

Awake arise Love's steersman and first taste  
 Delight sound that ere anchor's cast  
 On Joy steer hence a pray'ful course to Heav'n at last

#### STANZA I

MIGHT souls converse with souls by  
 Angel way,  
 Enfranchis'd from their pris'ning  
 clay  
 What strains by intuition would  
 they then convey!

#### II

But Spirits sublim'd too fast evap'rate  
 may  
 Without some interpos'd allay,  
 And notions subtiliz'd too thin ex-  
 hale away

#### III

The Gold (Sol's child) when in  
 Earth's womb it lay  
 As precious was though not so gay  
 As when refin'd it doth itself abroad  
 display

#### IV

Mount Fancy then through orbs  
 to Glory's sphere 10  
 (Wild is the course that ends not  
 there)

You who are Virtue's friends lend  
 to her tongue an ear

#### V

Let not the wanton love fights  
 which may rise

From vocal fives flame darting eyes  
 (Beauty's munition) hearts with  
 wounds unseen surprise

#### VI

Whose basilisk like glances taint the  
 air  
 Of virgin pureness and ensnare  
 Entangled thoughts; th' trammels of  
 their ambush hair

#### VII

Love's captive view who's days in  
 warm frosts spends 19  
 On's idol dotes to wit pretends  
 Writes blots and rends nor heeds  
 where he begins or ends

#### VIII

His stock of verse in comic frag-  
 ments lies  
 Higher than Ten rif's Peak he flies  
 Sol's but a spark thou outrayst  
 all diamonds of the skies

#### IX

Victorious flames glow from thy  
 brighter eye  
 Cloud those twin lightning orbs  
 (they'll fry  
 An ice veind monk's cloud them  
 or planet struck I die



## X

'Indians, pierce rocks for gems,  
 negroes, the brine  
 For pearls, Tartars, to hunt com-  
 bine  
 For sables, consecrate all off'rings  
 at her shrine 30

## XI

'Crouch low, O vermeil-tinctur'd  
 cheek! for, thence  
 The organs to my optic sense  
 Are dazzled at the blaze of so  
 bright angelence'

## XII

Does Troy-bane Helen (friend)  
 with angels share?  
 All lawless passions idols are  
 Frequent are fuc'o'd cheeks, the  
 virtuosa's rare

## XIII

A truth authentic Let not skin-  
 deep white  
 And red, perplex the nobler light  
 O' th' intellect, nor mask the soul's  
 clear piercing sight

## XIV

Burn odes, Lust's paperplots, fly  
 plays, its flame, 40  
 Shun guileful courtisms, forge  
 for shame  
 No chains, lip-traffic and eye-  
 dialogues disclaim

## XV

Hark how the frothy, empty heads  
 within  
 Roar and carouse i' th' jovial sin,  
 Amidst the wild Levaltos on their  
 merry pin!

## XVI

Drain dry the ransack'd cellars, and  
 resin  
 Your reason up to riot, join  
 Your fleet, and sail by sugar rocks  
 through floods of wine

## XVII

Send care to Dead Sea of phleg-  
 matic age, 19  
 Ride without bit your restive rage,  
 And act your revel-rout thus on  
 the tippling stage

## XVIII

'Swell us a lusty brimmer, more,  
 till most,  
 So vast, that none may spy the  
 coast  
 We'll down with all, though therein  
 sail'd Lepanto's host

## XIX

'Top and top-gallant hoise, we  
 will outroar  
 The bellowing storms, though  
 shipwrackt more  
 Healths are, than tempting'st sirens  
 did enchant of yore

## XX

'Each gallon breeds a ruby,  
 drawer, score 'um,  
 Cheeks dyed in claret seem o' th'  
 quorum,  
 When our nose-carbuncles, like link-  
 boys, blaze before 'um' 60

## XXI

Such are their ranting catches, to  
 unsoul,  
 And outlawman, they stagger, roll,  
 Their feet indent, their sense being  
 drunk with *Circe's* bowl

## XXII

Entombed souls! Why rot ye thus  
 alive,  
 Melting yoursalt to lees? and strive  
 To strangle Nature, and hatch Death?  
 Healths, health deprive

## XXIII

The sinless herd loathes your sense-  
 stifling streams,  
 When long spits point your tale  
 ye breams  
 In wine and sleep, your princes  
 are but fumes, and dreams

41 courtisms] = 'ceremonies of courtship'

68 breams] = 'fish' chosen for rhyme merely, see the Latin, p 411, l 68, which is different

XXIV

I d rather be preserv d in brine, than  
rot 70

In nectar Now to dice they regot  
Their tables snare in both, then  
what can be their shot?

XXV

Yet blades will throw at all, sans  
fear or wit,  
Oaths black the night when dice  
don't hit

When winners lose at play can  
losers win by it?

XXVI

Egypt's spermatie nurse, when her  
spread floor

Is flow'd above ev'n teen cubits o'er  
Breeds dearth and spendthrifts  
waste when they inflame the  
score

XXVII

Tell me ye piebald butterflies who  
poise

Extrinsic with intrinsic joys 80  
What gain ye from such short liv'd  
fruitless, empty toys?

XXVIII

Ye fools who barter gold for trash  
report

Can fire in pictures warm? Can  
sport

That stings the mock sense fill?  
How low's your Heav'n! how  
short!

XXIX

Go chaffer Bliss for Pleasure which  
is had

More by the beast, than man,  
the bad

Swim in their mirth (CHRIST wept  
ne'er laugh'd) the best are sad

XXX

Brutes covet nought but what's  
terrene Heav'n's quire

Do in eternal joys conspire  
Man twist them both does inter  
mediate things desire 90

XXXI

Had we no bodies, we were angels  
and

Had we no souls we were un  
mann'd

To beasts brutes are all flesh all  
spirit the heavenly band

XXVII

At first God made them one thus  
by subjecting

The sense to reason and directing  
The appetite by th' spirit but sin  
by infecting

XXVIII

Man's free born will, so shatters  
them that they

At present nor cohabit may  
Without regret nor without grief  
depart away

XXIV

Go cheating world that dancest  
o'er thy thorns 100

Lov'st what undoes, hat'st what  
adorns

Go, idolize thy vice, and virtue  
load with scorns

XXXV

Thy luscious cup more deadly than  
asp's gall

Empoisoneth souls for hell thou all  
Time's mortals dost enchant with  
thy delusive call

XXVI

Who steals from Time Time steals  
from him the prey

Pastimes pass Time, pass Heav'n  
away

Few like the blessed thief, do steal  
Salvation's Day

XXXVII

Fools rifle Time's rich lott'ry who  
mispend 109

Life's peerless gem alive descend  
And antedate with stings their  
never ending end

XXXVIII

Whose vast desires engross the  
boundless land

By fraud, or force, like spiders  
stand,  
Squeezing small flies, such are their  
nets, and such their hand

XXXIX

When Nimrod's vulture-talons par'd  
shall be,  
Their house's name soon changed  
you'll see,  
For their Bethesda shall be turn'd  
to Bethany

XL

Better destroy'd by law, than rul'd  
by will,  
What salves can cure, if balsams  
kill?

That good is worst that does de-  
generate to ill 120

XLI

Had not GOD left the Best within  
the power  
Of persecutors, who devour,  
We had nor martyrs' had, nor yet  
a SAVIOUR

XLII

SAINTS melt as wax, fool's-clay grows  
hard at cries  
Of that scarce-breathing corse,  
who lies  
With dry teeth, meagre cheeks, thin  
maw, and hollow eyes

XLIII

GOD made life, give't to man, by  
opening veins,  
Death's sluic'd out, and pleuretic  
pains  
Make GOD thy pattern, cure thyself,  
alms are best gains

XLIV

HEAV'N's glory to achieve, what  
scantling span 130  
Hath the frail pilgrimage of man!  
Which sets, when risen, ends, when  
it but now began

XLV

Who fight with outward lusts, win  
inward peace,

Judgements against self-judges  
cease  
Who face their cloaks with zeal do  
but their woes increase.

XLVI

The mighty, mighty torments shall  
endure,  
If impious hell admits no cure  
The best security is ne'er to be secure

XLVII

Oaks, that dare grapple with Heav'n's  
thunder, sink  
All shiver'd, coals that scorch do  
shrink 140  
To ashes, vap'ring snuffs expire in  
noisome stink.

XLVIII

Time, strip the writhell'd witch,  
pluck the black bags  
From off Sin's grizzly scalp, the  
hag's  
Plague-sores show then more loath-  
some than her leprous rags

XLIX

'Twas she slew guiltless Naboth,  
'twas she curl'd  
The painted Jezebel, she hurl'd  
Realms from their centre, she un-  
hing'd the new-fram'd world

L

Blest then who shall her dash 'gainst  
rocks (her groans,  
Our mirth), and wash the bloody  
stones  
With her own cursed gore, repave  
them with her bones 150

LI

By Salique law she should not reign:  
storm's swell  
By her, which halcyon days dispel  
Nought's left that's good where she  
in souls possest does dwell

LII

'Twas her excess bred plagues<sup>1</sup> in-  
fecting stars,  
Infesting dearth, intestine wars  
Surfeit with graves the earth, 'mongst  
living making jars

128 'Pleuretic' sic in orig but should be of course 'pleuritic'

LIII

My soul enlabyrinth d in grief,  
spend years

In sackcloth chamleted with  
tears

Retir'd to rocks dark entrals court  
unwitness'd fears

LIV

There pass with Heracite a gentler  
age 160

Free from the sad account of rage  
That acts the toilsome world on its  
tumultuous stage

LV

There sweet Religion strings and  
tunes, and screws

The soul's the orb and doth infuse  
Grave *Doric* epods in th' enthusiastic  
Muse

LVI

There Love turns trumpets into  
harps which call

Off sieges from the gun shot wall  
Alluring them to Heav'n, her seat  
imperial

LVII

Thence came our joy and thence  
hymns eas'd our grief 169

Of which th' angelical was chief  
Glory to God earth peace, good  
will for man's relief

LVIII

Quills pluck'd from Venus doves  
impress but shame

Then give your rhymes to Vulcan's  
flame

Hell elevate your badger feet he's  
free though lame

LIX

Things fall and nothings rise! Old  
Virtue fram'd

Honour for Wisdom Wisdom  
fam'd

Old Virtue such times were! wealth  
then Art's page was nam'd

LX

Lambeth was Oxford's whetstone  
yet above

Preferment's pinnacle they move

Who string the universe, and  
bracelet it for love 180

LXI

Virtues magnific orb inflames their  
zeal,

By high rais'd anthems plagues  
they heal,

And threefork'd thunders in  
Heav'n's outstretch'd arm repeal

LXII

Shall larks with shrill chirpt matins  
rouse from bed

Of curtain'd night Sol's orient head?  
And shall quick souls lie numb'd,  
as wrapt in sheets of lead?

LXIII

Awake from slumbering lethargy  
the gay

And circling charioteer of day  
In's progress through the azure  
fields sees checks our stay

LXIV

Arise and rising emulate the rare  
Industrious spinsters who with fair  
Embroid'ries checker work the  
chambers of the air 192

LXV

Ascend Sol does on hills his gold  
display

And scatt'ring sweets does spice  
the day

And shoots delight through Nature  
with each arrow'd ray

LXVI

The opal colour'd dawns raise fancy  
high,

Hymns ravish those who pulpits  
fly,

Convert dull lead to active gold  
by love-chemistry

LXVII

As Nature's prime confectioner the  
bee 199

By her flow'r nibbling chemistry  
Turns *vert* to *or* so verse gross  
prose does rarefy

LXVIII

Pow'rs cannot poets as they pow'rs  
up-buoy

Whose soul-enliv'ning charms  
decoy  
Each wrinkled care to the pacific  
sea of joy

LXX

As, where from jewels sparkling  
lustre darts,

Those rays enstar the dusky parts  
So, beams of poesy give light, life,  
soul to arts

LXX

Rich poesy ! thy more irradiant gems  
Give splendour unto diadems,  
And with coruscant rays emblaz'nt  
Honour's stems 210

LXXI

Thee, Muse (Art's ambient air, In-  
vention's door,  
The stage of wits) both rich and  
poor

Do court A prince may glory to  
become thy wooer

LXXII

Poets lie entomb'd by kings Arts  
gums dispense,

By rumination bruise'd, are thence  
By verse so fir'd, that their perfume  
enheav'n's the sense

LXXIII

Its theory makes all wiser, yet few  
better,

Practice is spirit, art the letter,  
Use artless doth enlarge, art use-  
less does but fetter

LXXIV

Sharp sentences are goads to make  
deeds go, 220

Good works are males, words  
females show

Whose lives act precedents, pre-  
vent the laws, and do

LXXV

So far we know, as we obey GOD, and  
He counts we leave not His com-  
mand,

When as our interludes but 'twixt  
our acts do stand

LXXVI

Honour's brave soul is in that body  
shrin'd,

Which floats not with each giddy  
wind

(Tickle as courtly dress), but Wisdom's  
sea does find

LXXVII

Steering by *Grace's* pole star, which  
is fast

In th' apostolic Zodiac plac'd 230  
Whose course at first four evangelic  
pilots trac'd

LXXVIII

The Theanthropic Word, that  
mystic glass

Of revelations, that mass  
Of oracles, that fuel of pray'r,  
that wall of brass,

LXXIX

That print of Heav'n on earth,  
that *Mercy's* treasure

And key, that evidence and  
seizure,

*Faith's* card, *Hope's* anchor, *Love's*  
full sail, abyss of pleasure

LXXX

Such saints' high tides ne'er ebb  
so low, to shelf

Them on the quicksand of their  
self-

Swallowing corruption Sin's the  
wreck, they fly that elf, 240

LXXXI

Gloomier than west of death, than  
north of night,

Than nest of triduan blacks,  
with fright

Which Egypt scar'd when He brought  
darkness who made light

LXXXII

Compar'd to whose storm, thund'r-  
ing peals are calm

Compar'd to whose sting, asps  
yield balm.

Compar'd to whose loath'd charm,  
death is a mercy-psalm

222 Orig 'Presidents' as often

242 triduan blacks] Characteristic for 'three days' darkness,' or 'mourning,' cf

LXXXIII

Her snares escap'd soar, Muse, to  
Him who e bright

Spirit illuminating sight  
Turns damps to glorious days, turns  
fogs to radiant light

LXXXIV

Religion's Wisdom's study, that  
display

LORD countermand what goes  
astray

And smite the ass (rude Flesh) when  
it does start or bry

LXXXV

Soul thou art less than Mercy's  
least, three neer

Depart from sin Shame, Guilt,  
and Fear

Fear Shame Guilt, Sin are four,  
yet all in one appear

LXXXVI

Crest fall'n by sin how wretchedly  
I stray!

Methinks tis pride in me to pry  
Heav'n aid me struggling under this  
sad load of clay

LXXXVII

No man may merit, yet did One,  
we hold,

Who most do vaunt their zeal  
are cold

Thus tin for silver goes with the c  
and brass for gold

LXXXVIII

Renew my heart, direct my tongue,  
unseal

My hand inspire my faith, reveal  
My hope increase my love, and my  
backslidings heal!

LXXXIX

Let language (man's choice glory)  
serve the mind

Thy Spirit on Bezaleel shind  
Help Blood by faith applied! Thy  
spittle cur'd the blind

XC

Turn sense to spirit, Nature's

By grace that is th  
And Thy all pow'rful  
projection,

XCI

Truth's touchstone,  
ere was fram'd  
(Tradition man  
disclaim'd),  
The paper burns me  
all insur'd

XCII

For as I read such in  
glows  
Such life renewing  
That all what's kno  
righteous will

XCIII

Whose spells make  
with thee wit  
Corruption and t  
All Vaticans are dr  
sterial gold

XCIV

Thus poor numb'd  
they're brought  
Warm Ixias ge  
are so

Reviv'd that then  
then half dead

XCV

Good thoughts from  
do derive  
Good words effus  
give,  
Good works diffus  
Thee do live an

XCVI

Nerve stretching Mu  
new strung, sh  
Hymns to the Br  
of men,

Make arts thy tributary

## XCVII

But how can Eve's degenerate issue,  
bent

To sin, in its weak measures vent  
Thy praise Unmeasurable! and  
Omnipotent? 291

## XCVIII

Shrubs cannot cedars, nor wrens  
eagles praise,  
Nor purblind owls on Sol's orb  
gaze  
What is a drop to seas, a beam to  
boundless rays?

## XCIX

Yet Hope and Love may raise my  
drooping flight,  
And faith in Thee embeam my  
night  
Great Love, supply Faith's nerves  
with wingèd hope—I WRITE

## C

My spirit, LORD, my soul, my body, all  
My thoughts, words, works, hereafter  
shall 299

Praise Thee, and sin bemoan  
JESU, how lov'dst Thou me!  
Me blessed, Thy Love make!  
Me raised, Thy Love take!  
JESU, my precious One!

May this, LOVE'S OFFERING, be!  
My heart, tongue, eye, hand, bowèd  
knee,

As all came from, let all return to Thee!

NUNC sacra primus habet Finem, mea  
Cura, Libellus,

Jam precor impellat sanctior Aura  
ratem!

I felix, rapidas diffindas Cærula  
Syrtes,

Te Divina regit Dextera, Sospes  
abi

NON NOBIS DOMINE

## THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE

## The Summary of the Poem

THEOPHILA, or Divine Love, ascends to her Beloved by three degrees by Humility, by Zeal, by Contemplation. In the first she is sincere, in the second fervent, in the third ecstatical. In her humiliation she sadly condoles her sin, in her devotion she improves her grace, in her meditation she antedates her glory, and triumphantly congratulates the fruition of her Spouse. And by three Ways, which divines call the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive, she is happily led into the disquisition of sin by man, of suffering by CHRIST as Sponsor, of salvation by Him as Redeemer. In the Purgative Way she falls upon repentance, mortification, self-denial, helped in part by the

knowledge of herself, which breeds contrition, renunciation, and purpose of amendment in the Illuminative she pursues moral virtues, theological graces, and gospel promises, revealed by CHRIST, as the great Apostle, which begets in her gratitude, imitation, and appropriation. In the Unitive she is wholly taken up with intuition of super-celestial excellences, with beatifical apprehensions and adherences, as to CHRIST in body, to the HOLY GHOST in spirit, to GOD the FATHER in a bright resemblance of the Divine Nature. All which are felt by the knowledge of CHRIST as Mediator, whence flow admiration, elevation, consummated in glorification. And were mysteriously

Stanza c] This, which even as printed has the *shape* of an altar, is in orig framed with an actual altar outlined and shaded. See Introduction for Butler's flings at our poet's indulgence in this not uncommon nor uncomely freak

## Theophila's Love-Sacrifice

intimated in the symbolical oblations of the star led *Sophies*<sup>1</sup> who by their myrrh signified faith chastity mortification the purgative actions by their incense implied hope prayer obedience the illuminative devotions by their gold importing charity satiety radiancy the unitive eminences and it is the only ambition of THEOPHILA to offer these presents to her Beloved by whom her sin is purged her understanding enlightened her will and affections inflamed to the communion of all His glories Thus she by recollecting past creation present corruption and future beatifical vision endeavours to rouse us up from hellish security worldly solicitude and carnal concupiscence that, being raised we

may conform to the will submit to the power and sympathize with the Spirit of CHRIST by a total resignation of self comforts abilities ends and by the internal acts of love devotion contemplation, she makes Sense subservient to Reason Reason to Faith and Faith to the written Word By Faith she believes what He has revealed and yields Him up all her understanding by Hope she waits for His promises and refers to Him all her will By Charity she loves His excellences and resigns to Him all her affections And by all these she triumphs over sin death hell in the sensual world and by His virtue grate favour enjoys an eminent degree of perfection in the intellectual

## The Author's Prayer

O THOU most High distinct in Person undivided in Essence! Eternal Principle of all substances essential Being of all subsistences Cause of all causalities Life of our souls and Soul of our lives! Whose DEITY is as far beyond the comprehension of our reason as Thy omnipotency transcends our impotency We wretched dust acknowledge that Adams fall as it *deprived* us of all good so hath it *depraved* us with all evil for from our production to our dissolution our life if strictly discussed will be found wholly tainted always tempted with sin We discover our condition to be more corrupt than we can fully discover the sense of our sin stupefies us the sight of it reveals our blindness and the remembrance thereof doth put us in mind of our forgetfulness of Thee The number of our transgressions surpasseth our skill in arithmetic their weight is insupportable depressing us even to the abyss their guilt more extensive than anything but thy mercy O LORD we have loved darkness more than light because our deeds were evil<sup>1</sup> therefore Thou hast showed us terrible things, we have

sucked out the dregs of deadly wine<sup>1</sup> Our national crimes have extorted from Thy justice national judgements Our hellish sins inflame Thy wrath and Thy wrath inflames hell fire against us! We want so much of happiness of obedience (our beatitude consisting in a thorough submission of our determinations unto Thy disposings and our practice to Thy providence) which causeth us with humbly pressing importunity to implore Thy goodness (for His sake who of mere love took upon Him a nature of infirmities to cure the infirmities of our nature) that Thou wouldst give us a sense of our senselessness and a fervent desire of more fervency, and true remorse and sorrow for want of remorse and sorrow for these our sins Oh steer the mystical ship of Thy Church safe amidst the rocks and quicksands of schism and heresy superstition and sacrilege into the fair heavens of Peace and Truth<sup>1</sup> Give to Thy disconsolate Spouse melting in tears of blood the spirit of sanctity and prudence<sup>1</sup> May the light which conducts her to Thy celestial Canaan be never mocked by new false lights of apostatizing

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the Wise Men or Three Kings to whom Benlowes extends the form commonly reserved for the Persian monarch



## *Edward Benlowes*

hypocrisy, nor extinguished by barbarism! Thou, our FATHER, art the GOD of Peace, Thy SON, our SAVIOUR, the Prince of Peace, Thy SPIRIT, the Spirit of Peace, Thy servants, the children of Peace, whose duty is the study of Peace, and the end of their faith the Peace of GOD which passeth all understanding! Let all submit to Thy sceptre, adore Thy judgments, revere Thy laws, and love Thee above all, for Thine own sake, and others (even their enemies) for Thy sake, having Thee for our pattern, Thy precepts for our rule, and Thy Spirit for our guide

And now, in particular, I throw myself (who have unmeasurably swerved from Thy statutes) upon Thy mercies, beseeching Thee to give me a deep sense of my own unworthiness, and yet withal sincere thankfulness for Thy assistances grant that my sorrow for sin may be unfeigned, my desires of forgiveness fervent, my purpose of amendment steadfast, that so my hopes of Heaven may be advanced, and, what Thou hast sown in Thy mercy Thou mayst reap from my duty! Let religion and right reason rule as sovereign in me, and let the irascible and concupiscible faculties be their subjects! Give me an estate balanced between want and waste<sup>1</sup>, pity and envy, give me grace to spend my wealth and strength in Thy service, let all my melancholy be repentance, my joys spiritual exultations, my rest hope, my peace a good conscience, and my acquiescence in Thee! In Thee, as the principle of truth, in Thy Word as the measure of knowledge, in Thy law as the rule of life, in Thy promise as the satisfaction of hope, and in Thy union as the highest fruition of glory! Oh, Thou Spring of Bounty, who hast given Thy SON to redeem me, Thy HOLY SPIRIT to sanctify me, and THYSELF to satisfy me! give me a generous contempt of sensual delusions, that I may see the vanity of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, the shame of pleasures, the folly of sports, the inconstancy of honours, the danger of greatness, and the strict account to be given for all! Oh, then give me an un-

daunted fortitude, an elevated course of contemplation, a renunciation of spirit, and a sincere desire of Thy glory! Add, O LORD, to the cheerfulness of my obedience, the assurance of faith, and to the confidence of my hope, the joys of love! Oh, Thou who art the fountain of my faith, the object of my joy, and the rock of my confidence, guide my passion by reason, my reason by religion, my religion by faith, my faith by Thy Word, be pleased to improve Thy Word by Thy SPIRIT, that so, being established by faith, confirmed in hope, and rooted in charity, I may be only ambitious of Thee, praising Thee above the delights of men, love of women, and treasure of the world! Nothing being so precious as Thy favour, so dreadful as Thy displeasure, so hateful as sin, so desirable as Thy grace! Let my heart be always fixed upon Thee, possessed by Thee, established in Thee, true unto Thee, upright toward Thee, and entire for Thee! that being thus inebriated with the sweet and pure streams of Thy sanctuary, I may serve Thee to the utmost of each faculty, with all the extension of my will, and intention of my affections, till my love shall ascend from earth to Heaven, from small beginnings to the consummation of a well-regulated and never-ceasing charity! O GOD, who art no less infinite in wisdom than in goodness, let me, where I cannot rightly know Thee there reverently admire Thee, that in transcendencies my very ignorance may honour Thee! Let Thy HOLY SPIRIT inflame my zeal, inform my judgement, conform my will, reform my affections, and transform me wholly into the image and imitation of Thy only SON! Grant that I may improve my talent to Thy glory, who art the imparters of the gift, the blesser of the action, and the assister of the design! So that having sown to the Spirit, I may by Thy mercies and Thy SON'S merits (who is the Son of Thy love, the anchor of my hope, and the finisher of my faith) reap life everlasting! And now, in His only Name vouchsafe to accept from dust and ashes the oblation of this weak, yet willing service, and secure the pos-

<sup>1</sup> There is humorous pathos in this, considering what we are told of Benlowes' fortunes.

## *Theophila's Love-Sacrifice*

session to Thyself that sin may neither pollute the sacrifice, divide the gift, nor question the title Fill my mouth with praises for the e happy opportunities of contemplation the managing of public actions less agreeing with my disposition and though my body be retired yet let my soul be enlarged (like an uncaptured bird) to soar in the speculation of divine mysteries' Oh be praised for that in this general combustion of Christendom Thou hast vouchsafed me a little ZION as refuge in which my soul doth yet live to magnify Thee but above all for my redemption from the execution of Thy wrath by the execration of the SON of Thy love, having made innocence to become guilty to make the guilty innocent and the Sun of Righteousness to suffer a total eclipse to expiate the deeds of darkness Be Thou exalted for the myriads of Thy mercies in my travels through Europe as far

transcending my computation as compensation but chiefly for the hope Thou hast given me that when I have served Thee in humbly strict obedience to the glory of Thy Name Thou art pleased that I shall enter into the glory of my LORD to all eternity where I shall behold THINE in Thy majesty CHRIST Thy SON in His glory the SPIRIT in His sanctity the Hierarchy of Heaven in their excellency and the saints in their rest in which rest there is perfect tranquillity and in this tranquillity joy and in this joy variety and in this variety security and in this security immortality with Thee who reignest in the excellences of transcendency and in the infinite durations of a blessed eternity To whom with the image of Thy goodness and the breath of Thy love O most glorious TRINITY and ineffable UNITY be all sanctity and adoration sacrificed now and for evermore Amen Amen

INTO the most Holy Treasury  
Of the ever glorious praises  
Of the MEDIATOR between  
GOD and man CHRIST JESUS  
The empyrean flame of the Divinity  
Indefinable interminable ineffable  
The immaculate earth of the Humanity  
Inseparable inconfusable inconvertible  
Mysterious in an hypostatical Union  
Who is  
The true Light enlightening the World  
The Eternal WORD

By Energy incarnated  
{ Embrightening our knowledge  
{ Enlivening our Faith  
{ Quickening our Hope  
{ Infirming our Love  
Prostrated dust and ashe  
With an adoring awfulness and trembling veneration  
To his Infinite Majesty  
Doth humbly cast this mite  
(Acknowledging from GOD all opportunities of good) to be improved  
by His grace, to His glory<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The matter of these two cols is in orig continuous and arranged pedestal fashion But there is no frame as in the former case and it is therefore not certain that Benlowes intended the shape

## Canto II. The Humiliation

## THE ARGUMENT

Unde superbit Homo? ejus Conceptio, Culpa,  
 Nasci, Pœna, Labor, Vita, necesse mori  
 Totus homo pravus, Caro, Mens, Natura, Voluntas,  
 Cœlicus ast Hominis Crimina tollit Axiom

The Deform'd soul, deformed by sin, repents,  
 In pray'rs and tears, her grief she vents,  
 And, till faith cheer her by CHRIST's love, life, death, laments

## STANZA I

ALMIGHTY Power, who didst all souls  
 create,  
 Who didst redeem their fall'n  
 estate,  
 Who still dost sanctify, and them  
 redintegrate

## II

Source, river, ocean of all bliss,  
 instil  
 Spring-tides into my low-ebb'd  
 quill  
 Each graceful work flows from (what  
 works all grace) Thy Will

## III

LORD! Thou, before time, matter,  
 form, or place,  
 Wast all, ere nature's mortal race  
 Thyself, host, guest, and palace,  
 nature's total space.

## IV

When yet (though not discern'd)  
 in that abyss  
 Creator, Word, and Spirit of bliss,  
 In Unity the Trine, one GOD, ador-  
 ed is

## V

Ere Thou the crystal-mantled  
 Heav'n didst rear,  
 Or did the earth, Sol's bride,  
 appear,  
 First race of intellectuals mad'st,  
 Thee to revere

## VI

Praise best doth Inexpressibles  
 express

( 346 )

Soul, th' Architect of wonders  
 bless,  
 Whose all-creating Word embirth'd  
 a nothingness

## VII

Who, brooding on the deep, produc-  
 tion  
 Dispos'd, then call'd out Light,  
 which on  
 The formless world's rude face was  
 all dispers'dly thrown

## VIII

When callow Nature, pluck'd from  
 out her nest  
 Of causes, was awak'd from rest,  
 Her shapeless lump with fledg'd  
 effects He trimly drest

## IX

Then new-born day He gilt with  
 glittering sun  
 (Contracted light), with changing  
 Moon  
 He night adorn'd, and hung up  
 lamps, like spangled bullion

## X

The earth, with water mixed, He  
 separates  
 Earth plants brought forth, and  
 beasts all mates,  
 The waters fowl, and fish to yield  
 man delicates

## XI

Then did of th' elements' dust man's  
 body frame  
 A perfect microcosm, the same  
 He quickened with a sparkle of  
 pneumatic flame

XII

More heav'nly specified by life  
 from th' Word,  
 That Nature doth, this Grace  
 afford,  
 And Glory from the Spirit design'd  
 as threefold cord

XIII

Man ere a child, by infusion wise,  
 though He  
 Was of yet not for earth, though  
 free  
 Chancellor install'd of Eden's Uni-  
 versity

XIV

His virgin sister wife i' th' grove he  
 wood<sup>40</sup>  
 (Heav'n's nursery), new fruit his  
 food  
 Skin was his robe clouds wash'd  
 winds swept his floor

XV

Envy that God should so love man  
 first mov'd all good  
 Satan to ruin Heav'n's belov'd  
 The serpent devil'd Eve she's dam  
 to Adam prov'd

XVI

Both taste by tasting tasteless  
 both became  
 Who all would know knew nought  
 but shame  
 They blush for that which they  
 when righteous could not name

XVII

Still in our maw that apple's core  
 doth stick  
 Which they did swallow, and the  
 thick<sup>50</sup>  
 Rind of forbidden fruit has left  
 our nature sick

XVIII

Now serves our guiltiness as winding  
 sheet  
 To wrap up lepers cover meet  
 While thus stern vengeance docs  
 our wormships sadly greet

XIX

'Disloyal slaves look out see Mis-  
 chief revels,  
 Look in see your own den of evils  
 Look up see Heav'n's dread Judge  
 look down, see Hell's fierce  
 devils

XX

Created in God's image to look high  
 Corrupted like to brutes you lie  
 Perdition's from yourselves no cure  
 for those will die<sup>60</sup>

XXI

'Your beauty rottenness skinn'd o'er,  
 does show  
 Like to a dunghill blanch'd with  
 snow  
 Your glorious nature's by embasing  
 sin brought low

XXII

'Hence you the heavy doom of  
 death do gain  
 Enforc'd unto laborious pain  
 And th' Angel's flaming sword doth  
 you, expuls'd restrain

XXIII

Thus she reproach'd, yet more (alas)  
 remain'd,  
 Man's issue in his loins is stain'd  
 Sin set his throne in him and since  
 o'er all has reign'd

XXIV

Black sin<sup>1</sup> more hideous than green  
 dragon's claws<sup>70</sup>  
 Dun gryphon's talons swart bear's  
 paws  
 Than chequer'd panther's teeth or  
 tawny lion's jaws

XXV

Forfeit to the Creator's thus man's  
 race  
 And by the Word withdrawn is  
 grace  
 From him the Spirit of Glory turn'd  
 His pleasing face

<sup>45</sup> dam] Of course as a play on *da num* and perhaps with reminiscence of the actual French word Benlowes often shows Fr influences

XXVI

Yet that this second race, in fallen  
plight,  
Might not with the first be ruin'd  
quite,  
The Word doth interpose to stop th'  
incensèd Might

XXVII

Then undertakes for man to satisfy,  
And the sad loss of Grace supply  
That us He might advance to Glory's  
hierarchy. 81

XXVIII

Then Peace is preach'd i' th' woman's  
Seed, but then  
As men increase, so, sins of men,  
And actual on original heap'd, God's  
vev'd again

XXIX

Till drench'd they were in Deluge,  
had no shore,  
And burnt in Sodom-flames, of  
yore,  
Plagued in Egypt, plung'd into the  
gulf of Core,

XXX

And gnawn by worms in Herod  
sin's asp's womb,  
Plotter, thief, plaintiff, witness,  
doom,  
Sledge, executioner, hell's inmate,  
horror's tomb 90

XXXI

Misgotten brat! thy trains are  
infinite  
To ruin each entangled wight,  
Mischiefs ne'er rest in men, th' have  
everlasting spite

XXXII

Spite wageth war, then war turns  
law to lust,  
Lust crumbles faith into distrust,  
Distrust by causeless jealousy betrays  
the just,

XXXIII

The just are plunder'd by thy rage,  
thy rage

Bubbleth from envy, envy's page  
To thy misdeeds, misdeeds their  
own misfate engage

XXXIV

Thus link'd to Hell's thy chain!  
Curs'd be that need 100  
Makes sinners in their sins pro  
ceed

Shame, to guilt's forlorn hope, leads  
left-hand files Take heed

XXXV

God's fort (the conscience) in the  
worst does stand,  
Though sin the town keeps by  
strong hand,

Yet lies it open to the check at  
Heav'n's command

XXXVI

Hence Hell surrounds them in  
their dreams to fall  
Headlong they seem, then start,  
groan, crawl  
From furies, with excessive frights  
which them appal

XXXVII

Ne'er was more mischief, ne'er was  
less remorse,  
Never Revenge on his black horse  
Did swifter ride, never to God so  
slow recourse! 111

XXXVIII

The age-bow'd earth groans under  
sinners' weight,  
While guiltless blood cries to  
Heav'n's height,  
Justice soon takes th' alarm, whose  
steelèd arm will smite

XXXIX

Inevitable woes a while may stay,  
Vengeance is God's, who will  
repay  
The desperately wilful nor will  
long delay

XL

'Tis darkest near daybreak He will  
o'erturn  
Th' implacable, who mercy spurn

87 Cf A V Ep S Jude ver 11 'the gainsaying of Core' Benlowes obviously has  
the context in mind,

102 left-hand files] Perhaps one of the *military* passages which drew Butler's fire

Superlative abuses in th abyss shall  
burn 120

XLII

Death's hell Death's self out-deaths !  
Vindictive place !

Deep under depths ! Eccentric  
space !

Horror itself than thee wears a  
less horrid face !

XLIII

Where pride, lust rage (sin treble  
pointed) dwell

Shackled in red hot chains they yell  
In bottomless extremes of never  
slaking Hell !

XLIV

Riddle ! Compell'd at once to live  
and die !

Trying they freeze and freezing fry !  
On helpless hopeless easeless  
endless racks they lie !

XLV

And rave for what they hate !  
Cursing in vain 130

Yet each curse is a pray'r for pain  
For cursing still their woe they woo  
God's curse again !

XLVI

Devils and shrieks their ears their  
eyes affright !

There's blazing fire yet darkest  
night !

Still paying ne'er discharg'd Sins  
debt is infinite !

XLVII

Angels by one sin fell so man  
how then

May sinners stand ! Let's quit  
sins den

This moment's ours, life hastes  
away delays gangrene

XLVIII

Conviction ushers Grace, fall to  
prevent

Thy fall Time's forelock take,  
relent 140

Shall is to come and Was is past,  
then Now repent

XLVIII

Before the sun's long shadows span  
up night,

Ere on thy shaking head snows  
light

Ere round thy palsied heart ice be  
congeal'd quite,

XLIX

Ere in thy pocket thou thine eyes  
dost wear

Ere thy bones serve for calendar,  
Ere in thy hand's thy leg or silver  
in thy hair

L

Preventing physic use Think now  
ye hear

The dead awakening trump lo  
there

The queasy stomach'd graves dis  
gorge worms fat'ning cheer 150

LI

Sins sergeants wait t' attach you,  
then make haste

Lest you into despair be cast  
The JUDGE unsway'd take days at  
best, count each your last

LII

Time posts on loose rein'd steeds  
The sun ere t' face

Towest may see thee end thy race  
Death is a noun yet not declin'd  
in any case

LIII

The cradle's nigh the tomb That  
soul has woe

Whose drowsy march to Heav'n  
is slow

As drawling snails whose slime  
glues them to things below

LIV

Anathema to lukewarm souls Lo  
here 160

Theophila's unhing'd with fear  
Clamm'd with chill sweat when as  
her rankling sins appear

LV

Perplex'd in crime's meand'ring maze  
God's law

LV

Perplex'd in crime's meand'ring maze  
God's law

XLVIII XLIX] The poetry and the grotesque of the metaphysical style are well  
shown in this pair of stanzas

And guilt, that does strict judgement diaw,  
And her too carnal, yet too stony heart she saw

LVI

'Yet rocks may cleave,' she cries.  
Then weeps for tears,  
And grieves for grief, fears want of fears,

She hell, Heav'n's prison, views,  
distress, for robe, she wears

LVII

Deprav'd by vice, depriv'd of grace,  
with pray'r,

She runs Faith's course, breaks through Despair, 170  
O'ertakes Hope Broken legs by setting stronger are

LVIII

Shame, native Conscience, views that Holy One,

Who came from God to man undone,  
Whose birth produc'd a star, whose death eclips'd the sun

LIX

She sees Earth-Heav'n, Flesh-spirit,  
Man-God in stamp

Of Him who shakes, but does not cramp  
The bruised reed, snuffs puts not out the sputt'ring lamp

LX

She sees for creatures the Creator came

To die, the Shepherd prov'd the lamb  
For sacrifice, when Jews releas'd a spotted ram 180

LXI

She sees defamèd Glory, wrongèd Right,

Debasèd Majesty, crush'd Might,  
Virtue condemn'd, Peace robb'd,  
Love slain! and all by Spite

LXII

She streaming sees, like spouts,  
each broachèd vein

With gore, not to be match'd again!

( 350 )

Her grief thence draws up mists to fall in weeping rain

LXIII

Vast cares, long dumb, thus vent  
'Flow tears, Soul's wine,  
Juice of an heart oppress incline,  
LORD, to this heart-broke altar cemented with brine'

LXIV

'Remorseful clouds, dissolve in show'rs, 'tis blood 190  
Turns rocky hearts into a flood  
Eyes, keep your sluices ope. Heav'n best by tears is woo'd.

LXV

'Thou, who one shoreless sea of all didst make,

Except one floating isle, to take Vengeance on guilt, my salt flood rais'd, drown sin i' th' lake

LXVI

'Oh, how these words, "Arise to judgement," quell'

On wheels in torments broke I'd dwell,

So as by grace I might be sav'd from endless Hell

LXVII

'To Angel-intercessor, I'm forbid To pray, yet pray to One that did 200

Pray to Another for Himself when s blood-drops slid

LXVIII

'Father! Perfection's self in CHRIST does shine;

Thy justice then in Him confine,  
Through's merits make Thy mercies, both are endless, mine!

LXIX

'See not, but through's abstersive blood, my sin,

By which I being cleans'd within,  
Add perseverance 'Tis as hard to hold as win'

LXX

Her eyes are sentinels to pray'r, to moans

Her ears, her nose courts charnel-bones,

Her hands breast hammers are, her  
constant food is groans 210

LXXI

Her heart is hung with blacks, with  
dust she cloys

Her golden tresses weds annoys  
Breeds sighs bears grief which  
this like, sin snakes destroys

LXXII

Thus mounts she drizzling Olivet,  
the plains

Of Jericho she leaves (While rains  
The farmer wet they fully swell his  
earring grains)

LXXIII

She her own farmer stock'd from  
Heaven is bent

To thrive, care bout the pay-day spent

Strange! She alone is farmer, farm,  
and stock, and rent

LXXIV

The porcupine so s quiver, bow, and  
darts 220

To herself alone, has all war's  
arts,

Her own artillery needs no aid from  
foreign parts

LXXV

Sad votress! thy earth, of late o'er  
grown

With weeds is plough'd, till'd,  
harrow'd sown

The seed of grace sprouts up when  
Nature is kept down

LXXVI

Thy glebe is mellow'd with faith  
quick'ning juice,

The furrows thence hope blades  
produce

Thy valley cloth'd with Love will  
harvest joys diffuse

LXXVII

Live Phoenix from self death I'th  
morn who dies

To sin does but immortalize 230  
Who study death ere dead ere th

Resurrection rise

LXXVIII

Rachel thy children goal and crown  
have won

Fre they had skill or will to  
run

Blest, who their whole day's work  
in their life's morn have done

LXXIX

Like misty morn she rose in dew  
so found

She neer was, till this sickness  
sound

Till sin in sorrows flowing issue  
(tears) lay drown'd

LXXX

Soul's life blood tears prevailing  
pleaders time

Such rebels as by Eve did shame  
Man's glory only these the old

fall'n world new frame 240

LXXXI

Lust causeth sin sin shame shame  
bids repent

Repentance weeps tears sorrow  
vent

Sorrow shows faith Faith hope  
Hope love Love soul's content

LXXXII

Thus from bruised spices of her  
breast doth rise

Incense sweet smelling sacrifice  
Whilst she lifts up to Heaven her

heart her hand her eyes

LXXXIII

'I'm sick with trembling sunk with  
mourning blasted

With sinning and with sighing  
wasted,

New life begins to breathe, O joy  
too long untasted!

LXXXIV

'Twice didst new life (by breath  
by death) bestow 250

On man prevaricating who  
By yielding to a woman made man

yield to woe

LXXXV

'Then didst his soul restore (as first  
inspire)

With second grace, renewing fire



Whence he hath part again in Thy  
celestial quire

LXXXVI

'Once more for this Heav'n-denizen  
didst get

A never-fading coronet,  
Which was with two bright jewels,  
Grace and Glory, set

LXXXVII

'Twas at my blood-stain'd birth  
Thy Love said, *Live*

Links of Thy previous chain re-  
vive 260

Ev'n crumbled dust so, thou my  
soul from death relieve !

LXXXVIII

'CHRIST, th' unction art, Salvation  
JESUS, in

Thy death redemption, blood for  
sin

Gives satisfaction, Thy Ascension  
hope does win,

LXXXIX

'Thy session comfort Though I  
did offend,

LORD, fears disband, give grace  
t' amend,

That, hope, which reaps not shame,  
may rise, and peace descend

XC

'My pardon sign The spear pierc'd  
Thee's the pen,

Thy blood the ink, Thy Gospel then  
The standish is, Oh, let my soul

be paper clean ! 270

XCI

'Kind, angry LORD, since Thou dost  
wound, yet cure,

I'll bear the yoke, the cross endure,  
Lament, and love; and, when set  
free, keep conscience pure'

XCII

Thus mourns she, and, in mourning  
thus, she joys,

Ev'n that adds comfort which  
annoys,

Sighs turn to songs, and tears to  
wine, fear Fear destroys

XCIII

As holy flame did from her heart  
arise,

Dropt holy water from her eyes,  
While pray'r her incense was, and  
Love her sacrifice

XCIV

Arm ! arm ! she breaks in with  
strong zeal, the place 280

Sin quits, now garrison'd by Grace,  
Illustrious triumphs do the steps of  
victors trace

XCv

When the loud volleys of her pray'r's  
begin

To make a breach, they soon  
take in

The parapets, redoubts, and counter-  
scarps of sin

XCvi

At once she works and fights with  
lamp she waits,

Midst virgins, at the Bridegroom's  
gates,

With Him to feast her with His  
bridal delicates

XCvii

To Heav'n now goes she on her  
knees, which cry

Loud, as her tongue, much speaks  
her eye 290

Heav'n, storm'd by violence, yields  
Eyes, tongue, and knees scale  
high.

XCviii

'My last crave pardon for my first  
extremes,

Be prais'd, who crown'st my morn  
with beams,

Converted age sees visions, erring  
youth dreamt dreams

XCIX

'Religion's its own lustre, who this  
shun,

Night-founder'd grope at midday  
sun,

Rebellion is its own self torturing  
dungeon'

c

Man's restless mind God's image  
can't be blest

Till of this One this All, possesst  
Thou our Souls Centre art our  
everlasting REST!

300

Pars superata Freti Lucem præ  
bentibus Astris

Longior at nostræ Pars superanda  
Vix

Da DEUS ut Cursus suscepti nostra  
propinquet

Meta laboranti grata futura Rati

MAGNIFICAT ANIMA MEA DOMINUM

## Canto III The Restoration

### THE ARGUMENT

Lætier una Dies, JESU tua Sacra Canenti  
Quam sine Te melicis Secula mille Lyris  
Ut pateam Seclis omne petam super Omnia Cælum  
Da mihi Fræna Timor Da mihi Calcar Amor!

The author's rapture Grace is prais'd a flood  
Of tears is pour'd for Albion's blood  
Shed in a mist for smol[e] Micah's Peace is wood

### STANZA I

MUSE, twang the pow'ful harp and  
brush each string  
O th warbling lute and canzons  
sing

May ravish earth and thence to  
Heav'n in triumph spring

II

Noble Du Bartas, in a high flown  
trance

Observ'd to start from s'bed and  
dance

Said 'Thus by me shall caper all  
the realm of France

III

As vicious meteors fram'd of earthly  
slime

By motion fir'd like stars do  
climb

The woolly-curdled clouds, and  
there blaze out their time,

IV

Streaming with burnish'd flames  
yet those but ray

10

To spend themselves and light  
our way,

And panting winds to cool ours  
not their own lungs play

V

So [when] enliven'd spirits ascend  
the skies

Wasting to make the simple wise  
Who bears the torch himself shades  
lightens others eyes

VI

As I ust for Hell Zeal sweats to build  
for Heav'n

When fervent aspirations driv'n  
By all the soul's quick pow'rs to th't  
high search are giv'n

VII

High is the sphere on which Faith's  
poles are hinged

Pure Knowledge thou art not  
restringed,

20

Thy flames enfire the bushy heart  
yet leave t' unsinged

13 when] This is not in orig but there is a space before enlivened (not to mention the sense), and the metre requires something. The clash of *when* & *enlivened* probably puzzled the compositor. I have altered the full stop at *wise* to a comma but this is not necessary now, if *when* be inserted

VIII

Suburbs of Paradise! Thou saintly  
land  
Of visions, woo'd by Wisdom's  
band,  
By dull mules in gold-trappings how  
dost slighted stand!

IX

Whose world's a frantic sea, more  
cross winds fly  
Than sailor's compass knows,  
saints ply  
Their sails through airy waves, and  
anchor still on high

X

'Tis Holiness landst here, where  
none (distasted)  
Rave with guilt's dread, nor with  
rage wasted,  
Nor beauty-dazzled eyes with female  
wantons blasted 30

XI

No childish toys, no boiling youth's  
wild thirst,  
No ripe ambition, no accurst  
Old griping avarice, no doting  
sloth there's nurst

XII

No glutt'ny's maw-worm, nor the  
itch of lust,  
No tympany of pride, nor rust  
Of envy, no wrath's spleen, nor  
obduration's crust

XIII

No canker of self-love, nor cramp  
of cares,  
No schism-vertigo, nor night-  
mares  
Of inward stings affright, here lurk  
no penal snares

XIV

Hence earth a dim spot shows,  
where mortals toil 40  
For shot-bruis'd mud-walls (child-  
ish broil),  
For pot-gun cracks 'gainst ant-hill  
works, oh, what a coil!

XV

Where Glutt'ny is full gorg'd, where  
Lust still spawns,  
Where Wrath takes blood and  
Avarice pawns,  
Where Envy frets, Pride struts, and  
dull Remissness yawns

XVI

Where Mars th' ascendant's how  
realms shatter'd lie  
With scatter'd courts, beneath  
mine eye,  
Which show like atoms chasd by  
wind's inconstancy

XVII

Here, th' Universe in Nature's frame  
doth stand,  
Upheld by Truth and Wisdom's  
hand 50  
Zanzummims show from hence as  
dwarfs on Pigmy-land

XVIII

How vile's the world! Fancy, keep  
up thy wings  
(Ruffled in bustle of low things,  
Toss'd in the common throng), then  
acquiesce 'bove kings

XIX

Thus, thou being rapt, and struck  
with enthean fire,  
In sky's star-chamber strike thy  
lyre  
Proud Rome, not all thy Caesars  
could thus high aspire

XX

Man's spiritual state, enlarg'd, still  
widening flows,  
As th' Helix doth a circle shows  
Man's nat'ral life, which Death soon  
from its zenith throws 60

XXI

Heav'n's perspective is over-reas'n-  
ing Faith,  
Which soul-entiancing visions  
hath,  
Truth's beacon, fir'd by Love, Joy's  
empire open lay'th

24 mules] A reminiscence possibly of Philip's 'ass laden with gold' I note this as one of a thousand things that might be noted if the plan of this edition were different

XXII

This all informing Light : th' preg-  
nant mind

The babe Theophila enshrin'd  
Grace dawns when Nature sets  
dawn for fair day design'd

XXIII

Breathe in thy dainty bud sweet  
rose, tis Time  
Makes thee to ripened virtues  
climb

When as the Sun of Grace shall  
spread thee to thy prime

XXIV

When her life's clock struck twelve  
(Hope's noon) so bright  
She beam'd that queens admir'd  
her light

Viewing through Beauty's lantern  
her intrinsic light

XXV

As when fair tapers burn in crystal  
frame

The case seems fairer by the flame  
So does Heaven's brighter love  
brighten this lovely dame

XXVI

Her soul the pearl her shell out  
whites the snow

Or streams that from stretch'd  
udders flow

Her lips rock rubies and her veins  
wrought sapphires show

XXVII

Attractive graces dance about her  
lips,

Spice from those scarlet portals  
skips 80

Thence Gilead's mystic balm  
(Grief's sov'reign balsam) slips

XXVIII

Such precious fume the incens'd  
altar vents

So gums in air breathe compli-  
ments

So roses dmask'd robe prank'd  
with green ribbons scents

XXIX

Her eye amaze the viewers and  
inspire

10 hearts awarm yet chaste desire  
(As Sol heats all) yet feel they in  
themselves no fire

XXX

Those lights the radiant windows  
of her mind,

Who would portray as our  
may find

A way to paint the viewless poise  
the weightless wind 90

XXXI

But, might we her sweet breast  
Love's Eden see

On those snow mountlets apples-  
be

May cure those mischiefs wrought  
by the forbidden tree

XXXII

Her hands are soft as swanny  
down and much

More white whose temperate  
warmth is such

As when ripe gold and quickning  
sunbeam only touch

XXXIII

Ye sirens of the groves who perch'd  
on high

Tune gutt'ral sweets air minstrel's  
why

From your bough cradles rock'd  
with wind to Her dye fly?

XXXIV

See lilies gown'd in tissue simpler  
by her 100

With margolds in flaming tire  
Green satin'd bays with primrose  
fringed seem all on fire

XXXV

Th' art silver voic'd teeth pearl'd  
thy head's gold thatch'd

Nature's reviver Flora's patch'd  
Thoughtrick'd in May's new raiment  
when with thee she's match'd

91] This and the following stanzas give us (I say this not to say it again) one of the passages for which those who love poetry cannot spare Benlowes. It is one of the finest

XXXVI

THOU, chaste as fair, Eve ere she  
blush'd, from thee  
The lib'ral arts *in capite*,  
The virtues by knight-service, Graces  
hold in fee

XXXVII

A gracious soul, figur'd in beauty, is  
Best portraiture of heavenly bliss,  
Drawn to the life wit-feign'd Pan-  
dora vails to this 111

XXXVIII

So, Cynthia seems Star-chamber's  
President,  
With crescent splendour from Sol  
lent,  
Rallying her starry troop to guard  
her glittering tent

XXXIX

(Pearl'd dews add stars) Yet earth's  
shade shuts up soon  
Her shop of beams, whose cone  
doth run  
'Bove th' horned moon, beneath the  
golden-tress'd sun

XL

Wh' on sky, clouds, seas, earth,  
rocks doth rays disperse,  
Stars, rainbows, pearls, fruits,  
diamonds pierce,  
The world's eye, source of light,  
soul of the universe 120

XLI

Who glows like carbuncles, when  
wing'd hours  
Dandle the infant morn, which  
scours  
Dame Luna, with hertwinklingspies,  
from azure tow'rs

XLII

Thee, Theophil, Day's sparkling eye  
we call,  
Thy faith's the lid, thy love the  
ball,  
Beautying thy graceful mien with  
form angelical

XLIII

That lady-prioress of the cloister'd  
sky,  
Coach'd with her spangled vestals  
nigh,  
Vails to this constellation from  
divinity

XLIV

Virtue's her spring of honour, her  
Allies 130  
Are saints, Guard angels, Heav'n  
her prize,  
Whose modesty looks down, while  
thus her graces rise

XLV

Eugenia wit, Paidia art affords,  
Eusebia truth for her uphords  
(Poets have legislative pow'r of  
making words)

XLVI

Her heart's a court, her richly-  
temper'd breast  
A chapel for Love's regent Guest  
Here feasts she sacred poets, she  
herself a feast

XLVII

Ye bay-crown'd Lords, who dig from  
Wisdom's pits  
The ore of arts, and with your  
wits 140  
Refine't, who prop the dotting world  
in stagg'ring fits,

XLVIII

And in Fame's court raise obelisks  
divine,  
Such symphonies do ye combine,  
As may inspirit flesh with your soul-  
ravishing wine

XLIX

While Winter Autumn, Summer  
clasps the Spring,  
While tenter'd Time shall pæans  
sing,  
Your eagle-plumes (that others  
waste) shall imp Fame's wing

112 The political historian is sometimes severe on the Star-chamber the literary  
could collect a set of plays on the word which more than save it

133 Note the correct quantification of Paidia as compared with her sisters

134 Benlowes' note in the next line dispenses one from correcting 'uphoards'

## I.

The rampant juice of Teneriffe re  
crusts

Wildly the routed spirits so lutes,  
Harps viols organs ah! and trum  
pets drums and flutes! 140

## LI

Though Art should humour grum  
bling basses still

Tortring the deep-mouth'd cat  
lins till

Hoarse thund ring diapasons should  
the whole room fill

## LII

Yet those but string this lady's  
harp, she'll try

Each chord's tund pulse, till she  
descry

Where most harmonious Music's  
mystic soul does lie

## LIII

Now grace with language chimes  
Thrice blest who taste

Ther Heav'n on earth in Life's  
book grac'd,

Who leaving sense with sense their  
spirit with spirits have plac'd

## LIV

'With those divine patricians, who  
being not 160

Eclips'd with sense or body's spot  
Are in the spring of living flame  
seraphic hot

## LV

One taste gives joys! joys at which  
words but rove,

Schools purblind grope at things  
above

Cimmerian like on whose suns  
brow clouds darkly move

## LVI

'Heav'n's path are traceless by  
excess of light

O'er fulgent beams daz'd eyes be  
night

Say Ephata and clay's collyrium for  
my sight!

## LVII

'Transported in this ecstasy be  
friend

Me like the Stagirate to end  
My thoughts in that Parnassus none  
can comprehend! 171

## LVIII

This my tic chain oh lengthen'd  
still! imparts

Links fettering bove all time  
born arts

Such sweet divisions from tund  
strings may ravish hearts

## LIX

Best tenure holds by th' ear in  
Saul disguis'd

When Satan oft tarantuliz'd  
The psalming harp was bove the  
swaying sceptre priz'd

## LX

This Hymn Zeals burning fever  
does refine

My gross hydropic soul Divine  
Anthems unbowel bliss and angels  
down incline 180

## LXI

Angels shot forth the happiest  
Christmas news

Even CHRIST to warble hymns  
did use

When Heav'n's highst DOVE does  
soar He wings of verse doth  
choose

## LXII

No verse no text Since verse  
charms all, sing on

Let sermons wait till Psalms be  
done

Soul raisers ye prevent the Resur  
rection

## LXIII

But ah! in war (Writh's midwife)  
which does tire

Yet never fills the jaws of ire  
(Keen as the evening wolf) can  
she yet use her lyre?

152 catlins] So in orig and better for catgut than catlins which suggests  
kittens' For Benlowes interest in music see the subjoined poem on the subject

## LXIV

Yes She's unmov'd in earthquakes,  
 tun'd in jars 190  
 (Fear argues guilt), she stands  
 in wars,  
 And storms of thund'ring brass,  
 bright as coruscant stars

## LXV

Virtue's a balsam to itself Invoke  
 She Mercy did to oil steel's yoke  
 Thus, in an iron age, this golden  
 Virgin spoke

## LXVI

'Dread GOD! black clouds sur-  
 charged with storms, begin,  
 When purple robes hide scarlet  
 sin,  
 Ingrain'd from that life-blood, which  
 moated their souls in

## LXVII

'Our sea-girt world (once Fort'nate  
 Isle, oh, change  
 Deplorable!) t'itself seems strange,  
 Unthrifty Death has spread where  
 thriving Peace did range 201

## LXVIII

'War hath our lukewarm claret  
 broach'd with spears  
 LORD, save Thy ark from floods  
 of fears,  
 Or Thy sad spouse may sink as deep  
 in blood, as tears!

## LXIX

'She chaws bread steep'd in woes,  
 gulp'd down with cries,  
 She drinks the rivers of her eyes,  
 Plung'd in distress for sin, to Thee  
 she fainting flies

## LXX

'Tune th' Irish harp from sharps  
 to flats! Compose  
 Whatever vicious harshness grows  
 Upon the Scottish thistle, or the  
 English rose! 210

## LXXI

'No ramping lion its own kind  
 does fear,

No tusk'd boar, no rav'ning bear  
 Man, man's Apollyon, doth CHRIS1's  
 mystic Body tear

## LXXII

'Ye sons of thunder, if you'll need-  
 fight on,  
 Lead your fierce troops 'gainst  
 Turkish moon,  
 Out of the line of Faith's com-  
 munication

## LXXIII

'The large commanding Thracian  
 force defy  
 Like gun stocks, though your  
 corps may fly  
 To earth, your souls, like bullets,  
 will ascend on high

## LXXIV

'If GOD be then i'th' camp, much  
 more will He 220  
 In's Militant Church (His Temple)  
 be,  
 To chasten schism, and perversicacious  
 heresy

## LXXV

'LORD! rent's Thy coat, Love's type!  
 'This sads the good!  
 Though Presters, rudely fierce,  
 fain would  
 Be heard, Thou hat'st uncivil pray'r,  
 and civil blood

## LXXVI

'Ah, could dissembling pulpiteers  
 cry't good  
 To wade through seas of native  
 blood,  
 Break greatest ties, play fast and  
 loose, beneath Smect's hood!

## LXXVII

'By such were Catechisms, Com-  
 munion, Creeds  
 Disus'd! As March spawns frogs,  
 so, weeds 230  
 Sprung hence Worst Atheist from  
 corrupted Churchman breeds

224 Presters] Benlowes wanted a disyllabic form of 'Presbyter,' but one may be sure  
 that he was not sorry to suggest *Presters* John'

228 Smect] Of course = 'Smectymnuus'

## LXXVIII

Use the LORDS Pray'r be th  
Publican, recant  
The Pharisee or else avant  
With your six hundred sixty six word  
Covenant

## LXXIX

LORD they through faithless  
dreams the Feast disown  
Of Thy SON'S Incarnation!  
(Then whether will such Proteus  
tants at last be blown?)

## LXXX

That Feast of Feasts Archangels  
joy Heav'n here  
Espous'd to earth Saints bliss  
most dear  
Prerogative o th Church the grand  
day of the year 240

## LXXXI

Man first made good himself un  
made and then  
The Word made flesh must  
dwell with men  
That man thus worse than nought  
may better'd be again

## LXXXII

Dare to own truth Drones seiz'd  
the bees full bow'r,  
All's paint that butterflies deflow'r  
As ants improve so grasshoppers  
impair their hour

## LXXXIII

When pirate wasps sail to the  
honey'd grot  
They'll find a trap glass death  
i th pot  
I evites slight not your breast  
work for vain outworks got

## LXXXIV

We ken Kirk interest, Draco's laws  
recall 250  
Repair the old Church, Saints the  
wall  
True Pastors conduits Grace the  
font Love cements all

## LXXXV

Pass freely would we of oblivion  
An Act and pardon all bygone  
Would you smite hand on thigh and  
say What have we done!

## LXXXVI

Truth's pensioners! your flocks  
bleat food they need  
CHRIST'S flesh their meat, blood  
drink indeed  
View Glory's crown, in season out  
of season feed

## LXXXVII

'Ye friends to th Bridegroom  
stewards to the Bride  
With oracles of truth us guide 260  
Truth blesseth Church and State  
faithful till crown'd abide

## LXXXVIII

So when the Judge with His reward  
appears  
You'll reap in joy what's sown in  
tears  
Moist seed times crown the fields  
with golden bearded ears

## LXXXIX

Judge Advocate to th wrong'd!  
sure Thou to guilt  
Which would unmake Thy crea  
tures wilt  
Be just when inquisition's made for  
blood that's split

## XC

At our ears port land Peace and  
Truth! Oh then  
Welcome as Sol to th Russ'in s  
den!  
As shore to shipwreck'd as to towns  
dismantled, men! 2,0

## XCI

Oh might a second angel choir  
ne'er cease  
To worms worn out with War's  
distress  
To sing in all men's hearing their  
blest song of Peace!

234 The number of the Beast

250 ken] S ironically as well as alliteratively no doubt

237 Protestants] See Introduction



XCII

'Peace! Home of pilgrims, first song  
at Christ's birth,  
Peace, His last legacy on earth;  
Peace, gen'ral preface to all good,  
Peace, saints' true mirth

XCIII

'Love, thou support to martyrs! as  
jet straw,  
So us to our Belov'd dost draw,  
Thou art gold's true elixir, thou  
summ'st up the law

XCIV

'Who can Divine Love speak in  
words of sense? 280  
Since, man, as ransom'd, angels  
thence

Transcends! Such is Christ's pas-  
sion's high pre-eminence!'

XCV

Here did she seal her lips, unsluice  
her eyes  
To flowing rhet'ric, and describes  
The world's a cask, its wine false  
mirth, its lees fool's prize

XCVI

And now, by limpid spring of life-joy,  
where  
Crystal is limbeck'd all the year,  
To God she would her Heav'n-  
ascending raptures rear.

XCVII

Taught hence, misguided Zeal,  
whom heats dispose  
To animosities, may close, 290

And bloody Fury's converts be, by  
pond'ring those

XCVIII

Harmonious Beauty, feast our ear!  
They're kings  
At least, who hear when Love  
thus sings.  
Love, to high Grace's key screws up  
low Nature's strings

XCIX

Love, thou canst ocean-flowing  
storms appease,  
And such o'ergrown Behemoths  
please,  
As tax the scaly nation, and excise  
the seas

C

If, Theophil, thy Love-Song can't  
assuage  
The fate incumbent on this age,  
No time to write, but weep, for we  
are ripe for rage! 300

Ite sacrosanctæ Tabulata per Alta  
Carinæ,  
Non opus est Fluvius, Lintea pan-  
do Mari  
Ite Rates Ventis, quo vos rapit Aura,  
secundis  
Brittica Cymba pias findat Amoris  
Aguas

ANIMARUM SPONSUS IESUS

## Canto IV The Inamoration

## THE ARGUMENT

O Deus aut nullo caleat mihi Pectus ab Igne !  
 Aut solo caleat Pectus ab Igne Tui !  
 Languet ut Illa Deo mihi Mens simul æmula languet !  
 Cœlitus ut rapitur me Violenta rapit !

She onset makes first with love-darts aloof  
 Then with Zeal's fireworks storms Heaven's roof  
 Whose Faith's shield and Salvation's helmet are hell proof

## THEOPHILAS SOLILOQUY :

## STANZAS I II

When Heaven's Love paramount  
 Himself reveals,  
 And to the suppliant soul her pardon  
 seals

At fear'd Hope's doubtful gate which  
 trembling fell

(Who heavenward sails coasts by the  
 Cape of Hell)

That her He deigns to take she joys  
 in woes

To have in labour pass'd the partu-  
 rition throes

## III IV

All travail pangs all new birth heart  
 deep groans

All after births of penitential moans  
 Are swallow'd up in living streams of  
 bliss

When as the Heaven born hear the  
 new man is

By th' quick'ning Spirit of the High st  
 re born

Time past hath pass'd her night  
 present presents her morn

## V VI

See joy in light see light in joy oh  
 see

Poor worthless maid fruit brought  
 thee from Life's tree

By th' Spouse and Spirit saints sole  
 supporters ! Rise

Then Hell's apostate and be heav'n  
 ly wise

Thou art (let's interpledge our souls)  
 my One

My All though not by unity by  
 union !

## VII VIII

Ineffably mysterious knot begun

Saints mount as dew allur'd by  
 beck'ning sun

Love's faithful friends what parallels  
 your guard

Where Truth is sentinel and Grace  
 the ward ?

The way is flow'r strown where the  
 guide is Love

His Spirit with you below your  
 spirit with Him above

## IX X

Reciprocal excess of joy ! Then soar  
 My soul to Him who man became

no more  
 Took sin itself to cleanse thy sullied  
 clay

But took it only to take it away  
 O Self Donation ! peerless Gift un  
 known !

Now since that He is thine be never  
 thou thine own !

## XI XII

O prodigy of great and good ! Faith  
 sound

This Love's abyss that does so  
 strangely bound

The arrangement in orig is curious The stanzas are printed as here and as they  
 clearly must be in six line groups But only the odd numbers (1 3 &c) are put at the  
 heads and the even (2 4 &c) accompany the fourth line of each stanza at the side

Almightiness Itself! From whose  
veins, see,  
Unsluic'd, Love's purple ocean, when  
His free  
Red-streaming life did vanquish  
Death and Hell!  
That thou might'st live, He died!  
That thou might rise, He fell!

XIII, XIV

God so lov'd man, that naturalists  
may deem  
God to set man before Himself did  
seem!  
When man, with seeing blind, 'gainst  
God arose,  
And slew his only Friend, God  
sav'd his foes!  
Sol mourn'd in blacks! Heav'n's  
Viceroy, Nature, swounded!  
Excess Love's reason was, Immensity  
Love bounded!

XV, XVI

Ye twins of light, as sunflow'rs be  
inclin'd  
To th' Sun of Righteousness, let  
Taste, refin'd,  
Like nothing as Love's Heav'nly  
Manna, and  
Let all but CHRIST feel rough, as  
Esau's hand,  
Let nought like's garment smell  
let ears rejoice,  
But in expressless dictates of Love's  
whispering voice!

XVII, XVIII

He's thy bright sun, 'twixt whom,  
and thy soul's bliss,  
Thy earthy body interposèd is, 50  
Whereby such dread eclipses causèd  
are,  
As fam'd astronomers can ne'er  
declare  
Yet oft He shines, then, vanish ser-  
vile fears,  
Then, heav'nward filial hopes dry up  
thy trickling tears

XIX, XX

Spiritual light spirituals clears in  
Heav'n

Thou'lt view that full, what now by  
glimpse, like Steph'n,  
Thou canst but spy, there, shalt  
thou face to face,  
His light, His joy, His love, His  
pow'r, His grace,  
And His all-filling glory clearly see  
In optic emanations from Eter-  
nity! 60

XXI, XXII

I' th' ring of boundless lustre, from  
whose ray  
This petty world gleaneth its peep of  
day  
Thou shalt be crown'd with wreaths  
of endless light  
Here, oft's an interview in heat, and  
might,  
By inter-lucidations from above,  
Twining embraces with's ensphering  
arm of love!

XXIII, XXIV

Most blessed souls, to whom He  
does appear,  
Folded within your arms, chaste  
Hemisphere!  
Oh, condescend! How's lips shed  
love! life! merit!  
He makes His angels court of guard!  
By's Spirit 70  
He crowns you with His grace! So,  
with His blood,  
When He redeem'd you, and con-  
sign'd His Flesh for food!

XXV, XXVI

Meat came from th' eater, from the  
strong did dew  
Sweetness, when as, incomparably  
true,  
Omnipotency's Self did largely shed  
His mystic oil of joy upon thy head  
Then, trample sin in Babylon's gold-  
en cup,  
Treasures away she trifles, trifles  
treasures up

XXVII, XXVIII

Oil of this lamp, obsequious soul,  
lights thee  
To thine approaching Heav'n! In  
sanctity 80

Be actuated then being up assum'd  
By this bright sun with this rich oil  
perfum'd

Th' art prepossess'd with heav'nly  
comforts which

With their soul cheering sweets both  
ravish and enrich

XXIX XXX

Poor panting heart Love's seat  
yearn for Joy's pith!

To have (thy highest bliss!) com-  
munion with

The Father and the Son one Spirit  
with CHRIST!

And one in Them as They are One!  
Thou fly'st

Through grace to glory! Vision shall  
sublime

Thy faith Fruition hope Eternity  
thy time!

90

### THEOPHILAS LOVE SONG

XXXI XXXII

Self! oh how mean an harmony it  
breeds!

JESUS! All names this Name of  
names exceeds!

This Name's God's mercy at full  
sea-tis Love's

High tower Joy's loadstone this my  
spirit moves

Hark! Rise my love my fair one  
come away

Ling'ring breeds loss I am thy  
Leader Light and Way

XXXIII XXXIV

What speed Speed's self can make  
soul fly withal

Greatness and goodness most mag-  
netical!

Shoot like a flash of fire to th' ruby  
wine

His precious blood transcendently  
Divine!

100

(How poor those costly pearls were  
drunk by some)

My LORD drink Blood to me! Let  
It to th' world's health come!

XXXV XXXVI

All hope's unanchor'd but in Tha  
Thou art

Bove Indies womb rich to my love  
sick heart!

Flesh fair endowments are but skin  
deep brags

Varnish'd corruption, wealth is but  
Care's bags

The bag imposthum'd chokes Gold  
Beauty Fame

Are sublunary mists to Saints sera-  
phic flame

XXXVII XXXVIII

JESUS! This fans my fire which has  
at best

But grains of incense pounds of  
interest

110

Go int'rest take the principal Thine  
own

Divine Love loves Thy loveliness  
alone!

What flames to Thine proportionable  
be!

LORD hadst not first lov'd man man  
could not have lov'd Thee!

XXXIX XL

Why lov'st us but because THOU  
wouldst? Oh why

For lepers would the Undeild'd die?  
That pen was dipt i th' standish of

thy Blood

Which wrote th' indenture of our  
termless good!

O Love b'ove wish! Never such Love  
enroll'd!

Who think their utmost flames  
enough for Thee are cold

120

XLI XLII

Whose Highness did not to be low  
disdain

Yet when at lowest highest did  
remain!

Who bow'dst Heav'n's altitude re-  
fresh with flow'rs

With JESSE'S sov'reign flow'r my  
fainting pow'rs

Which sink (as shaft-struck hart emboss'd) twixt grief,  
And joy grief for my sin, joy for Thy free relief

XLIII, XLIV

Wrack'd is with bitter-sweet extremes my mind,  
Shell'd, sheath'd, cag'd, coffin'd in her treacherous friend,  
Her always tempting mass of flesh she bears,  
Her hopes, did they not sprout from Thee, were fears 130  
Hope, Thou perfume of lovers, for Thy sake

Love's generous, throws at all life's but a petty stake,

XLV, XLVI

Scarce worth the prize Love makes two spirits but one,

Me, counterpart to Thy indenture, own,

I, active then as light, tread air and flame,

Without or wing, or chariot, and disclaim

All the faint sweets of earth Thy Spirit views

How in Love's torrid zone Thy swelling martyr stews

XLVII, XLVIII

Row me, ye dove-wing'd oars, whom Hope does buoy,

To wish'd-for hav'n, flowing with tides of joy 140

Yet wish I not, my Joy, Thy joys above,

Merely for joy, nor pleasures of Thy Love,

Only for love of pleasure No, let free

Spiritual languors teem ! fruitful, yet virgins be !

XLIX, L

Give, give me children, or I die ! Love, rest

Thy head upon the pillows of my breast !

When me Thou shalt impregn'd with virtues make

( 364 )

A fruitful Eden, all the fruitage take !  
Thy passion, Jonathan, below did move,

Rapt spirits, in high excess, flame with intensest love ! 150

LI, LII

My life is hid with Thee in GOD ! Descry

Thyself, O Thou, my plighted Spouse, that I

May ever glorious be ! That my joy'd soul

With Thee may make up marriage ! and my whole

Self Thee for Bridegroom have ! My hope still sends

Up 'Come,' that I may enter with Thy feasted friends !

LIII, LIV

Oh, that long-long'd for Come ! oh, Come ! mine eyes,

Love's sentinels, watch, like officious spies !

Strike sparks of joy t' inflame Love's tinder ! make

The exile view her home, the dreamer wake ! 160

Tears raise the fire of Love ! Ease sighs of air,

Fire's passion, wat'ry tears, and earthy self-despair !

LV, LVI

My sighs, condens'd to drops, compute hours spent !

Cancel the lease of my clay-tenement, Which pays dear rent of groans ! oh,

grant a writ

Of ease ! I languish out, not live ! Permit

A pass to Sion's Mount ! But, I resign

My green-sick will, though sick of Love, to that of Thine !

LVII, LVIII

Waitings, which ripen hopes, are not delays,

Presence how great, how true's Love, absence says 170

While lungs my breath shall organ, I'll press still

Th exinanition of my o ergrown will  
'Behold I quickly come O erjoy d  
I m here !

Oh Come ! Till then, each day s an  
age each hour a year

LIX, LX

JESU ! (That Name s Joy s essence !)  
hasten on !

Throngamoroussighs for dissolution !  
Fastidious earth avaut, with love  
plumes soar

My soul to meet thy Spouse Canst  
wish for more ?

Only come ! give a RING ! Re echo  
then

Oh Come Even so LORD JESU  
Come ! Amen Amen 180

LXI

Who s this inamor d vot ress ? Like  
the morn

From mountain unto mountain  
born ?

Who first with night drops dew d  
seem d turtle dove forlorn ?

LXII

But now ere warpèd body near  
decay

Stands bow like bent to shoot  
away

Her soul ere prone looks kiss her  
grave ere her last day

LXIII

She (Love fill d) wants no mate has  
rather one

Body too much I th Spirit s  
throne

CHRIST s peace is fullest quire ! Such  
loneness, least alone !

LXIV

When soft flying Sleep Death s sister  
wings does spread 190

Over that curtain d grave her bed

Then with prophetic dreams the  
Highest crowns her head

LXV

Behold a comely Person clad in  
white

The all enlight ning sun less  
bright

Than that illustrious Face of His  
which blest her sight

LXVI

To her in Majesty, His way HE  
broke

And softly thus to her HE spoke  
'Come come away My JESUS  
says she So she woke

LXVII

Her pray rs more passionate than  
witty rise

As Sol s postilion bright her  
eyes 200

Wrestling with God for grace bedew  
Love s Paradise

LXVIII

Betimes when keen breath d winds  
with frosty cream

Periwig bald trees glaze tattling  
stream

For May games past white sheet  
*peccavi* is Winter s theme

LXIX

Those daybreaks give good morrows  
which she takes

With thanks so doubly good  
them makes

Who in God s promise rests in God s  
remembrance wakes

LXX

Saints nothing more saints nothing  
less regard

Than LOVE s SELF than self love  
unscar d

Though rack d into an anagram their  
souls being spar d 210

LXXI

Through virtuous self mistrust they  
acted move

190 Death s sister] The substituti n of s ster for the usu l brother though obv ous  
is not trivial and st l l ss unpoeti al Grammar p evented t in the classical languages  
our happy fre dom therefrom allows it. And the attributes of Sleep are certainly  
more f m n e than masculine

194 sun] I sh uld l ke to read sun s

Like needle, touch'd by th' stone  
of Love  
Blest magnet, which attracts, and  
souls directs Above !

LXXII

Were she but mortal, she were satis-  
fied,

So GOD liv'd in her, till she died ,  
His Word, her deed , His Will, her  
warrant, both, her guide

LXXIII

Thus, this Devota breathes out  
yearning cries

'Let not dust blind my sensual  
eyes,

When as my spirit's energy trans-  
cends the skies !

LXXIV

'Virtues raise souls All's filial to  
Above ,

220

Low'st step is mercenary love ,  
Fraternal are the sides that Saint's  
ascent improve

LXXV

'Manna to my enamour'd soul, art  
THOU !

The Spirit of Heav'n, distill'd,  
does flow

From Thy aspect, by that, from  
brutes, we angels grow

LXXVI

'Had I, oh, had I many lives, as  
years ,

As many loves, as love hath fears ,  
All, all were Thine, had I as many  
hearts, as hairs !

LXXVII

'From THEE my joy-extensions  
spreading flow ,

Dilating, as leaf-gold ! be n't  
slow,

230

O, THOU, my All, and more ! Love-  
lorn, THEE still I woo !

LXXVIII

'The widow press'd, till THEE to grant  
she bound ,

The virgin sought Thee, till she  
found ,

The publican did knock, till opening  
knocking crown'd

LXXIX

'Though nought but dross I in my-  
self can spy,

Yet melted with Thy beaming Eye,  
My refuse turns to gold, by mystic  
alchemy ,

LXXX

'Then, whet thy blunt scythe, Time,  
and wing thy feet

Life, not in length, but use, is sweet  
Come, Death (the body brought abed  
o[f] th[e] soul), come, fleet !

LXXXI

'Be pulse, my passing-bell , be skin,  
my hearse

Night's sable curtains that disperse  
The rays of day, be shroud dew's,  
weep my funeral verse !

LXXXII

'Pity me, love-sick virgins !' Then,  
she swoon'd ,

O'ercome with zeal, she sunk to  
th' ground

Darts of intolerable sweets her soul  
did wound

LXXXIII

She lay with flaming Love impierc'd  
to th' heart

Wak'd, as she bled, she kist the  
dart ,

Then sigh'd 'Take all I am, or  
have ! All, All Thou art !'

LXXXIV

Then, sunk again Reviv'd, Love's  
bow she bent,

250

And married string to shaft, and  
sent

Ejaculations, which the skies, like  
lightning, rent

LXXXV

Piercing them through (feather'd  
with sighs) to show

She little paid, yet much did owe  
The feathers sung, and fir'd, as they  
did upward go

LXXXVI

No ice fring'd cloud may quench  
Love's soaring flame

Love is more strong than death,  
or shame

Grown up all soul the flesh sinks in  
a triple quailm

XXXXVII

I charge ye Sion Virgins let her still  
Enjoy her disencloister'd fill 260  
In these high ecstasies of Union and  
Will.

XXXXVIII

'Do not with claps of hands or noise  
of feet,  
Awake her from what is more sweet  
Till the bright rising day star light her  
to Heav'n's street

XXXXIX

Yield her what her unfetter'd  
rapture gives  
Since she's more where she loves  
than lives  
Transanimations scaling Heav'n,  
break carnal gyves

XC

In Love's triumphant chariot plac'd  
she is,  
Concentric are her joys with his  
Encharioted in fire her spirit Heav'n  
ripe for bliss 20

XCI

They're only found who thus are lost  
in trance  
Transported to the high st advance  
With him who was in spirit rapt to  
expressless glance

XCII

Return'd she cried Oh slay me  
thus again!  
Ne'er lives she who thus ne'er is  
slain!  
How sweet the wounds of Love! No  
pleasure to Love's pain!

XCIII

'In furnac'd heat Pyrausta like I  
fry!  
To live is faith! tis gain to die!  
One life's enough for two! Thou  
liv'st in me not I!

XCIV

'How midst regalia of Love's ban  
quet I 280  
Dissolve in Sweet's extremity!  
O languors! Thus to live is in pure  
flames to die!

XCV

Three kings three gifts to th' King  
of kings did bring  
Myrrh incense gold to Man Con-  
king  
For myrrh tears incense pray'rs  
gold take Love's offering!

XCVI

Oh take Love's heart-tomb! Then  
through her eyes  
Did Love enamouring passions rise  
High st'Clory crowns Theophila's  
love sacrifice

XCVII

Not she Mortality alone did die  
Deaths but translation to the  
sky 290  
All virtues fir'd in her pure breast  
their spicery

XCVIII

As when Arabians wonder spices  
brings  
Which fann'd to flames by her own  
wings  
She from the glowing holocaust in  
triumph springs

XCV

So Virtue's pattern (priestess altar  
fire  
Incense and victim) up did spire.  
Victorix Victorix sung all Heav'n's  
quire

C

She echoing (echo which does all  
surpass!  
God's sight is Glory's looking  
glass!) 299  
Magnificens Hosannas Halleluiah's!

277 Pyrausta] *μυρα στήνης* a moth that is sing'd in a flame and thus a sort of salamander

87 Lov] So in orig Love enamouring making Love Himself love seems very like Benloves

300 Halleluiah's] Five syllable



Pars Cursûs emensa mei, Pars restat  
aranda  
Ex æquo Metam Vesper & Ortus  
habent

Ergo per immensos properent cava  
Lintea Fluctus  
Jactatam capiant Littora sancta  
Ratem !

AMANS ANIMÂ SATIATUR AMANTIIS

## Canto V. The Representation

### THE ARGUMENT

Mundus Opes, Animam Cœlum, Terramque resumpsit  
Terra DFUS, Vitam cum tulit, Ipse dedit  
Solut Amor facit esse DFUM, Quem, Mente capaci,  
Si Quis conciperet, posset et esse DELS

The Author's vision, her ascent, Heav'n's place  
Descried, where reigns all glorious Grace,  
Where's all-sufficient Good, the sum of Bliss she has

#### STANZA I

I'M vile, a thing impure, Corruption's  
son,

Earth-crawling worm, by sin un-  
done,

Whose suppliant dust doth own its  
shame, and t' Heav'n doth run

#### II

Grace, intervene'twixt sin and shame,  
and tie

A hopeful bliss to misery !

LORD, pardon dust and ashes both,  
yea worse, am I !

#### III

Though dust, Thy work though clay,  
Thy Hand did turn

This vessel, and, though ashes,  
th' Urn

Thou art, them to restore when sky  
and earth shall burn

#### IV

Whilst that my Heav'n-allied soul  
does stay

10

Wholly on Thee, not Europe's sway  
Can elevate my wish, like one grace-  
darted ray

#### V

Meet, meet my prison'd Soul's  
address ! oh, might

She view, through mould'ring earth,  
Thy Sight !

( 368 )

Grace perfects Nature's want say  
here, 'Let there be light !'

#### VI

Then, though in flesh my spirit  
prison'd be,

She may by Faith ascend to THEE,  
And up be rais'd, till she shall mount  
to liberty

#### VII

Clear-sighted Faith, point out the way,  
I will

Neglect curl'd Phrase's frizzled  
skill

20

Humble Devotion, lift thou up my  
flagging quill,

#### VIII

Which faints at first approach, my  
faith's too light

To move this mountain, reach  
this height

Can squeaking reeds sound forth the  
organ's full delight?

#### IX

I'm mute, for only light can light  
declare,

A diamond must a diamond square,  
Yet, where I dare not speak, there yet  
adore I dare

#### X

Ear has not heard, nor eye has seen,  
nor can

Man's heart conceive (vast heart of  
man)  
The riches treasur'd up in Glory's  
ocean! 30

XI  
Tomes full of mystic characters  
enfense

Those seas of bliss! To write to  
sense  
Heav'n's chronicle would ask a  
Heav'n'd intelligence

XII  
How then from flood of tears may  
an ark'd dove try

Its vent'rous pinions to descry  
That land unknown to Nature? Vast  
Eternity!

XIII  
Fear gulfs unfathomable nor desire  
Ere of God's court thou art t' as-  
pire

To be of s' council, pry not but with  
awe admire

XIV  
Dwarf words do limp do derogate  
do scan 40  
Nor height, nor depth Since Time  
began

What constitutes a gnat was ne'er  
found out by man

XV  
Dares mortals' slime with rude tongue  
express

What ev'n Celestrals do confess  
Is inexpressible? Thou clod of earth  
first guess

XVI  
In like degrees from equinoctial  
track

Why men are tawny white and  
black?

Why Bactria's camel two? Arab's one  
bunch on s' back?

XVII  
Canst lead Leviathan with a silken  
string?

Canst cover with a hornet's wing o  
Behemoth? Canst thou seas into a  
nutshell bring?

XVIII  
Canst motion fix? countsands? recall  
past day?

Show height, breadth length o' th  
spreading ry?  
Discardinate the spheres? and rapid  
whirlwinds stay?

XIX  
Tell tell how pond'rous Earth's huge  
propless ball

Hangs poised in the fluent hall  
Of fleeting air? how clouds sustain'd  
are from fall?

XX  
How burnt the Bush when verdure  
cloth'd its fire?

How from the rock rod struck in  
ire

Did cataracts gush out? How did the  
sea retire? 60

XXI  
Canst thou take post horse with the  
coursing sun

And with him through the zodiac  
run?

How many stages be there ere the  
race be done?

XXII  
Then tell how once he shot his beams  
down right

From the same zenith while for  
night

Mortals stood gazing at a doubled  
noonday's light?

XXIII  
Tell how that planet did in after days  
Turn Cancer shooting Parthian  
rays

Ten whole degrees revers'd which  
did the world amaze

XXIV  
Poor thingling man! Propitious  
Heav'n assign o

Some angel for this high design!  
Heav'n's history requires at least a  
Seraphin

XXV  
Oh might some glorious Spirit then  
retire

And warble to a sacred lyre

The Song of Moses and the Lamb in  
Heav'n's full quire !

XXVI

'Twas at Night's noon, when sleepth'  
oppress'd had drown'd ,

But sleepless were oppressors  
found ,

'Twas when Sky's spangled head in  
sable veil was bound

XXVII

For thievish Night had stole, and  
clos'd up quite,

In her dark lantern, starry light  
No planet seen to sail in that dead  
ebb of Night 81

XXVIII

When, lo, all-spreading rays the room  
surround !

Like such reflections, as rebound,  
Shooting their beams to th' sun, from  
rocks of diamond

XXIX

This, to a wonder, summonèd my  
sight,

Which dazzled was at so pure light !  
A Form angelic there appear'd  
divinely bright !

XXX

I wish'd myself more eyes to view this  
gleam ,

I was awake, I did not dream ,  
Too exquisite delight makes true  
things feignèd seem 90

XXXI

Model of Heav'n it was, I floated long  
'Twixt joy and wonder, passion  
strong,

Wanting due vent, made sight my  
speech, and eyes my tongue !

XXXII

Oft, my rapt soul, ascending to the eye,  
Peep'd through upon Angelity,  
Whose blaze did burnish'd plate of  
sparkling Sol outvie !

XXXIII

If gracious silence shin'd forth any-  
where

With sweet aspect, 'twas in this  
sphere ,

The soul of sweetness, and the spirit  
of joys mix'd here

XXXIV

From out Love's wing he must a  
pencil frame, 100

Who, on Time's cloth, would paint  
this flame

None can portray this glorious draft  
but who's the same

XXXV

Veil then, Timanthes-like, this guess'd  
at face,

(The curtain of that inward grace),  
Whose forehead with diaphanous  
gold impall'd was

XXXVI

For, starry knobs, like diamonds, did  
attire

That front with glory, and conspire  
To lavish out their beams, to radiate  
that fire

XXXVII

Whose amber-curling tresses were  
unbound,

And, like a glittering veil, spread  
round, 110

And so about the snowy shoulders  
sweetly wound

XXXVIII

Whose robe shot forth a tissue-  
waving shine,

Which seem'd loose-flowing, far  
more fine

Than any interwoven silk with silver  
twine

XXXIX

With gracious smile, approaching  
nearer, sat

This glorious thing oh, humble  
state !

Yet, on the Vision inexpressive rays  
did wait

XL

'Twas glorified Theophila sat there  
I, mute, as if I tongueless were,

103 Timanthes] Orig 'Timantes' The story of the picture of the sacrifice of  
Iphigenia is well known

Till her voice music drew my soul  
into mine ear 120

XLII

'Twas bove lutes sweetest touch,  
or richest air!

I bring thee things (says she)  
are rare

All subcelestial streams drops to  
this ocean are.

XLIII

Hear first my progress Loos'd  
from Nature's chain

And quit from clay I did attain  
Swift as a glancing meteor to  
th aerial plain

XLIII

Where passing through I did  
perfume the air

With sacred spice and incens'd  
prayer

While grateful clouds their liquid  
pearl as gift prepare

XLIV

I spare t unlock those treasures of  
snow 130

Or tell what paints the rainy bow  
Or what cause thunders lightnings  
rains or whence winds flow

XLV

Those regions pass'd where beard  
ed comets light

The world to fatal woes a bright  
Large orb of harmless fire inflam'd  
my heav'nward flight

XLVI

To azure arch'd sky ascends my soul  
(Thence view I North and South  
ern Pole)

Where globes in serpentine yet  
order'd motions roll

XLVII

Thence by the changing Moon's  
alternate Face

Up through unwear'd Phosphor's  
place 140

I mount to Sol's diurnal and his  
annual race

XLVIII

By whose propitious influence things  
are

Quickened below this monarch  
star

Making his progress through the  
signs, unclouds the air

XLIX

And eight score times outbulks the  
earth, whose rice

In four and twenty hours space  
Bove fifty millions of Germanic  
leagues does pace

L

This giant with as many tongues as  
rays

Sparks out so oft as he displays  
His beams which gild the world  
that man his LORD should praise

LI

Through spheres I pass'd to stars  
that nail Heav'n's court 151

(My story was with sky wonders  
short)

Which by first Movers force are  
whirl'd about their fort

LII

Through the blue spangled frame  
my psalming tongue

Made th' orbs suspend their usual  
song

To hear celestial hymns the glist'ning  
quires did throng

LIII

Chime out ye crystal spheres and  
tune your poles

Skies sound your bass ere ye to  
coals

Dissolve and tumble on the bonfire  
world in shoals

LIV

The *Primum Mobile* does seem  
immense 160

And doth transfused influence  
Through all inferior orbs as swift as  
thought dispense

LV

Suppose a millstone should from  
thence be hurl'd

Unto the centre of this world  
Twould make up sixscore years ere  
it could down be whirl'd

## LVI

Now, enter'd I Heav'n's suburbs,  
 pay'd with gems,  
 No orient jewels cast such beams,  
 (Oh, might this verse be wreath'd  
 but with such diadems')

## LVII

'Sol's radiant fulgence in meridian  
 skies 169  
 Seem'd shade unto those clarities,  
 Where Beauty's self might beautify  
 her fairest eyes

## LVIII

'Tis 'bove high'st verge, where  
 reason dares be bold,  
 That Heav'n of GOD is of such  
 mould,  
 That eyes, till glorified, cannot the  
 same behold

## LIX

'Tis purely spirit'al, and so must be,  
 Above compare in all degree,  
 With aught that draws its line from  
 th' six days' pedigree

## LX

'Tis immaterial, 'bove the highest  
 sphere,  
 Doth brighter than the rest appear,  
 Than orbs of fire, moon, sun, or  
 crystalline more clear 180

## LXI

'Tis space immense, from whence  
 apostates driv'n,  
 Their rooms might so to men be  
 giv'n  
 With those confirm'd sons, th'  
 indigenae of Heav'n

## LXII

'Absurdly some philosophers did  
 dream,  
 That Heav'n's an uncreated beam  
 Which forth eternally from GOD  
 HIMSELF did stream

## LXIII

'Tis but a creature, though its  
 essence be  
 To change unsubject, standing  
 free  
 On never-shaken pillars of Infinity

## LXIV

'Ocean of Joys' Who can thee fully  
 state? 190  
 For clearer knowledge man must  
 wait,  
 First shoot Death's Gulf, thy soul may  
 then arrive threath

## LXV

'For no one enters there, till he  
 hath trod  
 Death's path, then, from that period  
 Elected souls ascend to Heav'n, to  
 bliss, to GOD'

## LXVI

(Zeal through me fires its way to  
 speak, that I  
 Would thither, like wing'd light-  
 ning, fly,  
 Were my flesh curtain drawn that  
 clouds my spirit's eye'

## LXVII

What heights would souls affect,  
 could they undress  
 Themselves of rags, that them  
 depress' 200  
 How beautiful's the form of naked  
 Holiness'

## LXVIII

New light, life, love, joy, bliss there  
 boundless flow'  
 There shall my soul thy glory know,  
 When she her robe of clay shall to  
 earth's wardrobe throw'

## LXIX

Fond that I am to speak Pass on  
 to bliss,  
 That with an individual kiss  
 Greet's thee for ever' Pardon this  
 parenthesis)

## LXX

'Faith's the Soul's eye, as nothing  
 were between,  
 They that believe, see things  
 unseen  
 Close then thy carnal, thy spiritual  
 eyes unscreen 210

## LXXI

'For, my transplanted spirit shall  
 emblaze

Words may make wonder stand at  
gaze

Unboundless bliss doth ev'n the  
separate spirit amaze

LXXII

Oh fleet of intellectuals glory  
fraught,

(Inestimable arras wrought  
With heart overcoming colours) how  
ye pass all thought!

LXXIII

Thou All-comprising uncomprised  
Who art

Ever yet never made impart  
Thou (Love's abyss without or ebb  
or shore) a heart

LXXIV

Of Wisdom to attempt, proceed and  
end

220

What never was is can be penn'd!  
May spots in maps (dumb teachers)  
empires comprehend?

LXXV

The sky-enchased diamonds lesser  
show

Than July shairy worms that glow,  
Sampled with those rebounds un-  
bounded glories throw

LXXVI

That Vessel of Election rapt to  
th' soil

Of highest bliss did here recoil  
I th' same attempt tis honour to  
confess a foil

LXXVII

Sense knows not 'bove court  
triumphs thrones or kings

Cems music beauties banquet  
ings

230

Without such tropes it can't unfold  
spiritual things

LXXVIII

Oh how that most unutterable  
blaze

Of Heav'n's all luminating rays  
Does souls (disrobd of flesh) both  
brighten and amaze!

LXXIX

That boundless solstice with trans-  
parent beams

Through Heav'n's triumphant  
arches streams

And gliding through each spirit with  
intrinsic gleams

LXXX

Pierceth to th' little world and doth  
dispel

The gloomy clouds of sin that  
swell

The soul decoying it to ever burn-  
ing Hell!

240

LXXXI

By glory how are spirits made  
divine!

How super radiantly they shine  
From th' ever flowing spring of the  
refulgent LKINE!

LXXXII

Beyond report of high st discourse  
they dart

Their radiations 'bove all art!

This catholic bliss o'erflows the most  
capacious heart!

LXXXIII

Conceive a court where all joys  
domineer

Where seas of sweets o'erflow and  
where

Glory's exhaustless mines sports  
endless springs appear

LXXXIV

Where infinite excess of sweets  
ne'er cloy's!

250

Where still fruition's feast em-  
ploys

Desire! where who enjoy the least  
can't count their joys!

LXXXV

One may't a glimpse none to a  
half can rise

Had he more tongues than heav'n  
has eyes!

Such nothing see as would in words  
this sight comprise!

213 Unboundless] So in my copy but corrected to unbounded, which is of course obvious

LXXXVI

' Can measures such Unmeasurables  
hold ?

Can time Infinity unfold ?  
Superlative Delights may be admired,  
not told

LXXXVII

' When Glory's Heav'n is all one  
sunny blaze,  
That flowing radiance doth amaze,  
While on that inconceivable result  
we gaze ! 261

LXXXVIII

' What king would not court martyr-  
dom, to hold  
*In capite* a city of gold,  
Where, look how many gates, so  
many pearls are told !

LXXXIX

' The structure's square, a firm  
foundation, [stone,  
Twelfefold, for each a precious  
The LAMB'S Apostles' names en-  
graven thereupon

XC

' There sparkles forth the verdant  
emerald,  
The blue-ey'd sapphire therein  
wall'd,  
The topaz too, with that stone which  
from gold is call'd 270

XCI

' There, jasper, chalcedon, chryso-  
prase shine,  
There sardonyx, and sardius join,  
There beyll, hyacinth, and amethyst  
combine

XCII

' No sympathizing turkise there, to  
tell  
By paleness th' owner is not well,  
For, grief's exil'd to earth, and  
anguish groans in hell !

XCIII

' The streets with gold perspicuous  
are array'd,  
With blazing carbuncles inlaid ,

271] Read 'chrysoprase, chalcedon' ?

( 374 )

Yet, all seem night, to glories from  
the LAMB display'd

XCIV

' For, thousand suns make an eclipse  
to those ! 280  
The diamond there for pavement  
grows,  
As on its glitt'ring stock, and all its  
sparkles throws

XCV

' And there, on every angel-trodden  
way  
Loose pearls, instead of pebbles,  
play,  
Like dusky atoms in the sun's em-  
bright'ning ray

XCVI

' Had I a quill sent from a Seraph's  
wing,  
And skill to tune 't ! I could not  
sing  
The moiety of that wealth, which that  
all-glorious King

XCVII

' Of Heav'n enstates those in, who  
follow good,  
And prize't above their vital blood !  
Heav'n may be gain'd on earth, but  
never understood ! 291

XCVIII

' As, when the sun shakes off the veil  
of night,  
And scatters on the dawn his light,  
He soon takes pris'ner to himself th'  
engagèd sight

XCIX

' So, when I view those indeficient  
beams,  
Oh, they in overfulgent gleams,  
Like diamonds, thaw'd to air, em-  
bubble forth in streams !

C

' Ev'n spirits, who have disrob'd their  
rags of clay,  
Laid up in wardrobe till that day,  
O'ercome, they dazzled are by each  
imperious ray ! 300

286] Note this

Sexta reperi cussi Pars antepenultima  
 Ponti  
 Imparibus restat perficienda Mo-  
 dis,

Quam (si præstiterit Mentem DEUS  
 OPTIMUS) addam  
 Flammiferos Phœbus cum jugat  
 ortus Equos

EX OBSCURO SPECTABILE CÆLUM

## Canto VI The Association

## THE ARGUMENT

Panduntur Cœli juvat hinc inv sere Divûm  
 Atri mortali non adeunda Pede  
 Hic Animæ pennis advecta THEOPHILA cernit  
 Agmina Cœlicolum ducere sancta Choros

Hea n s order beauty glory is descried  
 Here read the state o th Glorified,  
 Which THEOPHIL i th heraldry of Heav'n had eyed

## STANZA I

THOSE happy mansions glorious  
 Saint discover  
 Where the bright Host of Spirits  
 hover<sup>1</sup>  
 Bring down all Heav'n before the  
 eyes o th Heav'nly Lover

## II

Frail man with zeal and wonder here  
 behold  
 Clay cast into a heav'nly mould  
 Faith did now Vision does Beatitude  
 unfold

## III

The tenants in this splendid frame  
 are they  
 Whose grosser and unpolish d clay  
 Calcind in graves now robes of  
 glory do array

## IV

Here martyrs sit enthron'd who late  
 did bleed  
 Sap from their fertile wounds to  
 feed  
 With oil the Church's lamps and  
 with red dew her seed

## V

These o'vant souls Knights of Saint  
 Vincent are  
 For high achievements gain'd  
 each scar  
 To make a golden constellation  
 seems a star

## VI

Not by inflicting but receiving blows  
 By suffer'ng they o'ercame their  
 foes  
 How long LORD ere Thou dost  
 avenge their blood on those?

## VII

These own their bliss sprung from  
 the word and will  
 O th LAMB by whom they con-  
 quer'd still  
 Themselves and that revolted band  
 that Hell does fill

## VIII

Therefore each prostrate casts with  
 th elders down  
 At the LAMB's feet their palm and  
 crown  
 Beholding round all eminences but  
 their own

8 unpolish d] Orig unpolish an obvious oversight  
 13 Knights of St Vincent] i e conquerors



## IX

Th' Apostles here, with him, in  
whose sweet tongue  
The lute of high-tun'd Love was  
strung,

When through so many regions he  
the Gospel sung

## X

The loving, lov'd Evangelist here lives  
On Love's pure influence, and gives  
No bounds to's flaming love, but how  
to heighten 't strives 30

## XI

Love was his only theme She, here  
is crown'd,

Who near Death's tomb, Life risen  
found,

Whose eye-bowl was tear-brimm'd,  
whose towel hair unbound

## XII

Parch'd Afric's glory, born in's  
mother's eyes

(A happier offspring of her cries,  
Than of her womb), here to ecstatic  
Love does rise

## XIII

The bounds are boundless of divine  
Amour,

Love hopes, and yet hath all  
things, for,

In Heav'n's eternal heraldry, true  
Love is *Or*

## XIV

Fruition Love enfires, thence Zeal's  
renew'd, 40

Love hath the SPIRIT's plenitude,  
Burning with flames in splendour of  
Beatitude !

## XV

Love caus'd the SON of GOD from's  
throne dismount,

And make Himself of no account,  
Become a Man of Sorrows, who of  
Joy's the fount !

## XVI

This Love, by quire of Heav'n scarce  
understood !

Could so much ill cause so much  
good,

For man's redemption that GOD's  
SON should shed His blood ?

## XVII

Thou, Love, when as my guilty soul  
did dwell

In nest of ruin, didst unshell 50  
My spirit (fledg'd with Grace) from  
that disorder'd cell

## XVIII

And, having crush'd the outward film  
of earth,

Gav'st her, new form'd with Glory,  
birth

That she might sty to th' Seat of  
Beatific Mirth !

## XIX

And praise Thee, with those virgin-  
souls, who in

The cloisters of their flesh have  
been

Wash'd in their SAVIOUR's bath of  
blood from spots of sin

## XX

Flow'rs on our heads, as on their  
stems, do grow,

Which into fadeless colours flow,  
Nor cold to blast, nor heat to scorch,

nor age they know 60

## XXI

Scenting 'bove thousand precious  
ointments, shed

On consecrated Aaron's head,  
Above pearl'd dew on Hermon's sever-

fragrant bed

## XXII

How far, immaculate flames, do you  
excel

All that in thought's high turret  
dwell !

What then can optics see? What  
then can volumes tell ?

## XXIII

If Beauty's self we could incarnate  
see

34 The promotion of St Augustine to special company with St John and St Mary Magdalene is noteworthy

54 sty] Benlowes probably took this rare but good word (= 'rise') from Spenser.

Teeming with youth and joy yet  
she  
Would not so beauteous as the Virgin  
Mother be

XXIV

Who like a full orb'd moon our stars  
outshin'd 70  
In glorious fulgurance of mind!  
For whose surpassing splendour I  
this Ode design'd

XXV

Hail blessed Virgin Spouse, who  
didst bequeath  
Breath unto Him who made thee  
breathe!

And giv'st a life to Him who gave  
thee life from death!

XXVI

Who bor'st Him in thy womb whose  
hands did stack  
The studded orbs with stars and  
tack

The glowing constellations to the  
Zodiac!

XXVII

And what improves the mystery  
begun 79

New mysteries from thee were spun  
He did at once become thy Father  
Spouse and Son!

XXVIII

Conceiving HIM as by the womb  
so th' ear!

By th' Angels tongue Heav'n cast  
seed there!

Thou heard'st believ'dst and thence  
didst breed and thence didst  
bear!

XXIX

Thou only may'st (so it be humbly)  
boast

To have brought forth the Eternal  
Host

By mystic obumbration of the HOLY  
GHOST!

XXX

By thee did GOD and man embrace  
each other!

Thus Heav'n to Earth became a  
brother!

Thus, thou a Virgin to thy MAKER  
wast a Mother! 90

XXXI

Thy fleece was wet when all the  
ground lay dry!

Dry when all moist about did lie!  
As Aaron's rootless rod so didst  
thou fructify!

XXXII

'Thou art from whence Faith's  
burgeon sprang the ground!

Before in after birth was found  
Pureness untouch'd with Virgin  
Mother's Honour crowned!

XXXIII

'Thou shrine of Glory ark of Bliss  
thou high

Fair Temple of Divinity  
In thee the masterpiece of Nature  
I descry!

XXXIV

My ravish'd Soul said she extols  
His Name 100

Who rules the Heav'n's expanded  
frame

Whose mercy rais'd me up to mag-  
nify the same

XXXV

Who can anatomize the glorious list  
Of heirs to GOD coheirs with  
CHRIST

Who royalize it there by Grace's high  
acquist?

XXXVI

Whose several glories admirable are!  
And yet as infinite as fair!

Where all's enjoyed at full where  
everything is rare!

XXXVII

The joy of each one is the joy of all!  
Beatitude's reciprocal! 110

They drink CHRIST's cup of flowing  
wine who pledg'd His gall!

XXXVIII

Silence most rhet'ric hath, and glories  
best

Do portray forth that royal feast  
At which each blessed saint is an  
eternal guest!

XXXIX

Nor can a thought of earthly friend's  
annoys

Extenuate one grain of joys,  
While Mercy saves the wise, while  
Justice fools destroys !

XL

Strangely their intellects enlighten'd  
be !

Nature's compendium did not see  
One half, yea, ere he tasted the  
Forbidden Tree ! 120

XLI

If, that sea-parting Prince, from cleft  
rocks' space

Viewing GOD's back-parts, thought  
it grace,  
What honour is it then to see Him  
face to face !

XLII

Who doth inspirit th' indeficient ray,  
Not dimm'd with a minute allay,  
Where, though no sun e'er rose, yet  
'tis eternal day !

XLIII

Where all are fill'd, yet all from food  
abstain !

Where all are subjects, yet all reign !  
All rich, yet have no bags that stifled  
wealth contain !

XLIV

Where each saint does a glorious  
kingdom own, 130

Where each king hath a starry  
crown,  
Each crown a kingdom, free from the  
rude people's frown

XLV

Where each hath all, yet, more than  
all, they owe,

All subjects, yet no kings they  
know,  
Save King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
who quell'd their Foe

XLVI

Where highest joy is their perpetual  
fare,

Their exercise Hosannas are,  
Spirits the choristers, the subject  
Praise and Prayer

( 378 )

XIVII

The laureate King his Psalming voice  
doth raise,

And sings to's solemn harp high  
lays, 140

Being himself the organ to his  
MAKER's praise

XIVIII

Enflam'd with holy zeal, and high  
desire,

Encircled with the cnthean quire,  
Warbles this epinician canzon to his  
lyre

XIVIX

'Thou, Crown of Bliss, whose foot-  
stool's Earth, whose throne

Outshines ten thousand suns in  
one,

Who art the radical life of all true joy  
alone !

I

'Royal PROTECTOR' when in THILL,  
Light's sun,

Mortals would deem the last hour  
run,

We find no wane of day, but a  
solstitial noon ! 150

LI

'When we Time's volumes of past  
thousands scan,

Thy origin with time to span,  
We find no track in infant age when  
it began !

LII

'Ancient of Days' to whom all times  
are now,

Before whom, Seraphims do bow,  
Though highest creatures, yet to their  
CREATOR, low !

LIII

'Who art by light-surrounded powers  
obey'd

(Heav'n's host Thy minist'ring  
spirits made),

Cloth'd with UBIQUITY, to whom all  
light is shade !

LIV

'Whose thunder-clasping Hand does  
grasp the shoal 160

Of total Nature, and unroll

The spangled canopy of Heav'n from  
pole to pole !

LV

'Who on the clouds and winds Thy  
chariot rid st

And bridling wildest storms them  
guid st

Who moveless all dost move, who  
changing all abid st !

LVI

The ocean Thou begirt st with misty  
shrouds

That monster wrap st in swathing  
clouds

And with Thy mighty Word controll st  
tempestuous floods !

LVII

Earth circling oceans Thy displeas-  
ure flee

Mountains dismounted are by  
Thee

170

Those airy giants smoke if Thou  
incensèd be !

LVIII

Innumerable troops of Joys do  
stand

Before Thy boundless Presence and  
Unceasingly attend Thy ever blissful  
Hand !

LIX

Thou LORD good without quality  
dost send

Bliss to all Thine great without  
end

Whose magnitude no quantity can  
comprehend !

LX

What's worthless man? what his  
earth crawling race?

That Thou shouldst such a shadow  
grace

And in unspeakable triumphant glory  
place !

180

LXI

Who may thy Mercy's height depth  
breadth extend?

In height it does to Heav'n ascend  
Confirms the Angels and in depth  
doth low descend

LXII

Lessening the pains o' th' damnèd  
ev'n in Hell

In breadth from East to West does  
swell

And over all the world and all Thy  
works excel !

LXIII

'Immense EXISTENCE ! Heav'n's  
amazèd at Thy

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY !

Intelligences dread Thine all com-  
manding Eye !

LXIV

'Ye wingèd heroes whom all bliss  
embowrs

190

To HIM in anthems strain your  
powers

Whose sea of goodness has no shore  
whose age no hours !

LXV

Then o'er the trembling cords his  
swift hand strays

And closèd all with full diapaze

As in a sounding quire the well  
struck concert plays

LXVI

Victorious jubilees when echo'd clear  
From the Church Militant are  
dear

To Heav'n's triumphing quire, such  
no gross ear can hear

LXVII

Music's first martyr Strada's night  
ingale

199

Might ever wish (poor bird) to fall  
On that excelling harp and joy i' th'  
funeral !

LXVIII

Had it but heard those airs where  
Music meets

With raptures of voice warbled  
sweets

Flowing with ravishing excess in  
Sion's streets

LXIX

All what symphonious breaths  
spire all what

Quick fingers touch, compar'd,  
 sound fit  
 Could I but coin a word beyond all  
 sweets! Twere that

LXX

What orders in New-Salem's Hier-  
 archy,

In what degrees they enstated be,  
 Are wings that mount my thoughts  
 to high discovery 210

LXXI

Blest sight to see Heav'n's order'd  
 Host to move

In legions glst'ring all above  
 Whose armour is true Zeal, whose  
 banner is pure Love!

LXXII

Bright-harnessed Intelligences! Who  
 Enuclerte can your Essence so  
 As men may both your mighty pow'r  
 and nature know!

LXXIII

Invisible, impassive, happy, fair,  
 High incorporeal, active, rare,  
 Pure, scientific and illustrious spirits  
 you are.

LXXIV

Guess at their strength by One: was  
 not almost 220

Two hundred thousand of an host  
 By an Angel slain, when Assur's chief  
 gainst Heav'n did boast?

LXXV

In brightness they the morning star  
 outvie

In numbleness the Winds outfly:  
 And far surpass the sunbeams in  
 subtilty.

LXXVI

Archangels, those superior Spirits, are  
 God's legates when He will declare  
 His mind to's chosen: Gabriel did  
 thus prepare

LXXVII

God's embassy when His Belov'd  
 did tie

Our flesh to His Divinity; 230

209 they"] So in orig: the apostrophe evidently indicating a slur.  
 237 banded] = banded

( 350 )

Grace was the kiss, the Union was  
 the ring from high

LXXVIII

Angels the posy sung: this, made  
 our ch'ce

O'er empyrean courtiers sway,  
 Whenas the Spouse His mystic  
 nuptials did display

LXXIX

No sooner shall that great Archangel  
 sound

His wakeful trump of doom to th'  
 ground,

And echo shall, as banded ball make  
 quick rebound.

LXXX

But, pamper'd graves, with all their  
 jaws, shall yawn.

And seas, floods' nurse, strange  
 shoals shall spawn

Of men to wait o' th' dreadful Judge  
 at s judgement's dawn 240

LXXXI

To incorruption then corruption's  
 night

Shall turn'd be: for that strange  
 sight

Inebriates souls with deepest woes  
 or high'st delight!

LXXXII

Then shall my ear, my nose, my hand  
 tongue, eye,

Always hear, smell, feel, taste, espy.  
 Hosannas incense, offerings, feasts  
 felicity!

LXXXIII

To act GOD's will, o'er sublunary  
 things,

The Dominations sway, as kings:  
 He curbs aërian potentates, by th'  
 Pow'rs He wings;

LXXXIV

The Principates, of princes take the  
 care, 250

To enlarge their realms, or to  
 impair,

Virtues in acting of His will have  
 their full share:

LXXXV

Thrones HIM contemplate nor from s  
presence move

To Cherubs HE reveals above  
Hid things He Seraphins inflames  
with ardent love

LXXXVI

Precelling Seraphs show GOD sardour  
still

Wise Cherubs HIS abyss of skill  
Ingoverning of all beatious Thrones  
instil

LXXXVII

To us HIS steadiness in s blessed  
throne

Ever unalterably ONE <sup>260</sup>  
Pow'rs virtues principates to HIS  
commands are prone

LXXXVIII

Dominions own HIS regal sway  
and so

Archangels Angels swiftly show  
Agility that from the DEITY does flow

LXXXIX

Their number s numberless not half  
so few

As orient pearls of early dew  
Like aromatic lamps they in Heav'n s  
Temple show

XC

And yet of them though vast the  
number be

The thing that most does glorify  
Their MAKER s this they differ  
specifically <sup>270</sup>

XCI

Of the first machine they the parcels  
are

Yet if we them with GOD compare  
Then with their wings they screen  
themselves though else most  
fair

XCII

Lawless Desire does never pierce  
their breast,

Th Almighty s face is still their  
feast

Their bliss in service lies in messages  
their rest

XCIII

They speak with thought achieve  
without a fee,

Silence they hear Ideas see  
Still magnifying HIM who cannot  
greater be!

XCIV

Thus they with one fleet glance in  
fint e <sup>280</sup>

Into each other s knowledge dive  
And by consent thoughts else in  
scrutable unrive

XCV

Each one in Psalms Eternity employs  
Where use nor tires nor fullness  
cloy

Enjoying GOD their end without an  
end of joys!

XCVI

Each ravishing voice each instru-  
ment each face

Compos'd such music that I was  
In doubt, each so in tune which did  
precede in grace

XCVII

The spritely instruments did sweetly  
smile

The faces play'd their parts mean-  
while <sup>290</sup>

The voices with both graces did  
them both beguile

XCVIII

The Ninefold Quire such heav'nly  
accents there

In sweets Extension still do rear  
As overpower the windings of a mortal  
ear

XCIX

Who Music hate in barb'rous discord  
roll

In Heav'n there is not such a  
soul

For there s all harmony Saintssing  
the damn'd howl

258 beatous] This though an ugly word, no doubt intention ally connects with  
beatific and beatitude

xc ii xciv] Cf Dante *De Vlg Elog* l ii.

c  
 Celestial sweets did this discourse  
 excite,  
 Firm joy, fast ove, fix'd life, fair  
 sight!  
 But may a creature, its CREATOR'S  
 glory write? 300

Nunc alti Plumbum scrutatur Viscera  
 Ponti,  
 Viscera Navarchæ non repetenda  
 Manu!  
 Hinc procul optatam divino Lumine  
 Terram  
 Cernimus, optatum perficiamus  
 Iter!

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

## Canto VII The Contemplation

## THE ARGUMENT

Pango nec humanis Opus enarrabile Verbis,  
 Quæ melius possem Mira silendo loqui!  
 Da, DEUS, Illi cnam, quæ Vox non personet ulli,  
 Metitur ut minimis Maxima Mira modis!

She launcheth into shoreless Seas of Light,  
 Inexplicable, infinite!  
 Whose beams both strike her blind, and renovate her sight!

## STANZA I

WERE all men Maros, were those  
 Maros all  
 Evangelists, met in Earth's Hall  
 For grand-inquest of that which we  
 Eternal call

## II

Draw Time from's cradle (Innocence)  
 could they,  
 And piled heaps of ages lay  
 Amassèd in one scale, those would  
 they find to weigh,

## III

Balanc'd with THEE, no more (when  
 all is done)  
 Than, if they vainly had begun  
 To poise minutest atoms with the  
 mighty sun

## IV

Could they Earth's ball with numbers  
 quilted see, 10  
 Yet, those throng'd figures sum  
 not THEE,  
 They were but ciphers to immense  
 ETERNITY!

( 382 )

## V

Should every sand for thousand ages  
 run,  
 When emptied shores of sands  
 were done,  
 That glass no more THEE measures,  
 than if now begun!

## VI

Had tongues Heav'n's mint, to coin  
 each Angel-grace  
 In dialect, they'd fail o'th' space,  
 Where all to come is one with all  
 that ever was!

## VII

Faith, stretch thy line, yet that's too  
 short, to sound  
 Sea without bottom, without  
 bound, 20  
 As circular, as infinite, O shoreless  
 round!

## VIII

Immense ETERNITY! What mystic art  
 Of THEE may copy any part,  
 Since THOU an indeterminable  
 CIRCLE art!

IX

Whose very centre so diffus'd is  
found

That not Heav'n's circuit can it  
bound

Then what what may the whole  
circumference surround?

X

Heav'n's heroes can ye find for th'  
ENDLESS end?

Can pow'r's IMMENSITY extend?

UBIQUITY enclose? The BOUNDLES  
comprehend? 30

XI

JEHOVAH'S zone to this uncentred  
BALL

Ecliptic and meridional

Who was before is with, and shall  
be after all!

XII

But now behold its height above all  
height!

Plac'd beyond place! Above light's  
light!

Rapt were the three Apostles by a  
glimpse o' th' sight!

XIII

Oh thou all splendent all transcend  
ing Throne!

Compact of high st Dominion!

That bove the super-eminence of  
lustre shone!

XIV

From each of thine ineffably bright  
sides 40

Diffusion of such splendour glides

As rolls bove thousand seas of joys  
in flaming tides

XV

With such refulgence that if Che  
rubs might

With face unveil'd gaze on that  
sight

Straight their spiritual natures would  
be nothing'd quite

XVI

Nature put on thy most coruscant  
vest

Thy grueties show brought to  
this test

As a crude jelly dropt from dusky  
clouds at best

XVII

Couldst thou improv'nish every Indian  
mine

And from each golden cell un  
shrine 50

Those beams that with their blaze  
outface day's emulous shine

XVIII

Couldst find out secret engines to  
unlock

The treasuring casket of each  
rock,

And reap the glowing harvest of that  
sparkling shock

XIX

Couldst thread the stars (fix'd and  
erratic) here

That stud the luminated sphere

That all those orbs of light one con  
stellation were

XX

Couldst join mines gems sky tapers  
all in one

Whose near immense reflection

Might both outrival and outvie the  
glorious sun 60

XXI

Could all thy stones be gems seas  
liquid gold

Air crystal dust to pearl enroll'd

Each star a sun that sun more bright  
a thousandfold

XXII

Yet would those gems seem flints  
those sers a plash

Those stars a spark that sun a  
flash

Pearl'd islands diamond rocks gold  
mines all sullied trash

XXIII

Yea were all eyes of earth sky  
Heav'n combin'd

And to one optic point confin'd



This super-radiant object would ev'n  
strike that blind !

XXIV

Blind, as the sable veil of gloomy  
night 70  
(The Gospel's self but hints this  
SIGHT)

All seem obscurer shades to this non-  
pareil LIGHT !

XXV

Amazing ! Most inexplicably rare !  
Oh, if, but those who worthy are,  
None may this light declare—none  
may this light declare !

XXVI

Best eloquence is languid, high'st  
thoughts vail,  
To think, to speak, wit, language  
fail,  
'Tis an abyss, through which no  
Spirit's eye can sail !

XXVII

Here Glory dwells, with lustres so  
surrounded,  
That brightest rays are quite con-  
founded, 80  
When they approach this radiant  
eminence unbounded !

XXVIII

Forth from this fulgurance such  
splendours fly,  
As shall draw up frail dust on  
high,  
Which, else, would in its lumpish urn  
still bedrid lie

XXIX

Before the ALMIGHTY's throne my  
soul I throw,  
Whence all, that's good and great,  
does flow  
LORD, I that grace implore, which  
may this glory show !

XXX

Great GOD ! Thou all-beginning, un-  
began !  
Whose hand the web of Nature  
spun !  
At once the plenitude of all, and yet  
but ONE ! 90

( 384 )

XXXI

Parent of beings, Entity's sole stud !  
Spirit's eternal spring and flood !  
Sprung of Thyself, or rather no way  
sprung ! Chief Good !

XXXII

Abstract of joys, whose Wisdom an  
abyss !  
Whose Pow'r Omnipotency is !  
Whose soul-enlivening sight's the  
universal bliss !

XXXIII

Thou dost descend on wings of air  
display'd,  
'Bove majesty itself array'd,  
Curtain'd with clouds, the Host of  
Heav'n attendants made ! 99

XXXIV

Essence of glory, Summit of praise !  
Abash'd at Thy all-piercing rays,  
Heav'n's quire does chaunt unces-  
sant Alleluiahs !

XXXV

Diamonds than glass, than diamonds  
stars more bright,  
Than stars the sun, than sun  
Heav'n's light,  
But infinitely purer than Heav'n's  
self's Thy Sight !

XXXVI

Great is the earth, more large the  
air's extent  
Planets exceed, the firmament  
Of stars outvies, unlimited's the  
Heav'nly Tent

XXXVII

But, as my tenter'd mind its spirits  
still  
Strains forth, from less to more  
(LORD, fill 110  
My outspent raptures by Thy all-re-  
pairing skill !)

XXXVIII

When I above air, stars, Heav'n, on  
would press  
Rack'd thoughts to spheres beyond  
excess,  
Myriads of spheres seem motes to Thy  
Immense ONENESS !

XXXIX

Eternity is but Thine hour glass !  
 Immensity but fills Thy space !  
 Whole Nature s six days work took  
 up but six words place !

XL

One word did th all surrounding sky  
 roof frame  
 With all its starry sparkling flame !  
 Not all created wisdom can spell out  
 THY NAME ! 120

XLI

Supreme COMMANDER of the rolling  
 stars !  
 Thy law sets to their progress bars  
 Does epicycle their obliquely gliding  
 cars !

XLII

No lines poles tropics zones can  
 Thee enthrall  
 First MOVER of the spheric ball  
 Above beneath without within be  
 yond them all !

XLIII

What could but thy all potent Hand  
 sustain  
 Those magazines of hail snow rain  
 Lest they should fall at once and  
 deluge all again ?

XLIV

By them Thou plenty dost to earth  
 distil , 130  
 And man s dependent heart dost  
 fill

Winds are van couriers and post-  
 lions to Thy Will !

XLV

Tis that the ominous cause of earth  
 quakes binds  
 In subterranean grotts , that finds  
 Strange ruptures to enfranchise th  
 ever struggling winds !

XLVI

Thy sandy cord does proudest surges  
 bound  
 And seas unfathom d bottoms  
 sound

Thy semi circling bow i th clouds  
 thy covenant crown d !

XLVII

Earth shinges hang upon thy fiat set  
 Midst air surrounding waters yet  
 Stand fix d on that like which what  
 is so firm so great ? 141

XLVIII

Yet earth s fast columns at Thy frown  
 do quake ,  
 And oceans dreadful horrors  
 make

Flints melt the rocks do roll the  
 airy mountains shake !

XLIX

Yea Heav n s self trembled and the  
 centre shook

With Thy amazing Presence strook  
 When Power of pow rs on Sina s  
 Mount His station took !

L

Each Ens (as link d to Providence  
 Thy chain)

Is govern d by Thy fingers rein !  
 Thou seeing us we grace we Thee,  
 do glory gain ! 150

LI

Who hast no eyes to see nor ears to  
 hear

Yet see st and hear st all eye all  
 ear !

Who nowhere art contain d yet art  
 Thou everywhere !

LII

The optic glass we of Thy prescience  
 may

Call th Ark where all ideas lay  
 By which each entity Thou dost at  
 first portray !

LIII

Future events are pre existent here  
 As if they lately acted were  
 Than any new dissect anatomy more  
 clear !

LIV

Each where at once Thou totally  
 art still 160

132 couriers] Orig. carriers

160 Each where] So in orig. but the word wh. ch is Spenserian should be rev. ed  
as one i e. eachwhere for everywhere is not synonymous

The same unchang'd, yet, at Thy  
will,  
Thou changest all, who, though  
Thou art unmov'd, dost fill

LV

Things that are most remote, in  
whose forecast  
Contingencies do crowd so fast,  
As if past things were now, and  
things to come were past !

LVI

Though acts on earth cross to Thy  
will are done,  
Besides Thy will yet acteth none,  
Preceding and succeeding will, in  
Thee are one !

LVII

Of whose vast Manor all the Earth's  
domains !  
Though Earth, nor air, nor Heav'n  
contains, 170  
Yet each obscurer grot Thy OMNI-  
PRESENCE gains !

LVIII

Though nought accrues to Thy  
unbounded state  
From spirits, which Thou didst  
create,  
Yet they Thy goodness and Thy love  
shall still dilate !

LIX

Thou, who mad'st all, mad'st neither  
sin, nor death,  
Man's folly first gave them their  
breath,  
That did abase whole Nature with  
itself beneath

LX

But sin to cure, Thou in a crib gav'st  
man  
EMANUEL ! Divine-humane !  
Who diff'ring natures join'd, whose  
reign no ages scan ! 180

LXI

And Thou, O MEDIATOR ! Thou,  
whose praise,  
Like morning dew, to first of  
days  
Was sung by heav'nly choristers in  
seraph lays !

( 386 )

LXII

God, by the Holy Ghost, begat Thee,  
Lord !

Flesh took by the Eternal Word !  
Whose self-eternal EMANATION none  
record !

LXIII

As Thy eternal EMANATION's past,  
So to Eternity shalt last !  
*In the beginning was the Word,*  
shows still THOU wast,

LXIV

There God in Essence, one in  
Persons Three ! 190  
Here Natures two in One agree !  
Thou, sitting in the midst of TRINAL-  
UNITY

LXV

At Heav'n's high council-table, dart'st  
such rays,  
As strike ev'n cherubs with amaze !  
Of which the school, disputing all,  
it nothing says

LXVI

Search we the ages past so long ago,  
None, none this Mystery could  
show,  
Till in that maiden-birth, 'twas acted  
here below !

LXVII

A Dove hatch'd in that nest Thyself  
did build !  
A Lamb that Thine own flock does  
shield ! 200

A winter Flow'r that fram'd, from  
whence it sprung, the field !

LXVIII

The Jewish shepherds all affrighted  
are,  
When heralds THEE proclaim'd  
i' th' air !  
Yea, Magi came't' adore, led by a new-  
born star !

LXIX

Yet, though thus wond'rously begot,  
thus born,  
Sponsor for us, fall'n race, forlorn,  
T' ingratiate us with GOD, becam'st  
to man a scorn !

LXX

The Grace Self wast th Honour t  
evangelize!

The sacred Function as a prize  
Thou tookst yet that not on till  
call'd in Aaron's guise! 210

LXXI

Which God t apostolize did bring  
to pass

By th HOLY GHOST's descent at  
face

Of Jordan's then blest streams of  
which John witness was!

LXXII

Thence led by th HOLY GHOST to  
th wilderness

There tempted by the Fiend's  
address

Him overcamst by *Scriptum est*,  
hence our release!

Then forth Thou wentst —

LXXIII

Thy sermons oracles acts wonders  
were!

Those Faith begot these others  
Fear!

By both thus wrought in us to THEE  
ourselves we rear! 220

LXXIV

Thou gavst the lame swift legs the  
blind clear eyes!

Thou healdest all human maladies!  
Thou madst the dumb to speak!

Thou madst the dead to rise!

LXXV

And art to dead men Life to sick  
men Health!

Sight to the blind to th needy  
Wealth!

A Pleasure without pain! a Treasure  
without stealth!

LXXVI

LORD in not of this world Thy  
Kingdom is

Thy chos'n Apostles preach d Thy  
bliss

That none of all Thy creatures might  
salvation miss

LXXVII

Abraham long dead before, yet saw  
Thy day 20

In Isaac born and vows did pry!  
Type first, then antitype and quick  
nest every way!

LXXVIII

Thy Gospel Wisdom's Academy  
show d,

Thy Mercy Justice calm d, Life  
view d

Is Temperance Thy Death the flag  
of Fortitude!

LXXIX

Thou altar sanctuary sacrifice  
Priest bread of life dost all suffice!  
Ne'er cloying feast where appetite  
by food doth rise!

LXXX

And Son of Man dost sin of man  
forgive! 23)

To be Thy victims hearts do strive  
Who liv'st that life might die and  
di'st that death might live!

LXXXI

Yet di'st Thou not but that (Spirit  
quicken d) free

Thou mightst saints paradised see  
Rejoic'd assurance give to them  
rejoic'd in Thee!

LXXXII

And that from thence to Satan's  
gloomy shades

Made prison for the damnèd  
Hades

Thou mightst Thy conquest show  
Thy glory that ne'er fades!

LXXXIII

Thence loos'd Death's chains from  
body up to rear it

217] This extra hemistich is printed in orig level with the number LXXIII of the next st n as a kind of as de a parenthetic ejaculation

232 qu ck nest] This which is without apostrophe in orig is rather hard to adjust even to B blowes a ngular stenography I should like to read thou for and

246 Hades] Rhyme noted in Introd

That, when rais'd state THOU dost  
inherit,  
THOU might'st become to us an ever-  
quick'ning SPIRIT ! 250

LXXXIV

The FATHER to reveal gives to His  
SON

Thee, HOLY GHOST (thus Three  
in One)  
Of all peculiar Sanctifier, yet not  
alone !

LXXXV

The Father's love, and Son's,  
Adoption's seal,

The Spring of sanctity, the Weal  
O' th' Church Thyself in light of  
fiery tongues reveal !

LXXXVI

O Light unscann'd ! Of wisdom  
every glance

Beam only from Thy countenance,  
Whose store, when emptied most  
itself doth most advance !

LXXXVII

Whose fruits are Gentleness, Peace,  
Love, and Joy, 260

All crown'd with bliss, freed from  
annoy,  
Which neither Time, World, Death,  
Hell, Devil can destroy !

LXXXVIII

Thou art a feast, fram'd of that fruit-  
ful fare,

Which hungers waste not, but  
repair !

A rich perfume, no winds can winnow  
into air !

LXXXIX

A light unseen, yet in each place  
dost shine !

A sound no art can e'er define !  
A pure embrace, that Time's assault  
can ne'er untwine !

XC

Floods of unebbing joys from Thee  
do roll !

Which, to each sin-disdaining soul  
Thou dost exhibit in an unexhausted  
bowl ! 271

( 388 )

XCI

This Wine of Ecstasy, by th' SPIRIT  
giv'n,

Doth raise the ravish'd souls to  
Heav'n !

Affording them those comforts are  
of Earth's bereav'n !

XCII

Thy union is as strict, as large thy  
merit !

No Heav'n but THEE, which  
Saints inherit

Through grace, divinest sap, deriv'd  
by th' Holy Spirit !

XCIII

When souls enflam'd by that highest  
light,

Fix on Thy glorifying sight,  
All glories else, compar'd to that, are  
dusky night ! 280

XCIV

When high'st infusions pass our  
highest sense,

Amazement is high eloquence,  
'Bove all hyperboles which fall to  
exigence

XCV

Blest TRINITY, Th' art all, above  
all, Good !

Beatitude's Beatitude !  
Which swallows us, yet swim we in  
this Living Flood !

XCVI

Th' art King of kings, of lords Lord !  
None like THEE !

Who, for Thy style hast Majesty !  
And for Thy royal robes hast  
Immortality

XCVII

Mercy for throne ! for sceptre Justice  
hast ! 290

Immensity's for kingdom plac'd !  
And for Thy crown such glory as  
doth ever last !

XCVIII

For peace, what passeth understand-  
ing's eye !

Pow'r, irresistibility !  
For holiness, all what's most sacred,  
pure, and high !

XCIX

For truth Thy Word ! Wisdom for  
counsellor !

Omnipotence does guard Thy  
tower !

Thou minist'ring angels hast to act  
Thy sovereign power !

C

Omniscience Thine intelligencer is !  
For treasure Thou hast endless  
bliss !

300

For date eternity ! Oh swallow me  
ABYSS !

Ite pu Cantus Cantus quibus arduus  
Æther

Est Portus Portus quem videt  
alma Fides

Visuram Littus Navem sacra Serta  
coronent

Serta per innumeros non peritura  
Dies !

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

## Canto VIII The Admiration

## THE ARGUMENT

Cœli trina MONAS TRIAS una faveto precanti !

PERSONAS una Tres DEITATE colo !

Su t tria sunt et idem, Fons Flumen Gurgis aquarum

Sic tria sunt unum Sol Jubar atque Calor

Th El xir centuplies itself But oh

Myri ds of myriads must she so

T express God's Essence which no intellect can show !

## STANZA I

PROJECTION to my soul ! Thysight's  
a wreath

Ofglory thou dost virtue breathe  
Thy words like sacred incense fuel  
and flame bequeath

II

Thou Maid of Honour in Heav'n's  
Court ! to break

Thy gold twist lines shows judge  
ment weak

Yet deign to hear my suit of God's  
hid Nature speak !

III

Can counters sum up infinite ? Fond  
man

Couldst grasp whole oceans in thy  
span

And Phœbus couldst outface in his  
meridian ,

IV

Fear rocks of adamant and scale the  
wall

10

O th glorious empyrean hall  
And worms to super eminence of  
Seraphs call !

V

Yet this ev'n then thou couldst nor  
learn nor teach

The World unravell'd cannot  
stretch

To sound th Abyss Itself alone it  
self can reach

VI

Of all intelligences not all Light  
Muster'd into one optic sight

Can speak what each where is yet no  
where seen to th height !

VII

Who out of nothing all things did  
compact

Whose will's His work whose word  
His act

Of whom who says the most must  
from His worth detract ?

## VIII

How from the Essence the Creator  
flows !

Or how the Word, what creature  
knows !

Howth' Spirit, all in't, all from't, does  
Heav'n's assembly pose !

## IX

Here they, who leave the Church's  
ship, are tost

Till irrecoverably lost !

Whose rudder is GOD's Word, steers-  
man, th' HOLY GHOST

## X

Archessence ! Thou, self-full ! self-  
infinite !

Residing in approachless light !

In the Incomprehensibilities of  
Height ! 30

## XI

Thy peerless uncreated NATURE is  
The super-excellence of BLISS !

Where Holiness and Pow'r, where  
Truth and Goodness kiss !

## XII

Who only in THYSELF subsists, with-  
out

Or form, or matter ! yet, no doubt,  
Inform'st the matter of the universe  
throughout !

## XIII

No need compels THEE, no disasters  
sad

Disturb thy state, no mirth makes  
glad ,

Oblivion takes not from THEE, nor  
can mem'ry add !

## XIV

With prudent rev'rence, thus What-  
e'er's in GOD, 40

His Essence is, there's His abode,  
Whose will His rule, whose Heav'n  
His court, whose hell His rod

## XV

He exists an active ENS, upholding  
both

Itself, and everything that doth

Exist, without distinction or of parts,  
or growth !

## XVI

Not made by nothing (nothing no-  
thing makes),

Nor birth from any thing HE takes,  
For, what gives birth, precedes  
springs usher in their lakes

## XVII

Were HI material, then HI local were,  
All matter being in place, so, there

Th' Incircumscribable would circum-  
scrib'd appear 51

## XVIII

HE's so diffusive, that HE's all in all !  
All in the universal ball !

All out of it ! The only WAS, the IS,  
the SHALL

## XIX

To help thy reason, think of air,  
there see

Ubiquity unseen, and free  
From touch, inviolable, though it  
pierced be

## XX

Mere air corrupts not, though con-  
vey'd unto

All lungs, for, thither it does go  
To cool them, quick'neth all, as the  
world's soul doth show 60

## XXI

Moisture and heat, its qualities, are  
cause

Of all production yet, because  
This element's a creature, GOD  
Creator, pause

## XXII

Self-life the attribute of's Being is !  
His Will, of governing ! and His

Command of execution ! and His  
love of bliss !

## XXIII

All's tied in this love-knot JEHOVAH'S  
love

Time's birth the Trinity does prove  
Creator made, Word spake, and  
Spirit of GOD did move 69

27 th'] So in orig if correctly, Benlowes must have made 'steersman' trisyllabic  
63 Creator,] No comma in orig, but required 'Pause' corresponds to 'think' in 55

XXIV

Let us in our own image man create  
Which Solomon does explicate  
Remember the Creators in thy youth  
ful state

XXV

The Father spake the Son i th  
stream did move  
At His baptizing from above  
The Holy Ghost descended in the  
form o th Dove

XXVI

Of Him to Him and through Him  
all things be  
Of through and to declare the  
Three  
And in the HIM the Unity of GOD we  
see

XXVII

Thus Holy Holy, Holy s nam d to  
show

A Ternion we in Union know so  
The notions issuing from the Trine  
int One do flow

XXVIII

Whilst that I think on THREE, I am  
confin d

To One! while I have One in mind  
I am let forth to Three! Yet Three  
in One combin d!

XXIX

Oh inconceivable IDENTITY!  
In One how may a Plural be!  
Coequal both in attributes and  
majesty!

XXX

The FATHER is true GOD i th Ternion  
The WORD unborn yet after Son  
The SPIRIT GOD coessential Three  
cause Three from One! 90

XXXI

The Father and Word are One!  
One shows their power  
Are distinct Persons One does  
show r

On Tritheists vengeance Are, does  
Arians devour

XXXII

One yet not one! The Father and  
the Son

In Persons two from Father one  
By th SPIRIT Son is one by resigna  
tion!

XXXIII

The Word is what He was yet once  
was not

What now He is! for He hath got  
A Nature more than once He had  
to cleanse our spot!

XXXIV

For neer had man from earth to  
Heav'n attain d 100

Had GOD from Heav'n to earth  
not deign d

His Son! now unto GOD man's way  
by Man is gain d!

XXXV

EQUAL and Son the form of servant  
takes!

The world, unmade by sin new  
makes!

EQUAL Son servant! All are mys  
teries not mistakes!

XXXVI

Thus by free grace is man's defection  
heal d

Behold the mystery reveal d  
WORD equal shadowing Son  
Unction is servant seal d!

XXXVII

Because GOD'S EQUAL serpent's  
tempts are quell d

Yet He as Son to death must  
yield 110

For us by resurrection to regain the  
field

XXXVIII

The SPIRIT is true GOD, from ever He  
Did reign with Both! The TRINITY  
Coequal Coeternal Coessential be!

XXXIX

The FATHER's full though th SON  
hath all engross d!

Nor yet is aught of this all lost

90 cause] So in orig and possible Benlowes often havi g comma between noun  
and v rb But it may s often also be cause = because

93 Trithe sts] Orig Trithe ts'



Though th' FATHER give Himself  
to th' SON by th' HOLY GHOST !

XL

For, though He freely thus give all  
His store ,  
Yet hath He Infinite, as before !  
Conceive for glimpse some endless  
spring, or mine of ore ! 120

XLI

What soul will have this TRIAD for  
his book,  
With faith must on the back-parts  
look,  
For, with His glorious FACE, blind  
are ev'n Seraphs strook !

XLII

By speculation from Sol's substance,  
we  
The FATHER , from its splendour  
see

The SON , from's heat the HOLY  
GHOST Here, One is Three

XLIII

The intellect, the memory, the will  
Resemblance make o' th' TRINE ,  
these fill

One soul, yet are distinct in outward  
workings still !

XLIV

Thus, to restore from fall, we may  
descry

THE TRINITY in UNITY ! 130  
Inscrutable ABYSS rebates our weaker  
eye !

XLV

Be ever-ever-ever blest, O TRINE !  
Ever Unitedness divine !

Who dost as well in ants as in Arch-  
angels shine !

XLVI

The Principats, Thrones, Domina-  
tions, all

Archangels, Pow'rs celestial  
Are ministers attending on thy  
sovereign call !

XLVII

The government 'bove star-embroi-  
der'd hall,

Thus truly is monarchical, 140  
Where all are kings, and yet one King  
does rule them all !

XLVIII

Less than the thousand part I have  
express'd ,  
Man's weakness cannot bear the  
rest

For Thy expressless Nature, LORD, be  
ever blest !

XLIX

Soul of all sweets ! my love, life, joy  
and bliss !

To enjoy Thee's Heav'n ! Hell  
Thee to miss !

What's Earth's? Ev'n Heav'n hath  
its beatitude from this !

L

Remove the needle from the pole-  
star, and

'Tis still with trembling motion  
fann'd,

Till it returns No fixture but in  
GOD does stand 150

LI

To saints all other objects prizeless be,  
In GOD, the All of All, we see  
Feast to the taste, all beauty to the  
sight is He !

LII

Music to th' ear , and those whom  
He unites,  
Partake with Him in high'st  
delights !

Springtides of pleasures overwhelm  
their ravish'd sprites !

LIII

But, contraries, when opposite, best  
show

(As foils set diamonds off, we know),  
See Hell, where captives pine, yet still  
their tortures grow !

LIV

As metals fiery waves in furnace  
swell, 160

That founders run, to cast each  
bell ,

139] Allusions to the Star-chamber (see note, p 356) are not uncommon at this time  
the special play of thought here is pretty obvious

This not endur'd more rage ten  
thousand times is Hell !

LV

Where souls still rave adust with  
horrid pain !

They tug they tear but all in vain  
For them from raging smart Hope  
never shall unchain !

LVI

Oh that for trash these Esaus sold  
their bliss !

For sin that worst than nothing is !  
This desperates their rage ! How they  
blaspheme at this !

LVII

This viper clings corrodes gainst  
which no ward !

God's beatific sight debar'd 190  
Renders their case above all the pains  
of sense more hard !

LVIII

Oh never sated worm ! unpitied woes !  
Unintermitted ! what Sin owes  
Hell pays ! The damn'd are anvils to  
relentless blows !

LIX

Fiends forfeit not their energy  
There Cain

Fries but for one lamb by him slain !  
Oh what flames then shall butchers  
of Christ's flock sustain ?

LX

Earth's fatal mischief prosperous thief  
that thunder

Which tore the nations all asunder  
Whom just Fate slew 1 th world's  
revenge that conquering wonder

LXI

That ghost of Philip's hot brain'd son  
may tell 181

Heart breaking stories of his Hell !  
Too late he finds one soul did his  
whole world excel !

LXII

There curs'd oppressors dreadful  
rackings feel !

Whose hearts were rocks and  
bowels steel !

Oh, scorching fire ! (cries Dives) for  
one drop I kneel !

LXIII

Oblig'd is man God's steward to  
supply

Brethren, in CHRIST coheirs who  
lie

Gasping in stiff'ning frosts no covering  
but the sky

LXIV

Whose wither'd skins sear as the  
sapless wood 190

Cleave to their bones for want of  
food

Seem Nature's monsters thrown  
ashore by Misery's flood

LXV

Though all their physicks but a diet  
spare,

Have no more earth than what  
they are

Nor more o th world than graves yet  
in Heaven's love they share

LXVI

Inestimable Love from none be  
reav'n !

Heaven sunk to earth earth mounts  
to Heaven !

Just Judge ! to Dives Hell to Lazarus  
Heaven is giv'n !

LXVII

Love disengage us of ourselves !  
Love has

Nor bit nor reins ! Rich above  
earth's mass ! 200

Fix'd in ideas of Love's soul enliv'n  
ing grace !

LXVIII

O Love ! O Height, above all height  
to Thine !

Thy favour did to foes incline !  
Unmeasurable Measure ! endless End  
of line !

LXIX

Love darts all thoughts to its Belov'd  
doth place

All bliss in waiting on His grace  
It languisheth with Hope to view

Him face to face !

194 Have] Apparently short for *though they have*

LXX

And ushers in that Beatific Love,  
Which so divinely flames above,  
And doth to vision, union, and fruition move ! 210

LXXI

Ice is a thing distinct from th' ocean wide ,  
But, melted by the sun, does glide  
Into 't, becomes one with 't, and so  
shall e'er abide

LXXII

Desire's a tree, whose fruit is love,  
the show'rs

That ripen it are tears, the flow'rs  
Are languors, leaves afflictions,  
blossoms pray'r-spent hours

LXXIII

O mental Pray'r, thy joys are high !  
Resort

By thee's to GOD ! Thou art the  
port  
Of inward peace from storms ! The  
path to Sion's Court !

LXXIV

By pray'r GOD's serv'd betimes,  
remember who 220

The blessing got by wrestling so ,  
Who early pray, they healthy, holy,  
happy grow

LXXV

Then pray, before Light's rosy blush  
displays

I' th' Orient Sol's encheering rays,  
When he from's opal East to West  
obliquely strays

LXXVI

Before the cock, Light's herald, day-  
break sings

To's feath'ry dames, ere roost-lark  
springs,

Morn's usher, when the dawn its  
mongrel hour forth brings

LXXVII

Pray'r, thou art life's best act, soul's  
silent speech,

The gate of Grace , saints GOD  
beseech 230

238 confection] Used, it would seem, in the sense of 'completion,' familiar in *conficere*

( 394 )

By prayer, but join'd with alms and  
fasts they HIM besiege !

LXXVIII

Fasting, the soul's delicious banquet,  
can

Add strength to pray'r, feast th'  
inner man,

And throw up to Eternity the body's  
span !

LXXIX

Fasts, sackcloth, ashes, grovelling on  
the ground

Saints studied have with pain ,  
and found

With joy, that what degrades the  
sense, in Heav'n is crown'd !

LXXX

Prize Faith, the shield of martyrs,  
Joy's confection,

Soul's light, the Prophet's sure  
direction,

Hope's guide, Salvation's path, the  
pledge of all perfection ! 240

LXXXI

In Faith's mysterious Eden make  
abode ,

With Jacob's staff, and Aaron's rod  
Frequent its grove, where none are  
but the lov'd of GOD !

LXXXII

The radiations of Faith's lamp excite  
Such a Colosse of sparkling light,

That saints through worldly waves  
may steer life's course aright

LXXXIII

Being in, not of this world, they  
comforts rear

Above the pitch of servile fear  
Terrestrial blossoms first must die,

ere fruit they bear

LXXXIV

Noclogging fetters of impris'ning clay,  
No wry-mouth squint-ey'd scoff

can stay 251

Their swift progression, soaring in  
their heav'nly way !

LXXXV

Thoughts on the endless weight of  
glory shall

CANTO VIII] *Theophila's Love-Sacrifice*

Render ev'n crowns as dung and  
all

Afflictions light as chaff chas'd on  
Earth's empty ball

LXXXVI

The torch that shines in night as  
eye of noon

Is but as darkness to the sun

Run after shades they fly fly after  
shades they run

LXXXVII

All worldly gays are reeds without  
support

Fitly with rainbow gleams they  
sort

Want solidness when gain'd they  
are as false as short

LXXXVIII

While fools like silly larks with  
feathers play

And stoop to th' glass are twitch'd  
away

Amidst their pleasing madness to  
Hell's dismal bay!

LXXXIX

Oh could embodied souls sin's ban  
view well

Rather in flames they'd choose to  
dwell!

Not so much ill as sin have all the  
pains of Hell!

XC

A smiling conscience (wrong'd) does  
sweetly rest

Though starv'd abroad within  
doth feast,

Has Heav'n itself for cates has GOD  
Himself for Guest!

XCI

May call Him FATHER, His Vice  
gerent be!

An atom of DIVINITY!

Redeem'd by s SON by the SPIRIT  
inspir'd blest by ALL THREE!

XCII

His judge becomes His advocate!  
hath care

To plead for Him! The Angels  
are

His guardians! from his GOD him  
heights nor depths may scare

XCIII

Oh blest who in His courts their  
days do spend!

And on that Sovereign Good de  
pend!

His Word their rule His Spirit their  
light Himself their end!

XCIV

While pride of life and lust o th' eye  
do quite

280

Dazzle the world saints out of  
sight

Retire to view their bliss on which  
some cantos write

XCV

For souls sincerely good in humble  
cell

Encloister'd near Devotion's bell

By Contemplation's groves and  
springs near Heav'n do dwell

XCVI

Bright gifted soaring minds (though  
fortune trod)

Are careless of dull Earth's dark  
clod

Enrich'd with higher donatives  
their prize is GOD!

XCVII

Farewell As vanish'd lightning  
then she flies

Oh how in me did burnings rise!

The only discord was Farewell  
Hearts outreach eyes

291

XCVIII

The air respires those quintessential  
sweets

From whence she breath'd and  
whoso meets

With such the tuneful orbs he in  
that zenith greets

XCIX

Dwell on this joy my thoughts  
react her part

Such raptures on thy shuddering  
heart

Make thee all ecstasy by spirit seizing  
art!

C

Chewing upon those Heav'n-en-  
chanting strains,  
My soul Earth's giddy mirth  
disdains,  
Fleet Joy runs races in my blood  
through thousand veins<sup>1</sup> 300

Contingit gratam victrix Industria  
Metam,  
Et mea nunc Portu fessa potire  
Ratis  
Est Opus exactum, Cujus non  
pœnitet Acti  
Me juvat at Cæpti Summa videre  
mei

OMNIA IN UNO, ET IN OMNIBUS  
UNUS

MIRA mihi inter Authorem & Opus  
occurrit Symphonia Ille Cælebs, Hoc  
Virgineum, Ille Philomusicus, Hoc,  
ipsum Melos, Ille Dilectus, Hoc ipsa  
Dilectio Quis enim ad Vim Amoris  
explicandum vel copiosius dixit, vel  
impensius Opere perfecit, quàm Autor  
hîc in sua THEOPHILA<sup>2</sup> quæ tantâ  
Florum Varietate conspersa est, ut quid  
prius legam, aut laudem, vix mihi post

repetitam Lectionem constare possit  
Quid etiam Jucundius Animi Oculis,  
quàm sitientem tam cœlesti Nectare  
Animam adimplere? Sine me Deliciis  
igitur istis inebriari, & me Epulis,  
hisce, Mel & Amorem spirantibus,  
jugiter accumbere Modus amandi  
DEUM non habet modum, nullus  
planè in hoc Genere Excessus datur  
Scripserunt De Arte Amandi Varii, sed  
imperfectè admodum, & impurè, ac  
si, non tam Amandi quàm Peccandi  
Artem edocere professi essent Quia  
hujusmodi illecebræ, dum sensim sine  
sensu Venenum hauriunt, Morbo sine  
Medelâ afficiunt Hîc autem sunt Dictu  
honestâ, Lectu jucunda, Scitu utilia, Ob  
servatu digna, & Factu præstantissima  
Eximium ergo hoc felicitis Ingenii Specimen,  
propter Multiplices Aculeos in Le-  
gentium Animos suaviter penetrantes,  
& penitioræ æternæ Veritatis Cognitio-  
nem instillatam, Auresque harmonicè  
demulcentem, in Lucem emitti, non  
possum non lætari

M G S T D

Jam satis expertus Briticum Mare,  
contraho Vela,  
Naviget Ausonio Musa Latina Salo  
Fallor, an externo venit Aura secundior  
Orbe?  
Portus in Latios versa Trirémis eat

## Ad piæ Poesios Cultum Invitatio

VOS, Eruditionis Candidati, quibus  
Crux DOMINI Gloriæ, Religio Cordi,  
Integritas Honori, Doctrina Orna-  
mento, Poesis sacra Oblectamento, qui  
Cupiditates Rationi, Rationem Reli-  
gioni, ut Christiani, subjugâstis, cum  
Musis convivamini devotioribus, ut  
perpetuâ Posterorum vigeatis Memoriâ  
Non ad Mundi deliria, vos, Animæ  
piè anhelantes, sed, fulguris more, ad  
Sublimia nascimini Credite Vosmet-  
ipsos DEI Filios, respondete Generi,  
vivite Cœlo, PATREM Similitudine  
referte, Quid enim evidentius cœlestis  
Originis Indicum, quàm humano Cor-  
pore Mentem Angelicam circumferre?  
Vosmetipsos ergo erigite, Dictatores,  
Magna loquimini, Magna vivite,  
Cæteros, ad inferiora depressos, Quad-  
rupedes non esse natos, pœniteat  
O, quàm divina Res est Mens variis

( 396 )

ornata Disciplinis<sup>1</sup> Acquisitio Sapientiæ  
Carbunculos, & pretiosissimas Orientis  
Gazas antecellit Nihil, Vobis o  
Animæ, DEI insignitæ Imagine, de-  
sponsatæ Fide, dotatæ Spiritu, redem-  
ptæ Sanguine, deputatæ cum Angelis,  
capaces Beatitudinis, æquè sit Curæ,  
quàm ut omnes altiores Animi vestri  
Vires in summum Illius Honorem, qui  
primum Illum Vobis inspiravit Æstum  
exeratis. Tanti enim est Quisque quanti  
Mens, quæ, præter DEUM, nihil  
excelsius in Terris Seipsâ complecti  
potest Ad Se igitur revocetur, Secum  
versetur, in Se abeat, Sibi tota intendat,  
deque sua Sublimitate, & Autore  
semper adorando, cogitet Hoc autem  
præstare non possit, nisi Vitia Corporis  
ableget, nisi Avaritiæ & Ambitioni  
renuntiet, nisi sui Juris sit, nisi Se  
denique a Sensibus separata, penitus

perfruatur tunc enim ad DEUM  
Objectum suum libera assurgat Hæc  
autem ipsius in Seipsam Conversio ac  
Defixio tantæ est Voluptatis ut ex  
cogitari nulla in hac Vita possit quæ  
vel ad aliquam ejus particulam accedat  
Ut igitur ad summum hoc Bonum,  
summis Ingeniis Propositum per  
veniat Votis & Vocibus cohortamur  
Imo DEUS in Vobis & velle &

perficere operetur Ipse Autor Ipse  
Remunerator Ipse Causa effectiva &  
finalis Cui soli Nobilissimi incumbite  
& Unum Hoc agite ut vos DEO &  
Davidicæ Pietati consecratos Sedes in  
GLORIÆ Templo æternæ excipiant  
Sed quia Heroes alloquimur heroico  
nostram hanc Parænesin Carmine  
substringemus

Vos sacra Progenies CÆLI celsique  
capaces  
Pectoris HEROES salvete Poemata  
Mundo  
Sancta triumphato diffundite Versibus  
Orbis  
Ultimus applaudat Spargant Præconia  
Musæ  
Frivola Vesani Crepitacula spernite  
Seculi  
Excelsos Excelsa decent Mens una  
Beatos

Reddit præ Sanctis sordescant Cuncta  
Triumphis  
Davidicæ Decor Vos inspire Camænæ  
Felix Vena sacros potius prorumpat  
in Hymnos  
Quam micet eis Caput aspectabile  
Gemmis  
Sic celebretur Opus donec Formica  
Profundum  
Ebibat & vastum Testudo perambulet  
Orbem

I G Sculp

## Hecatombe IX

## Recapitulatio

ANIMÆ PIÆ ANHELANTIS DE  
SCRIPTIO

Beato THEOPHILÆ Virginis Incendio  
Quisquis flagrare gestis  
In quo felicior Salamandrâ tri  
umphes  
Et instar Pyraustæ nascaris instar  
Phœnicis moriaris  
Ut ÆVITERNITATI resurgas  
Non tam vitam deferens quam  
conferens  
Sanctoris Ovidii Carmina  
Cordis Oculis & Oculorum Corde  
perlustres  
Debuissent Incendia dia Ada  
mantino Stylo  
In fabula IMMORTALITATIS  
incidi 10  
Sed quoniam pennæ ductibus  
scribenda fuere

## Canto IX

## The Recapitulation

AND PORTRAIT OF A HEAV'NLY  
BREATHING SOUL

Whoso delights to burn in holy fire  
Of Virgin fair THEOPHILA  
Joy Salamander in that flame  
Thou so Pyrausta born, may st like  
the Phoenix burn  
That to Eternity thou rise  
Not losing life but sowing well  
the same  
A holier Ovid's smoothed  
verse  
With eyes of heart with heart all  
eyes behold  
Such sacred flames by adaman  
tine hand  
Ought to be plac'd in lasting  
urns 10  
But cause these writings needed  
aid of pens

3 Pyrausta] See note *sup* p 367

5 Æviterinitati] It is very like Benlowes to show his knowledge of the uncontracted form

Pennas porrigat Scribenti Pictas  
pennator Ave,  
Et centum Oculos Legenti ocula-  
tior Argo

## PORTICUS

Amor erga Magistrum, & Sodalem  
Languidiùs se movet, & quodammodo  
vegetat,

Erga Parentem & Conjugem  
Expansiùs se exerit, & quasi sentit,  
Erga Patriam, & Patriæ Patrem  
Elatiùs se erigit, & Rationem  
induit

## At erga DEUM

Totus Ecstasin patitur, Sese tran-  
scendit,

Nec Modi, nec Limitis capax,  
Sed, separatarum instar Animarum,  
Cupit, æstuat, ebullit, anhelat<sup>1</sup>

Finitus INFINITATEM ambit, ac  
suspirat<sup>1</sup> 12

## ARGUMENTUM

Musa sacrata struens Aras, ut NUMEN  
honoret,  
Calcat, & oditharas, Musa peligna, tuas  
Est Hæc, ut Clytie, studiosa Pedissequa  
Solis,  
Sol DEUS est, Solis Lumen AMANTIS  
amat

## DISTICHON I

Musa, silere potes, vaga dum Citha-  
ristrìa Sylvæ  
Crispallat tremulo gutture mille  
Sonos?

## II

Ars acuit Concepta, Poesis acuminat  
Artem,  
Spicula jactet Epos, jacta coronet  
Eros.

Arg 2] It is rather odd that Benlowes in his Englishing softens *haras*, 'styes,' to 'nest', and omits the direct reference (*Peligna*) to Ovid altogether

4] Here one has to choose between 'Epos' for 'Epode' in the Latin, and 'Epod' for 'Epic' in the English

Virtue, than birds more swift, unto  
the scribe lend wing,  
And let the reader's care more eyes  
than Argus bring

## THE PORRICO

Love to the master, and the mate  
Stirs itself feebly in Life's lowest  
sphere,

That to our parent, and the bed  
More large extends, and breathes  
a life of sense,

That to our country, and its sire  
Self raises loftier in Reason's air

But, that to God,  
Ravish'd with ecstasy, itself tran-  
scends,

Nor bounds, nor limits would  
it own,

But, narrow'd that (like lovers, kept  
apart) 10

Warms, heats, yea boils, boils up  
and over<sup>1</sup>

Longs for th' Eternal, sighs for HIM,  
beyond that lover<sup>1</sup>

## THE ARGUMENT

Blest Muse the Altar builds, where Love's  
ador'd,  
And throweth down, loose wit, thy  
nest abhorr'd  
She, Clytie-like, to th' Sun of Glory  
turns,  
God is her Sun, with light of Zeal  
she burns

## DISTICH I

Muse, canst be silent, when each  
charmèd grove  
Harbours a thousand warbling notes  
of Love?

## II

Art whets the mind, and hymns set  
edge on art  
Dart up an epod, Zeal, crown thou  
the dart

## III

Spes Arcus sit Amor tibi Dextra  
Fidesque Sagitta  
A Spe missa Fides, NUMEN Amore  
petit

## IV

Est sacrum quod conor Opus DEUS  
annue Cœptis !  
Seminat Ista Fides Spes alit, auget  
Amor

## V

Mundus Ager Semen Verbum DEUS  
Ipse Colonus  
Latro Satan Lolium Gens mala  
Sancta Seges 10

## VI

Da mihi Cœlipetæ Fastigia, NUMEN  
Aludræ  
Mens ut Avis penna remigesulcet  
Iter !

## VII

Nosse DEUM bene posse Bonum  
sunt Vota Piorum  
Da mihi nosse Bonum da mihi  
posse DEUS !

## VIII

Notio non Cœli sed habet Dilectio  
Palmam  
Tu mihi nosse dabas Cœlica velle  
dabis

## IX

Quod volo quod possum quod sum  
Tibi debeo CHRISTE  
Quod sum quod possum quod  
volo CHRISTE, cape

## X

Nil video sine Te sapio nil nil queo  
Solus  
Sol meus es meus es Sal mea sola  
Salus 20

## XI

Lux Via Vita pio DEUS hac Face  
Tramite Corde  
Qui videt it vivit non cadit errat  
obit

## XII

Da cumulem tua centenis ALTARIA  
Donis !  
Victimasint Versus Ara Cor Ignis  
Amor

## III

Hope be thy bow thy hand Love  
Faith the shaft  
Let Hope shoot Faith to GOD with  
Love's strong draft

## IV

Sacred's my theme may my first  
fruits Him please !  
Faith plants Hope nourishes Love  
ripens these

## V

This world's the field GOD sows His  
Word the seed  
Satan the thief the good corn th  
ill the weed 10

## VI

Lord mount me to the pitch of  
larks on high  
That I as birds wing'd oars may  
cut the sky !

## VII

Saints would know GOD so as they  
good may do  
Let me both know this good and  
act it too !

## VIII

Heaven's love not knowledge doth  
the palm acquire  
Who heavenly knowledge gave will  
give desire

## IX

That ought I will can am is CHRIST  
from thee  
CHRIST what I am can will accept  
from me !

## X

No light taste strength without  
Thee Thou alone  
Art health unto my soul my salt  
my sun 20

## XI

Thou Light Way Life who sees  
walks liveth by  
That flame path, strength does not  
fall fail nor die

## XII

Upon Thy altars let my verses  
prove  
The victim heart the altar, the fire  
love !



XIII

Thura Preces, Lachrymæ Myrrhæ,  
Pietasque sit Aurum  
Mentis Opus, Clysmus Cordis,  
Amoris Opes

XIV

Hoc Hecatombæ Tibi Carminis  
offero Libum  
Ut tu millenos, Nate Davide,  
Boves

XV

Vult pia Musa DEUM ! Quoties volat  
altius, Alas  
Flagitat assiduè, SANCTA CO-  
LUMBA, Tuas ! 30

XVI

Ferre per Æthereas volitante Vigore  
Phalanges,  
Fulgida Chrysolithûm Lux ubi  
stellat Iter

XVII

Carmine ducat Amor, quos terret  
Concio, Mentis  
Elevet in Cœlum, quò nequit ire  
Fides !

XVIII

GratarepercussireferantModulamina  
Nervi,  
Unica nec nostræ sit Synalæpha  
Lyræ

XIX

Umbra mihi DEUS I, patulæ,  
Maro, tegmine fagi,  
Tu, Siloame, veni, Castalis Unda,  
vale

XX

Vanaprofanorumcalcandocrepundia  
Vatum,  
Spirituale pius parturit Author  
Opus 40

XXI

Vita quid est? Fumus Quid Forma?  
Favilla Quid Aurum?  
Idolum Quid Honos? Bulla  
Quid Orbis? Onus

XXII

Vita repentè fugit, citò Forma polita  
recedit,  
Aurum fallit, Honor deficit, Orbis  
hebet

XIII

Pray'r frankincense, tears myrrh, be  
gold, soul's health  
The mind's best work, heart's laver,  
and love's wealth

XIV

I this verse-hecatomb to Thee do  
bring,  
As Solomon his numerous offering

XV

The pious Muse courts Heav'n,  
when highest things  
She soars for, still she craves, BLESSED  
Dove, Thy wings ! 30

XVI

With active plumes fly up to th'  
angel-quire,  
Where chrysolites to gild thy way  
conspire

XVII

Love may them lead by verse, whom  
sermons fright,  
Bring them, where Faith comes not,  
into Heav'n's light

XVIII

Oh, may our numbers in sweet  
music flow,  
Nor the least harshness of elisions  
know !

XIX

Shade me, O LORD ! I seek not  
Virgil's tree,  
Hence, springs profane, glide, Si-  
loam, by me !

XX

Trampling vain labours, with loose  
wits defil'd,  
The hallow'd brain brings forth a  
spritely child 40

XXI

What's life? a vapour, beauty?  
ashes, gain?  
An idol, honour? bubble, the  
world? vain

XXII

Life flits away, and beauty wanes at  
full,  
Gold cheats, and honour fades, the  
world is dull

XXIII

Vita Voluptatis brevis est Vitæque  
Voluptas,  
Non capit illa DEO quid sit  
Amante capi

XXIV

Illa maritali quæ Tæda parata  
Leandro  
Illa Sepulturæ Tæda parata  
fuit

XXV

Mille Vire Morti prohi mille! sed  
unica Vitæ  
Crimina qui non hic eluet ille  
luet 50

XXVI

Bellica fedifragos pessundabit Ira  
Tyrannos  
Non Vobis Sceleri vincitis, Ultor  
adest

XXVII

Peccantùm Limen Peccati inquite  
Semen  
Contagem ducit Proximitate Pecus

XXVIII

Hinc Josephe fugis fugis hinc sine  
Veste Johannes  
Prohi Dolor! Ipse manes Petre  
manendo negas!

XXIX

Conscia Mens Noctesque Diesque  
Domique Forisque  
Pungitur In Sese Verbera Tortor  
agit!

XXX

Jussa decem bis sex Credenda  
Sacratio Cænæ  
Heu nimis in Templis Lege  
loquente silent! 60

XXXI

Grege perit hinc! Veniet qua non  
speratur in horâ  
Judex Ferribilis Sontibus Ultor  
adest!

XXXII

Nec Prece nec Pretio nec Fraude  
nec Arte nec Ira  
Vincitur! In Pænas Flamma  
perennis erit!

(401)

XXIII

Life s pleasure s short and pleasure s  
life is vain  
It knows not highest bliss GOD s  
love to gain

XXIV

That torch which flam'd so bright in  
Hero s room  
Did light her lov'd Leander to his  
tomb

XXV

To death a thousand ways to life  
but one  
For sin who groans not he for sin  
shall groan 50

XXVI

Arm d wrath perfidious tyrants throws  
from high  
They conquer Right Sin them, th  
Avenger s nigh

XXVII

Sinner s first steps sin s seed and  
fruit void  
Many by near infection are destroy d

XXVIII

Kill vice i th egg John Joseph  
robeless fly  
Peter thou stay st and stay st but to  
deny!

XXIX

By night and day at home and  
when abroad  
Guilt stings the soul and thereon  
lays its load!

XXX

Of Decalogue Creed Supper of the  
LORD  
Though laws speak loud our Church  
hath scarce a word! 60

XXXI

Hence flocks are pin d The JUDGE  
in time will come  
Unthought of near to guilt s the  
Avenger s doom!

XXXII

Nor pray r nor price nor fraud nor  
rage nor art  
Can help ah fear then flames  
eternal smart!

XXXIII

Imbre rigante Genas, quoties Tibi  
CHRISTE, querebar,  
Nocte vigil, nullo Teste, Medela,  
veni !

XXXIV

Aspicis, & Pateris? Scelus omne  
repelle, Colonus  
Nec gerat Arma suâ quâ scriit Arva  
Manu !

XXXV

Vis, Amor, est exorsa DEO, data  
Gratia gratis,  
Hanc Vim THEIOPHILÆ Nomine  
Musa vocat 70

XXXVI

Ureris ignifluis confossa THEOPHILA  
Telis !  
Sacra beatificans si cremet Ossa  
Calor,

XXXVII

Quo magis ardescis, magis, hoc, sis  
Folhs ad Ignes,  
Omnibus exundet, qui calet intus,  
Amor

XXXVIII

Ure Tepescentes, Viresque Calen-  
tibus adde,  
Igne crema, recrea Lumine, Mente  
bea

XXXIX

Et Mare tentanti Pharos esto,  
Benigna, Poetæ,  
Dum pandit Vento Lintea plena  
sacro !

XL

Velapius Genius, Tu Sidus, Acumina  
Remi,  
Vates Nauta, Salum Vena, Poema  
Ratis 80

XLI

Consecro Fræna tuæ moderanda  
Poetica Dextræ,  
Sunt Donantis Honor, sed Ca-  
pientis Amor

XLII

Stringe soluta, recude proterva, revelle  
prophana,

XXXIII

Wet check'd, how oft I've moan'd  
to Thee, my Dear,  
All night awake, alone, O cure,  
appear !

XXXIV

See'st Thou, and suff'rest? Stop  
sin's course, and birth,  
Let not that hand bear arms, that  
sows the earth

XXXV

Love's pow'r's infus'd from God, a  
free giv'n grace,  
THELOPHILA from Love takes name  
and race 70

XXXVI

Thou burn'st, pierc'd THELOPHIL,  
with fiery dart,  
If blessed heat enflames thy vigorous  
heart

XXXVII

The more thou burn'st, the more be  
bellows still,  
As thy flames grow, let those flames  
others fill !

XXXVIII

Heat the luke-warm, to those, more  
hot, give fire,  
Bless GOD, refresh with grace,  
enflame desire

XXXIX

The poet's Pharos be that sets forth  
sail,  
While he steers sheet-fill'd with a  
holy gale

XL

Pure wit's the sails, quick judgement  
oars, thou th' star,  
Pilot the scribe, sea vein, the ship  
hymns are 80

XLI

I give wit's tackling to thy guiding  
hands  
Honour in giving, love in taking  
stands

XLII

Bind up what's loose, what's rash  
new-mould, refell

70 Theiophilæ] Benlowes takes the liberty of this form, to get the long syllable, after the analogy of *θειολόγος*, &c. In next line Theophila is more daring

Supple manca poliscabra superba  
preme

XLIII

Irrita sulphurei rides Crepitacula  
Mundi

Regnaque pro Nidis quæ fabri  
cantur habes

XLIV

Despicias Orbis Opes opulentior  
Orbe minorque

Orbis majori pulchrior Orbe  
micas

XLV

Congestas effundis Opes releventur  
ut Ægri

Sic ab Amante tuo semper amere  
DEO 90

XLVI

Scisque DEUM notumque doces  
doctumque vereris

Praxis habet Cultum Quæ canis  
illa facis

XLVII

Osa Malis pretiosa Pius Lyra viva  
Poetis

Casta Fide, Genio candida, chara  
DEO

XLVIII

Sylva Smaragdicomas quæ ventilat  
invidet Auro

Crimis & ad Cirros Gratia trina  
rubit

XLIX

Gaudia tot spargunt splendentia  
Sidera Vultus

Quot fovet Attis Apes quot gerit  
Æthra Faces

L

Invidet igniparis Adamantinus Ardor  
Ocellis

Vibrat abinde sacras Pupula casta  
Faces 100

LI

Emula puniceis Tinctura Corallina  
Labris,

Livet ad Ambrosias pensilis Uva  
Genas

LII

Mirarer Labrique Rosas & Lilia  
Malæ

What sill lame help smooth rough  
depress what swell

XLIII

Thou slight st earth's rattling squibs  
with sulphur fill'd

Kingdoms such nests are as the birds  
do build

XLIV

Above all worldly wealth thy riches  
rise

Thy microcosm the macrocosm  
outvies

XLV

Thou lay'st out hoarded gold the  
poor to aid

So with GOD's love thy love to  
GOD's repaid 90

XLVI

Thy sacred skill imparted reverence  
breeds

Thy worship's practice and thy  
words are deeds

XLVII

Fiends hate saints prize whence  
lyric strings sound clear

Of spotless faith pure mind to th  
Highest dear

XLVIII

The emerald grove envies thy golden  
hair

Whose curls make Graces blush  
themselves more fair

XLIX

As many joys thy starry beauties  
shed

As bees in Attis gems in skies are  
spread

L

The diamond sparkleth rage at thine  
eyebeams

Whose chaste orbs brandish thence  
their sacred gleams 100

LI

The coral die is blank'd at lips so  
red

And livid grapes at rosy cheeks  
hang head

LII

I'd gaze o th' lily'd cheek and the  
lips rose,

Mala sed exuperat Lilia, Labra  
Rosas

LIII

Suavia mellifluo dimanant Verba  
Palato,  
Verbula Nectareis limpidiora Ca-  
dis

LIV

Quas non Delicias, radiantibus ebria  
Guttis,  
Psaltria dia, creas! Ore Mel, Aure  
Melos

LV

Spiras Tota Crocos, Violas, Opobal-  
sama, Myrrhas,  
Bdellia, Thura, Cedros, Cinnama,  
Narda, Rosas 110

LVI

Ruris Aroma Rosas Quot Cantica  
sacra profundis,  
Tot paris Ore Favos, tot jadis Ore  
Faces

LVII

Dum jaciuntur ab Ore Favi, superæ-  
que Favillæ,  
Pascor, ut incendar, Flamma dat  
ipsa Dapes!

LVIII

Languet Olor dum spectat Ebur  
Cervicis Ad Agnum  
Hæc Via susceptum Lactea mon-  
strat Iter

LIX

Ningit in Alpini mansura Pruina  
Papillis,  
Anser es His Cornix, Nix nigra,  
sordet Olor

LX

Vellera cana Nivis, Manibus collata,  
lutescunt,  
Figis ubi Gressum pressa resultat  
Humus 120

LXI

Lilia Lacte lavet, Violas depurplet  
Uva,  
Ære Crocos tingat, Murice, Flora,  
Rosas,

LXII

Nec potis est meritam Tibi texere  
Flora Corollam,

( 404 )

But oh, thy cheek, thy lip surpasseth  
those!

LIII

Gracepours sweet-flowing words from  
charming lips,  
Sparkling 'bove nectar which i'th'  
crystal skips

LIV

Rare Psaltress, with Heav'n-drops  
inebriate,  
What sweets to mouth, and ear dost  
thou create?

LV

Sweet violets, saffron, balm, myrrh  
from thee flows,  
Bdell, incense, cedar, cinnamon,  
nard, the rose 110

LVI

The rose, swain's spice such heav'n-  
dew'd verse dost frame,  
As sweet as honeycomb, as bright  
as flame

LVII

While combs, and flames divine from  
thee are cast,  
I'm fed, as fir'd, ev'n flames do nurse  
my taste!

LVIII

The swan pines at thy neck, this  
Milky Way  
Doth steps, begun to th' Holy LAMB,  
display

LIX

There falls on thine Alp-breasts a  
lasting snow,  
To which snow's black, swans foul,  
the goose a crow

LX

The hoary frost turns dirt, vied with  
thy hand,  
And, where thy foot does tread, it  
prides the land 120

LXI

On lilies milk, on violets purple  
throw,  
On saffron gold, scarlet o'th' rose  
bestow,

LXII

Wreaths, worthy thee, fair Flora ne'er  
can weave,

Te nec hyperbolicus dum cano  
Cantor ero

LXIII

Floribus omnigenis Gemmisque  
nitentibus ardens

Tu Paradisiaci Præda videris  
Agri

LXIV

Quælibet in Vita Virtus sic æqua  
reluceat,

Ut dubitetur an hæc illa vel ista  
præit

LXV

Desuper extat Amor, Tibi Mens  
contermina Cælo

Regnat Honor radiat Forma  
triumphat Amor 130

LXVI

Illud es Elixir Chymica quod pro  
tinus Arte

Mutet in auratas me rude Pondus  
Opes

LXVII

Ignis Cinis fit agente Vitrum micat  
Ignis Metallum

Corpus & hoc fieri Spiritus Ignis  
potest

LXVIII

Magnetis salit e Ferro celer Ignis  
Amoris,

Imo Silex faculas quis putet?  
intus alit

LXIX

Durius at Saxo nil est nil mollius  
Igne

Dura sed ignitus Saxa resolvit  
Amor

LXX

Hæc meditans quis non Facibus  
solvatur Amoris?

Tu Charis es Studius Tu Cynosura  
meis 140

LXXI

Gemmula Mentis Ocella Sinus pia  
Flammula Cordis

Incepi Duce Te Te Duce cœpta  
sequar

LXXII

Sponsa creata DEO Virtutum fulgida  
Cœtu

Nor can our highest strains thee  
higher heave

LXIII

With all bred flow'rs and glittering  
buds thou beam'st,

As if thou hadst cropt all Paradise thou  
seem'st

LXIV

Each virtue's in thy life so pois'd so  
fine

What's first? This? That? or  
T'other? since all shine

LXV

Love to thy soul deriv'd is from  
above

Where Honour reigns sparks beauty  
triumphs Love 130

LXVI

In chemic art thou my elixir  
be,

Convert to gold the worthless dross  
in me

LXVII

Fire makes of ashes glass makes  
metals shine,

This fire my body may to spirit cal-  
cine

LXVIII

Enamour'd iron does to the magnet  
fly

Yea sparks in hardest flints concealed  
lie

LXIX

Nothing more hard than stone more  
soft than fire

Yet stones are melted by inflam'd  
desire

LXX

Is't so? Who'd not dissolve in flames  
of Love?

Be thou the grace thou my thoughts  
loadstar prove 140

LXXI

Mind's gem eye's apple heart's in  
tenser flame,

Thou show'st the way I'll prosecute  
the same

LXXII

For God created bright in Virtue's  
train,

Jus colis, Affectus suppressis, Acta  
regis

LXXIII

Est Tibi Vita DEUS, Pietas Lex,  
Gloria CHRISTUS,  
Expetis Hunc, Tibi Qui semper  
Amore præit

LXXIV

Quid Te, CHRISTE, Crucem perferre  
coegit? Amoris  
Ardor! Amaroris Pignus Amoris  
erat!

LXXV

Factus Amans, fit & Esca DLUS!  
Te nutrit IESUS  
O Bonitas! Quales Hoc in Amante  
Dapes! 150

LXXVI

Est mihi Christus (ais) Laus, Splen-  
dor, Aroma, Triumphus,  
Musica, Vina, Dapes, Fama,  
Corona, DEUS

LXXVII

Omnia Tu JESUS! præ Te, nihil  
Omnia! Coelum  
Exploraturæ, quàm mihi sordet  
Humus!

LXXVIII

Orbis es Exilium, Mors Janua, Patria  
Coelum,  
Dux sit Amor, Baculus Spes,  
Comes alma Fides

LXXIX

Diffuat in Gemmas Oriens, in Car-  
mina Coelum,  
Nec Meritis Oriens, nec Polus  
æqua ferat

LXXX

Fac timeam, fac amem, Quæ Te  
timet, acrius ardet,  
Nempe tui Cultûs Fons Timor,  
Amnis Amor 160

LXXXI

Vox tua Norma mihi, Tibi Palmes  
adhæreo Viti,  
Totus es Ipse mihi, sim tua tota  
DEUS!

Weigh'st right, quell'st passions, and  
o'er deeds dost reign

LXXXII

GOD is thy life, I aw virtue, Glory  
CHRIST,  
Him, who leads thee by love, thou  
lov'st Him high'st

LXXXIII

CHRIST, to endure the cross, what  
did Thee move?  
The pledge of bitterness was pledge  
of Love!

LXXXIV

Is GOD both meat and lover? CHRIST  
thy food?  
What banquet is this Lover! As  
sweet, as good! 150

LXXXV

CHRIST's spice (thou say'st) light,  
triumph, praise to me,  
Music, wine, feast, fame, crown, GOD,  
all to thee

LXXXVI

LORD, Thou art all in all! Thou  
lost, all's nought,  
How base seems muddy earth, where  
Heav'n is sought!

LXXXVII

Earth's exile, Death the gate, my  
home's above,  
My staff's *Hope, Faith* companion,  
leader *Love*

LXXXIX

Turn Indie into jewels, Heav'n to  
verse,  
Nor Indie can Thyworth, nor Heav'n  
rehearse

LXXX

Let me Thee fear, and love, fear  
Love's heat blows,  
Fear is Devotion's fount, whence  
love o'erflows. 160

LXXXI

Thyword's my rule, I cleave to Thee,  
my Vine,  
LORD, Thou are all to me, I'm wholly  
Thine

## LXXXVII

Comprecor exaudi patior succurre,  
molestor  
Auxiliare premor protege flagro  
fave !

## LXXXVIII

Te voco laudo rogo colo diligo,  
quero Redemptor  
Affectu Prece, Re Spe Pietate  
Fide !

## LXXXIX

Si Te contueor liquefio perusta  
Favillis  
Ni Te contueor sum glaciata  
Gelu !

## LXXXX

O Facibus superadde Faces ut Tota  
liquescam !  
Sim vel Mortis Odor sim vel  
Amantis Amor 170

## LXXXXI

Grata Procella jugum mihi gratum  
gratus & Ignis  
Me quibus immergit deprimat,  
unt Amor !

## LXXXXII

Non mea sum sed Amore DEI  
languesco ! Sorores  
Me stipate Rosis languet Amore  
Sinus !

## LXXXXIII

Nil Animantis habet, quæ Pectore  
vivit Amantis  
Hoc in Amore mihi sit mora nulla  
mori !

## LXXXXIV

Unio sit Nobis Animamque liqua  
mur in unam !  
Unaque Vita Duos stringat Amor  
que Duos !

## XC

Tu super Omne places ! Tua sum  
Tu noster & Ambos  
Mutuus Ardor agit, possidet unus  
Amor 180

## XCI

Uror Io, Redamatur Amor ! Voto  
que fruisco !  
Dum quod Amans redamor dum  
quod Amante fruor

## LXXXVII

Oh hear my pray'r, my sufferings  
bear, my task  
Take off redress my wrongs, grant  
what I ask !

## LXXXVIII

With pray'r, desire faith zeal, hope  
deed I call  
Laud, seek, love pray worship Thee  
all in all

## LXXXIX

If I behold Thee I'm all flaming  
spice,  
If not behold Thee, I'm congeal'd  
to ice !

## LXXXX

Add flames to flames that I may  
melt away !  
Be I belov'd of Thee or else Death's  
prey ! 170

## LXXXXI

Sweet seas light yoke & friendly  
flame I find  
Which me with love doth drown and  
burn and bind

## LXXXXII

I'm not mine own but faint for God  
above !  
Rose deck me Virgins for I'm sick  
of Love !

## LXXXXIII

Nought of a liver hath a lover's  
heart !  
Or live belov'd or life-bereft  
depart !

## LXXXXIV

Let us be one ! In one two melted  
flow !  
Let one life as one love inform us  
two !

## XC

My only joy I'm Thine, Thou mine  
and both  
The like flame burns, th one loves  
as t other doth 180

## XCI

Fire ! Fire ! Love is beloved ! My  
Maker's mine !  
Loving I'm lov'd ! while with my  
Spouse I twine !



XCII

O, quid Amare ! Quid est Redamari !  
Gaudia nacta  
Tanta, stupendo tacet ! Tanta,  
tacendo stupet !

XCIII

Vivo DEO, morior Mundo, moriendo  
resurgo ,  
Inde, catenato Dite, triumphat  
Amor

XCIV

Sic amet omnis Amans, sic immo-  
riatur Amanti  
Ut Lyra Lusciniæ Vitaque Mors-  
que fuit

XCV

Si mea Lumen habent, si Nomen  
Carmina , Lumen  
Ex Oculo Sponsi, Nomen ab Ore  
venit 190

XCVI

Argus eat, qui Talpa venit, radiatus  
Amore ,  
Vates Sperati fidus Amoris ero

XCVII

Cingant Theiophilæ potius mea  
Tempora Lauri,  
Quam gemmans Capiti sit Dia-  
dema meo

XCVIII

Nam, quid erunt, animæ Damno,  
Diademata Mundi ?  
Celsa ruunt, fugiunt blandula,  
prava necant

XCIX

Ut præsens novit, sic postera noverit  
Ætas,  
Sive premamus Humum, Sive  
premamur Humo

C

Finis Fine caret, nec Terminus ullus  
Amantem  
Terminat , Hic Modus est non  
habuisse Modum 200

XCII

O Love, belov'd ! Her, who such  
joys partakes,  
Silence makes wonder, wonders silence  
makes !

XCIII

To Heav'n I live, to Earth I die ,  
dying rise !  
So, Hell being chain'd, Love takes  
the victor's prize

XCIV

Lovers so love, as for the lov'd to  
die !  
As Strada's lute was life and des-  
tiny

XCV

If these my lays have either light, or  
name,  
Name from thy word, light from thy  
grace doth flame 195

XCVI

Who came a mole, goes Argus hence  
by Love ,  
I shall Faith's priest to hopeful Charis  
prove

XCVII

Theophila's bays to me more honour  
brings  
Than gems that blaze on the proud  
heads of kings

XCVIII

For what boot worldly crowns with  
soul's loss bought,  
Heights fall, spruce courtship fades,  
vice brings to nought

XCIX

We may hereafter, as we now have  
found  
The voice of Fame above, so, under  
ground

C

The last shall last, Term can't Vaca-  
tion lend  
To th' Lover, here 'tis end to have no  
END

188 Strada's lute] Benlowes merely alludes to what Ford and Crashaw had elaborately handled And the piecing together of the allusion by the Latin and English is note-worthy

Imus in Albionis Freta per Latialia,  
 Littus  
 Siste Britannales, Hac Vice Musa,  
 Pedes  
 Anglica num præsent Latius Briti  
 cisve Latina  
 Scire velim Placeant quæ magis,  
 Illa dabo

To see, not know, is not to  
 see  
 Then let our English reader be  
 Warn'd not on Latian Alps to  
 roam,  
 The next vale's path will lead him  
 home

## PRÆLIBATIO

## AD THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIAM

QUÆ UNICA CANTIO A DOMINO ALEX. ROSSÆO IN  
 CARMEN LATINUM CONVERSA EST<sup>1</sup>

## Cantio I

## ARGUMENTUM

Evigiles surgas divini Rector Amoris  
 Delicium prius explores quàm Gaudia tentes  
 Ad Cælos Cursum tandèm pia Vota gubernent

## TRISTICHON I

MUTUA si Mentis agerent Commer  
 cia Secum  
 Angelicum in Morem terrena Mole  
 solutæ,  
 Intuitu quales possent effundere  
 Cantus<sup>1</sup>

## II

Spiritus ut subitò si sublimetur  
 abibit  
 In fumum nimium chymicus nisi  
 temperet Æstum  
 Haud alitèr perit omne nimis subtile  
 Noema

## III

Aurum Sole satum Terræ inter  
 Viscera clausum  
 Non pretio cessit quamvis non  
 splenduit æque  
 Qualiter excoctum flagranti fulgurat  
 Igne

## IV

Mens age nunc Famæ Sphæram  
 conscende per Orbes  
 Errat enim quisquis non Cursum  
 dirigit illuc  
 Virtutis Comites Aures adhibete  
 Docenti

## V

Erġdè ne Veneris lascivæ Prælia  
 Cornu  
 Vocali recensæ aut Oculis flamman  
 tibus Igne  
 (Formæ Armis) cedant inopinis  
 Pectora Plagas

## VI

Quarum pestiferis Oculis jaculan  
 tibus Ignem  
 Virginitatis Honos purus maculatur  
 & ipsa  
 Mens capitur Laqueis fictarum in  
 cauta Comarum

<sup>1</sup> The 'English reader' after the broad hint given to him *not* to read Alexander Ross over in the last stanza above may be emboldened to ask why this Latin duplication is even given here? But the original of *Theophila* is too rare for the reproduction to be mutilated

As the Court has noted, the

1. *Pharmaceutical industry* – The pharmaceutical industry is a major player in the healthcare sector, responsible for the development, production, and distribution of drugs. It is a highly regulated industry with significant R&D costs.

2. *Medical device industry* – The medical device industry includes companies that manufacture equipment and instruments used in medical procedures. This sector is also heavily regulated and faces high R&D costs.

3. *Biotechnology* – Biotechnology companies focus on developing new drugs and therapies using biological processes. This industry is characterized by high R&D costs and significant regulatory hurdles.

4. *Healthcare providers* – Healthcare providers, including hospitals and clinics, are the primary users of pharmaceuticals and medical devices. They play a crucial role in the distribution and use of these products.

5. *Insurance companies* – Insurance companies, particularly in the United States, play a significant role in financing healthcare. They negotiate prices with pharmaceutical and medical device manufacturers.

6. *Government* – The government, through agencies like the FDA in the US, regulates the healthcare industry to ensure safety and efficacy. It also plays a role in financing healthcare through programs like Medicare and Medicaid.

7. *Academia* – Academic institutions are involved in basic research that can lead to new drug discoveries. They often collaborate with the pharmaceutical industry.

8. *Investors* – Investors, including venture capitalists and private equity firms, provide funding for startups and established companies in the healthcare sector.

9. *Regulatory bodies* – Regulatory bodies like the FDA and EMA are responsible for approving new drugs and medical devices for market. They ensure that products meet safety and efficacy standards.

10. *Patients* – Patients are the ultimate beneficiaries of healthcare products. Their needs and preferences drive the development and use of pharmaceuticals and medical devices.

[illegible]

WERNER, J. H. O. ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...

[illegible]

1. Thyridites Thyridites Thyridites Thyridites  
 2. Thyridites Thyridites Thyridites Thyridites  
 3. Thyridites Thyridites Thyridites Thyridites  
 4. Thyridites Thyridites Thyridites Thyridites

ESTO FALSO PORQUE LOS  
ASPECTOS COMPLETAMENTE  
FALSOS DEL GOBIERNO DE LA MAN-  
DELA SON  
MUCHO MAS QUE EL PUEBLO VINO A  
COMPARAR

Veritas vos liberabit: Certe est  
 veritas Resurrexerit  
 Romanis exultet Liber et de Morte  
 de occurrentia

2. The "O" symbol is  
 3. The "O" symbol is  
 4. The "O" symbol is

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

1. *Chlorophyll *a** was determined in 90% methanol extracts of the leaves and stems of *S. purpurea* and *S. tuberosum* by the method of Arar and Johnson (1977). The absorbance of the extracts was measured at 663 nm and the concentration of chlorophyll *a* was calculated using the following equation:

[illegible][illegible]

A. S. V. ...  
 C. ...  
 ...  
 ...

Respectfully,  
Yours truly,  
Oscar N. Cruz

[illegible]

1. The first group of people who are not in the majority are the people who are not in the majority.

Li tinctæ Baccho Buccæ mihi  
 sæpè videntur  
 Tedifera quoties Gemmis micat un  
 dique Nasus 60

## XXI

Cantibus alternis Homines sese esse  
 negantes  
 Exleges fiunt Titubant seseque  
 volutant  
 Atque Pedes sinuant potant Cir  
 cæa Venena

## XXII

O tumulata Animæ vivæ putresci  
 tis ! usque  
 Ad Fæces Vester liquefit Sal Quis  
 que coerct  
 Naturam & Mortem accelerat  
 Spernitque Salutem

## XXIII

Insontes Pecudes vestros odere  
 Liquores  
 Cum Nugas Vomitu & Punctis  
 distinguitis Ac,  
 In Vino & Somno Proceres nisi  
 Fumus & Umbra

## XXIV

Mallem condiri Muria quàm Nectare  
 dulci 70  
 I utrere Invitat miseros nunc Alea  
 Mensæ  
 Illaqueant nunquam felix datur  
 Exitus illis

## XXV

Sed sine Mente uno jactu Patrimo  
 nia perdunt  
 Obscurant Noctem cum decipit Alea  
 Diris  
 Vincitur en Victor num Victus vin  
 cere posset ?

## XXVI

Denis & septem Cubitis si Nilus  
 inundat  
 Fertilis Egypti Campos miseranda  
 sequetur  
 Esuries Tabes sequitur sic sæva  
 Nepotes

## XXVII

Dicite vos pictæ vos dicite Papi  
 liones

Gaudia quæ Veris pensatis falsa quid  
 estis 80  
 Lucratæ ex infrugiferis Nugisque  
 caducis ?

## XXVIII

Stulti qui propter Nugas divenditis  
 Aurum  
 Dicite num caleat quæ Flamma est  
 picta ? Voluptas  
 Num stimulans juvat ? o angustum  
 Cælum, inferiusque !

## XXIX

Ite & Deliciis (fruitur quæis Bestia  
 sola)  
 Gaudia mutetis vera at Gens impia  
 turget  
 Deliciis CHRISTUS flevit Gens  
 optima luget

## XXX

Nil nisi terrenum cupiunt Animalia  
 Bruta  
 Cœlestes Animæ cœlestia Gaudia  
 quærunt  
 Ast Homines mediæ Naturæ Dona  
 requirunt 90

## XXXI

Gens humana foret si moles Corpo  
 ris expers  
 Angelicæ Naturæ esset si Mente  
 careret  
 Brutiginæ Caro Brutorum est  
 Mens Angelicorum

## XXXII

Principio Deus Hos univit subji  
 ciendo  
 Sensus Judicio Rationis tum  
 moderando  
 Affectum Arbitrio Mentis verum in  
 ficiendo

## XXXIII

Libertatem Animæ Crimen concus  
 sit ut Ipsæ  
 Jam nequeunt habitare simul, nisi  
 Lucta sequatur  
 Nec sine Tristitia divelli posse vide  
 mus

## XXXIV

Jam valeat Mundus fallax spinosa  
 Voluptas 100

Cui Cordi est, quod perdit amat,  
quod Nobile spernit  
I, Cole nunc Vitium, ride Virtutis  
Amantes

XXXX

Mellito Cyatho, at Felle Aspidis  
haud meliore,  
Inficis incautas Animas ad Tartara,  
semper  
Mortales Magico & fallaci decipis  
Ore

XXXXVI

Dum Tempus fallis, Tempus te fal-  
lit, & aufert  
Prædam, dum Tempus perdis,  
Cœlestia perdis,  
Sed, cum Fure bono, pauci furantur  
Olympum

XXXXVII

Projiciunt Stulti pretiosum Temporis  
Aurum  
Qui Vitæ Gemmam generosam pro-  
digit, ille 110  
Ad Barathrum graditur, Stimulisque  
agitatur Averni

XXXXVIII

Cui Terram amplecti vastam furiosa  
Cupido est,  
Vique Doloque simul, Muscis hic  
Retia tendit,  
Ut foribus laxis suspendit Aranea  
Casses

XXIX

Cum Mors præscindet Nimrodî  
Vulturis unguis,  
Nomina cernemus subito mutata  
Domorum  
Bethesda his fiet tandem Bethania  
tristis

XL

Arbitrio subdî pejus, quàm Lege  
perire,  
Pharmaca quæ curare valent, si  
Balsama perdunt?  
Namque Bono quod degenerat, nil  
pejus habetur 120

XLI

Sique Tyrannorum arbitrio non  
traderet ullos

( 412 )

Omnipotens Sanctos, crudeli Morte  
premedos,  
Nullum Martyrium foret, aut Salva-  
tor Iesus

XIII

Stulti durescunt, sed Sancti, ut  
Cera, liquescunt  
Corporis ad gemitum morientis,  
jamque jacentis  
Nudo Dente, Genis macris, Oculis-  
que cavatis

XIII

Vitæ Author Vitam præbet, largire  
Miscellis,  
Dissectis Venis præclusa est Janua  
Lethi  
Sit Deus Exemplar, te cura, pascere  
Famentes

XIV

Ut Cælum obtineas, heu, quantula  
Portio Vitæ 130  
Hic peregrinantis superest ! namque  
excipit Ortum  
Occasus subito, Finisque ab Ori-  
gine pendet

XV

Cum Vitæ cui Bella foris, Pax per-  
manet intus  
Cessat Judicium, quàm sese judicat  
ullus  
Extra vestiri Zelo est augere Dolores

XLVI

Magnates, Vos magna manent Tor-  
menta, Tyranni  
Si sitis Inferni Medicinam haud  
exhibet ullam  
Securus nè sis, securus si cupis esse

XLVII

Robora franguntur quæ Cœli Mur-  
mura temnunt,  
Ardentem in Cineres Prunam consi-  
dere cernes, 140  
Nec non in fumos clarum vanescere  
Lychnum

XLVIII

Exue rugosam Sagam, jam Tempus,  
& aufer  
Peccati Achanis velamina nigra,  
Magarum

Leprosis pannis superabunt Ulcera  
foeda

## XLIX

Insontem hoc Naboth Ferro super  
avit idemque

Jezabelis pinxit Faciem Centroque  
removit

Tot Regna, atque novum dimovit  
Cardine Mundum

## L

Felices hujus qui spargent Saxa  
Cerebro

Quiqueea loturi maledicto Sanguine,  
sternetque

Osse Vias Cujus Gemitus sunt  
Gaudia nostra 150

## LI

Non debet Salicâ regnare Hæc I ege  
Procellas

Excitat Halcyonumque Dies dis  
pellit in Aula

Mentis nil habitat Bonitatis si regit  
Illa

## LII

Luxuries ejus quot Morbos edidit?  
Astra

Inficit, Esuriemque auget Vivisque  
molesta est

Dum crapulantur humum Tumulis  
civilia Bella.

## LIII

Mens mea Mæstitiæ Labyrinthis  
septa quot Annis

In sacco Lachrymis baccato trans  
ige Vitam!

Clâm nigris in Speluncis ambito  
Timores!

## LIV

Cumque Heraclito pacatum transige  
Tempus 160

A Turbis procul & procul à Dis  
cordibus Armis

Quæ Mundum insanum turbato in  
Pegmate versant

## LV

Illic Religio dulcis vel Pectine  
pulsat

Vel Digitis Cytharam vel Cantu  
personat Antra,

Divinæ inspirat vel Dorica Carmina  
Musæ

## LVI

Proque Tubis resonabit Amor Testu  
dine solvens

Obsidione Urbes quassatas Marte  
vocansque

In Cælum Imperii Sedem mortalia  
Corda.

## LVII

Nostra hinc Lætitia, hinc Hymni  
Solatia nostra

Præcipuè Angelici Summo sit  
Gloria Patri, 1,0

Pax Terris Hominum succedat  
prompta Voluntas!

## LVIII

Pennæ quas Veneris Volucres dant  
Dedecus addunt

Ergò Vulcano Versus committite  
tollet

Ille pedes Melis liber sed claudicat  
Ille

## LIX

Tollitur en Nihil ast Aliquid cadit!  
ô ubi Merces

Antiquæ Virtutis Honos! Sapiëntia  
quondam

Virtutem exivit, coluisti Plute  
Minervam

## LX

Cos fuit Oxonii Lambeth! tamen  
Ille Volatu

Exuperat longè Pinnacula Diviti  
rum

Qui Virtutem ambit puro Virtutis  
Amore 180

## LXI

Virtutis Radius accenditur Illus  
Ardor

Et Pestes omnes Modulis fugat ille  
canoris

Fulminaque extinguit per Cœli Ex  
pansa trisulca

## LXII

An matutinæ Volucres cantando  
citabant

Solem ex nocturnis Tenebris, tecto  
que Cubili?

Atque Animæ vivæ in Tenebris &  
Morte jacebunt?

LXIII

Evigilate ergò de Somno, & Nocte  
soporâ,  
Increpat ecce Moras nostras Auriga  
Diei,  
Sol dum cæruleos moderatur in  
Æthere Currus

LXIV

Jamque experiecti, Textrices mille  
Laborum 190  
Conspicite aerias, quæ fingunt Arte  
stupendâ  
Mæandros, texuntque suis per inania  
Telis

LXV

Surgite, Sol Aurum per summa  
Cacumina spargit,  
Condit Aromatibus Lucem, dum  
spargit Odores,  
Cuncta sagittiferis Radius Dulcedine  
replet

LXVI

Erigit in Cœlum Mentis Lux aurea  
Phœbi  
Pulpita qui fugiunt, Hymnis capiun-  
tur In Aurum  
Vertit Amor Plumbum, Chymico  
præstantior omni

LXVII

Utque Opifex Naturæ Apis est, Tra-  
gemata fingens  
Mellea, dum sugens chymicè trans-  
format in Aurum 200  
Floies, ditatur sic plumbea Carmine  
Prosa

LXVIII

Nullus Rex Vatem, sed Regem Car-  
mine Vates  
Evehit, Ille Animas languentes  
excitat, Ille  
Ad Mare Pacificum Curas trans-  
mittit edaces

LXIX

Ut Gemmæ radiant, atque æmula  
Lumina Stellis,  
Per Loca transmittunt tenebrosa  
ita docta Poesis

( 414 )

Et Lucem, ac Animam, Vitamque  
dat Artibus ipsam

LXX

O dives, ridens, radiansque Poetica  
Gemmis,  
Nobilitas Splendore tuo Diademata  
Regum!  
Tu Gentilitium Clypeum depingis  
Honoris 210

LXXI

Te, (quæ circundas Artes velut Aere)  
Teque  
Rerum inventarum Portam, Scenam  
Ingeniorum,  
Tam dives, quàm pauper amat,  
Regesque procando

LXXII

Vates & Reges Tumulo conduntur  
eodem,  
Ruminat Ars quodcunque accenditur  
Igne Poetæ,  
Sensibus ut nostris divinum exhalet  
Odorem

LXXIII

Prudentes reddit Speculatio, non  
meliores  
Littera solum Ars est, sed Praxis  
Spiritus, Usus  
Arte valet, sic Ars usu, qui seperat,  
aufert

LXXIV

Languida Facta quidem Dictis  
stimulantur acutis, 220  
Verba ut Femellis, Maribus sic Facta  
probantur  
Sic Vita Exemplar, fac, Leges præ-  
veniantur

LXXV

Maxima Cognitio nostra est servire  
Tonanti,  
Tunc nos morigeros Mandatis æsti-  
mat, Actus  
Excipiunt quandò quædam Inter-  
ludia nostros

LXXVI

Illorum Mentis sola ad Sublimia  
tendunt,  
Quorum non quovis agitantur Pectora  
Vento,

Utque Aulæ instabiles sed in Æquore  
nunt Sapiētis

LXXVII

Non alia his Cynosura nitet quàm  
Gratia quamque

Portat Apostolicus collustrans Sig-  
nifer Orbem 230

Hæc Evangelici Cursum rexere  
Magistri

LXXVIII

Hicque Theanthropos Sermo tum  
mystica Vitra

Oris fatidici nec non Oracula tanta,  
Fomentumque Precum tum Murus  
Atheneus hic est,

LXXIX

Cœli Sculptura hic, Pietatis Clavis  
& ipsa

Gaza, Instrumentum Spesque An-  
chora Charta fidelis,

Atque Voluptatis Gurgēs sic Navis  
Amoris

LXXX

Nunquam sic refluit Sanctorum  
Fluctus ut ipsos

Urgeat in Syrtēs Lirorum cuncta  
vorantes

Peccati Clades fugiunt ut naufraga  
saxa 240

LXXXI

Ut Casus Mortis, Noctis Septentrio  
Non tam

Obscuri aut Tenebræ triduanæ  
quas super omnem

Egyptum induxit qui Lucem &  
Sydera fecit

LXXXII

Tempestati hujus collata Tonitrua  
languent

Si Stimulos spectes Aspis fert Bal-  
sama Mors est

Vel Pietas hujus cùm Carmina  
fæda videbis

LXXXIII

Hujus cum laqueos mea Musa eva-  
seris illuc

Tende Alis ubi Lux Mentēs quæ  
luminat ardet,

Et Nebulas abigit, tenebrasque Nitore  
resolvit

LXXXIV

Sit tibi Religio curæ quam discute  
meque 250

Errantem cohibe DEUS alme &  
percutē Carnis

Ignave (si quando salit vel rudet)  
asellum

LXXXV

Mens minor es minimo Cœli indul-  
gentis Amore

Peccatum haud linquunt Terror  
Pudor atque Reatus

Quatuor hi Comites Cœtum glome-  
rantur in unum

LXXXVI

Peccato defectus ego nunc perditus  
erro

Namque orire mihi vesana Sup̄rbia  
visa est

Luctantem DEUS alme leva sub  
Pondere Terræ

LXXXVII

Nemo merere potest meruit tamen  
Unus & horum

Qui jactant Sese Zelum frigesce-  
cernis 260

His stannum Argentum est æs  
Aurum sæpè videtur

LXXXVIII

Cor renova Linguam mihi dinge  
porrige Dextram

Inspiresque Fidem Spemvelo detege  
tectam

Erige collapsum crescat Vis semper  
Amoris

LXXXIX

Lingua Decus nostrum Menti ser-  
vire memento

Spiritus ille tuus Bezahiel illustravit  
Mors Fide me salvat Cæcis das

Lumina sputo

XC

Spiritus ex sensu fiat, nam Gratia  
sola

Naturam vertit chymichus Lapis  
ecce repertus

Et Verbum omnipotens sola est  
Projectio pura 270



XCI

Verbum, Cos veri, nec Regula certior  
ulla

Rejicimus Mappam tenebrosam  
Traditionum

Non urit me Charta, tamen Mens  
ignibus ardet

XCII

Dum lego, Mens intus magno Splen-  
dore coruscat,

Et novus ecce Vigor penetrat Præ-  
cordia, namque

Omnia describit Placitorum Arcana  
tuorum

XCIII

Hujus Carminibus tecum versantur  
Enochi,

Avertit Mortem, transfert nos ante  
Senectam

Dat Vaticanus Scoriâ, purum hîc  
nitet Aurum

XCIV

Sic cùm pigra gelu Gens Tartara,  
splendida Gemmis 280

Tecta subit Sophiæ, subito Fervore  
refecta,

Quæ nive semianimis fuerat, se  
vivere sentit

XCV

Infundis mihi Tu Meditamina sancta,  
meoque

Effundis pia Verba Ore, & laudando  
per Orbem

Diffundis mea Facta, tuo quæ Munere  
vivunt

XCVI

Musa, mihi Chordas tendens, cane  
Facta Bonorum

Hymnis, sed pravos taceas, Artesque  
Tributum

Dent tibi, tu Cordi Linguam, Pen-  
namque ligabis

XCVII

Degener at Soboles Evæ, pollutaque  
Culpis,

An Te Mensurâ tenui comprêdere  
posset, 290

Omnipotens quum sis, nec mensu-  
rabilis unquam?

XCVIII

Arbustum Cedros, Aquilam non  
regulus effert

Laudibus, aut cernit Phœbeas noctua  
Flammas,

Gutta quid Oceano? Radius Jubar  
infinitis?

XCIX

Languentem sed Spes & Amor per  
inane volatum

Ferre valent, in Te noctem Fiducia  
lustrat,

Grandis Amor, suppleto Fidem, Spî  
scribimus Alis

C

Spiritus, alme DEUS, Mens, Corpus, &  
omnia Facta,

Et Verba, & Mentis Meditamina,  
postea discunt

Et Laudes celebrare tuas, &  
Crimina flere 300

O, quantum JESU me diligis!  
Ergo Beatum

Me tua jam reddat Dilectio,  
suscipiatque

Erectum rursus Dilectio  
MAXIME JESU!

Hæc ara est, atque hæc mea  
victima dulcis amoris

Cor, Oculus, Lingua, atque Manus,  
Poplesque reflexus

A te sunt Cuncta hæc, ad te sint Cuncta  
vicissim<sup>1</sup>

Post Homerum Iliada, post Vossæum  
Grammaticen, post Rossæum, celebra-  
rimum illum Virgili Evangelizantis  
Autorem, Carmen Heroicum con-  
scribere audax planè videatur Facinus  
Tenuitatis quippe meæ, & impari longè

in Poesi venæ conscius, cùm non possum  
quod vellem, volo tamen quod possum  
effundere

Est aliquid prodire tenus si non datur  
ultra

<sup>1</sup> This is again, in the original, arranged and framed altar-wise.

## THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIA

Cantio III Latino Carmine donata Restauratio

## ARGUMENTUM

Authoris Raptus laudatur Gratia fusæ  
Sunt Lachrymæ charo Britonum pro Sanguine fuso  
Obscure petitur Pax ictis prisca Michaus

## TRISTICHON I

SOLLICITES mea Musa Lynam, digi-  
toque pererra  
Argutæ Chelyos Chordas & Cantica  
psallas  
Quæ rapiant Terras & scandant  
Astra Triumphis

## II

Ecstatico raptus Motu Bartæius  
Heros  
Lecto subsiliens alacres ducensque  
Choræas  
Dixit In hunc Morem saltabunt  
Gallica Regna

## III

Seu Meteora Soli viscoso Semine  
facta  
Quæ motu succensa suo super  
ardua tendunt  
Nubila Stellarum nec non de More  
coruscis

## IV

Effulgent Flammis Duntaxat at illa  
relucent 10  
Ut Sese absumant & nos per  
Compita ducant,  
Nec pro se Ventis sed Nobis Flamina  
spirant

## V

Enthea sic superas mea Mens  
ascendit ad Arces  
Sese dispensans Stolidos ut reddat  
Acutos  
Qui Tædam præfert Alus Se Lumine  
privat

## VI

Qualitèr Inferno sudat vesana  
Libido

Sic Cœlo aspirat divini Zelus Amoris  
Scrutari Hoc Mentis contendit tota  
Facultas

## VII

Cardinibus subnixæ Fides conver-  
titur altis  
Purior haud ullis præclusa Scientia  
Metis 20

Flamma Cor accendens non Ignis  
Signa relinquit

## VIII

Horti florentis blandum Po[1]mæria  
sancta  
Visorum Tellus Sapientum grata  
Cohorti  
Auratis Asini Phaleris Ludibria  
prostat

## IX

Huic Mare fit rabidum Mundus  
Discordia major  
Est ubi Ventorum quam Pyxis  
nautica norit  
Incumbit Sanctus Velis tenet An-  
chora Cœlum

## X

Appulit hic Pietas ubi non confracta  
Dolore  
Conscia Mens fremitat Rabie aut  
consumpta maligna  
Lumina lascivæ Veneris nec Fulgure  
tacta 30

## XI

Non Nugæ Hic Pueri Juvenis non  
servidus Æstus  
Ambitus Ætatis maturæ nullus  
Avari  
Grandævī haud Vitium, non Otia  
pigra coluntur

## XII

Non Gula, lascivi aut Pruritus turpis  
Amoris,  
Turgidus haud Fastus, non invidiosa  
Rubigo,  
Ira nec ardescens, aut Obduratio  
Cordis

## XIII

Non Amor invadit propius, vel  
Pectora Curæ  
Scindentes, Schisma aut Doctrinæ  
mobile flatu,  
Non cæci pungunt Stimuli, nec Pœna  
Latebris

## XIV

Hinc macula apparet Tellus obscura,  
ubi certant 40  
Pro vanis Homines, puerilis more  
tumultûs,  
Formicæ, veluti peterent, munimina,  
scloppis

## XV

Est ubi Luxuries satiata, Libidoque  
spumat,  
Sanguis ubi Irato, petiturque ubi  
Pignus Avaro,  
Turget ubi Ambitio, Livor fremit,  
Otia torpent

## XVI

Imperio Martis remanent quàm  
Regna revulsa,  
Dispersis Aulis ! sub nostro Lumine  
quæ sunt  
Pulvis ut exiguus Ventorum Flatibus  
actus

## XVII

Hic stat formosi polydædala Machina  
Mundi,  
Sustentata Manu Veri, summique  
JEHOVÆ 50  
Apparent instar Nanorum exindè  
Gigantes

## XVIII

Quàm vilis Mundus ! pia Musa,  
innitere Pennis  
Firmis, (terreno fueras detenta  
Tumultu,  
Jactatâ & Turbâ) demùm transcende  
Monarchas

## XIX

Raptus in hunc morem divino concitus  
Igne,  
Ætheris in Camerâ stellatâ percute  
Chordas  
Aspirare tui nequeunt huc, Roma,  
Regentes

## XX

Sese dilatans Animus fit latior usquè  
Sicut Helix, Hominis status at  
Nativus, ut Orbis,  
Quem subitò à Zenith deturbant  
Fata superno 60

## XXI

Perspiciens Ratione Fides oculatior  
Aulam  
Sidercam, Mentès rapiunt sua Visa  
serenas,  
Veri accensa Pharos per Amorem  
Gaudia pandit

## XXII

Hæc Lux quæ Radius conucltit  
singula clavis,  
Theiophilam, inclusit Prægnantem  
Mente decoram,  
Excipit occiduum Naturæ, Gratia,  
Solem

## XXIII

Fundat Aroma Calyx, Rosa quam  
dulcissima, Virtus  
Illustris matura siet tua Tempore  
justo,  
Explicit ac Radius divinus Floris  
Honorem

## XXIV

Anni Procurso duodeni sic sua  
Forma 70  
Enituit, Formam Dominæ stupuere  
potentes,  
Spectantes Animæ Lucem per  
Corporis Umbram

## XXV

Ardet Crystallo veluti Lucerna polito,  
Cujus transparens decoratur Fabrica  
Flammis,  
Hæc ita divino splendescit Virgo  
Nitore

## XXVI

Mens Gemmam superat, superat sua  
Concha pruinam,

Flumina vel Lactis manantia ab  
 Ubre pleno  
 Venæ Saphiros precellunt Labra  
 Rubinos

XXVII

Circum Labra volant Charites sua  
 mille venuste  
 Suavia Puniceis labuntur Aromata  
 Portis 80  
 Inde fluunt cunctos medicantia  
 Balsama Morbos

XXVIII

Emittunt tales Altaria Sancta  
 Vapores  
 Tales Blanditias halant Fragrantia  
 Gummi  
 Sic Rosa coccineâ spirat preflorida  
 Vestes

XXIX

Attonitos reddunt Spectantùm  
 Lumina Vultus  
 Afficiunt quamvis Præcordia fervida  
 castis  
 Attamen Ardoris sunt ipsa immunia  
 Flammiis

XXX

Lampadas hasce volet quisquis de-  
 pingere quisquis  
 Exprimeret clarâ radiantes Luce  
 Fenestras  
 Pingeret Aspectum fugientem pon-  
 deret Austrum 90

XXXI

Suave videremus Pectus micat Eden  
 Amoris  
 Illis Monticulis nascuntur Mala  
 decoris  
 Quæ Mala de vetitâ sanarent Arbore  
 nata.

XXXII

Mollities Candorque Manûs tran-  
 scendit Oloris  
 Plumas est talis cujus moderator  
 Ardor  
 Qualis cum coeunt Radius Phœbeus  
 & Aurum

XXXIII

Jucundæ Nemoris Syrenes Musica  
 turba

Gutturibus quarum dimanat dul-  
 cior Aer  
 Illam quid petitis cunabula vestra  
 perosæ?

XXXIV

Ecce Latus claudunt Argentea Lilia  
 castum 100  
 Calthæ fulgentes Auri flammantis  
 amictu  
 Ignis evibrat cum Lauro Primula  
 Veris

XXXV

MargaronexcelluntDentes Tegmen  
 Caput Auri  
 Vox preit Argento de Te Natura  
 Vigorem  
 Sumit Panniculis est pre Te squal-  
 lida Flora

XXXVI

O Formosa Pudica tamen seu  
 Chava, priusquàm  
 Candida purpureo suffuderat Ora  
 Rubore  
 A Te Virtutes Artes Charitesque  
 profectæ

XXXVII

Ad vivum depicta manet non  
 Pulchrior Icon  
 Quàm pia Mens pulchro quæ  
 splendet Corpore clausa 110  
 Hujus Cœlestis cedit Pandora Decor

XXXVIII

Aulæ Sideribus pictæ sic Cynthia  
 Preses  
 Apparet Phœbi Splendoribus aucta  
 refractis  
 Fulgida Stellarum dum stipant  
 Castra Phalanges

XXXIX

(Astra Pruna refert) subito Telluris  
 at Umbra  
 Objecta Lucem retrahit cui Conus  
 opacus  
 Falcata supra Lunam sub Lumine  
 Solis

XL

Qui Cœlum Nubes Terras Mare  
 Saxaque lustrat,  
 Qui penetrat Gemmas Fructus  
 Stellæ Adamantas,

Mundi Oculus, claræ Promus Con-  
 dusque Diei 120

XLII

Cujus gliscentes imitatur Flamma  
 Pyropos,  
 Purpureas Aurora Fores dum  
 pandit Eoo,  
 Noctis lucentem Dominam, Famu-  
 lasque repellens

XLIII

Theiophilam radians Lumen Te  
 appello Diei,  
 Palpebra quippè Fides tua fit, seu  
 Pupula Fervor,  
 Vultus Angelico speciosos More  
 venustans

XLIII

Ætheris illa potens, casta & Regina,  
 reclusi,  
 Plurima vestalis quam cingit Virgo  
 propinqua,  
 Disparet, dia hæc si Constellatio  
 splendet

XLIV

Nobilitas vera est Virtus, Cognatio  
 Sancti, 130  
 Tutela Angelicus Chorus est,  
 Cœlumque Brabium,  
 Cujus demissus, dum surgit Gratia,  
 Vultus

XLV

Eugenia Ingenium, Paidia ministrat  
 Acumen,  
 Thesauros Veri charos Eusebia  
 præbet  
 (Cudendi Voces Vati concessa  
 Potestas)

XLVI

Aula Cor est formosa sibi, divinius  
 Ejus  
 Pectus, Sacratæ Penetralia candida  
 Amoris,  
 Hic Sibi Delicio est, Sanctos reficitque  
 Poetas

XLVII

Illustres Domini, quos Laurea Serta  
 coronant,  
 Artes qui eruitis, qui cultas reddi-  
 tis Artes, 140

( 420 )

Estis & infirmi qui Sustentacula  
 Mundi,

XVIII

Qui struitis Famæ Monumenta  
 perinclyta Templo,  
 Mellea de Vobis Modulamina talia  
 manent,  
 Qualia divino mulcerent Pectora  
 Succo

XIX

Dum succedit Hyems Autumno, Ver  
 premit Æstas,  
 Dum recitat Modulis Tempus  
 Pœana vetustis,  
 Vestris Vos Famæ Plumis repara-  
 bitis Alas

I

Illud quod præbent sublimia Tænera  
 Vinum,  
 Insanè Vires poterit reparare  
 fugatas,  
 Sic Citharæ, atque Tubæ, sic Organa,  
 Tympana, Sistra 150

LI

Conciliat quamvis reboantia Mur-  
 mura Basso  
 Ars, torquens Nervos graviores  
 usque, sonoro  
 Fulmine dum complent Aulam  
 Diapasona totam,

LII

Ista parùm valeant, Dominæ Testu-  
 dine tensâ  
 Hujus, Chordarum Pulsum tenta-  
 verit Omnem,  
 Dum Mens Harmoniæ pertracta est  
 Pollice docto

LIII

Gratia inest Verbis, O, terque  
 quaterque beati,  
 Quæis Cœlum Terris, æterno  
 Codice scripti  
 Qui, Sensu amoti, cupiunt Com-  
 mercia Mentis

LIV

Inter Eos qui divino de Semine  
 creti, 160  
 Non obscurati Sensu nec Corporis  
 Umbrâ,

Seraphicè exardent vivacis Origine  
Flammæ

LV

Gaudia dat Gustus non exequanda  
Loquelis<sup>1</sup>

Ritu Cimmericoque Scholis pal  
panda superna

In quorum Solis Frontem sunt  
Nubila densa

LVI

Callis inaccessus nimio fit Lumine  
Coeli

Splendidior Radius teneros per  
stringit Ocellos

Ephata fare Lutum Visu me reddet  
acuto

LVII

Hoc Raptu emotus divino fac mihi  
talis

Contingat Finis, Stagaritæ qualis,  
in illo<sup>170</sup>

Euripo quem non ullus comprehendere  
posset<sup>1</sup>

LVIII

Mystica præbeat hæc (osit protensa<sup>1</sup>)  
Catena

Nexus qui stringat vel quavis  
fortius Arte<sup>1</sup>

Talia lenitos rapiant Modulamina  
Sensus

LIX

Musica pervadit Mentis cum per  
citus Oestro

Insano Saulus Genio fremuitque  
maligno

Gemmea pre Plectris sordebant  
Sceptra Tyranni

LX

Hujus inardescens Hymni me  
Flamma repurgat

Fœcibus à Terræ Cantus Pene  
trahia Coeli

Divini reserant deducunt Agmina  
pura<sup>180</sup>

LXI

Agmina pura Dei celebrant Natalia  
læta

Hymnos vel Christus modulatur  
Sancta Columba

Coeli, summa petens Numerorum  
deligit Alas

LXII

Ni Versus non sit Textus quæ  
quolibet Hymni

Incantant actis famuletur Concio  
Psalmis

Antè Diem summum per Vos  
demortua surgunt<sup>1</sup>

LXIII

Ast ubi grassatur Furiis Bellona  
tremendis

Stragibus heu lassato sed haud  
satiata recedens,

Predatrice Lupi truculentior, Or  
gana pulset?

LXIV

Est equidè non Mota Solo pacata  
Tumultu<sup>190</sup>

Degeneres trepidant manet illa  
invicta Catervis

Dispositi metuit nec rauca Tonitrua  
Scloppi

LXV

Insunt Virtuti sua Balsama, sollici  
tavit

Intensè Numen Gladu mollire  
Rigorem

Altis I error sic Aurea Virgo profatur

LXVI

Ingruit O Numen Venerandum<sup>1</sup>  
dira Procellæ

Coccina purpureæ cum velant  
Crimina Vestes

Effuso tinctæ pretioso Sanguine  
Vitæ<sup>1</sup>

LXVII

Orbis Aquis cinctus fortunatissimus  
olim

O, deplorandum<sup>1</sup> quantum muta  
tus ab illo<sup>200</sup>

Pax ubi floruerat pia Mors ibi pro  
digi regnat<sup>1</sup>

LXVIII

Rubrum deprompsit Vinum Mavor  
tius Ardor<sup>1</sup>

Conserves Arcam, Deus in Tor  
rente Timorum,

Aut tua subsidat Lachrymis, tum  
Sanguine, Sponsa !

LXX

Est Panem Lachrymata suum,  
Gemitusque resorbet  
Lumina pro Potu sua sunt in  
Flumina versa !

Ipsa, immersa Malis, ad Te Se lan-  
guida confert

LXXI

Ad Modulos Compone graves, Pater  
Orbis, acutos  
Hybernæ Chelios ! quævis Dis-  
cordia Concors

Esto, Scoti fuerit super, aut Insigni-  
bus Angli !

210

LXXII

Non inter Socios sævo Formido  
Leoni,  
Vel prædabundis inter se con-  
venit Ursis,  
Mutua Pernicies, lacerat, Vir, Corpus  
Iesu !

LXXIII

Si modò fert Animus, pugnetis Ful-  
mina Martis,  
Turcico & invisam Labaro dedu-  
cite Lunam,  
Sacra relinquentes Fidei Confinia  
rectæ

LXXIII

Agminibus Thracum densis conten-  
dite, quamvis  
Sclopporum seu Truncus iners,  
Caro vestra deorsum  
Tendat, summa petent Animæ de  
more Globorum

LXXIV

Numinis in mediis si sit Præsentia  
Castris,  
In Templo residet multò magis  
Ille sacrato,  
Hæresin ut pellat, perversaque Schi-  
smata purget

LXXV

Hæc Tunicam rupere Tuam, Dolor  
undè Bonorum !  
Zelotæ quamvis raucâ Te Voce  
fatigant,  
Voto indignaris civili Sanguinemixto

( 422 )

LXXVI

Fallaces potuere Bonum suadere  
fuisse

Præcones, per Diluvium vadare  
Cruoris ?

Præstigiis uti, Summosque resolvere  
Nexus ?

LXXVII

Inde Catechismi neglecti, & sacra  
Synaxis !

Herbe hinc sylvestres, seu Ranae  
Vere Palustres !

Athea Schismatica Corruptio pessima  
Cleri

LXXVIII

Prætextus fugiant speciosos, sunt  
fideles,

Cultu divino repetantque Precamen  
Iesu,

Fœderis aut valeant Mystera dira  
triscati

LXXIX

Sic seduxerunt illos Insomnia vana,  
Vilescant illis adeo Natalia Christi !  
(Nemo tenet Nodis mutantem Protea  
Vultum)

LXXX

Festum Festorum, supremæ dulce  
Cohorti,

Inclinat Cælum hic Terris, hinc  
Gaudia Sanctis,

Judice Religione Dies primarius  
Anni

240

LXXXI

Factus Homo bonus est primum,  
tum degener, Ipse

Sermo Caro Factus, nostra haud  
Commertia vitans,

Pejor ut is nihilo, meliori Sorte  
fruatur

LXXXII

Audetis Verum profiteri ? Pabula  
pascunt

Fuci aliena, merum Pigmentum  
Papilionis,

Tettix deperdit, redemit sibi Tem-  
pora Myrmex

LXXXIII

Mellea dum repetunt Vespæ Spelæa  
rapaces,

Illis Insidiis structis merguntur in  
Olla  
Corporis haud tanti sint ac Muni  
mina Mentis

LXXXIV

Hark Int rest kenimus , Leges re  
vocate Draconis 240  
Instaurate vetus Templum, Sunt  
Mœnia Sancti  
Seu Tubus est Pastor Fons Gratia  
Gluten Amorque.

LXXXV

Vobis præteritos ignoscat Musa  
Furores  
Singula propitio condant Oblivia  
Velo  
De Rebus moveat si Vos Metanœa  
peractis

LXXXVI

Veri Cultores balantes pascite Christi  
Agnos, quippè Merum Sanguis  
Caro dapsilis Esca  
Illos pascentes semper spectate  
Coronam

LXXXVII

Dispensatores Sponso Sponsæque  
fideles  
Nos sacra divini ducant Oracula  
Veri, 60  
Religione Status floret, data Gloria  
Fidis

LXXXVIII

Cum Iudex veniet Merces erit ampla  
Labori  
Pro Lachrymis Vobis manabunt  
Gaudia Rivis  
Auratæ surgunt Spicæ sementibus  
udis

LXXXIX

Læsis Omnipotens Vindex ! certò  
æqua rependes  
Illis qui sese fœdo maculare Reatu  
Sanguinis innocui cum sit Detectio  
fusi !

XC

Aurea Pax aures Verumque appellat  
amicum !  
Lumina non Phœbi latebris tam  
grata Borusso

Urbibus eversis Homines vel Littora  
Fractis 210

XCI

O, si cœlestis vel tandem Turma  
secunda  
Nobis Bellorum d'nis Cruciatibus  
hæustis  
Grata salutifere resonaret Cantica  
Pacis !

XCII

Pax Domus est fessis Pax ad Natali  
Christi  
Cantio prima fuit Terris suprema  
Voluntas  
Pax Bonitatis amans, Pax Sanctis  
vera Voluptas

XCIII

Martyribus fulcimen Amor ceu stra  
men Achates  
Attrahit ad nostrum sic nos perducis  
Amantem  
Elixir Auri verum Compendia Legis !

XCIV

Ullanè Divinum narret Facundia  
Amorem ? 280  
Quippè redemptus Homo Naturas  
nobiliores  
Angelicas superat, Tanti sit Passio  
Christi !

XCV

Hic demum tacuit, Lachrimarum  
Flumina manant  
Ex oculis illi Mundus Cadus esse  
videtur  
Gaudia falsa Merum Stultorum portio  
Fæces

XCVI

Et nunc Lætiæ vive de Fonte  
micanti  
Pura ubi perpetuo Chrystalla fluentia  
Cursu  
Mens erit æthereas conscendere  
Raptibus Oras

XCVII

Hinc Documenta sibi Zelus male  
sanus habebit  
Ardores Cujus tradunt in Prælia  
sævi 290



Hinc fera depositis mitescant Sæcula  
Bellis

XCVIII

Auribus exhibens Epulum, selecta  
Venustas!

Dum sic cantat Amor, Reges dulce  
dine capti

Gratia Natura Nervo, intendit  
Amore

XCIX

Horrissonas Amor ipse potes sedare  
Procellas,

Cantibus & placere tuis immittis  
Cete,

Quæ Dominatricem diverunt Marmora  
Cauda

Si tu, Virgo, nequit coarctas  
Troici Mu

Incumbens Jovo I tura nunc  
no tro,

Pro Scriptis Lechytæ, Nunc  
et donis I tura

Proverbi, tandem I tura  
mur Or

Teptum Patrua, I tura  
tuna, Solera

Hic ubi Nunciat d  
tu Olin

I tura I tura I tura  
I tura

## Upon the Vanity of the World

LONG have I sought the wish of all  
To find, and what it is men call  
True Happiness but cannot see  
The world hath it, which it can be,  
Or with it hold a sympathy

He that enjoys what here below  
Frail elements have to bestow,  
Shall find most sweet bare hopes at first,  
Fruition by fruition's burst,  
Sea-water so allays the thirst

Whoever would be happy then,  
Must be so to himself, for, when  
Judges are taken from without,  
To judge what we are, fenc'd about,  
They do not judge, but guess, and  
doubt

POTESTAS Culminis est Tempestas  
Mentis, Splendorem habet Titulo,  
cruciatum Animo, desuntque Inopiæ  
multa, Avaritiæ omnia Ne potis  
igitur, devota Anima, esse qualis in  
Anglia Dux Buckinghamiæ, & in Aula  
Caesaria Princeps ab Eggenberg, & in  
Hispania Comes D'Olivares, & in  
Imperio Ottomanico Mustapha Bassa  
fuere, nec tibi magis arideant cerus-  
satæ Laudes, & calamistrata Encomia,

He that enjoys what here below  
For, that's a thorn in the side  
But Innocence, where the true  
Plant of Virtue grows, & the  
Lyon then be born, when the  
world

God-built he must be in his na-  
That is, Divine, whose faith n  
Conscience, when truly he rel  
Upon the Almighty, he outlives  
Low chance, and fate of de st

As fountains rest not till they h  
Meand'ring high, as their first  
So, man rests not till he hath tr  
Death's height then, by that p  
He rests too, rais'd in soul to C

OWEN FELTHAM

quàm sincera & sacrosancta  
Anhelationes Sæculi delectitu  
devota, & Calorum Júbilo recte  
delicatulâ nimis es, si velis gaud  
Mundo, & postea regnare cum Ch  
Amarecat Mundus, ut dulcesce  
Quamdiu est in te Agypti  
Manna celeste non gustabis.  
Dilectum Libido Sæculi Nauseu  
Exanimatio nostra plenitudin  
capaces reddit Si vis frui Sol

## The Vanity of the World

dorsum Umræ nec amaris à Mundo  
nisi à CHRISTO repulsa nec à CHRISTO  
nisi à Mundo spreta Depicit se de Cul  
mine Majestatis qui à DEO ad Con  
solatiunculas Creaturulæ confugit O  
quàm contempta recula<sup>1</sup> est homo nisi  
supra humana se erexerit! Beatum  
nil facit Hominem nisi qui fecit Ho  
minem minimum enim Dei omnis  
Orbis Magnitudine est magnificentius  
Paucis nec tibi ignominiosum sit pati

quod passus est CHRISTUS nec glo  
riosum facere quod fecit Judas  
Morere Mundo ut vivas Deo Qui  
cunque cum DEO habet Amicitiam,  
Felicetatis tenet Fastigium Hæc  
unica Laus hic Apex Sapientiæ est  
ea viventem appetere quæ morienti  
forent appetenda Mortis ergò Medi  
tationi & Æternitatis Contemplationi  
Lucernulæ tuæ Oleum impendas  
Vale

STORMS on the mind from Honours  
hill descend  
Titles external beams add not to bliss  
The poor wants much the covetous  
all My soul  
No painted praise nor flow'rd' enco  
miums prize  
Equal to pious breathings of pure love  
Eschew the petty pleasures of the time  
And Heav'n's refreshments make thy  
jubilee  
Imagine not to swim in worldly pomp  
And afterwards to reign with Christ  
in bliss  
Earth must be gall, that God may  
honey prove 10  
He the best relish hath of Heav'n who  
most  
Disdains the base licentiousness o' th'  
age  
We must be emptied of ourselves before  
We can have entrance into th' heav'nly  
court  
If we desire fruition of the sun  
Then must our backs upon the shade  
be turn'd,

Disclaim'd by Christ are those the  
world doth love  
And those whom Christ does love the  
world contemns  
He of his greatness doth himself divest  
Who goes from God and creature  
comforts seeks 20  
Oh what a mean despised thing is  
man  
Unless he raise himself above the earth  
Since nought but his Creator makes  
him high<sup>1</sup>  
Let's think t' no shame t' endure what  
Christ endur'd  
Nor glory to do that which Judas did  
Dead to the world let's be alive to  
God  
Who gain His favour are supremely  
blest  
This is the height of wisdom to desire  
Those things in life which thou wouldst  
dying crave  
Then on the thoughts of death thy  
lamp's oil spend 30  
And muse upon that state which ne'er  
shall end<sup>2</sup>

## Mundo immundo

NOV possum non Arte loqui Furor  
addit Acumen  
Crimina taxantur Nomina salva  
latent  
Munde quid hoc sibi vult? tantò  
longinquus erras  
Quantò plus graderis Te Cacoethes  
habet  
In quos Schismaticas torsisti sævius  
Hastas

Quàm quos Virtutis cœlitus Umbo  
tegit  
Protege me Cœlum<sup>1</sup> Quis adest?  
Oppressor avarus  
Cui prior est Nummus Numine  
Libra Libro  
Numme potens Deus es<sup>1</sup> Sic undique  
supplicat Auro  
Omnipotens veluti Numen inesset  
Ei 10

<sup>1</sup> cula] For th' d'mnitive ('thinglet' 'trifle') B might quote Plautus and  
Apuleius *creaturula* and *consolat uncula* m st be eccles astical if he did not coin them  
This blank verse translation (with couplet tip) of the precedi' g Latin prose para  
graph is curious and it might at the time have been much worse.

## Edward Benlowes

Aurum Nequitiae Pater est, & Filius Orci,  
 Os promit Nectar, Mens Aconita  
 vomit  
 Hic vorat, utque rapax ruit in nova  
 frustra Molossus,  
 Vasta Sitim pariunt Aequora, Terra  
 Famem,  
 Tota nec explerent Pelleas Aequora  
 Fauces,  
 Terraque sat tanta non erit una  
 Fami  
 Perfida quisquis amat, se perdit, & odit  
 amando  
 Plus habet Ille Dei, qui minus Orbis  
 habet  
 Dum captat, capitur, Daemon licet  
 Omnia spondet,

Dat Mundus, magnum præter inane,  
 nihil 20  
 Plena Iamæ, mellita Luctu, Persuasio  
 fallax,  
 Gloria Flos, Pulvis Gazæ, Fiara cinis  
 Tendiculis, Pigmenta, Dolor, Crepita-  
 cula, Fumo,  
 Has riuco Merces Couture laudet  
 Anus  
 Insatiata Iamæ raptu superincubet  
 Auro,  
 Porcus & aggestus grunnat inter  
 Opes  
 Litteræ R hebraica, pelagica, Latina no-  
 tabunt  
 Quod, melius, ex-positis nil nisi,  
 Mundus habet<sup>1</sup>

## THE VANITY OF THE WORLD

### Canto X. The Abnegation

#### THE ARGUMENT

What's potent Opulency? What's remiss  
 Voluptuousness? World, what's all this,  
 To that the Soul's created for, Eternal Bliss?

#### STANZA I

VARIOUS are poets' flames, some,  
 eclogues write,  
 Others describe a horrid fight,  
 Some lyric strains, and some the  
 epic do delight

#### II

But, here my sharpen'd Muse shall  
 entertain

The scourges of satiric vein,  
 To lash the world, in which such  
 store of vices reign

#### III

No grandee patron court I, nor  
 entice

Love-glances from enchanting  
 eyes,

Nor blandishments from lispings  
 wanton's vocal spice

#### IV

No such trite themes our fired genius  
 fit, 10

Of which so many pens have writ  
 Prudential souls affect sound Reason,  
 not slight wit

#### V

Blest talents which the Gospel's  
 Pearl do buy

Frail hopes that on the world rely,  
 Where none are sav'd by faith, but  
 by' infidelity

#### VI

The way to gain more ground, is to  
 retreat,

Our flight will be our foe's defeat,  
 Minds conqu'ring great delights,  
 triumph in joys more great

#### VII

Pull me not, *World*, nor can, nor  
 will I stay,

Juggler, I know what thou canst  
 say 20

Thy magic spells charm easy sense  
 but to betray

<sup>1</sup> Observe the most Benlowesian eccentricity of the subscribed *h* to get the Hebrew *resh* 15 by'] Cf note on 'they' *supra*, p 380

## VIII

Wits toil to please thee sables yield  
their skins

The silkworm to thy wardrobe  
spins

Rocks send their gems seas pearls  
to purvey for thy sins

## IX

Thou bright nest cupboards with  
throng'd massy plate

Heap st ermin'd mantles of estate  
Shew st rich caparison'd champing  
coursers at thy gate

## X

Thou cull st of Nature's spoil from  
air earth seas

The wing'd hoof'd finny droves  
to please

Gluttons who make themselves  
spittles of each disease 30

## XI

And shall like Dives a sad reck'ning  
pay

Feasts hasten'd on his funeral  
day

Death brought the voider and the  
Devil took away

## XII

Tell me no more th art sweet as  
spicy air

Or as the blooming Virgin fair  
And canst with jovial mirth resuscitate  
from care

## XIII

Boast not of ruby lips and diamond  
eyes

Rose cheeks and lily fronts made  
prize

With dimpled chins the trap-pits  
where a fondling lies

## XIV

Death's serjeant soon thy courted  
Helens must 40

Attach whose eyes now orbs of  
lust

The worms shall feed on till they  
crumble into dust

## XV

Boast *World* who unto revels dost  
decoy

Thy favrites that they're bath'd  
in joy

Disdaining saints who precious time  
in pray'r employ

## XVI

Who where they come, with purer  
rays of light

Dazzle thy bat ey'd legions quite  
*Rage Impudence and Ignorance*  
the imps of Night

## XVII

Fool thy attractives in no limits  
pent

Indulge to surfeits not content 50  
And but illude the mind not give it  
ornament

## XVIII

Gild o'er thy bitter pills with guileful  
arts

Sweet potions brew for frolic  
hearts

When most thou smil'st thou actest  
most perfidious parts

## XIX

With thee dwells fawning *Craft* and  
glozing *Hate*

Th allurements of imperious state  
Which barks like calms invite unto  
a shipwreck'd fate

## XX

*Guile*, rule the world that doth in  
madness roll

Great things the better oft con-  
trol

Where *Pride* is coach'd *Fraud*  
shopp'd and taverns drown the  
soul 60

## XXI

*Folly* in ruffling storms with *Frenzy*  
meets

Ebbing and flowing o'er the  
streets

O th care fill'd pompous city which  
exiles true sweets

XXII

Oh, fretting broils in populous  
bustle pent,  
Where still more noise than sense  
they vent,  
And, now as much to gold, as late  
to battles bent !

XXIII

*World*, reason if thou canst Thy  
sports leave stings ,  
Thy scenes, like thee, prove empty  
things ,  
Thou glorious seem'st in paint, from  
whence all falsehood springs

XXIV

So, rainbow colours on doves' necks  
have shone 70  
In hue so diverse, yet so one,  
That fools have thought them all,  
the wiser knew them none

XXV

I'll countercharm thy spells, that  
souls, ere thee,  
May trust wild Irish seas, who flee  
Distress'd to thy relief, thou say'st ,  
'What's that to me ?'

XXVI

Fawn, and betray, and Treason's  
self outdare,  
T' o'erthrow by raising is thy care,  
But I'll unguill thy minions, undis-  
guise thy ware

XXVII

Thy gold's dross, glitt'ring troubles  
are thy bliss,  
By pomp thou cheat'st, thy all's  
amiss 80

Thou art Sin's stage, the Devil  
prompts, Flesh actor is

XXVIII

Spectator *Sense* applauds each  
witching gin,  
But, unto *Reason's* eye within,  
Thou seem'st Hell's broker, and the  
servile pimp of Sin

XXIX

Thus peaches do rough stones in  
velvet tire ,

Thus rotten sticks mock starry fire,  
Thus quagmires with green emeralds  
crown their cheating mire

XXX

So, Mermaids lovely seem in  
beauty's guise,  
With voice, and smiles, draw ears,  
and eyes,  
But whom they win, they sink,  
those never more shall rise 90

XXXI

Thy shop's but an exchange of  
apish fashion,  
Thy wealth, sports, honours are  
vexation,

Thy favours glist'ring cares, sweet  
surfeits, woo'd damnation

XXXII

Base proverbs are thy counsels to  
enthrall

'Each for himself, and God for  
All'

'Young saints' (I dread to speak it)  
'to old devils fall'

XXXIII

Rain on thy darling's head a Danaen  
shower,

Let him be drench'd in wealth,  
and power ,  
What then? Th' hast storm'd, and  
seiz'd on all in one short hour

XXXIV

Oh, thou Pride's restless sea! swoln  
fancies blow 100

Thee up, dost blue with envy  
grow,

Brinish with blood, like the Red  
Sea, with lust dost flow

XXXV

Remorseless *Rage*! thou in thy  
fifth act's breath,

When blood does freeze to ice of  
death,

And life's jail'd up for Nature's  
debt, where art? Beneath

XXXVI

*World*, ev'n thy name a whirling  
storm implies,

102 blood—lust] The suggestion to transpose these is obvious and is supported by  
a minute <sup>2</sup> and <sup>1</sup> over the words in my copy

Where men in generations rise,  
Like bubbles dropsied bladders of  
the rainy skies

XXXVII

Some straight sink down whom  
waters sheet does hide,  
Some floating up and down  
abide 110  
The longest are so circumvolv'd as  
rest's denied

XXXVIII

So have we rid out storms when  
Eols rave  
Plough'd up the ocean whose  
each wave  
Might waken Death with noise and  
make its paunch a grave

XXXIX

The sick ship groan'd fierce winds  
her tacklings rent  
The proud sea scorn'd to be shore  
pent  
We seem'd to knock at Hell, and  
bounce the firmament

XL

Clouds then ungilt the skies when  
lightning's light  
Flash'd thousand glimmering  
days to our sight  
But thunder's cannons soon turn'd  
those flash'd days to night 120

XLI

Thus art thou *World* life's storm  
at death distress  
Starving's the bottom of excess  
Thyself a piteous creature how  
canst me redress?

XLII

No hadst less cruel been th' hadst  
been less kind  
Oil's in thy gall to heal my mind  
Thus Hell may help to Heaven  
Satan a soul befriend

XLIII

A good cause with good means  
some use yet fare  
But ill when others of thy care  
Whose cause is bad and means ill  
us'd successful are

( 429 )

XLIV

No wonder Sin's career unchecked  
runs on 130  
Since here life's joy it hath alone  
Which though thou bragg'st is giv'n  
no sooner's giv'n than gone

XLV

Pomp Pleasure Pelf idolatriz'd by  
fools  
Dispute we now in Wisdom's  
schools

Ambition's quenchless fire i' th'  
spring of judgement cools

XLVI

Pride bladders tympanous hearts till  
prick'd by fear  
Soon they subside by venting  
there

Unsafe ascents to pow'r do watching  
dangers rear

XLVII

Fearful and fear'd is Pomp Ambi-  
tion steep  
Does Envy get and Hatred  
keep, 140

High state wants station honour  
thirsting minds can't sleep

XLVIII

Summon Aspiro with his looms of  
state  
To weave Pride's web in spite of  
fate

Who once got up throws down  
the steps did elevate

XLIX

He hates superiors cause superiors  
and

Inferiors lest they's equals stand  
And on his fellows squints that are  
in joint command

L

Th' ambitious treach'rous are and  
hoodwink'd quite

Their giddy heads have dazzled  
sight

For Jealousy clothes Truth in  
double mists of spite 150

LI

His eye must see and wink, his  
tongue must brave

And flatter too, his ear must  
have  
Audience, yet careless be thus acts  
he king and slave

LII

So, brightest angel blackest devil  
hides,  
High'st rise to lowest downfall  
slides,  
A mathematic point thus East and  
West divides

LIII

Bright Wisdom sends dark Policy to  
school,  
Proves the contriver but a fool,  
Who builds his maxims on a preci-  
pice, or pool

LIV

Great ones, keep realms from want,  
they'll you from hate 160  
Life's not so dear as wealth, for,  
that  
Holds single bodies, this the body  
of the State

LV

Who bad desires conceive, they  
soon wax great  
With mischief, then bring forth  
deceit,  
So, brood they desolation, till it  
grows complete

LVI

Let such as sail 'gainst Virtue's wind,  
use skill  
To tack about, for, what's first  
ill,  
Grows worse by use, and worst  
by prosecution still

LVII

Ev'n that to which Pride's tow'ring  
project flies,  
When grasp'd, soon by fruition  
dies 170  
Great fears, great hopes, great plots,  
great men make tragedies '

LVIII

Achitophel and Absalom prov'd  
this,

Whose brains of their designs did  
miss,  
Teaching deep Machavels, 'Fraud  
worst to th' Plotter is'

LIX

Fallacious they, and fallible have  
been,  
Whomade Religion cloak their sin  
Man's greatest good, or greatest ill is  
from within

LX

Those policies that hunt for shadows  
so,  
As let at last the substance go,  
Which ever lasts, make wretched end  
in endless woe 180

LXI

Hadst for thy household stuff the  
spoil of realms,  
Couldst thou engross Catharrah's  
gems,  
And more then triplicate Rome's  
triple diadems,

LXII

Couldst with thy feet toss empires  
into air,  
And sit i'th universal chair  
Of State, were pageants made for  
thee, the whole world's Mayor,

LXIII

Yet those but pageants were, thou,  
slave to sense,  
To him, not's own, all things dis-  
pense  
But storms, thou happier wast i'th'  
preterperfect tense

LXIV

Steward, give up th' account, the  
audit's near 190  
To reckon how, and when, and  
where,  
Where much is lent, there's much  
requir'd Doomsday's severe

LXV

Thus, proud Ambition is by Con-  
science peal'd,  
Vapours sent up, awhile con-  
ceal'd,

169 tow'ring] Orig 'touring'

174 Machavels] The *z* is often missed at this time in various forms 'Matchavil,' &c

In thund'ring storms pour down at  
length when all's reveal'd

LXVI

Though Prides high head doth  
brush the stars yet shall  
Its carcass like a sulphur ball  
Plunge into Flames abyss Pride  
conceal'd Satan's hall

LXVII

The mightiest are but worms pale  
cowards they  
Abash'd shall stand at that Great  
Day 200  
When Conscience King of Terrors,  
shall their crimes display

LXVIII

Giants of earth avisos may you  
tell  
That though with envied state you  
swell  
Yet soon within Corruption's charnel  
house you'll dwell

LXIX

Sceptres are frail, as reeds who had  
no bound  
Are clasp'd within six foot of  
ground,  
Whose epitaphs next age will be  
oblivion found

LXX

Such yesterday as would have been  
their slave  
To-day may tread upon their  
grave

That flatters the nose best lectures  
dust seal'd pulpits have 210

LXXI

Who toss'd the ball of Earth in dark  
vaults rest

All what that gen'ral once possess'd  
Was but a shirt in's tomb who van-  
quish'd all the East

LXXII

Invading Cyrus in a tub of gore,  
Might quaff his fill who evermore

Had thirsted blood him timeless  
Fate midst triumphs tore

LXXIII

Weigh things, Life's frail Pomp  
vain remember Paul  
(The way to rise will be to fall)  
In's high commission low in's low  
conversion tall

LXXIV

Soul, wouldst aspire to th' High st?  
clip Tumor's wing 220  
To th' test of Heav'n thy axioms  
bring

Best politic David was Who con-  
quers Sin's the King

LXXV

Let rais'd thoughts Elijah like  
aspire  
To be encharioted in fire  
Faith Love Joy Peace the wheels  
to saints sublime desire

LXXVI

Avaro cite as void of grace as stor'd  
With gold the God his soul  
ador'd

Wealth twins with fear why start'st?  
Unlock thy unsunn'd hoard

LXXVII

I'll treble t by the philosophic stone  
This makes thee stare Why, thus  
tis done 230

To passives actives join in due  
proportion

LXXVIII

Behold vast sums unown'd! I hou-  
hutch cramm'd chink

Art made as nothing with a wink  
Thou bred from Hell with Hell  
deeds souls to Hell dost sink

LXXIX

Gold is the faultruss of all civil jars  
Treason's reward the nerve of  
wars

Nurse of profaneness suckling rage  
that kingdoms mars

202 as s.] In the abstract sense of the original Spanish which we have more gener-  
ally Englished into advice boat

220 Tumor] So in orig. Th' context supports Timur or Tamerlane But 'tumour'  
(= swelling pride) or 'rumour' would make sense



LXXX

Thou potent Devil, how dost thou  
bewitch

The dreggy soul, spot'st it with  
itch!

This slave to thee, his slave, was  
never poor, till rich 240

LXXXI

Now chest th' all worshipp'd ore  
with rev'rend awe,

Sol's gold, and Luna's silver draw  
(Should Hell have these, 'twould  
plunder'd be) to sate thy maw

LXXXII

While gripes of famine mutiny  
within,

And tan, like hides, the shrivell'd  
skin

O' th' poor, whose pining want can  
not thy pity win

LXXXIII

Having their gravestones underneath  
their feet,

Breathe out their woes to all they  
meet,

While thou to them are flintier than  
their bed, the street

LXXXIV

Blinded with tears, with crying  
hoarse, forlorn 250

They seem to be of all, but scorn  
Death than delay (Want's bloodless  
wound) is easier borne

LXXXV

Thy dropsy breeds consumption in  
thine heir,

Who thus t' himself 'I'll ease  
your care,

Measure not grounds, but your own  
earth Die now to spare

LXXXVI

'What's rak'd by wrong, and kept  
by fear, when mine,

Shall spread, as I'm—then  
brood the shine,

Penurious wretch, till thou by empty  
fullness pine

LXXXVII

'Thy care's to lessen cost, how  
slow thy pays!

How quick receipts! Lov'st fast-  
ing-days, 260

But 'tis to save, thus starv'st in  
store, thee plenty slays

LXXXVIII

'When shall I rifle every trunk and  
shelf

Of this old mucky wretched elf,  
Who turns, as chemists do, all that  
he scrapes, to pelf?

LXXXIX

Oh, sordid frenzy! Anxious maze  
of care!

Oh, gripple covetize to spare,  
And dream of gold! The miser's  
heav'n, the Indian's snare

XC

Oppression is the bloodshot in their  
eyes,

Bribes blanch Gehazi till he dies

Fool, read, this night Death may thy  
dunghill soul surprise 270

XCI

Think not for whom thou dost thy  
soul deceive,

And injur'd Nature so bereave,  
But still thy knotty brain with wedge-  
like anguish cleave

XCII

Struck blind with gold, brood on  
thy rapines, till

Thou hatch up stinging cares to  
th' fill

The heaviest curse on this side  
Hell's to thrive in ill

XCIII

Go, venture for't with sharks, haste,  
miser old

Toth'hook, because the bait is gold:  
Pawn thy soul for't, as Judas did,  
when's LORD he sold

XCIV

Possessors are, as Saul, possess'd,  
who cross 280

257 I'm—shine] This is one of several places where B's oddities leave almost any room for conjecture We may suppose that 'I'm' is the familiar half-completed oath and 'shine' has the slang sense of 'shiner' = 'money.'

Heav'n's law gain got by guile,  
proves loss  
Getting begets more itch, Lust's  
specious ore is dross

xcv

Who sow to sin shall reap to judge  
ment train  
To Hell is idolized gain  
Canst death or vengeance bribe?  
If not, dread ceaseless pain

xcvi

Why so fast posted by thy struggling  
cares  
And self slaying fraud with all  
their snares?  
Stay view thyself Destruction her  
crack'd glass prepares

xcvii

His pury conscience opens now  
I've run  
On rocks (he howls) 'too late to  
shun 290  
Lost use and principal! Gold I'm  
by thee undone!

xcviii

If to exhort be not too late attend  
The wholesome counsel of a friend

Renounce thy idol, and prevent thy  
wretched end

xcix

Sound for Faith's bottom with Hope's  
anch'ring cord  
Repent restore large alms afford  
The dismal fraught of sinking sins  
cast overboard

c

He who returns to's avance left his  
sore  
Grows desperate deadlier than  
before,  
His hopes of Heaven much less his  
fears of Hell much more 300

Ocean! Monstrum natat infrænabile  
Lingua  
Naves sæpè pias hæc Echeneis  
habet,

Cui paro Naumachiam, Freta con-  
turbata pererrans  
Sit Remoque meo Lis Remoræ  
que tuæ

SPES REBUS AFFIXA FUGACIBUS  
UNO  
FRANGITUR AFFLATU

## THE VANITY OF THE WORLD

### Canto XI The Disincantation

#### THE ARGUMENT

Crispulus hic nulli Nugarum Laude secundus  
Cui Mens Lucis inops Stulta Ruina Domûs  
Qui Cereræ Bromioque litat Luxuque l'quescit  
Huic ne putrescat pro Sale Vita d' tur

Volupto crown'd with bliss of fools is bent  
To wine feasts gauds loose merriment  
Runs on in Lust's career till Grace stops with Repent

#### STANZA I

O headless heady age! O giddy toys!  
As humble cots yield quiet joys  
So prouder palaces are drums of  
restless noise

#### II

'Twas in the blooming verdure of the  
year  
When through the twins Sol's  
course did steer,

That a spruce gallant did, on sum-  
mons, straight appear

III

Glitt'ring in brav'ry, like the Knight  
o' th' Sun ,

Whose nags in Hyde-park races run  
This ev'n 'Tis sure Volupto, old  
Avaro's son

IV

Hot shows the day, by th' dust upon  
his head,

IC

And all his clothes so loosely  
spread,

He's so untruss'd, as if it were not  
long to bed

V

His hands keep time to th' tune of's  
feet, his pace

Is dancèd measures, and 'tis  
grace

Enough, o'er's shoulder to afford  
a quarter-face

VI

Act, 'bove French monkeys, anti-  
masks he might

Before the apes (spectators' right)  
Such dops, shrugs, puppet-plays show

best by candle-light

VII

How mimic hum'rous garbs in  
various kind

Do chequer whimsies in the  
mind !

20

As diff ring flow'rs on Peru's Wonder  
gard'ners find

VIII

Hast thou black patches too? for  
shame forbear,

Smooth chins should not have  
spots, but hair

But thou art modish, and canst  
vapour, drink, and swear

IX

How blazing tapers waste Life's  
blink away

In socket of their mould'ring clay !  
How powder'd curls do sin-polluted

dust bewray !

X

As Prudence fram'd Art to be  
Nature's ape ,

So Pride forms Nature to Art's  
shape

Corrupted wine is worst that's  
press'd from richest grape

30

XI

Wilt Reason's sense dissolve in  
senseless wine?

And sing, while Youth's frail gem  
does shine,

' Come, Laughter, stretch our spleen ,  
come sack in crystal shrine !

XII

' First, wine shall set, next shall  
a wanton dame

Our blood on fire, then quench  
our flame '

But, brute, Repentance shall, or  
Hell thy wildfire tame

XIII

Now, with the gallon ere thou try st  
a fall,

Think o' th' handwriting on the  
wall

If Bacchus th' inturn gets, down  
Conscience goes and All

XIV

Shouldst thou but once the swinish  
drunkard view,

40

Presented in a mirror true,  
Quite sous'd in tavern juice, in him,

thysel' thou'dst rue

XV

A nobler birth, with an ignoble  
breast,

Rich corpse without a mind's  
a beast

He's raz'd from Honour's stem, who,  
Riot, is thy guest ,

XVI

Thy guests swoln dropsies, and dull  
surfeits are

The gluttons' teeth their graves  
prepare,

They're sick in health, and living  
dead, whose maw's their care

XVII

Go, cormorants go with your luxurious flock

Rapid from three elements we mock

Your musky jelly pheasant, candid apricock

XVIII

To Arabs that they send their Phoenix write

In spice nest be cooked it might  
Far fetched dear bought best suits  
the Apician appetite

XIX

Go with thy stags embalmed in  
tombd in paste

On tenants sweat feeds rampant waste

We prize bove wild intemperance a  
Carthusian fast

XX

Excess enhanceth rates thou on  
this score

Grindst twist thy teeth the  
starving poor

Who beg dry crumbs which they  
with tears would moisten o'er go

XXI

Lazrus thy skin's Death's sheet,  
twist that and bone

There's no parenthesis! be  
moan

Dives CHRIST's members now, or  
thou shalt ever groan

XXII

Prance pamper'd stallions to the  
grave y are driv'n

Nought satisfies the soul but  
Heaven

Th art empty World from morn  
through noon to doting ev'n

XXIII

In twice-dyed Tyrian purple thou  
dost nest

Restless with heaving fumes oppress

Which cause tumultuous dreams  
foes to indulgent rest.

XXIV

From hence the Spark (what pity  
tis!) is ill

Grown crop-sick Post for physics skill

Phlebotomize he must and take the  
vomiting pill

XXV

Doctor the cause of this distemper  
state us

'His cachexy results from flatus  
Hypocondruncicus ex crapula creatus

XXVI

School him whose Heaven is sense  
whose reason dim

Who wastes his time as Time  
wastes him

Give o'er his soul Divine Tailor  
makes body trim

XXVII

Now sheathed in rustling silks new  
suits display

Thy Clothes outworth thee wise  
men say

Hedge creeping glow worms never  
mount to starry ray

XXVIII

Yet who's born under Jupiter shall  
move

In the sphere of Honour Riches  
Love

Say wizards Under Jove we are all  
born none above

XXIX

Still to be pounc'd, perfum'd still  
quaintly drest

Still to be guarded to a feast

By fawning looks and squinting  
hearts like an arrest

51 candid] see in orig

53 spice] The metre wants 'spicy'

75 Hypocondruncicus] See Intro Some timid person has altered this tremendous coinage where it appears in the *Summary of Wisdom* (v inf) to *Hypocondriacus* in the B M copy

xxx

Still to have toting waits unseal  
thine eyes,

In bed, at board, when sit, when  
rise

Such, Card'nal-like, their Paris prize  
'bove Paradise 90

xxxI

Know, worldlings, that Prosperity's  
a gin,

If wantoniz'd, breeds storms  
within

To torture turns the metamorphosis  
of sin

xxxII

Pomp its own burthen is, whose  
slippery state

Oft headlong, by too rash debate,  
Tumbles for value of a straw, pulls  
on its fate

xxxIII

His heart-blood seethes, that blood  
sends up in heat

Fierce spirits, those, i'th' eye,  
their seat,

Fires kindle, fiery eyes, like comets,  
ruin threat

xxxIV

Fierce Balaam, hold thy hand, and  
smite no ass 100

But him i'th' saddle, he, alas!

Wounds through her sides himself  
wrath through the soul doth pass

xxxv

Duels for blood, like Moloch's idol,  
gape

Thou, turn'd a swine out of an ape,  
First put'st on peacock's pride, at

last the tiger's shape

xxxVI

They're gross, not great, who serve  
wild laws of blood,

Such, only great, who dare be  
good

Grace buoys up Honour, which,  
without it, sticks in mud

xxxVII

Make thorough search as hard to  
find thy cure,

88 toting] 'Observing,' 'watching carefully' Cf Langland, *P P* (B text), xvi 22

( 436 )

As circle's puzzling quadrature, 110  
Or, next way by North Sea to sail to  
China sure.

xxxVIII

Lo, idle sloth in lap of Sodom plac'd  
'Here lies he'—did occasions  
waste,

Invaluable now, irreparable past

xxxIX

Go, wanton with the wind misus'd  
hours have

A life, no other than the grave  
Most, for life's circumstance, the  
cause of living waive

XL

The privy council of the glorious  
TRINL

Did in creating man combine,  
Angels look'd on and wonder'd at  
the soul divine! 120

xLI

Which storehouse of three living  
Natures is,

Doth the vast world epitomize,  
Of whom, ev'n all we see's but a  
periphrasis!

xLII

Now, to what end can we conceive  
man's frame,

Save to the glory of God's name,  
And His eternal bliss, included in the  
same

xLIII

Fools, living die, saints, dying live  
seeds thrive

When earth'd, who die to sin  
survive,

So, to come richer up, pearl-fishers  
deeper dive

xLIV

Now's courtesan appears, who blows  
Love's fire, 130

Her prattling eyes speak vain  
desire,

To catch this art-fair fly the follow-  
ing trouts aspire

xLV

The gamesome fly that round the  
candle plays,

Is scorched to death 1 th courted  
blaze  
Thus is the amourest destroy d by  
lustful gaze

XLVI

This dame of pleasure, does to seem  
more bright,  
Lattice her day with bars of night  
Spots this fair sorceress cloud more  
to enforce delight

XLVII

This Helen who does Beauty counter  
feit  
And on her face black Patches set  
(Like tickets on the door) shows that  
she may be let

141

XLVIII

She d coach affection on her cheek  
but why  
Wou d Cupid s horses climb so  
high  
Over her alpine nose, t oerthrow  
it in her eye?

XLIX

Truth s apes beware such wheels  
your earth do wear  
Horses with rugged hoofs will tear  
Who living s coach d with pride shall  
dying fall with fear

L

(But noble ladies virgins chaste, as  
fair,  
Sweet modest sex that virtuous are  
Ye first my honour my respect ye  
second, share

150

LI

Angelic forms far be it to perplex  
Or cast aspersion on your sex  
Loose art in those your native beam  
ing lustre decks

LII

So have I seen the limners hand  
design  
A ruder piece near one Divine  
With this coarse face to make that  
other beauty shine )

LIII

Her eyes spread nets her lips baits  
and her arms  
Enthralling chains Sense hugs the  
charms

Of Idleness and Pride while Reason s  
free from harms

LIV

Tempestuous whirlwinds revel in the  
air

160

Of her feign d sighs her smile s  
a snare  
Which she as slyly sets as subtly does  
prepare

LV

Scarce is the toy at noon to th girdle  
drest

Nine pedlars need each morn be  
prest

To launch her forth a ship as soon  
is rigg d to th West

LVI

At length she s built up with ac  
counted grace

The spark s inflam d with her set  
face

Her glancing eye her hisping lip her  
mincing pace

LVII

On those his optic faculties do play  
Like frisking motes in sunny day  
Like gaudy nothings in the Trigon  
glass that ray

171

LVIII

On her profusely now he spends his  
ore

Scarce the Trumvir lavish d more  
When he did costly treat his stately  
Memphian whore

LIX

Thou inconsiderate flash spend st  
precious days

In dances banquets courtisms  
plays

To gain the shade of joy which  
soon as gain d decays

141 and 195] See note below for the illustration of this  
171 Trigon] I confess myself puzzled as to which of the various en es of this word  
— game of ball h rp triangle &c — applies here  
176 courtisms] Ceremonies of courtship as above p 337

## LX

Which, barely tasted makes thee  
 long the more,  
 Enjoy'd, 'tis loath'd, was lov'd  
 before  
 Thus, nor Mirth's flood, nor ebb can  
 please, nor sea, nor shore 180

## LXI

His pulse beats Cupid's march, and's  
 itching vein  
 Must vent loose lines, whence  
 souls are slain,  
 Which, by augmenting lust, will but  
 augment his pain

## LXII

Ah, might too forward Sin be check'd  
 by Fear!  
 But, what may cure that eye, that  
 ear,  
 Which, being blind and deaf, brags  
 best to see and hear!

## LXIII

Thy Juno's but a cloud she is not  
 she  
 Thy fond esteem makes her to be,  
 Her basilisk's double eyesight kills  
 with viewing thee

## LXIV

She murders poisons, thence comple-  
 xion's found 190  
 To murder hearts Oh, joys  
 unsound  
 From light-bred daughters, though  
 they weigh ten thousand pound!

## LXV

Tell me not, simp'ring Lais, that  
 thy ray  
 Can blood, turn'd ice, unfreeze,  
 like May,  
 Whose spotted face to Virtue does  
 soul-spots betray

## LXVI

Ceruse, not lilies there, thy blush-  
 ing rose  
 Its tincture to vermilion owes  
 Curs'd be those civil wars Love's  
 royalty oppose

## LXVII

Say not, a noble love to thee he  
 bears,  
 While's hand writes odes, his eye  
 drops tears, 200  
 That tim'rously he's bold, burns,  
 freezes, dares, and fears

## LXVIII

Nor tell me, Nymphadaro, that  
 Love's throes  
 For her, rob thy repast, repose  
 Thou pul'st not to repent, but to  
 bebrine thy woes

## LXIX

Woes, worse than waitings at the  
 five men's trade,  
 Worse than, when sick, through  
 sloughs to wade  
 In stormy night, hard jolted on a  
 dull tir'd jade

## LXX

Shake off these remoras would thee  
 undo  
 The virtuous loveliest are Grace  
 woo,  
 What jeweller for glass will orient  
 pearl forgo? 210

## LXXI

The soul, that beauteousness of  
 Grace exquires,  
 And to decline By-path's desires,  
 Must inward bend the rays of his  
 selected fires

## LXXII

Unmuffle, ye dim clouds, and dis-  
 inherit  
 From black usurping mists his  
 spirit,  
 From rocks, that split vain hopes, to  
 heav'nly comforts rear it

## LXXIII

B' entrench'd ere midnight larums,  
 undergo  
 The penance of repentant snow,  
 Which, melting down, will quench,  
 and cleanse, as it doth flow

190] = (again I suppose) 'she makes herself look killing with cosmetics compounded  
 of poisons, which are drugs made more murderous' or 'destroyed as poisons'  
 205] What was this trade?

LXXIV

Repentance health is giv'n in bitter  
pill 220

Best rectifier of the will  
The joy of angels love of God the  
hate of ill

LXXV

Action's the life of counsel, bathe  
thy soul

I th' LAMBS red Laver in dust  
roll

Before Despair Hell's serjeant  
comes drink Sorrow's bowl

LXXVI

Ere th' icy mantle of a wrinkled skin  
Candies the bristles of thy chin

Repent ere chap-fall'n door shall  
let Death's terrors in

LXXVII

Never too late does true Repentance  
sue 229

Yet, late repentance seldom's true  
Who would not when they might,  
may when they would, it rue

LXXVIII

For minutes of impertinent delight  
Lose not oh lose not Infinite!

Scorn to be vassal to base Sin, and  
hellish Spite

LXXIX

Why dost outsin the Devil? He  
ne'er soild

With lust or gluttony was, ne'er  
foild

With drink ne'er in the net of sloth  
fulness entoid

LXXX

I may persuade yet not prevail!  
Sin-charms

Bewitch him till Wrath cries to  
arms

Sin's first face smiles her second  
frowns her third alarms 240

LXXXI

Sinners are fondly blind when they  
transgress,

All woes are than such blindness  
less

That wretch most wretched is who  
slights his wretchedness

LXXXII

Presumption slays her thousands!  
too late then

For to advise of danger when  
Vengeance that dogs their steps  
shall worry them in's den

LXXXIII

Gallants should Trophies Cæsarize  
your power

Should beauty Helenize your  
flower

Should Mammon Danaize ye with  
his golden shower,

LXXXIV

Yet when Revenge shall inward  
thunders send 20

And Sodom storms on souls  
descend

Salvation scorn'd what rests but every  
tort'ring fiend!

LXXXV

That God refus'd who you from  
depth of nought

To being nay well being brought!  
Ingrate for talents lent return your  
selves sin fraught

LXXXVI

Bad great ones are great bad ones  
foul defect

It is, when power doth Shame  
protect

Such will do what they will but  
what they ought neglect

LXXXVII

Virtue by practice to her pitch does  
soar,

But they who such a course give  
o'er, 260

Shall sadly wish for Time when Time  
shall be no more

LXXXVIII

Ye brittle sheds of clay, resolve ye  
must

Into originary dust  
When swift heel'd Death oertakes  
you Where's then all your  
trust?

LXXXIX

Men in their generations live by  
turns



Their light soon to its socket  
burns,  
Then to converse with spirits they  
go, and none returns

XC

Tomb-pendant scutcheons, pompous  
rags of state,  
Those gorgeous bubbles but relate  
The thing that was, ne'er liv'd 'tis  
Goodness gildeth Fate 270

XCI

Grace outlasts marble vaults, that  
crowns expense,  
Brass is shortliv'd to innocence  
Time's greedy self shall one day  
find its preter-tense

XCII

When heav'ns that had their deluge-  
dropsy, shall  
Their burning fever have, when all  
Is one combustion, when Sol seems  
a black burnt ball

XCIII

When Nature's laid asleep in her  
own urn,  
When, what was drown'd at first,  
shall burn,  
Then, sinners into quenchless flames,  
Sin's mulct, shall turn !

XCIV

Ne'er shall a cooling julep such  
appease, 280  
Whom brimstone torrents without  
ease  
Enrage, i'th' dungeon of dark flames,  
and burning seas !

XCV

In centre of the terrible abyss,  
Remotest from supernal bliss,  
That horrid, hideous, gloomy, end-  
less dungeon is !

XCVI

Fools, who hath charm'd you? Sue  
betimes divorce

From your vain world, where  
power did force  
A rape, there let not choice make  
marriage, which is worse

XCVII

Man is a world, and more, for this  
huge mass  
Shrunk, as a scroll, away shall  
pass, 290  
Whilst his pure substance is as ever-  
lasting glass

XCVIII

The world is like the basilisk's fell  
eyes,  
Whose first sight kills, first seen,  
it dies  
Man, by a brave disdain, its pois'n-  
ing venom flies

XCIX

Gay World, who thee adores, thou  
great wilt make,  
Pearl may he quaff, and pleasures  
take  
Of sense, but must descend into the  
sulph'ry lake !

C

Is Hell the upshot thou to thine  
canst lend?  
Crawl, grovelling trifles, to your  
end,  
Vanish beneath my scorn Go,  
World, recant, amend 300

Provehimur Portu, Terramque relin-  
quimus illam  
Quæ natum Gremio prima rigente  
tulit  
O felix Oculus Portum visurus  
Amantis,  
Sit licet in Lacrymas naufragus  
ipse suas !

DEDIGNOR INDIGNA <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here, in orig, is the illustration referred to above—a very fine plate engraved by Hollar, representing in half-length a lady with a fan in her hands, her face and neck spotted with sign-patches as in the Latin verses *inf* and the English *sup* st xlvii. In these Latin verses *Venerilla* and *Lamssa*, if not classical, are also not ugly.

In lenocitantes hujus Tempestatis Venerillas, Juvenum  
Scrobes, Animarum Voragines

IN nova fert Animus mutatas dicere  
Formas

Spectra salax quarum Mente Libido  
furit

Ludicra depicti jam prodit Imago  
Theatri

En hîc Scena vaftris insidiosa Dolis  
Ergo mihi nunquam nisi Personata  
videnda es?

Si vis Personam sumere sume tuam  
Cui loquor? Ipse tua deludor Imagine  
Vera

Quid facies cum vel fallere picta  
potes?

Picta Genas distincta Sinus nudata  
Papillas

Albor Cerussâ fit Minioque Rubor 10  
Vendere si non vis Carnem conclude  
Macellum

Nec Lupa mentita decipe Carne  
Procos

Nunc emere haud fas est quia Quad  
ragesima Carnes

Venales Mammæ ergo Lanissa tege  
Affigis Maculas dum Signa loquacia  
Malis

Mercandum Pretio Corpus adesse  
notas

Quæ primam extenuat Culpam rea  
sæpè secundæ est

Sæpius è prima Labe secunda venit  
Plurima compositos conservat capsâ  
Colores

Sic Faciem tibi cum cætera vendis  
emis 20

Suavia viscosis renuo libare Labellis

Ne teneat Fucus fixa Labella tuus

Quàm levis Incessus<sup>1</sup> quàm Lumina  
pæta vagantur!

Verbula quàm molli Guttare fracta  
fluunt!

Quid me blanda tuis fallacibus obruis  
Hirquis?

Serpentem Gremio Virus in Ore  
geris

Non amat hamat Amor tuus ò Trive  
nefica nostro

Non opus est Cultu Te nimis ipsa  
colis

Sidera contendas Oculi sint Pur  
pura Malæ

Electrum Crines Dens Ebur Ora  
Favi 30

Consulto Speculo geris Omnia fallit  
Imago

<sup>1</sup> Te nam (an jures) sera Ruina  
manet

Sed quorsum in miseras labuntur  
Carmina Nugas?

Præsens, est absens pars minor illa  
sui

Quid velit hæc Pictura loquens? quem  
postulat Usum?

Ut suspendatur nonnè Tabella nitet?

Quid tunc è tanto restabit Amantibus  
Igne?

Fumus iners tristis hæc inamœnus  
Odor

Ne jactes igitur Formam fucata  
Megæram 39

Formosam fieri sic quoque posse reor  
Dicite Doctores huic quæ Complexio?

Quinta  
Quis placet huic Sensus dicite?

Sextus erit  
Sub quo signo orta? Opposito sub  
Virginis Astro

Edita sub cauda credo Draconis erat  
Quænam illi fuerit Mens? Subdola

Lingua? dolosa  
Quæ Metamorphosis? Prodigiosa

sibi  
Naso suam Metamorphosin qui scri  
bere possit

Quotidiè Formas cum novet ista  
Venus?

Insceleratissimam Seculi Licentiam, cujus in melius  
commutandi exilis admodum supersit Spes

TOTUS adeò in Maligno (mali ligno)  
positus est Mundus ut vehementer  
hujusmodi Satyris egeat. Ubiquè nunc

locorum damnosa Malorum Vitia  
noxiarum instar herbarum citissimè  
pullulescunt Perjuria Superbia Te

<sup>1</sup> Versus cancrinus quoad L. teras [a thor's sole]

<sup>2</sup> Above this in orig. is a map of the two hem. spheres inscribed *Typus Orbis Terrarum*

mulentia, &c Terram sub Mole Pec-  
catorum non ruere admirabile, cùm  
Cœli, qui ingentia illa Corpora Solis,  
Lunæ, Stellarum, præter suam Vasti-  
tatem non solum ferunt, sed circum-  
ferunt, absque Ruinæ Periculo, unicum  
tamen Peccatum ferre nequiverunt, sed  
statim per solidas illas Machinas, pec-  
catum, cum suo Authore Lucifero, delap-  
sum, etiam Terram penetrans, ad Fun-  
dum Abyssus infernalis descendit

ACTOR Homo, Cœlum Spectator, grande  
Theatrum [Dies  
Mundus, Vita frequens Fabula, Scena  
Undè ego, sublimi positus, Deliria  
Mundi 20  
Defleo, dum Vitij Pondere tristè  
gemit  
Esse quid hoc dicam, perversa quod  
Omnia cerno 1

1 Terapitaerio ventosa Superbia Curru,  
Siste rotas, Currus ferventes siste,  
Loquamur  
Nunc opus est levioze Lyrâ Tu,  
Cyprie Bubo,  
Ore procax, Novitatis amans, Veneris-  
que Satelles,  
Callidus incautas Philtris mollire  
Puellas,  
Splendida rimaris petulant Lumine  
Spectra,  
Et Mala quæque Bonis præfers, Deliria  
Veris, 40  
Frivola vaniloquo Mendacia gutture  
jactas,  
Mentis inops, Ratione carens, Virtutis  
inanis,  
Volveris effuso suadente Libidine Luxu,  
Lauta coronatis ambis Convivia Mensis,  
Sunt tibi Deliciæ, Risus, Jocularia  
Cordi,  
Futilibus fatuus Garritibus Aera pulsas,  
Quique ciet Nugas, Donaria summa  
reportat,  
Illicitumque putas nihil, Omne, quod  
officit, optas,

Densis quàm Tenebris mergitur  
Orbis iners 1  
Talia tartareo crevere Piacula Seclo,  
Vix Terris Scelerum mox Modus  
ullus erit  
Luxus ovans, impurus Amor, maculosa  
Libido,  
Persica Mollities, Spes levis, Ira  
gravis  
Carnificina Boni, sed Iniqui sedula  
Nutrix,  
Orbis es, Illecebras nil nisi turpis  
habet  
Fraus juvat, hinc justa est, fallique &  
fallere gaudes, 30  
Mors Jocus, Infernus Fabula, Sanna  
Polus  
Heu, Pietas ubi prisca 1 Profana ò  
Tempora 1 Mundi  
Fæx, Vesper, propè Nox, ô, mora 1  
CHRISTE, Veni 1

Expetis ut fulvum Mundus vertatur in  
Aurum;  
Auritâ de Gente Midæ reor esse Ne-  
potem 50  
Stulte, tuas Vestes, Avis ut Junonia  
plumas,  
Aspicias, in Cute curandâ malè con-  
teris Ævum  
O, Genus insipidum 1 sani tibi mica  
Cerebri 2  
Auscultet tumido Gens implacabilis  
Ore  
Luxuries prædulce Malum, blanditur,  
& angit  
Innumeras parit ipsa Cruces, nutritque,  
Voluptas  
Vita vices morientis habet, morerisque  
superstes  
Sed, quid ago? Surdis cantatur  
Fabula Fatı  
Vespera mox veniet 1 quid inexorabilis  
hæres?  
Cuncta tenere putes, tupercepis omnia;  
Solum 60  
Hoc nescis, Pantœn quod es insanissi-  
mus Andrœn

In strenuos hujus Seculi Compotores,  
& Gulones Perditissimos 1

QUALIS hîc Boatus? quæ Vociferatio?  
Auscultemus Aut bibite, aut hunc

Cantharum, quantus quantus est, in  
Capita impingam vestra Sic enim

61 We need not suppose that Benlowes put in the Greek for anything but metre's sake  
1 Above these passages respectively the orig has two little vignettes in text, one

assuefacti (à sue facti) sunt Qui tamen  
Ipsi nondum hesternam edormiverunt  
Crapulam Heu quàm petitis peritura!  
Labantes ad Præcipitium  
impellit & ad Infernum proruentibus  
calcar subditis! Interim tamen vos ac  
cusat Conscientia Testis est Memoria  
Ratio Iudex Voluptas Carcer Timor  
Tortor Oblectamentum Tormentum!  
Undè in vorando bibendo ludendo  
dormiendo moriendo juste obli-  
scantur sui qui vivendo (nisi jurando)  
semper obliti sunt Dei

TURGIDUS iste quis est? ambas per  
potus ad Aures  
Qui tradit rabidæ Fræna soluta  
Gulæ  
Qui plures avido Calices ingurgitat  
haustu 20  
Cui Venus in Vinis Ignis in Igne furit  
Cui Venter Deus est & lauta Culina  
Sacellum  
Orgia cui madidi grata profana Dei  
Cui sunt Liba Dapes & Compotatio  
Festum  
Et Pietas plenâ Lance litare Gulæ  
Plurima qui spondet perfusus Tem-  
pora Baccho  
Omnia quæ Socius cras sine fronte  
negat  
Cujus Lingua vomit spumantia Vota  
Salutis  
Obrutus est nimio dum sine Mente  
Mero  
Vivamus liquidi potemus edamus  
ovemus 30  
Nulla Sepulcorum nascitur Uva Cavis  
Mordaces Curas solvamus Vociferando  
Sic permittamus lætius ire Dies  
Falle Diem strue Serta Scyphum rape  
tingere Nardo  
Si tibi Cura mei sit tibi Cura Mei  
Prome Falerna remitte Pavenda pro  
pellito Nubes  
Leviathæ Os utinàm nunc mihi  
grande foret!

EHEU quàm Magnificus iste jam  
ægrotat miserè! ecce Linteola Manu  
contrahit distorto Ore & distento  
Labia dispanxit anhelis Pulmonibus  
difficile spirat longum Vale Mundo  
dicit tenebrescentes Oculos circum

Gemmatis si Musta bibam flammantia  
Poclis  
Inde frequens Naso Gemma repentè  
micet 39  
Plurima sic olidis epotat Vinæ Tabernis  
Ut referat brutas sordida Vita Sues  
Immersus Vitu Barathro Scelerisque  
Profundo  
Ebrius Errorum Nectare Porcus  
ovat  
Immemor ipse sui nimium memor ipse  
Suorum  
Carneus iste Cadus Viva Culina  
cluat  
Nocturno reboat dum cæca Platæa  
Tumultu  
Quodvis ex animo suavè peregit  
Opus  
Una Salus tibi sit nullam potare Salu-  
tem  
Te Puer in trivis erudisse potest  
Qui mihi Discipulus Bibo sis cupis  
atque doceri 50  
Huc ades Abdomen spernere disce  
tuum  
Pondus iners Carnis Cumulus Vini  
que Culullus  
Progenies Grylli Dux Epicurus  
haræ  
Cœnum non Cœlum sapis Ingluviem  
que saginas  
Non Mentem solum pro sale Vita  
datur  
Ditia sorbebit subito Patrimonia  
Guttur  
Quod tua peccarunt Guttura Vitra  
luunt  
Quæ Mare Terra Polus Pisce Alite  
Vite ministrant  
Desidis alta Gulæ Cuncta Bara-  
thra vorant  
Effera Tempestas Cellæ Barathrum  
que Macelli! 60  
Exanimis tumulet mortuæ Turbatuos!  
Hoc verbo concludo nec os tibi sub-  
lino Nequam es  
Exitio nisi te corrigis Ipse tibi

volvit & suburbia Mortis intrat. Lec-  
tores clarum hic Speculum Fragilitatis  
cernite Gregor Magnus Lib 4 Cap  
38 Dialogorum de Chrysorio Ro-  
mano tradit Historiam de quo an-  
divitis seu Vitius magis abundaverit

representing a Caroline dandy in full dress standing ostentatiously and the other the  
same person sitting drinking—and drunken

incertum fuit Cum, quasi expirans,  
anxiaretur, apparuere illi teterrimi,  
Dæmones, ipsum certatim prensantes,  
trahereque ad Inferna annui, Ille,  
Horrore tremuit, seque super Lectum  
huc atque illuc vertere miseris cœpit  
Modis Nec dubitaret Quisquam  
Spiritus sibi apparuisse, qui probè  
illius Gestus, & Lamenta consideraret  
Postremò, ipse, cum jam Amicorum

Auxilio desperasset, ad Hostes con-  
versus, Inducias, oro, Inducias, inquit,  
Inducias, vel tantum usque ad mane '  
cui, Dæmones, Stulte, hac nocte  
eripietur tibi Anima Dum hoc pos-  
cendo ingeminat, Animam exhalavit '  
Væ vobis miseris, qui in ipsis Volup-  
tatum Blandimentis, sævis Pauperum  
Oppressionibus, & iniquis Præliandi  
Ardoribus subito auferimini ! 95

INSTARE, heu, summum, Mens, tibi  
crede Diem,  
Actus Fabellæ jam tibi quintus adest,  
Namque stat ad Mortis Limina Vita  
tremens,  
Quid modò, dum Muris imminet Hostis,  
agas ? 99  
Te rapiet subitò Mors inopina Gradu '  
An non supremi Judicis Ora times ?  
Mente soporatâ Cuncta quieta fluunt,  
Exagitat sævis evigilante Minis '  
Stat vinctum rigido sons Adamante  
jecur,  
Undique constrictum Crimine, Lege,  
Nece '  
Stare tamen nullo mens queat ægra  
Loco '  
Afflictum Pectus quis tolerare potest '  
Me Tremor, Impietas, Flagra, Ge-  
henna rotant '  
Totus in Aspectu sum rea Massa Dei '  
Heu, quàm terribilis Sontibus Ultor  
adest ' 110  
Qui Flagellorum millia mille parat '  
Quis dabit hisce Modum, quæis Modus  
omnis abest '  
Supplicium Æternum ' Dirus ut ille  
Sonus '  
Nullis Inferni Flamma domatur aquis '  
Æstus at infusæ Gurgite crescit Aquæ '  
Nunc, Mundi quid Honos, Gaza, Jocus-  
que, valent '  
Vos, speciem fumi, quicquid habetis,  
habet,  
Perfidiosa sequi Ludicra Mundus  
amat,  
Tristia sub placido melle Venena  
latent,  
Quo magis arident, sunt metuenda  
magis, 120

Turgida ventoso Pectora Folle replent.  
Inter Acidalias, cœu Sybariti, Rosas  
Crevi, Præda fœcis scrutanda Rogis '  
Prædonum Paphiæ mitior Ira face,  
Cultorem perdis, qui tibi vivit, obit,  
Arboræ seu Chavæ, prima Venenæ necis,  
Arboræ sic CHRISTI Vita secunda fluit  
Hæc, hæc sit nostrâ Meta terrenda  
rotâ '

Jam nunc Justorum Fata subire velim '  
Pro Te, CHRISTE, pati, est vincere,  
Vita mori 130

Te peto dum superest Halitus, Oro,  
fave

Hanc, DEUS, ex magno mittis Amore  
Crucem

Sum miser, ah, misero fer miseratus  
Opem '

Nunc opus est Precibus, nunc Ope,  
CHRISTE, tuâ '

Unus Opem, Vulnus qui dedit, Ille  
ferat '

Pœnitet admissi Criminis, oro DEUS,  
Sanguinis inspergat, Gutta vel una  
tui '

Sperem, vix ullam Spes ubi cernat  
Opem '

Singula baptizem Corporis Acta mei '  
Sint Lachrymæ Mentis Gaudia sola  
meæ ' 140

Quæ suaves aliquid, Nectaris instar,  
habent,

Tristia qui spargit, Gaudia abindè  
metet,

Lætitiæ Segetem flebilis Unda parit  
Languet, sola sonet Lachryma ' Lingua  
sile

HÆC, LECTOR, SICCIS QUI TULARE  
GENIS '

## Mundi Contemptus

|   |  |
|---|--|
| DELICIÆ Luxus laqueata Palatia<br>Gemmæ<br>Incautos veluti blanda Venena ne<br>cant<br>In Trabea Livor Gemmâ Timor Ira<br>sub Auro<br>Bullatum his Pectus plurima Pestis<br>agit<br>Est Honor umbra Rei Quid Honoris<br>Spes ? minus umbrâ<br>Umbram finge umbræ spes id<br>Honoris erit<br>Dum placet illudit dum splendet<br>fallit amœnam<br>Sic referens bullam frangitur illa<br>micans<br>Aurea pacatam turbant Laquearia Men<br>tem<br>Et Vigiles Noctes Purpura sæpè<br>trahit 10 | Oblongas videt ire vigil sua Tædia<br>Noctes<br>Præque ipsis longas Noctibus ire<br>Dies<br>Sæpè Equitem excussit fracta Cervice<br>Sedentis<br>Ad Titulos properans Ambitionis<br>Equus<br>Illis sceptrigeri quos lactat Gloria<br>Mundi<br>Auratis Tectis fit peregrina Salus<br>Divitias Avidus per aperta Pericula<br>Ponti<br>Retia quæ Mentis concumulare<br>studet<br>Hæc mihi ne noceant cauto cretata<br>faceccat 19<br>Ambitio & fulvi sordidæ Cura Luti<br>Felix qui streperi Ludibria rideat Orbis<br>Aspernans Ævi luxuriantis Opes |
|---|--|

## THE SWEETNESS OF RETIREMENT

## OR THE HAPPINESS OF A PRIVATE LIFE

## Canto XII The Segregation

## ARGUMENT

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Tu mihi Thema Quies Animæ sanctus<br>que Recessus<br>Rores dum saturant me Deus alme<br>tui<br>Vera Qui s Paucos nosti notissima<br>Paucis<br>Dum fugio Plures te peto vera Quies<br>Carmina Secesum ? Potius Devotio quærit<br>Sic quid drant Modulis Pectora sancta<br>sus<br>Turbat Apollineas clamosa Molestia<br>Musas<br>Christicolæ Modulossed magis illa gravat<br>Sit procul Ubs prope Vota mihi<br>mihi reddat & intus<br>Plena Fide perstet Mens mea plena<br>Deo ! 10<br>Hoc Nemus est Templum patuli Laquearia<br>Rami<br>Fit sacræ Truncus quisque Columna<br>Domus<br>Pervia Sylva patens est Porta Cacumina<br>Pinnæ<br>Baptismi Pignus Rivulus omni habet | Dat Mens in Collis sacram mihi Cespitem<br>tectus<br>Pectoris Ara Fides Zelus Amorque<br>focus<br>Si quis Baptistes in Erempredicet Ecce<br>Pulpita in arborea Sede locat patent<br>Hic licet elata dare Verba precantia Voce<br>Et sine Teste Deo nec nisi Teste<br>loqui 20<br>Ipsa monent tremulas quatent a Flamina<br>frondes<br>Per nos fundendas Corde tremente<br>Pecces<br>Antevolansque cavo Suspiria nostra<br>Susurro<br>Dum gemit Auraleis Tugeme Cultor<br>ait<br>Voce Deum celebros Concordes sponte<br>Choristæ<br>Sunt Præcentores dum modulantur<br>Aves<br>Amen sub jacio dat Amen quasi Clericus,<br>Echo<br>Sylva placet Luxus Desidioso Vale. |
|--|---|

## THE ARGUMENT

True Bliss! Thou know'st but few, to few art known,  
 While we shun many, thee alone  
 We court, and all enjoy in thee, when all are gone

## STANZA I

WASTE not another word on fools,  
 forsake

What grates the ear, pure notions  
 take,

Know, that the smoothest hones the  
 sharpest razors make

## II

Ill suits it with a russet life, to  
 write

Court-tissue swains, by thresh-  
 hold's sight,

Observe, as well as lords by clocks  
 of gold, Time's flight

## III

Whose crystal shrines, like oysters,  
 gape each hour,

Discov'ring Time by figures' pow'r  
 That is the nobler watch, foreshows  
 the threat'ning show'r

## IV

While cumb'rous gain does various  
 cares obtrude,

The richer mind courts solitude,  
 And does guile (subtle to beguile  
 itself) exclude

## V

More than high greatness humble  
 goodness draws,

Elm rafters, mantled o'er with  
 straws,

Outbless Escorial tow'rs that seem  
 Heav'n's cupolas

## VI

Each city-shop's a trap, each toy, a  
 yoke,

What wise man willingly would  
 choke

Himself in thicker clouds of griping  
 care, than smoke?

## VII

Who would not fly that broil, whence  
 Bliss is flown,

21 This is a puzzling line One would expect 'From best to all to best to none,'  
 or 'From best to worst from all to none' Cf *Summary* version *msf*

Where, in Time's dregs, Religion's  
 grown

From best, to all (flow tears of  
 blood!), from all, to none

## VIII

LORD, guide Thy Church, which  
 interests impair,

Who, without knowledge, factious  
 are,

They little mind the flock, so they  
 the fleccc may share

## IX

Why climb'd they else the pulpit, as  
 Lot's brother,

With fire in one hand, knife i' th'  
 other?

'Twas vip'rous Nero slew his own  
 indulgent mother.

## X

As Peace Heav'n's blessing, so is  
 War His rod,

Man-hunting beast, a scourge from  
 GOD,

Which doth unhinge the world,  
 fierce grapes in Wrath's press  
 trod

## XI

Let me, in Grief's prerogative, be  
 bold

To question such, as dare to  
 hold

That they the SHEPHERD lov'd, when  
 they forsook the fold

## XII

Such scramblers at the shearing  
 feasts, I shun,

Forgetting, and forgotten, run  
 To fraudless swains I have a Friend  
 compliant won,

## XIII

By his example may my life be penn'd,  
 May he read, like himself, his  
 friend

CANTO XLII] *The Sweetness of Retirement*

Souls in conjunction should like  
stars kind influence send

XIV

Us Sympathy the mind's true priest  
does join, 40  
Tis Grace makes social love  
divine

Tun'd octaves unisons are, duos in  
one combine

XV

When two enweav'd are in one high  
desire

They feel like angels mutual fire  
Flames intellectual live material  
flames expire

XVI

Vain World thy friends are thieves  
of Time twice they

Are robb'd for Time's self steals  
away

Leaving a dull December for a  
sportive May

XVII

Fools chat is built on sand but  
blest who hives

Discourse that on Heaven's sweet  
ness lives 50

Such as to raise the fire to high born  
Virtue strives

XVIII

For birds of Paradise the proper  
fare

Is purest vapour of the air  
Souls nourish'd from the influence  
of GOD'S SPIRIT are

XIX

Dew fattens earth the earth yields  
plants and then

The plants feed beasts the beasts  
feed men

Man on HIS WORD should feed who  
gave him origin

XX

From public roads to private joy's  
our flight

To view GOD'S love we leave  
man's sight

Rich in the purchase of a Friend  
who gilds delight 60

XXI

Thus go we, like the heroes of old  
Greece,

In quest of more than golden  
fleece

Retreating to sweet shades our shat-  
ter'd thoughts we piece

XXII

So when the Sun commander of  
the day

Muffles with clouds his glorious  
ray

He clearer afterwards doth his bright  
face display

XXIII

Kings too much seen grow mean  
Renown does dawn

From cots unsightly hang'd and  
drawn

With spider woven arras and their  
cobweb lawn

XXIV

Victorious Charles the Fifth who  
had acquir'd

Fame wealth and what could be  
desir'd

By greatest emperors left all to live  
retir'd

XXV

That sea dividing Prince whose  
sceptred rod

Wrought freedom to the Church  
of God

Made in the Mount of Horeb forty  
days abide

XXVI

In wilderness the Baptist shined more  
clear

In Life's night starry souls appear  
They who themselves eclipse are to

Heaven's court more dear

XXVII

But now what need we cite examples  
more 79

This by our SAVIOUR heretofore  
Was practis'd who whole nights

retir'd did God implore

XXVIII

Examples are best precepts Sweet  
Secess



The nurse to inbred Happiness,  
How dost thou intellects with fuller  
knowledge bless !

XXIX

Waft us, all-guiding Pow'r, from wild  
resort,

By Cape of Hope, to Virtue's  
Port,

Where Conscience, that strong cham-  
pion, safely guards the fort

XXX

Here, Liberty, ev'n from suspicion  
free,

Does terminate our fears, by  
Thee

We conquer lusts each sense wears  
Reason's livery

90

XXXI

With Thee, like cloister'd snails, is  
better state,

Than to be lions in a grate

The world hers, coop'd like Bajazet,  
does captivate

XXXII

But, here (the type of ever-smiling  
joys,

Without disturbing fears, or noise),

We bright-ey'd Faith, with quick-eyed  
Art, in Truth's scale poise

XXXIII

Religious Mary's leisure we above

Encumber'd Martha's cares ap-  
prove,

Uncloister'd, we this course beyond  
Court's splendour love

XXXIV

Seated in safe repose (when circling  
Earth

100

Suffers by rage of war, and dearth),

Secure from plagues and angry seas,  
we manage mirth

XXXV

The low-built fortune harbours Peace,  
when as

Ambitious high-roof'd Babels pass

Through storms, content with  
thankfulness each blessing has

XXXVI

So fragrant v'lets, blushing straw-  
berries,

( 448 )

Close-shrouded lurk from lofty  
eyes,

The emblem of sweet bliss, which  
low and hidden lies

XXXVII

No mask'd fraud, no tempest of  
black woes,

No flaunting pride, no rage of  
foes,

110

Bends hitherward, but soon is laid,  
or overblows

XXXVIII

We rule our conquer'd selves, what  
need we more?

To gadding Sense we shut the  
door,

Rich in our mind alone Who wants  
himself, is poor

XXXIX

Slander is stingless, Envy toothless  
here,

The russet is well lin'd we wear,

Let cits make chains the ensigns of  
their pomp appear

XL

Faith link'd with Truth, and Love  
with Quiet too,

O'er pleasant lawns securely go,

The Golden Age, like Jordan's  
stream, does here reflow

120

XLI

For fields of combat, fields of corn  
are here,

For trooping ranks, tree-ranks  
appear,

War steels the heart, but here we  
melt heart, eye, and ear

XLII

Oh, might a sacred Muse Earth's  
frenzy calm !

On that we'd pour such suppling  
balm,

As might vain trophies turn to an  
unfading palm

XLIII

Then should each He, who wears  
the face of man,

Discern their emptiness, and span

The vulgar's trivial idols, and their  
follies scan

## XLIV

Though in rough shells our bodies  
 kernell d are 130  
 Our roof is neat, and sweet our  
 fare  
 Banish d are noisome vapours to the  
 pent up air

## XLV

No subtle poison in our cup we fear  
 Goblets of gold such horrors bear  
 No palace Furies haunt, O rich  
 Content! thy cheer

## XLVI

How great are those who use like  
 gold their clay  
 And who like clay gold great are  
 they  
 To grandeur slighted titles are the  
 ready way

## XLVII

Courts amplest shine nor adds nor  
 takes from minds  
 That pierce the world true merit  
 binds 140  
 Bright souls unto it whilst a fog th  
 ignoble blinds

## XLVIII

Humble not slav'd, without dis  
 comfort sad,  
 Tim'rous without despair, and  
 glad  
 Without wild freaks we are The  
 world's or fool or mad

## XLIX

From Taurus when Sol's influence  
 descends  
 And Earth with verdant robe be-  
 friends  
 And richer showers than fell on  
 Danae's lap dispends,

## L

When early Phosphor lights from  
 eastern bed  
 The grey eyed morn with blushes  
 red  
 When opal colours prank the orient  
 tulip's head 150

154 Rages] Rare

165 Rage] Strong but in my copy altered to base = bass which is probably right

## LI

Then walk we forth where twinkling  
 spangles shew  
 Entinselling like stars the dew  
 Where buds like pearls and where  
 we leaves like em'ralds view

## LII

Birds by grovets in feather'd gar-  
 ments sing  
 New ditties to the non ag'd  
 spring  
 Oh how those traceless minstrels  
 cheer up everything!

## LIII

To hear quaint nightingales the  
 lutes o' th wood  
 And turtle doves by their mates  
 wood  
 And smelling violet sweets how do  
 these cheer the blood!

## LIV

While teeming Earth flower'd satin  
 wears embost 160  
 With trees with bushes shagg'd  
 with most  
 Clear riv'lets edg'd by rocking winds  
 each gently tost,

## LV

The branching standards of the  
 chirping grove  
 With rustling boughs and streams  
 that move  
 In murm'ring rage seem Nature's  
 consort tun'd by Love

## LVI

We to their hoarse laments lend  
 list'ning ears  
 And sympathize with them in tears  
 Sadly remembering British Sion's  
 acted fears!

## LVII

Then our sad hearts are prick'd,  
 whence spring forth cries  
 From those drain'd through the  
 bruise'd soul rise 170  
 Faith fumes by Heav'n's fire drawn  
 which drop through melting  
 eyes!

162 rocking winds] Had Benlowes read Milton?

## LVIII

'Cause hungry swords devour'd man's  
flesh, like food,  
And thirsty spears were drunk  
with blood

LORD, how Thy Spouse turns mum-  
mied earth ' her gore a flood '

## LIX

Edge-hill with bones look'd white,  
with blood look'd red,

Maz'd at the number of the dead  
A theme for tears in unborn eyes to  
be still shed '

## LX

How many bound with iron, who  
did 'scape

The steel ' and Death commits  
a rape

On them in jails, who her defied in  
warlike shape ' 180

## LXI

Cross-biasness to grace our ruin  
spinn'd '

Harrow'd with woes, be Heav'n  
our friend '

Sodom 'gainst Nature, we 'gainst  
light of Truth have sinn'd '

## LXII

This draws eye-tribute from Com-  
punction's den,

Grace, guard Thy prostrate sup-  
pliant then,

Who am the chief of sinners, and  
the worst of men '

## LXIII

My guilt before Thy Mercy-seat I  
lay,

For His sake save me, who gave  
way

To die for sinners ' Ah, Sin kills  
Him every day '

## LXIV

Sin ne'er departs, till humbled in  
deep fears, 190

Embalm'd in pray'rs, and drown'd  
in tears,

The fragrant Araby breathes no per-  
fume like theirs

## LXV

More fruitful those, unwitness'd,  
appear,

Gems are too cheap for every  
tear

Deep Sorrow from itself doth its high  
comfort rear

## LXVI

Salt tears, the pious convert's  
sweetest sport,

To hopeful joys the ent'ring port,  
Ye waft blest mariners to Sion's  
glorious court

## LXVII

But whither stray'st thou, Grief?  
Pearl'd dew arrays

As yet the virgin-meads, whose  
gays 200

Unbarb'd, perk up to prank the  
curl'd stream that plays

## LXVIII

By rushy-fringed banks with purling  
rill,

Meand'ring underneath the hill  
Thus, stream-like, glides our life to  
Death's broad ocean still

## LXIX

The pleasant grove triumphs with  
blooming May,

While Melancholy scuds away,  
The painted quire on motley banks  
sweet notes display

## LXX

Earth's flow'r-wov'n damask doth us  
gently woo,

On her embroider'd mantle to  
Repose, where various gems, like  
constellations, shew 210

## LXXI

Ourselves here steal we from our-  
selves, by qualms

Of pleasure, rais'd from new-  
coin'd Psalms,

When skies are blue, earth green,  
and meadows flow with balms

## LXXII

We there, on grassy tufted tapes-  
tries,

In guiltless shades by full hair'd  
trees

Leaning unpillow'd heads view  
Nature's ants and bees

LXXIII

Justly admiring more those agile ants  
Than castle bearing elephants

Where industry epitomiz'd no  
vigour wants

LXXIV

More than at tusks of boars we  
wonder at

220

This moth's strange teeth! Legs  
of this gnat

Pass large limb'd gryphons then on  
bees we musing sat,

LXXV

How colonies Realm's hope they  
breed proclaim

Their king how nectar courts  
they frame,

How they in waven cells record  
their prince's fame

LXXVI

How kings amidst their bands in  
armour shine

And great souls in small breasts  
confine

How under strictest laws they keep  
up discipline

LXXVII

How all agree while their king lives  
in one

But dead the public Faith's o'er  
thrown

230

Their State becomes a spoil which  
was so plenteous grown

LXXVIII

Abstruser depths! here Aristotle's  
eye

(That Ipse of philosophy

Nature's professor) purblind was to  
search so high

LXXIX

Thinking which some deem idle  
ness to me

It seems life's Heav'n on earth to  
be,

By observation GOD is seen in all we  
see

LXXX

Our books are Heav'n above us air  
and sea

Around earth under Faith's our  
stay

And Grace our guide the Word our  
light, and CHRIST our way

240

LXXXI

Friend view that rock and think  
from rock's green Wound

How thirst expelling streams did  
bound

View streams and think how Jordan  
did become dry ground.

LXXXII

View Seas and think how waves  
like walls of glass

Stood fix'd while Hebrew troops  
did pass

But clos'd the Pharian host in one  
confus'd mass

LXXXIII

These flow'rs we see to-day like  
Beauty brave,

At ev'n will be shut up and have  
Next week their death then buried

soon in stalks their grave

LXXXIV

Beauty's a flow'r, Fame puff high  
State a gaze

250

Pleasure a dance and Gold a  
blaze

Greatness a load these soon are  
lost in Time's short maze!

LXXXV

As solemn statesmen slight mere  
childish toil

Framing card structures angels  
smile

And pity so when life straight flits  
man's tearing broil

LXXXVI

Search Empire's dawn unwind  
Time's ball again

Unreel through ages its snarl'd  
skein

222 sat] An unlucky word in more than tense

Run back, like Sol on Ahaz' dial,  
see 'All's vain'

LXXXVII

This did I from THEOPHIL A descry  
(Not her fair-feather'd speech  
could fly 260  
To ground, but my ear's pitfall  
caught it instantly,

LXXXVIII

Though her informing voice be  
parted hence,  
Tides of impressive notions thence  
Flow, soft as showers on balm, and  
sweet as frankincense)

LXXXIX

The conqueror who wades in blood  
for pow'r,  
Cannot ensure th' ensuing hour,  
Death soon may his ovation's  
sweetest nectar sour

XC

All's vain Th' Assyrian lion, Per-  
sian bear,  
Greek leopard, Roman eagle,  
where?

Where is fam'd Troy, that did so  
proudly domineer? 270

XCI

Troy's gone, yet Simois stays Oh,  
Fortune's play!

That which was fix'd is fled away,  
And only what was ever-fitting still  
does stay!

XCII

Vast pyramids uprear'd t' inter the  
dead,  
Themselves, like men, are sepul-  
chred,  
Ambitious obelisks, ostents of pride,  
dust wed

XCIII

Heav'n sees the crumbling fabric of  
Earth's ball,  
That dust is man's original,  
To Him all nature is as wither'd  
leaves that fall

XCIV

Terrestrials transient are Kings  
fight for clods, 280

( 452 )

Heav'n's Heir is mightier Prince,  
by odds,  
Ev'n all is his, and he is CHRIST'S,  
and CHRIST is GOD'S

XCv

Thoughts, dwell on this Let's be  
our own death's-head  
The glorious Martyr lives, though  
dead,

Sweet rose, in His own fadeless  
leaves envelop'd

XCvi

Heav'n was His watch, whose starry  
circles wind

All ages up, the hand that sign'd  
Those figures, guides them, World,  
thy clocks are false and blind

XCvii

Time in Eternity's immense book is  
But as a short parenthesis, 200  
Man's life, a point, God's day is  
never-setting bliss

XCviii

Could man sum up all times, so, as  
if there

A moment not remaining were,  
Yet all those close-throng'd figures  
seem but ciphers here

XCix

Could calculators multiply Time's  
glass

To myriads more of years, alas,  
Those sands, to this duration, as a  
minute pass

C

Such mental buds we from each  
object take,

And, for CHRIST'S Spouse, of  
them we make

Spiritual wreaths, nor do we her  
own words forsake 300

CI

' Arise, O North, and thou, O South-  
wind, blow,

Let scent of flow'rs, and spices flow,  
That the BELOVED may into His  
Garden go'

CII

Whose beauty flow'rs, whose height  
made lofty trees,

Whose permanence made Time  
and these  
Pay tribute by returns to Him as  
springs to seas

CIII

This steals our soul from her thick  
loom t aspire  
To canzons, tind with enthean  
fire  
Taking high wing to soar up to the  
angel quire

CIV

By suchlike speculations would we  
sty 310  
To th Sun of Righteousness!  
though I  
A star am less than least of all the  
galaxy

CV

The burden to each hymn is this  
Thy ways  
LORD are inscrutable! All days  
All tongues are few are weak, to  
sound Thy endless Praise!

CVI

Oh that a Voice more audible and  
high r  
Than that shrill trump when all s  
on fire  
Might all men s hearts and tongues  
with Thy renown inspire!

CVII

Nature bless COD His benefits be  
sung  
While that an ear can hear a  
tongue 320  
Commerce with Him is th only  
trade all else but dung

CVIII

But dung—the wild inhabitant  
repeats  
From her inhospitable seats  
But now tis noon prepare we for  
our costless meats

CIX

LORD of all grassy and all glassy  
plains!

308 tin d] l ghted

327] Embase = lower emboss = raise obviously enough. But why woody  
veins? Was he thinking of coal mines?

Whose mighty hand doth wield  
Fate s reins

Who dost embase the hills emboss  
the woody veins

CX

By Thee the pirate who by Nile  
being bred  
Has land for table pool for bed  
Camels Arabia s wand ring ships by  
Thee are fed 330

CXI

'Thou with Thy inexpressibly im  
mense  
Finger of active Providence  
The Worlds great Harbinger dost  
all to each dispense

CXII

Strict temperance so cooks our mess,  
that we  
With no brain clouds eclipsed be  
The driest clearness makes the  
brightest ingeny

CXIII

The mount s our table grass our  
carpet well  
Our cellar trees our banquet  
cell  
Our palace birds our music and our  
plate a shell

CXIV

Nature pays all the score Next  
fountain has 340  
Bath drink and glass but our  
soul s glass  
Presents Religion s face Our meal s  
as short as grace

CXV

See where the udder d cattle find us  
food  
As those sheep cloth these  
hedgerows wood  
See now a present brought us from  
the neighbourhood

CXVI

Ev n th herb that cramp and tooth  
ache drives away

310 sty] as before 'rise

And bribes ear-minstrels not to  
play,  
And from arch'd roofs to spongy  
bellows dew does stay;

CXVII

That makes quick spirits and agile  
fancy rove,  
And genuine warmth i' th' brain  
does move, 350  
'Bove furs or fires, whose pipe's  
both ventiduct, and stove,

CXVIII

That mounts invention with its active  
smoke;  
Draught of Promethean fir'd-air  
took,  
Renerves slack joints, and ransacks  
each phlegmatic nook.

CXIX

That lust cloyes which expectance  
swells, but, here

Are dainties, that whet taste and  
ear,  
Where all are cheer'd with joy, and  
overjoy'd with cheer.

CXX

But, having travers'd more of ground  
to-day,  
Let us, for our refreshment, stay,  
And with next rising sun, complete  
next closing lay 360

*Irati sævas Maris evitare Procellas  
Quæ potuit, felix est nimis illa  
Ratis,  
Littoris optati Prospectu Navita  
gaudet,  
Gratulor emensam nec minùs ipse  
Viam*

ANIMI PABULUM CONTEMPLATIO

## THE PLEASURE OF RETIREMENT

## Canto XIII. The Reinvasion

## THE ARGUMENT

FELIX qui Suus est, Animi propriæque  
Monarcha,  
Laus est Imperii ponere Jura Sibi  
Felices Animæ, pulso Plutone Tyranno,  
Queis datur Elysus imperitare Plagis!  
Maximus internum quisquis superaverit  
Hostem,  
Major Alexandro, Cæsare major erit  
Fabritium Æacidæ, Senecam præpono  
Neroni,  
Hic hiat Immenso, postulat Ille parum  
Ecquid habent Reges, nisi Membris leg-  
men & Escam?  
Quæ vel Nobiscum vile Mapale tenet 10

Ipse mihi Regnum, summâ dominabor in  
Aula  
Mentis, & hoc quod sum vel minor esse  
velim  
Rex est quem Ratio regit, & quem ducit  
Honestum  
De Regno videas regia Sceptra queri  
Aspice quid Cineres sit Cæsaris inter, &  
Iri,  
Est unus Color his omnibus, unus Odor  
Ergo  
Affectus superans, & qui superatur ab illis,  
Non nisi Victor ovat, non nisi Victus  
obit

347 bribes &c ] It would probably be impossible to find a more characteristic conceit than this for the supposed virtue of stilling *timulus aurum*. The whole passage has, I think, in the general ignorance of our poet, escaped collectors of the Praise of Tobacco for the most part. If Lamb did not know it, it is a pity

THE ARGUMENT

Who Chance Change Hopes and Fears can under bring  
 Who can obey yet rule each thing  
 And slight Misfortune with a brave disdain he s king

STANZA I

WHEN lavish Phœbus pours out  
 melted gold,  
 And Zephyr's breath does spice  
 unfold  
 And we the blue eyed sky in tissue  
 vest behold

II

Then view the mower who with big  
 swoln veins  
 Wieldeth the crookèd scythe and  
 strains  
 To barb the flow'ry tresses of the  
 verdant plains

III

Then view we valleys by whose  
 fringed seams  
 A brook of liquid silver streams  
 Whose water crystal seems sand  
 gold and pebbles gems,

IV

Where bright scal'd gliding fish on  
 trembling line<sup>10</sup>  
 We strike when they our hook  
 entwine  
 Thence do we make a visit to a  
 grave divine

V

With harmless shepherds we some  
 times do stay  
 Whose plainness does outvie the  
 gay  
 While nibbling ewes do bleat and  
 frisking lambs do stray

VI

With them we strive to recollect  
 and find  
 Dispers'd flocks of our rambling  
 mind  
 Internal vigils are to that due work  
 design'd

VII

No puffing hopes no shrinking fears  
 them fright  
 No begging wants on them do  
 light<sup>20</sup>  
 They wed Content while Sloth feels  
 want, and Brav'ry spite

VIII

While swains the burthning fleeces  
 shear away  
 Oat pipes to pastoral sonnets play  
 And all the merry hamlet bells  
 chime holy day

IX

In neighbouring meads with ermine  
 mantles proud  
 Our eyes and ears discern a crowd  
 Of wide horn'd oxen trampling grass  
 with lowings loud

X

Next close feeds many a strutting  
 udder'd cow  
 Hard by tird cattle draw the  
 plough  
 Whose galled necks with toil and  
 languishment do bow<sup>30</sup>

XI

Near which in restless stalks wav'd  
 grain promotes  
 The skipping grasshopper's hoarse  
 notes  
 While round the aery choristers dis  
 tend their throats

XII

Dry seas with golden surges ebb  
 and flow  
 The ripening ears smile as we go  
 With boasts to crack the barn so  
 numberless they show

XIII

When Sol to Virgo progress takes  
 and fields

6 barb] This verb in the sense of barber to clip has Elizabethan precedent



With his prolonged lustre gilds ,  
When Sirius chinks the ground, the  
swain his hope then builds.

XIV

Soon as the sultry month has mellow'd  
corn, 40

Gnats shake their spears, and  
wind their horn ;  
The hinds do sweat through both  
their skins, and shopsters scorn

XV

Their orchards with ripe fruit im-  
pregnèd be,  
Fruit that from taste of death is  
free,  
And such as gives delight with choice  
variety

XVI

Yet who in 's thriving mind improves  
his state,  
And Virtue steward makes, his  
fate  
Transcends , he's rich at an inesti-  
mable rate

XVII

He shuns prolixer law-suits , nor  
does wait  
At thoughtful grandee's prouder  
gate , 50  
Nor 'larming trumpets him, nor  
drowning storms amate

XVIII

From costly bills of greedy Emp'rics  
free,  
From plea of Ambidexter's fee,  
From Vicar Any-Thing, the worst of  
all the three

XIX

He in himself, himself to rule, re-  
tires ,  
And can, or blow, or quench his  
fires  
All blessings up are bound in  
bounding up desires

XX

His little world commands the  
great he there  
Rich Mem'ry has for treasurer ;

The tongue is secretary to his heart,  
and ear 60

XXI

While May-Days London gallants  
take a pride,  
Coach'd through Hyde Park, to  
eye, be eyed,  
Which day's vain cost might for the  
poor a year provide ,

XXII

He may to groves of myrrh in  
triumph pace,  
Where roots of Nature, flow'rs of  
Grace,  
And fruits of Glory bud A glimpse  
of Heav'n the place

XXIII

This the Spring-Garden to spiritual  
eyes,  
Which fragrant scent of gums out-  
vies ,  
Three kings had thence their triple  
mystic sacrifice

XXIV

Oh, happier walks, where CHRIST,  
and none beside, 70  
Is journey's End, and Way, and  
Guide !

Where from the humble plains are  
greatest heights descry'd

XXV

Heav'nward his gaze Here does a  
bower display  
His bride-room, and SCRIPTURA  
Herself is bride, each morn presents  
his marriage-day

XXVI

What ecstasy's in this delicious  
grove !  
Th'unwitness'd witness of his love !  
What pow'r so strongly can as  
flam'd affections move !

XXVII

The larks, wing'd travellers, that  
trail the sky,  
Unsoil'd with lusts, aloft do fly, so  
Warbling SCRIPTURA, SCRIPTURA  
on high

42 shopsters] a good word Indeed most things in these two cantos are 'good,'  
either in the Polonian sense, or a better

XXVIII

(T have been affected by a virgin  
 heir,  
 Rich young and chaste wise  
 good and fair  
 Was once his first delight but  
 Heav'n restrain'd that care !

XXIX

Thou, Providence didst both their  
 wills restrain  
 Thou mad'st their losses turn to  
 gain  
 For thou gav'st Heav'n to her on  
 him dost blessings rain !)

XXX

But stop pleas'd thoughts A high'r  
 love's here design'd  
 Fit in each breast to be enshrined  
 Bright angels do admit no sex nor  
 does the mind 90

XXXI

To all her lovers thousand joys  
 accrue  
 And comforts thicker than May's  
 dew  
 Show'r down on their rapt souls as  
 infinite as new !

XXXII

Her oracles directing rules declare  
 Unerring oracles Truth's square  
 Her soul informing light does Earth  
 for Heav'n prepare

XXXIII

All beatizing sweets as in their  
 hive  
 At her fair presence do arrive,  
 Which are to drooping spirits best  
 restorative

XXXIV

To whose sight eagles parallel'd  
 are blind 100  
 Had Argus thousand eyes he'd  
 find  
 Darkness, compar'd with her illumi-  
 nating mind

XXXV

The Sun does glean his splendour  
 from her eyes  
 Thence burn we in sweets as  
 Phoenix lies  
 Glowing on Sol's ray darted pile of  
 spiceries

XXXVI

From precious limbeck sacred loves  
 distil  
 Such sublimations as do fill  
 Minds with amazed raptures of  
 their chemic skill

XXXVII

That such soul elevations still might  
 stry  
 We'd bear and do, both vow and  
 pay 110  
 And serve the LORD of Lords by her  
 directive way !

XXXVIII

Soon as our ear drinks in His [high]  
 command  
 Be't acted by our heart and  
 hand  
 Under His banner we shall Satan's  
 darts withstand

XXXIX

May He accept the music of our  
 voice  
 While on His goodness we  
 rejoice  
 And while each melting Psalm  
 makes on His Grace its choice

XL

On feast-days from that bow'r to  
 church we haste  
 Where Heav'n dissolves into re-  
 past

When we regalias of the mystic  
 Banquet taste 120

XLI

Oh delicacies infinitely pure !  
 To souls best nutriment and cure !  
 Where Knowledge Faith and Love  
 beatitude ensure

xxvi : xxix] These two apparently autobiographic stanzas are interesting as adding  
 a possible new detail to Benloves' scantily known history

103] Not quite a minor line this !

112 high] Written in above the line in my copy

## XLII

Poor Solomon's provision, poor to  
this,  
Manna, Heav'n-dewing banquet,  
is

Who reigns in Heav'n becomes on  
earth our food and bliss

## XLIII

Oh, Sacramental cates, divinely  
drest !

GOD the Feast-maker, CHRIST the  
Feast,

The HOLY GHOST Inviter, and the  
Soul the guest !

## XLIV

All joys await the blessed convives,  
knit 130

All excellences are in it,  
This overcomes our spirits, over-  
pow'rs our wit !

## XLV

For us, poor worms, that Glory's  
SOVEREIGN died !

Oh, let our fleshly barks still ride  
At anchor in calm streams of His  
empiercèd Side !

## XLVI

This is Heav'n's Antepast ! By Union  
He's One to All, and All to One  
In Love's intrinsic Mystery to souls  
alone !

## XLVII

Ecstatic raptures loose our hearts on  
high

With Joy's ineffability ! 140  
Exub'rant sweets o'erwhelm, as tor-  
rents, tongue and eye

## XLVIII

Such life-infusing comforts, from  
above,

Our souls with inward motions  
move,  
That totally for GOD we quit all  
creature-love !

## XLIX

Should He condemn us, yet would  
Love compel

Him down with us, and we would  
dwell

Rather than without Him in Heav'n,  
with Him in Hell.

## L

Soul of my soul ! when I a joy  
receive

Disjoin'd from Thee, let my  
tongue cleave

To's palate ! Me of all, not of this  
Feast bereave ! 150

## LI

Not in the winter solstice of my  
years,

When shivering snow surrounds  
deaf ears,

And dreary languishment Death's  
gashly vizard wears ,

## LII

When they shall tremble that the  
house defend ,

The columns which support it  
bend ,

The grinders fail, the watch through  
casements objects blend ,

## LIII

Then shine, dear LORD ! when  
quivering Winter's dress

Is iced with hoary tress ,

When all streams frozen are, but  
tears, through Love's excess ,

## LIV

When periwigg'd with snow's each  
bald-pate wood, 160

Bound in ice-chains each strug-  
gling flood ,

When North Seas bridled are, pris'n-  
ing their scaly brood

## LV

Then let those freezing hours be  
thaw'd by pray'r !

As wells in winter warmer are

By circumsession of refrigerating  
air

## LVI

That, nipp'd with cold, or parch'd with  
heat, resign

136 Antepast] Nothing to do with time, but opposed to 'repast'—a foretaste The  
word is Taylorian  
160] See Introd

CANTO XIII] *The Pleasure of Retirement*

We may our will in each to Thine  
Be't less or more be t low or high  
be t storm or shine

LVII

After Night's soot smears Heav'n,  
Day gilds its face

Wet April past sweet May takes  
place 170

And calm air smiles when ruffling  
winds have run their race

LVIII

Who hope for mines scorn dross  
such only get

Who lose a game to win the set  
Worldlings he's rich who's good,  
above's his cabinet

LIX

To well tun'd tempers things that  
disagree

Have oft some likeness, thus we  
see

Wind kindles fire discord makes  
concord harmony

LX

Affliction tunes the breast to rise or  
fall

Making the whole man musical  
We may affliction Christians second  
baptism call 180

LXI

Who CHRIST for Spouse His cross  
for jointure has

His hand supports where's rod  
doth pass

The LORD of Angels He the King  
of Sufferings was

LXII

Love's life took Death that Death  
Love's life might gain!

The Sovereign died that slaves  
might reign!

The world can't books that should  
be writ of Him contain

LXIII

Those have the greatest cross who  
cross ne'er bore

They're rich in want who GOD  
adore

Who does supply all emptiness with  
His full store

LXIV

Saint Paul the Gentiles doctor, rich  
bove kings 190

And high bove Oratory's wings  
Rapt up to Heav'n had nothing yet  
possess'd all things

LXV

The rav'n of birds proves caterer  
and feasts

Elijah so the lion of beasts  
Was Samson's purveyor quails to  
murmuring Jews were guests

LXVI

Midst thorns environ'd Love sweet  
roses finds

Steep ways he plain t inamor'd  
minds

Love gilds all chains (surpris'd not  
thrall'd) with comfort binds

LXVII

Then threaten World a goal shall  
bolt me in

He's free as air who serves not  
Sin, 200

Who's gather'd in himself his Self is  
his own inn

LXVIII

Then let fierce Goths their strongest  
chains prepare,

Grim Scythians me their slave  
declare

My soul being free those tyrants in  
the face I'll stare

LXIX

Man may confine the body, but the  
mind

(Like Nature's miracles the wind  
And dreams) does though secur'd  
a free enjoyment find

LXX

Rays drawn in to a point more  
vigorous beam

Joys more to saints engoal'd did  
stream

Linnets their cage to be a grove bars  
boughs esteem 210

LXXI

Burnish'd to glory from Affliction's  
flame,

From prison to a sceptre came  
The lov'd and fear'd ELIZA—titles  
vail t' her name

LXXII

She pass'd the furnace to be more  
refin'd,

From flames drew purity of mind,  
Not heat of passion, hence, being  
tried, she brighter shin'd

LXXIII

Here wound, here lance me, LORD,  
thy Austin cries,

Dissect me here for Paradise!  
The Cross the altar be, so Love be  
sacrifice!

LXXIV

Imprint Thy Love so deep into my  
heart,

220

That neither hunger, thirst, nor  
smart,  
Gain, loss, nor thralldom, life nor  
death us ever part!

LXXV

Should foes rip up my breast with  
piercing blade,

My soul would but have passage  
made,  
Through which to Heav'n she might  
in purple riv'lets wade

LXXVI

Forbid the banns 'twixt soul and  
body join'd,

The corpse but falls to be refin'd,  
And re-espous'd unto the glorified  
high mind

LXXVII

Who makes th' Almighty his delight,  
he goes

To martyrdom, as to repose, 230  
The Red Sea leads to Palestine,  
where all joy flows

LXXVIII

Steel'd 'gainst Affliction's anvil, let's  
become

Proud of the World's severest  
doom,  
No majesty on earth is like to mar-  
tyrdom

LXXIX

'Enter into thy Master's joy' 's so  
great,

This thought is with such flames  
replete,  
That from th' High Court of Mercy  
souls all deaths defeat!

LXXX

Who saith, 'Fear not,' Him must we  
fear alone,

Blest, whom no fear makes Faith  
be gone,  
How many must they fear, who fear  
not only ONL!

240

LXXXI

We are but once to our grave's port  
brought in,

To which from birth w' have  
sailing been,  
It matters not what way, so we 'scape  
rocks of sin

LXXXII

But, hark, 'tis late, the whistlers  
knock from plough,

The droiling swineherd's drum  
beats now,  
Maids have their curtsies made to  
th' spongy-teated cow

LXXXIII

Larks roosted are, the folded flocks  
are pent

213] Here is in text of orig an engraving of Queen Elizabeth praying in her oratory with the following letterpress at the sides of the cut 'Having reformed Religion established Peace reduced Coin to the just value delivered Scotland from the French revenged domestical Rebellion saved France from headlong Ruine by Civil Warre supported Belgia overthrown the Spanish invincible Navie expelled the Spaniards out of Ireland received the Irish into Mercie enriched England by her most prudent Government 45 Years Elizabeth a vertuous and triumphant Queen in the 70th year of her Age, in most happy and peaceable manner departed this Life leaving here her mortal parts until by the last Trump she shall rise immortal'

245 droiling] = 'drudging' not very uncommon both as noun and verb in seventeenth century Note the conceit in next line

CANTO XIII] *The Pleasure of Retirement*

In hurdled grates the tir'd ox sent  
In loose trace home, now Hesper  
lights his torch in 's tent

LXXXIV

See glimmering light, the Pharos of  
our cot 250

By innocence protected not  
By guards we thither tend, where  
Ev'nsong's not forgot

LXXXV

O Pray'r! thou anchor through the  
worldly sea!

Thou sovereign rhet'ric bove the  
plea

Of flesh! that feed'st the fainting  
soul thou art Heav'n's key

LXXXVI

Blest season when Day's eye is  
closed to win

Our heart to clear th' account —  
when Sin

Has pass'd the audit ravishments of  
soul begin

LXXXVII

Who never wake to meditate or  
weep

Shall sure be sentenc'd for their  
sleep, 260

Night to forepass'd day should still  
strict sentry keep

LXXXVIII

Oh let them perish midst their  
flaring clay

Who value treasures with a day  
Devoutly spent! Faith's the true

gem the world a gay

LXXXIX

So wasteful, us'rer, as thyself, there's  
none,

Who losest three true gems for  
one

That's counterfeit thy rest, fame  
soul for ever gone!

XC

When dark'ning mists our hemi-  
sphere invade

Of all the air when one blot's  
made

Mortals immantled in their silent  
gloomy shade 270

( 461 )

XCI

Then for an hour (elixir of delight!)  
We Heav'n beleag'ring pray and  
write

When every eye is lock'd but those  
that watch the night

XCII

Saints fight on bended knees, their  
weapons are

Defensive patience tears, and  
pray'r

Their valour most when without  
witness Hell does scare.

XCIII

May whiter wishes wing'd with Zeal  
appear

Lovely unto Thy purest ear

Where nothing is accepted but  
what's chaste and clear!

XCIV

Life's hectic fits find cordials in  
Pray'r's hive 280

Transcendently restorative

Which might our iron age to its first  
gold retrieve

XCV

See list'ning Time runs back to  
fetch the Age

Of Gold when Pray'r does  
Heav'n engage

Devotion is Religion's lifeblood  
tis God's page

XCVI

Who brings rich bliss by bills of  
sure exchange

The blessings that the poor  
arrange

For alms receiv'd that day, beatifies  
our grange

XCVII

Dance Nabals with large sails on  
smiling tides,

Till the black storm against you  
rides 290

Whose pitchy rains interminable  
Vengeance guides!

XCVIII

But, LORD let Charity our table  
spread

Let Unity adorn our bed,

And may soft Love be pillow under-  
neath our head !

XCIX

Enrich'd, let's darn up Want, what  
Fortune can

Or give, or take away from man,  
We prize not much Heav'n pays  
the good Samaritan

C

Thus, Life, still blessing, and still  
blest, we spend,

Thus entertain we Death, as  
friend,

To disapparel us for Glory's endless  
end 300

CI

Who, thus forgot, in graces grows,  
as years,

Loves cherish'd pray'r, unwitness'd  
tears,

Rescu'd from monstrous men, no  
other monster fears

CII

They who their dwelling in Abdera  
had,

Did think Democritus was mad,  
He knew 'twas so of them The

application's sad

CIII

Knew but the World what comforts,  
tiding on,

Flow to such recollection,  
It would run mad with envy, be

with rage undone

CIV

Oh, Sequestration ! Rich, to world-  
lings' shame, 310

A life's our object, not a name  
Herostratus did sail, like witch, i' th'

air of fame

CV

Get long-breath'd chronicles, ye  
need such alms,

Sue from diurnal briefs for palms,  
Injurious grandeur for its frantic

pride wants balms

CVI

In aery flatt'ries Rumour, not Fame  
lies,

Inconstancy, Time's mistress, cries

( 462 )

It up, which soon by arguing Time,  
Truth's parent, dies

CVII

Fame's plant takes root from virtue,  
grows thereby,

Pure souls, though fortune-trod,  
stand high, 320

When mundane shallow searching  
breath itself shall die

CVIII

Oh, frail applause of flesh ! swoln  
bubbles pass

Turf-fire more smoke than splen-  
dour has,

What bulwark firm on sand ? what  
shell for pearl may pass ?

CIX

But saints with an attentive hope  
from high,

On Heav'n's parole do live and  
die,

Passing from Life's short night to  
Day's Eternity

CX

Who blessedly so breathe, and leave  
their breath,

Of dying life make living death,  
Each day, spent like the last, does

act a Heav'n beneath 330

CXI

Death's one long sleep, and human  
life no more

Than one short watch an hour  
before

World ! after thy mad tempest 'tis  
the landing shore

CXII

Mid point betwixt the lives of Loss,  
and Gain,

The path to boundless Joy, or  
Pain,

Saint's birthday, Nature's dread  
Grace doth this bandog chain

CXIII

When Moses from high Pisgah's top  
descried

Fair Canaan, type o' th' Heav'nly  
Bride,

He breath'd out his joy-ravish'd soul,  
so sweetly died

CXIV

To Immortality the grave s a womb,  
We pass into a glorious room 341  
Thorough the gloomy entry of a  
narrow tomb

CXV

LORD as THOU mad st (most pow'ful  
One in Threel)  
The world of nothing, so let me  
Make nothing of the world but  
make my all in Thee!

CXVI

Pardon the by steps that my soul  
has trod  
Most great good, glorious gracious  
GOD!  
Seal Thou the bill of my divorce to  
Earth's dull clod!

CXVII

Thy boundless source of Grace the  
scarlet spot  
Scour'd white as wool, that first  
did blot 340  
Th original in man that was so  
fairly wrote

CXVIII

Check not my hope but spur my  
fear to Thee

Vivitur exiguo—Facile assentior sapientissimo Aguri DEUM obsecranti ut nec Divitiis sibi nec Egestatem sed tantum ad degendam Vitam donaret Necessaria Vita privata quam delectas! Corporis spectem Valetudinem?

Navis es in Portu tumidæ securæ  
Procellæ  
Mens Desideriis hic vixat alta suis  
Liberiore Polum contemplor Corde  
quiescit  
Hic Mens tuta sibi libera plena DEO  
Quæ sibi multa petit, petit anxia multa  
Voluntas  
Et cui plura dedit Sors Mala plura  
dedit  
Alta cadunt inflata crepant, cumulata  
fatiscunt

(Prose) ~ Aguri] The Agur of Prov xxx.  
critic would be apt to suggest *aguri*

(43)

Virtue to court and vice to flee!  
Love lend thou me thy spur fear  
thou my bridle be

CXIX

From hence to run in heav'nly paths  
I'll strive  
My slender pen to th' world I  
give  
My only study shall be how to live  
to *thee*

CXX

None blest but those who when  
last trump shall send  
It summons find the JUDGE their  
friend  
The end doth crown the work  
great GOD crown thou my  
LAND 360

O ter felicem fortunatumque quieto  
Cui natat in Portu nescia Cymba  
Metus!

O DEUS! optato sistant mea Curbasa  
Cælo!  
Omnis ubi thereis Spes sit habenda  
Plagis

EST SUMMUS JESU TUA GRATIA  
QUÆSTUS

Nusquam salubrior Aer Frugalitatem?  
Nusquam minoris vivitur Quæstum?  
Nusquam Lucrum innocentius Vitæ  
Integritatem? Nusquam alibi minus  
Corruptelæ

Crimine vixque suo plena Crumena  
caret  
Celsior immundi Mens despicit Orgia  
Mundi  
Indignabundo proterit illa Pede 10  
Munde vale quid me fallacibus allicis  
Hamis?  
Sophrosynen sacrâ Sobrietate colo  
Regia sit ramosa Domus Rivusque  
Falerum  
Arcta sed ampla DEUM si capit illa  
Domus

I only note this because a certain class of



Florea gemmatâ subrident Pascua  
 Veste,  
 Fætaque nativæ explicat Arbor Opes  
 Caltha, Rosæ, Tulipæ, Violæ, Thyma,  
 Lilia florent,  
 Dum gravido Zephyrus rore maritat  
 Humum  
 Frugibus exultant Valles, Grege Pascua,  
 Rupes  
 Fontibus, in tonso Crine triumphat  
 Ager, 20  
 Terra Famem, levat Unda Sitim, fugat  
 Umbra Calorem,  
 Dat Togam Ovis, Lignum Sylva,  
 Focumque Silex  
 Quod satîs est Vitæ, satîs est, Præste-  
 tur Egenis  
 Quod reliquum Vitæ sat Toga,  
 Panis, Aqua  
 Non Mensis quæcunque Dapes cele-  
 brantur in istis  
 Prægustantis egent, Vite Venena  
 latent  
 Hîc Parasitus abest, fugit hinc Gna-  
 thonica Pestis,  
 Cura nec hîc Animos irrequieta  
 coquit  
 Cholica, Spasmus, Hydrops, Vertigo,  
 Podagra recedunt,

Grata Sapore beat Mensa, Sopore  
 Phorus 30  
 Pange DEO Laudes, positus Mens  
 libera Curis,  
 Cætera si desint, Numine dives eris  
 Sis modico contenta, gravis Nulli,  
 Ipsa Misellis  
 Quas impendis Opes, has an habebis?  
 habes  
 Quod CHRISTUM decuit, deceat Te.  
 Noverit uti  
 Quisquis præsentî Sorte beatus erit.  
 Sic Abrahæ gaudebo Sinu, dum,  
 Dives, in Orco  
 Æternum diro deliciose peris  
 Vita beata, tuas quî possim pangere  
 laudes?  
 Mille cui Vitas, si mihi mille, darem!  
  
 Da, velut spero, bene, CHRISTE, spi-  
 rem!  
 Da, velut credo bene, CHRISTE, vivam!  
 Unus hac qui Spe fruitur, fructur  
 Mortuus Astris  
  
 Amico.  
 Si lenis tremulâ Quies in Umbra  
 Sit Cordi, huc propera, ferasque Tecum  
 Totum quicquid habes Libentiarum

## THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIA

## Cantio VII

A DOMINO JEREMIÂ COLLIERO IN VERSUS LATIALES TRADUCTA

## Contemplatio

## ARGUMENTUM

Proripit in vastum Lucis se VIRGO Profundum,  
 Quam nullæ exequent Voces, nec Limite claudant,  
 Obtundunt Radii Visum, renovantque Vigorem

## TRISTICON I

Si Maro Quisque foret, fierent si  
 quique Marones  
 Præcones sacri, Conventus &  
 Orbis apertus,  
 Quo scrutarentur Virtus Æterna  
 quid esset

## II

Si vel ab innocuis possent deducere  
 Cunis  
 Primævum Tempus, congestaque  
 Secula mille  
 Inferrent Trutinæ, tamen hæc sub  
 Pondere justo

Title of Translation] The caution is perhaps once more advisable that this is a Jeremy Collier *senior*, and not the Nonjuror

## III

Ponentes norint tandem non  
 mominis esse  
 Majoris frustrâ quàm si cum Sole  
 potenti  
 Exiles tentent atomos librare Balance

## IV

Si Terræ Molem numeris spectare  
 refertam 10  
 Possent non istis tua constet  
 Summa Figuris  
 Æterno cyphræ comparent qualiter  
 Fvo!

## V

Si Sabulum flueret per Sæcula mille  
 marinum  
 Quando deficeret vacuatis Littus  
 Arenis  
 Æquè Te primò mensum est Clep-  
 sammion illud

## VI

Cœlitus impertita foret Facundia,  
 Linguis  
 Aligeros referens Spatium tamen  
 haud æquarent  
 Est ubi prorsus idem cum fluxis  
 Omne futurum

## VII

Tende Fides bolidem brevis at  
 nimis illa nequibit  
 Expertis Fundi Maris explorare  
 Profundum 20  
 Limite constricti nullo nec Littore  
 cincti

## VIII

Æterna haud unquam commensura-  
 bilis Ætas  
 Nulla Tui partem poterit de  
 scribere Iennæ  
 Circulus es siquidem cui non est  
 Terminus ullus

## IX

Vel cujus Centrum tam se diffuderit  
 ipsum  
 Ambitus ingentis nequeat circun-  
 dare Cœli  
 Externus poterit quid circumcingere  
 Corpus?

## X

Vos, quibus Æthereus Vigor est,  
 num Fine carentem  
 Finem exquiratis? num Immensum  
 extendere fas est?  
 Claudere Ubiquemans? compren-  
 dere & INFINITUM? 30

## XI

Hujus Zona DEUS sine puncto  
 maximus Orbis  
 Ante Mare et Terras et quod  
 tegit omnia Cœlum  
 Qui fuit est & erit cum cuncta  
 creata peribunt

## XII

Quin contemplemur suprâ Sublimia  
 quæque  
 Ultra quemque Locum super  
 omnes Luminis Orbes!  
 Pectus Apostolicum rapuit Radiatio  
 trium

## XIII

Circumquaque micans Solum Præ-  
 signe! supremo  
 Imperio constans, & Majestate  
 verendâ!  
 Cætera transcendens quem nullus  
 Fulgor adæquet!

## XIV

Cingit utrumque Latus vel inenarra-  
 bile Lumen! 40  
 Quod circumfusus tanto Splen-  
 dore coruscat  
 Æquora Lætitiæ superet flammantia  
 mille

## XV

Quod sic Effulgens si conspectare  
 liceret  
 Detectâ Facie Cherubinis Lumine  
 tanto  
 Perculsi, in Nihilum remearent illicò  
 primum

## XVI

Indue Te Tunicâ dives Natura,  
 corusca  
 Ornamenta tamen tanto collata  
 decori  
 Sunt tua concretus seu lapsus  
 Nubibus Humor

## XVII

Indorum posses Opibus spoliare  
 Fodinas,  
 Illos, auratis, Radiosque recludere,  
 Cellis, 50  
 Qui collucentes cum Phœbi Lampade  
 certant

## XVIII

Arcanâ posses rescrare peritiùs  
 Arte  
 Intima cujusvis ditis penetralia  
 Rupis,  
 Illinc Thesaurus nec non auferre  
 nitentes

## XIX

Eirantes, fixasque simul connectere  
 Stellas  
 Posses, quæ rutilis exornant  
 Æthera Bullis,  
 Luminis ut coeant cuncti Orbes  
 Sydus in unum

## XX

Jungere si posses Gemmas, Aurique  
 Fodinas,  
 Æthereasque Faces, radiata Reflectio  
 quarum  
 Fulgida rivalis superaret Lumina  
 Solis 60

## XXI

Si Lapides Gemmæ, riguum Mare  
 funderet Aurum,  
 Margara si Pulvis fieret, Chrystallus  
 & Aer,  
 Sol quodvis Sydus, plures Sibi mille  
 Nitores,

## XXII

Gemmæ illæ Silices essent, Mare  
 parva lacuna,  
 Stellæ istæ Scintilla forent, Fla-  
 gratio Phœbus  
 Aurum, Gemma micans, Adamantes,  
 sordida Scruta

## XXIII

Si Terræ, complexa forent, & Lumina  
 Cœli,  
 Optica & unius peterent Confinia  
 Centi,  
 Hoc prius Objectum vel cæcum  
 redderet illud

## XXIV

Cæcum, seu piceæ Vclamen Noctis  
 opacum, 70  
 (Innuitur Sacro duntaxat Visio  
 Textu)  
 Hujus respectu Lucis sunt quælibet  
 Umbrae

## XXV

O, planè infandam, summoque Stupore  
 refertam !  
 Si Nemo nisi qui dignus describere  
 possit,  
 Hanc sanè LUCI VI possit describere  
 Nemo

## XXVI

Selecti Eloqui cujusvis languet  
 Acumen,  
 Defecit Ingenium, Verborum hic  
 curta supellex,  
 Hanc Lumen Mentis nullius tranct  
 Abyssum

## XXVII

Hic residet tantis circumdata Gloria  
 Flammis,  
 Quales confundant Aciem vel  
 maxime acutam, 80  
 Huc tendat propiore nimis quæ  
 improvida Gressu

## XXVIII

Splendor dimanat talis Fulgoribus  
 istis,  
 Qualis pulveream sublimet in  
 ardua Molem,  
 Urnâ quæ compôsta secùs remanêret  
 inertî

## XXIX

Numinis ante Thronum Summi  
 provolvo meipsum,  
 Profluit undè Bonum quodvis ut ab  
 ubere Fonte  
 Hoc Decus ut pandam faveat tua  
 Gratia Cœptis

## XXX

Magne DEUS, sine Principio, tamen  
 omnis Origo,  
 Cujus Naturæ telam Manus inclyta  
 nevit,  
 Unâ qui Virtute tuâ Loca singula  
 comples 90

XXXI

Alme Parens rerum, qui fulcis  
quodque creatum  
Vitam Spiritibus qui præbes con-  
tinuasque  
Ortus es ipse Tibi Bonitatis Origo  
supremæ

XXXII

Lætitie Summa es cujus Sapientia  
Abyssus  
Ad quodvis sese tendit tua vasta  
Potestas  
Ac cunctos Facies reddet jucunda  
beatos

XXXIII

Aeris expansis puncto dilaberis  
Alis  
Induis Augustæ Te Majestatis  
amictu  
Te Nubes velant, Te stipant Agmina  
Cœli

XXXIV

Omnis Honoris Apex Summæ es  
Fastigia Laudis 100  
Ad Radios late sparsos suffusa  
Pudore  
Hymnos decantat, cœlestis Turma  
perennes

XXXV

Gemmæ quàm superant vitrum!  
quàm Sidera Gemmas!  
Sidera quam Phœbus! quàm Phœ-  
bum Gloria Cœli!  
Purior ast ipsis longe est tua Visio  
Cœlis

XXXVI

Magna quidem Tellus se profert  
latus Aer  
Planetæ excedunt Stellarum Regia  
major  
Supremi fines nec habent Tentoria  
Cœli

XXXVII

Mens mea dum Zelo conatur plura  
referre  
Fervida protenso, Pectus DEUS alme  
repleto 110  
Igne novo nullum languorem Car-  
mina noscant

(47)

XXXVIII

Cum super Aerios tractus & Sidera  
Musæ  
Urgeo Progressus uni Tibi mille  
videntur  
Sphæræ non secus ac atomi sub  
Sole minuti

XXXIX

Est Ætas æterna tibi seu clepsydra  
tantum  
Immensum nisi sit Spatium complere  
valet nil  
Cujus sex Verbis rerum Natura creata  
est

XL

Omnia complectens totius Fabrica  
Cœli  
Cum Stellis rutilis Verbo surgebat  
ab uno  
Quomodo mortalis narret Sapientia  
Nomen? 120

XLI

Ætheris, Arbitrio Crystallam cania  
volvīs  
Illis consignat Virtus tua cœlica  
Metas  
Obliquos horum moderatur Dextera  
Currus

XLII

Nullæ Te Zonæ Tropicive Polive  
retardent  
Cum sis Sphæralis Motor Primarius  
Orbis  
Intra extra supra quàm ultrà singula  
perstans

XLIII

Ingentes Pluviæ atque Nivis susten-  
tat cervos  
Omnipotens tua sola Manus qua  
nempè remotâ  
Diluvium humanum perdat genus  
omne secundum

XLIV

Hisce ministratur stillatis Copia  
Terris 130  
Et confisa Tibi mortalia Corda  
replentur  
Flamina Ventorum peragunt tua  
Jussa per Orbem,

## XLV

Hæc Tu, quando voles, cæcis in-  
clusa cavernis  
Constringis, validoque sinis pro-  
rumpere motu,  
Undè Tremore gravi Tellus concussa  
dehiscit

## XLVI

Undarum furias Vinculis compescis  
Arenæ,  
Oceanum arcanum vasti scrutare Pro-  
fundum,  
Te memorem pacti monstrat Thau-  
mantias Iris

## XLVII

Cardinibus Verbi Tellus innixa  
potentis,  
Aer quam cingit, nec non circum-  
fluus Humor, 140  
Ponderibus librata suis immobilis  
astat

## XLVIII

Ejus sed Frontem Te corrugante  
Columnæ  
Firmatæ trepidant, Fremitu Mare  
Littora plangit,  
Solvuntur Silicem Rupes, Montes-  
que vacillant

## XLIX

Insuper intremuere Poli, Centrum-  
que recussum  
Terræ, quæ Vultûs perculsa Stupore  
verendi,  
Accedit Montem Sina dum summa  
Potestas

## L

Imbutum Vitâ quodvis tua Cura  
focillat,  
Divinis Cursum cujusvis flectis  
Habenis,  
Gratia de Vultu, de Vultu Gloria  
manat 150

## LI

Non Tibi sunt Aures, non sunt Tibi  
Lumina, verum  
Percipis Auditum quodvis, & cernis  
acutè,  
Te Locus haud capiat, tamen Ipse  
per Omnia præsens

## LII

Optica cœlestis dicamus Specta  
Pronoias,  
Arcam, quâ positas Idæas videris  
omnes,  
Ad quas conceptas formaveris Icona  
quamvis

## LIII

Quippè præexistunt sic hîc Eventa  
futura,  
Sicut abhinc multo non tempore  
gesta fuissent,  
Cernimus haud dissecta recens tam  
Corpora clarè

## LIV

Totus ubique semel remanes, Tu  
semper es idem, 160  
Attamen Arbitrio commutas omnia  
solo,  
Tu complere remota soles Immo-  
bilis Ipse

## LV

Sic interponunt se contingentia  
Turmis  
Sollerti Curæ, quæ mirè cuncta  
gubernat,  
Ac modò præteritum, sit præteritum-  
que futurum

## LVI

Arbitrio quamvis malè sint conformia  
quædam,  
Nil tamen omninò citra hoc procedat  
in Actum,  
Prævia, successura simul manet una  
Voluntas

## LVII

Te penes ingentis sunt Climata  
dissita Mundi,  
Quamvis nec Tellus, nec Temet  
continet Æther, 170  
Obscurum lustrat Præsentia quod-  
libet antrum

## LVIII

Quamvis ab istis quas tu formaveris  
olim  
Mentibus, accedat nil ad Præconia  
clara,  
Attamen æternum celebrabunt  
munera Amoris

## LIX

Præter Peccatum & Mortem tu  
cuncta creasti  
Hæc sua Stultitiæ humanæ primor  
dia debent  
Illud Naturam conspersit Sordibus  
omnem

## LX

Sed quò curares Peccati Vulnera  
Nobis  
Donas IMMANUEL sibi qui non  
sumere nostram  
Naturam renuit qui non Præsepe  
recusat 180

## LXI

O dulcis noster Mediator! Munera  
cujus  
Laudis seu rores Æterno matutini  
Sunt celebrata Choro cælesti Canti  
bus altis

## LXII

Concurrente DEUS genuit Te  
Flamine Sancto  
Tu Verbo æterno contentus sumere  
Carnem,  
Qualitèr emanas homini fas dicere  
non est

## LXIII

Sicut ab Æterno fuit Emanatio mira,  
Hæc sic æternum mirè durabit in  
ævum  
Principio Verbum, monstrat Te  
cuncta præisse

## LXIV

Unum est esse Tibi paritèr Tu  
trinus & unus 190  
Et duplex Natura Tibi conspirat in  
una  
Ipse trin unius resides Deitatis  
Honore

## LXV

Deque tuo Radu Solio tot mille  
refulgent  
Quales Aligerùm non possint Lumina  
ferre  
De quibus evolvunt Nil docta Noe  
mata Cleri

## LXVI

Ætatum pateat Monumenta legendo  
priorum

Hæc sacra quòd nullus potuit  
Mysteria nobis  
Pandere Virgineo prius ac sunt  
edita Partu

## LXVII

Nido à Se structo fuit hic exclusa  
Columba  
Ille Gregem partus fuit hic qui  
protegat Agnus  
Se producentem Flos qui forma  
verat Agrum

## LXVIII

Agmine Cœlicolùm Te Concele  
brante corusco  
Pectora Pastorum subito trepidare  
pavore  
Te monstrante Magi venerantur  
Sydere Cursum

## LXIX

Cum sis divina mirandus Origine  
tali  
Vilamortalis pateris Convitia Gentis  
Irato ut possis nos conciliare  
Parenti

## LXX

Lætus Honoris erat proprii tua  
Gratia Præco  
Es tu dignatus sacratum Munus  
obire  
Ast Aaronis eras solito de more  
vocatus 210

## LXXI

Ac ut divino constarent singula  
Verbo  
In te de superis descendit Spiritus  
auris  
Lenes propter aquas Jordanes teste  
Johanne

## LXXII

Hinc in Desertum perductus Flamine  
sacro  
Dæmonis impulsu tentatus Códice  
verum  
Hunc superas Scripto fuit unde  
Redemptio nostra  
Protinùs egressus

## LXXIII

Actus Sermones Oracula mira  
fuerunt,

Hæc genuêre Fidem, nec non  
genuêre Timorem,  
Erectas Animas ad Te tollamus  
utrisque 220

LXXIV

Firmatum claudis gressum tribuisti,  
Lumina Cæcis,  
Morbo languentes diro quocunque  
levabas,  
Defunctis Vitam, Mutis dederas-  
que Loquelam

LXXV

Defunctis Tu Vita, Salus mortalibus  
ægris,  
Tu cæcis Lumen, Tu rerum copia  
egenis,  
Thesaurus furtum spernens, sincera  
Voluptas

LXXVI

Non ex hoc Mundo Regnum Tibi,  
RECTOR OLYMPI,  
Nuncia Apostolico procedunt Pec-  
tore læta,  
Ut tua sit totum Miseratio nota per  
Orbem

LXXVII

Mortuus ante Diem conspexit fidus  
Abraham, 230  
Vota tibi pariter nato solvebat Isaco,  
Antitypum atque Typus, versare per  
omnia vivus

LXXVIII

Est Evangelicus, Sapiens Academia,  
Codex,  
Justitiam vicit Clementia blanda  
severam,  
Sobrius ut Vitam ducebas, Fortis  
obibas

LXXIX

Es Tu, sacra Domus, Tu purum  
Altare, Sacerdos,  
Tu Vitæ Panis, citrà fastidia Festum,  
Ex Escis ubi acuta novis exurgit  
Orexis

LXXX

Mortali natus mortalia Crimina  
deles,  
Victima grata foret Tibi quodvis  
Pectus honestum, 240

( 470 )

Ob Genus humanum qui velles  
fundere Vitam

LXXXI

Non dedignatus, Crucis es tolerare  
probrosæ  
Tormina, quò nobis concessus sit  
Paradisus,  
Quò pia Sanctorum Solentur Gaudia  
Mentes

LXXXII

Ferrea Tartarei diffringens Claustra  
Tyranni,  
Dira tenebrosi Phlegetontis Monstra  
coerces  
Sic tua cuncta Tibi subigebat Dextera  
victrix

LXXXIII

Tu Virtute tuâ solvebas Vincula  
Mortis,  
Atque reviviscens superam contendis  
in Arcem,  
Inspirat Vitam Læthatis Spiritus  
Oris 250

LXXXIV

Te, Pater, electis ut signet Dona  
Salutis  
Spiritus Alme, dedit Nato (sic  
Trinus in Uno)  
Sanctificas Omnes propriè, non solus  
at Omnes

LXXXV

Patris Amor, nec non Nati, cœleste  
Sigillum,  
Præsidium Sanctis, felix Pietatis  
Origo,  
Alta salutiferæ pandas Mysteria  
Linguae

LXXXVI

O Jubar immensum Radius insigne  
coruscis,  
Omnis ab aspectu Sophiæ Radiatio  
clara,  
Non collata potest minui tua Copia  
cunctis

LXXXVII

Gaudia sunt Comites, Clementia,  
Pacis Amorque, 260  
Quorum pacatum perturbant nulla  
Tenorem

Tristia Quem Mundus nec Mors  
nec destruat Orcus

LXXXVIII

Festum ex selectis quod constet  
talibus Escis

Qualitèr haud acris possit consumere  
Orexis

Dives Odor quem non dispergat  
Ventus in Auram

LXXXIX

I uxor Oculos fugiens tamen Ipse per  
Omnia splendes

Tu Sonus es qualem non Musicus  
explicet ullus

Arctus es Amplexus quem Tempora  
nulla resolvant

XC

Exindè irrefluo volvuntur Gaudia  
Cursu

Qualia inexhaustis soleas præbere  
Culullis

Cordibus a fœda Peccati Labe  
remotis

XCI

Ecstaticum hoc Vinum quod tradit  
Spiritus Almus

Sidereum motas extollit ad Æthera  
Mentes,

Terrenis orbas Cœli Solatia mulcent

XCII

O quam sacrati connectit Gluten  
Amoris!

Ros fluit Ambrosiæ divino qualis  
ab Ore!

Sunt tua quæ solum faciunt Com  
mercium Cælum

XCIII

Illustres Animæ succensæ hoc  
Lumine summo

Quando tuos Vultus radiantes Luce  
tuentur

Quodque Decus reputant obscuræ  
Noctis adinstar

280

XCIV

Sublimis nostros superans Infusio  
Sensus

Tu stupor Eloqui Nomen mereare  
profundi

Æquet hyperbolicus quem nullus  
Sermo superbus

XCV

Sacrosancta Trias complecteris  
Omnia solum

Exuperans quodcunque Bonum  
super Omnia Felix

Nos haustura tamen vivo hoc in  
Fonte natamus

XCVI

Imperio Rex magne tuo par nulla  
Potestas

Augusto cujus Majestas provenit Ore  
Pulchra es perpetui præcinctus

Veste Decoris

XCVII

Justitia est Sceptrum Solum mise  
ratio Mitis

90

Regna perimmensos extendunt cœ  
lica Tractus

Gloria permansura Tibi per Secula  
Corona

XCVIII

Pax Intellectûs tua quodvis præstat  
Acumen

Obsisti poterit tua vasta Potentia  
frustrâ

Numen es Ipse sacrum Sacro  
purgatus omni

XCIX

Ore fluit Verum Sapientia Pectore  
manat

Ante tuam excubias agit Omni  
potentia Turrim

Algeri peragun tua Jussa verenda  
Ministri

C

Perspicit Obtutu vel cuncta Scientia  
primo

Thesauru fruens per Te sine Fine  
beato

300

Tempus es Æternum Quæ me  
demergat Abyssus!



## Peroratio Eucharistica

SUMMAS Tibi agit Grates, maxime  
Cœlorum PRÆSES, æteinūmque adorandum  
Numen, Servus tuus humillimus,  
quem post tot varias mundanarum  
Sollicitudinum Procellas, vastosque  
Curarum Fluctus, cū olim Hollandiam,  
Brabantiam, Artesiam, Germaniam,  
Austriam, Hungariam, Styriam,  
Carinthiam, partem Italiæ, nec non  
Galliæ incolumem in Patriam reduxisti  
Quām gratum enim mihi placidum,  
post tot periculosas inter peregrinandum

CONDITOR Omnipotens Cœlique  
Solique<sup>1</sup> supremum  
Cujus ad Arbitrium cuncta creata  
fluunt,  
Clementer Finem lassis imposito  
Rebus,  
Nec plus terrenis Mens operosa  
vacet  
Omnia solertèr sub utroque jacentia  
Phœbo [scio]  
Perpendens, tandem non nisi vana  
Quæ sese bifido Scaldis discriminat  
Alveo  
Vidi, Teque tuâ, Rhene palustris,  
Aqua  
Non iter excelsæ remoratae Nubibus  
Alpes,  
Quæ nec in aeris Nix sedet alta Jugis,  
Vidimus oppositos vario sub Climate  
Mores, 11  
Vidimus innumeras quas vehit Ister  
Aguas  
Diverso didici diversa Idiomata Tractu,  
Quæque Observatu sunt bene digna,  
scio  
Gallica Mobilitas, Fraus Itala, Fastus  
Iberi,  
Teutonica Ebrietas nota fuere nimis  
Quamlibet in Partem Regina Pecunia  
Mundum  
Flectit, acerba Meum Bella Tuumque  
gerunt  
Me conservanti per mille Pericula,  
Grates  
Quipossim meritassolvere, CHRISTE,  
Tibi<sup>1</sup> 20

Agitationes, Quietis Pacisque Interval-  
lum, ut devotæ LEGUM tuarum Obser-  
vationi totus exinde vacem<sup>1</sup> Tu,  
benigne DEUS, dulcissimum hoc mihi  
Otium concedis, quo Tibi Soli prompto  
libentique Animo inservire statui sicut  
per Te vivo, sic Tibi viverem, & quic-  
quid a Gratiâ acceperim, in Honorem  
refunderem<sup>1</sup> Hæc ergo Laudi &  
Gloriæ solius sapientis & immortalis  
DEI submissè consecrentur<sup>1</sup>.

Cerno, detestans Vitium, lassusque  
Tumultu,  
Quod, non Vita, prior Vita, sed  
Error erat  
Velle Meum, sit velle Tuum, Regnator  
Olympi<sup>1</sup>  
Cui soli Grates Mens agit, egit, aget  
Si plures mihi Vita futura superstet  
in Annos,  
Huic sit juncta piâ Sedulitate Fides<sup>1</sup>  
Nam nil contulerim bene docto sanus  
Amico,  
Spiritus ut sano Corpore sanus agat  
Nosse, & amare DEUM, Promissis  
credere CHRISTI, 29  
Consulere Afflictis, edocuisse Rudes,  
Accumulare Bonis Inopes, succurrere  
Lapsis,  
Obnivè Votis Ista petenda meis  
Vertam Bodleias, congesta Volumina,  
Gazas,  
Quæ Vaticano proxima, Roma, tuo  
Nocturnâ versanda tamen, versanda  
diurnâ,  
Præ cunctis aliis Biblia Sacra Manu  
Undè, ut Apis sese sustentat Nectare  
Cellæ,  
Sic vivam lectis Floribus hisce piis  
Talia fac, vives, Lector, Quicumque  
beatus  
Esse cupis, tali Vita sit acta modo 40  
Me Vitam, atque Necem tibi pro-  
posuisse memento  
Elige sivè velis vivere, sivè mori

FINIS

<sup>1</sup> The reference to Benlowes' travels is interesting, though there seems to be something lost after *Gallix* Where was the country retreat so agreeably described in the last cantos? He must probably have got rid of Brent Hall by this time but it *may* be this From the allusion to the Bodleian in the following lines he must already have been thinking of establishing himself at Oxford.

THE  
S U M M A R Y  
OF  
W I S E D O M E.

BY  
EDWARD BENLOWES, Esq

*Love not the World, neither the things that are in the World if any Man love the World, the love of the FATHER is not in him For all that is in the World, the Lust of the Eyes, th Lust of the Flesh, and the Pride of Life, is not of the FATHER, but is of the World and the World passeth away, and the Lust thereof But He that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever I Joh . 15, 16, 17*

L O N D O N,  
Printed for *Humphry Mosely*, and are to be sold  
at the *Princes Arms* in *St Pauls Church-*  
*yard*, 1657

# THE SUMMARY OF WISDOM<sup>1</sup>

*Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, if any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him &c. I JOHN II 15, 16 17*

I  
WORLDLINGS we court not, envy not,  
nor fear,  
May friends to virtue lend their  
ear

While sinners split on shelves, saints  
to Heav'n's harbour steer

II  
Earthlings! what's heap of wealth?  
what's Honour's height?  
What's Pleasure's May? can toys  
so slight

Bless Heav'n-descended souls with  
life's eternal light?

III  
Riches from most men, swift as  
eagles, fly,  
Honours on popular breath rely,  
Pleasure's a flash —and All com-  
bin'd, but Vanity

IV  
Why dot'st thou, World, on these?  
we will not stay 10  
Juggler, we know thy tempting  
way,

Which is, by charms to mock our  
sense, and then betray

V  
Art toils to serve thee, sables yield  
their skins,  
The silkworm for thy wardrobe  
spins,

The rock with gems, the sea with  
pearls, emboss thy sins

VI  
To bribe thy palate, Lust drains  
earth, air, seas,

Whence finny, wing'd, hoof'd  
droves must please  
The glutton made thereby a spittle  
of each disease

VII  
False World, asp's poison equals not  
thy gall,  
Embittering souls to Hell Thus  
all 20  
Thy darlings thou delud'st with thy  
enchanting call

VIII  
I wonder not unbridled fools run  
on  
Since all their Heav'n's on earth  
alone,  
Which, though thou seem'st to give,  
as soon as giv'n, tis gone

IX  
Kiss, and betray, then Nero's rage  
outdare,  
He, whom thou hugg'st, should  
most beware.  
I shall unmask thy guiles and thy  
fond gulls unsnare

X  
Thy smile is but a trap, thy frown a  
bubble,  
Thy praise a squib, thy beauty  
stubble,  
Who know thee best, have found a  
theatre of trouble. 30

XI  
Where men and devils meet; and  
sense, compact  
With fraud, gild every vicious  
fact

<sup>1</sup> As has been noted in Introduction and as carefull (or even careless) readers of *Theophilus* will notice at once, this piece is a sort of cento of *Theophilus* itself. But the mosaic is a curious one, the constituent pieces are sometimes slightly altered and, unless I mistake, there are new links and patches. At any rate, as extremely rare and as a sort of authentic abridgement, it seemed worth giving

## *The Summary of Wisdom*

Where we must evil hear, or suffer  
it or act

xii

Thy friends are thieves of Time  
The chat they vent  
(Light ears please toyish ears) is  
spent

On trash which minds seduce with  
cheating blandishment

xiii

Thy gifted scythemen have Religion  
mown

Which in their meeting barns  
is grown

From best to all (like Corinth's  
schism) from all to none

xiv

Thy shop vents braided ware of  
apish fashion

40

Thy gauds (Wealth Sport Pride)  
bred vexation

Like hautboys on Earth's stage oft  
ushering in—damnation

xv

Ah while like larks fools with vain  
feathers play,

Pleas'd with Sin's glass are  
snatch'd away

In midst of their excess to Hell's  
tormenting bay!

xvi

World thou soul wracking ocean!  
Flatteries blow

Thee up thou blue with spite  
dost grow  
Brinish with lust like the Red Sea  
with blood dost flow

xvii

And like the Basilisks prodigious  
eyes

Thy first sight kills but thyself  
dies

50

First seen quick sighted Faith thy  
darts prevents and spies

xviii

Hadst been less cruel thou hadst  
been less kind

Thy gall prov'd medicine heals  
my mind

Thus Hell may help to Heaven the  
Fiend a soul befriend

xix

The age bow'd earth groans under  
sinners weight!

Justice oppress'd to Heaven takes  
flight

Vengeance her place supplies which  
with keen edge will smite

xx

False World! is Hell the legacy to  
thy friend?

Crawl with thy trifles to the  
Fiend

We scorn thy pack—this year may  
burning close thy end

60

*For all that is in the world the lust of the eyes is not of the Father but is of the  
world &c*

xxi

Midas to th' bar, thou void of  
grace yet stor'd

With gold thy minted god ador'd  
Thou and thine idol perish in thy  
wretched hoard

xxii

Thy heart is lock'd up in thy shrined  
chink

Oh heavy gold bred near Hell's  
brink!

Misgotten elf thou Heav'n-designed  
souls dost sink!

xxiii

Whose gain is godliness—the scrip-  
ture he

Perverts days him with interest see  
Who incest still commits with his

coins progeny

xxiv

Thou hast too much yet still thou  
whinnst for more,

o

39 like Corinth's schism] This may serve once for all as an instance of the altera-  
tions noteworthy here and justifying the reprint. These words do not appear in the  
line as given and annotated above at Canto xii st. vii. l. 21 of *Theophila*

## Edward Benlowes

Thou, wishing, want'st, art, want-  
ing, poor  
Thou wouldst ev'n plunder Hell for  
cash to cram thy store

XXV

While gripes of famine mutiny with-  
in,  
And tan, like hides, the shrivell'd  
skin  
Of those thou hast decoy'd into thy  
tangling gin

XXVI

Whose skin, sear as the bark of sap-  
less wood,  
Clings to their bones, for want of  
food,  
Friendless, as are sea-monsters  
thrown ashore by th' flood

XXVII

Though fasts be all their physic,  
their corpse all  
Their earth, who for thy pity  
call, 80  
Yet art thou harder to them than  
their bed, the stall

XXVIII

'Penurious churl, when shall I'  
(says thine heir)  
'Ransack thy chests? so ease thy  
care  
Purchase, instead of ground, a  
grave! Die, wretch, to spare!

XXIX

'Hath treach'rous coin swell'd by  
thy curse?—Live still  
Lay-Elder soon thy crimes ful-  
fil'

The heaviest curse on this side  
Hell's to thrive in ill

XXX

How cursed Love of Money doth  
bewitch  
The leprous Mind with pleasing  
itch!

This slave to his own servant, ne'er  
was poor, till rich! 90

XXXI

Graves may be sooner cloy'd, than  
craving eyes

( 476 )

Bribes blanch Gehazi till he dies  
'Thou fool, Death shall this night  
thy dunghill soul surprise'

XXXII

Nor would this city-wolf lead men to  
snares,  
Nor vex his mind with carking  
cares,  
View'd he himself i' th' mirror which  
Despair prepares

XXXIII

So wasteful, usurer, as thyself,  
there's none,  
Who part'st with three true gems,  
for one  
Brittle as glass,—thy fame, rest,  
soul for ever gone!

XXXIV

Who nettles sow, shall prickles reap,  
the train 100  
To Hell is idolizèd gain  
Unless thou fiends canst bribe, thou  
go'st to endless pain!

XXXV

His hidebound conscience opens  
now 'I've run  
On rocks' (he howls) 'too late to  
shun!  
Grace left, Wrath seiz'd me! Gold,  
my god, hath me undone!

XXXVI

'Often to Hell in dreams I head-  
long fall!  
From devils then I seem to crawl,  
While furies round about with  
whips my soul appal!

XXXVII

'Atheism our root, for boughs were  
Faction's store,  
Hypocrisy our leaves guilt o'er, 110  
Wrath, Treachery, and Extortion,  
were the fruit we bore

XXXVIII

'Like profane Esau have we sold  
our bliss,  
For shine of pelf, that nothing is!  
This desperates our rage, we still  
blaspheme at this!'

# The Summary of Wisdom

XXXIX

Thus cursed grippers restless tortures  
feel

Whose hearts seem d rocks whose  
bowels steel

I burn (cries Dives) for one drop  
denied, I kneel !

*For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, is not of the Father but is of the world &c*

XLI

Strow flowers for spendthrift Ante  
masks he might

Act before Apes Spectators  
right

Whose dops shrugs puppet plays  
show best by candlelight

XLIII

Hot shows the season by his dusty  
head

With fancied ribbons round be  
spread,

Modish and maddish all untruss'd  
as going to bed

XLIII

'Ho ! First brisk wine next let a  
sparkling dame

Tire our high blood then quench  
our flame !

Blest is the son whose father's gone  
i th Devils Name

XLIV

'Each pottle breeds a ruby drawer,  
score um 130

Cheeks dyed in claret seem o th  
quorum

When our Nose-Carbuncles like  
linkboys blaze before um

XLV

Complete thy funeral pile shouldst  
thou mark well

How down the drunkard's throat  
to Hell

Death smoothly glides, to swim so  
sadly would thee quell !

XL

'Fire each where broils me fire as  
black as night !

Goblins mine eyes ears shrieks  
affright !

Sin's debt still paying neer dis  
charg'd is infinite ! 120

XLVI

Spawns of Excess dropsies and  
surfeits are

From tenants sweat s thy bill of  
fare

Each glutton digs with s teeth his  
grave whose maw s his care.

XLVII

He's sick, and staggers Doctor,  
his case state us

'His Cachexy results from flatus  
Hypochondruncicus excrapulacrea

tus 141

XLVIII

Scarce well, he swills what should  
the needy store

And grinds between his teeth  
the poor

Who beg dry crumbs which they  
with tears would moisten o'er

XLIX

He a sharp reck'ning shall with  
Dives pay

Whose feasts did hasten his  
audit day,

Death brought the voider and the  
Devil took away !

L

Enter his courtesan who fans his fire  
Her prattling eyes teach loose  
desire

Fondlings to catch this art fair fly,  
like trouts aspire 10

LI

With paint false hair and naked  
breasts she jets

121 S row flowers &c.] Another change see xi vi 16 But i is not necessary to note all

141 Hypochondruncicus ] Here as noticed above some timid person has crossed out the right word in the B M copy of the *Summary* and substituted *Hypochondriacus*.

## *Edward Benlowes*

And patches (Lust's new lime-  
twigs) sets,  
Like tickets on the door, herself (for  
gold) she lets

III

Her basilisk-like glances taint the air  
Of virgin-modesty, and snare  
His tangling thoughts in trammels  
of her ambush-hair

LIII

With her profusely he misspends  
his days

In balls, and dances, treatments,  
plays,

And in his bosom this close-biting  
serpent lays

IIV

Death, after sickness, seize this  
Helen must, 160

Whose radiant eyes, now orbs of  
lust,

Shall sink, as falling stars, which,  
jellied, turn to dust

LV

How wildly shows corrupted Nature's  
face,

Till deck'd by Reason, Learning,  
Grace!

Without which politure the noblest  
stem is base!

LVI

Fools rifle out Time's lottery who  
misspend

The soul's rich joys, alive de-  
scend,  
And antedate with stings their never-  
ending end!

LVII

Thy acts outsin the Devil, who's  
ne'er soild

With gluttony or lust, ne'er  
soild 170

By drink, nor in the net of sloth  
fulness entoil'd

LVIII

Therefore in time beware, let not  
sin charms

Bewitch thee, till Wrath cries to  
arms

Sin's first face smiles, her second  
frowns, her third alarms

LIX

How blind mad sinners are when  
they transgress!

All woes are, than such blindness,  
less!

That wretch most wretched is who  
slights his wretchedness!

LX

When Death shall quench thy flames,  
and fiends thee seize,

In brimstone torrents, without  
case,

Thou'lt broil midst blackest fires, and  
roar midst burning seas! 180

*For all that is in the world, the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world,  
and the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, &c*

LXI

Usher Aspiro in with's looms of state,  
To weave Fraud's web, and his

own fate,

Who, mounted up, throws down the  
steps him rais'd of late

LXII

His posture is ambiguous, his pace  
Is stately high, who thinks it Grace,

If he casts forth a word, and deigns  
but half a face

LXIII

Nor minds he what he speaks, for  
by false light,

( 478 )

Like to his faith, he thrives, whose  
sight,

Clouded with jealousy, can never  
judge aright

LXIV

By dubious answers he is wont to  
guess 190

At men's dislikes, and fears no less  
Feign'd quips, than just reproofs

fear haunts him in each dress

LXV

Ambition prompts to precipices steep,  
Which Envy gets, and Hate doth

keep,

# The Summary of Wisdom

His daily thorn of climb he break  
his nighly sleep

LXXVI

Could he with a foot spurn earth  
in one

And sit in universal chair  
Of state were pigmies made for  
him as the World's Mayo

LXXVII

The felds where men could not  
long find a fence

But crores still would vex his  
eye

And leave him blest but in the  
pre-emptive tear

LXXVIII

Is it that which India towing  
I see as

If gained obliquely a sky and  
des

La his penance great and pos-  
sible makes tragedies

LXXIX

Achilles and Alas prove this  
(Who of the gods no god, was  
did mis)

To Marchave's Till all war to  
the plow

LXXX

Jonny and Ceres shall to a  
plow

A battle must be fought to show  
Which of the rocks of the game

over the great last should grow

LXXXI

The world, as great—Cham, Turk  
Mogul uprisings,

Iuscan's Great Dike (all no  
great prize)

Great Alexander—the Nine Worthy  
ironies

LXXXII

Is it sceptres reel like reeds who  
had no bound

Is bounded in six foot of ground  
Here lies the Great—thou list  
here but his dust is found

LXXXIII

Who lately swelled to be his lord  
ship's slave

May trample now upon his grave  
That levels all—Best lectures dust  
sealed pulp is have

LXXXIV

Where's now the Assyrian Lion?  
Let an lion?

Creek leopard? Homes, each  
can e where?

Where now find Troy that did in  
old time domineer?

LXXXV

Troy's gone yet Sinos's a s—See  
I can say

It who has faded is fed away  
And what was ever shining that do h  
only say

LXXXVI

Here's e why say at this thus for  
shadows? who

Ne-er led to the sun's once for  
led by false hope he maker and  
end in eless woe

LXXXVII

The Mighty might to men shall  
endure

If imp— Hell's arms no cure  
Ambition's never safe that often  
too secure

LXXXVIII

If I ride on wings could reach the  
stars yet shall

I like Lucifer his carcass fall  
I ride mounted Babel's tower and  
arched Satan's hall

LXXXIX

In centre of the terrible abyss  
I remotest from supernal bliss,  
That hapless hopeless ceaseless,  
endless dungeon is!

LXXXX

Where nought is heard but yelling!  
Oh that I

Might once more live! or once  
more die!

Cursing his woes he woos God's  
curse eternally!

LXXXXI

Where nought is heard but yelling!  
Oh that I

Might once more live! or once  
more die!



# Edward Benlowes

*But he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever*

*Lord, teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom*

LXXXI

Lust brings forth Sin, Sin shame,  
Shame cries, 'Repent,'  
Repentance weeps, tears Prayer  
do vent,  
Prayer brings down Grace, Grace  
Faith, Faith Love, Love Zeal  
upsent

LXXXII

Who fears God, is, without despon-  
dence, sad,  
Timorous, without despair, and  
glad,  
Without wild freaks whereas the  
World's knave, fool, or mad

LXXXIII

Part should the world what are in  
man combin'd,  
The body melts to be refin'd,  
Grace cheers the suffering, Glory  
crowns the conquering mind

LXXXIV

Nor chance, change, fraud, nor  
force, the just man fright, 250  
In greatest pressures he stands  
right,  
Ever the same (while Sloth feels  
want, Ambition spite)

LXXXV

From costly bills of greedy empirics  
free,  
From plea of Ambidexter's fee,  
From hypocritic schism of kirkish  
tyranny

LXXXVI

He with observance honours Virtue's  
friends,  
And to their faithful counsel  
bends,  
But not on empty forms of worldly  
gauds depends

LXXXVII

In praising God, above the stars he  
climbs,  
And pitying courts, with all their  
crimes,

260

( 480 )

And fawns, and frowns, dares to be  
good in worst of times

LXXXVIII

Joy, little world, spite of the greater,  
blest,  
Scanted abroad, within dost feast,  
Hast CHRIST Himself for eates  
The Holy GHOST for guest

LXXXIX

Thou walk'st in groves of myrrh,  
with CHRIST thy guide  
(The best of friends that e'er was  
tried),  
By thee in vale of tears spiritual  
joy's descried

XC

Knew but the World what glorious  
joys still move  
In Faith's bright orb, 'twould  
soar above  
All sense, and centre in the point of  
heav'nly love! 270

XCI

Oh, Love's high'st height! Thou  
art the wise man's bliss!  
T' enjoy thee's Heav'n, Hell thee  
too miss!  
The Earth, yea, Heav'n hath its  
beatitude from this!

XCII

No Christian kings win by each  
other's loss,  
What one gets by retail, in gross  
All lose, while still the Crescent  
gains upon the Cross

XCIII

As children fight for toys, so kings  
for clods  
Heav'n's heir's more great, and  
rich by odds  
For All is his, and he is CHRIST'S,  
and CHRIST is GOD'S

XCIV

No bank on earth such sums of  
wealth can lend, 280

## *The Summary of Wisdom*

As saints who on Heav'n's grace  
depend  
GOD'S Word their law His SPIRIT  
their guide, the LAMB their  
friend

xcv

But what's vain man? what his  
earth crawling race?

That GOD should such a shadow  
grace

And him eternally in GLORY'S region  
place?

xcvi

No surfeits man worms there no  
itch of Lust

No tympany of Pride no rust

Of Envy, no Wrath's spleen nor  
Obdurations crust

xcvii

But there though Bliss exceeds it  
never cloy's,

For sweet Fruitions feast em  
ploys

290

Still new desire where none can  
count his least of joys!

xcviii

The soul there (throwing off her  
rags of clay

Laid in Earth's wardrobe till last  
day)

Ever triumphs in every beatific ray

xcix

There each saint doth an endless  
kingdom own!

There each king hath a starry  
crown!

Each sceptre there o'erpowers the  
world and Devil's frown!

c

None blest but he who finds the  
JUDGE his friend

When the last trump shall sum  
mons send!

299

The End doth crown, the Work man  
JESUS crown THE END

A POETIC DESCANT  
UPON A PRIVATE MUSIC-MEETING<sup>1</sup>

I  
MUSE! Rise, and plume thy feet,  
and let's converse  
This morn together let's rehearse  
Last evening's sweets, and run one  
heat in full-speed verse

II  
Prank not thyself in metaphors,  
but pound  
Thy ranging tropes, that they  
may sound  
Nothing but what our Paradise did  
then surround

III  
Thron'd first Parthenian heav'n-bred  
beauties were  
Near crystal casements' Eastern  
sphere,  
Who like to Venus sparkled, yet  
more chaste than fair

IV  
'Mongst which, one radiant star so  
largely shone, 10  
She seem'd a constellation,  
Her front 'bove lily-white, cheek  
'bove rose-red, full blown

V  
Yet be not planet-struck, like some  
that gaze  
Too eagerly on Beauty's blaze,  
There's none like thine, dear Muse!  
theirs are but meteor-rays

VI  
Suitors to idols offer idle suits,  
Which hold their presence more  
recruits  
Their broken hopes, than viols,  
pedals, organs, lutes

VII  
But, whist! The masculine sweet  
planets met,  
Their instruments in tune have  
set, 20  
And now begin to ransack Music's  
cabinet

VIII  
Sol! Thou pure fountain of this  
streaming Noise!  
Patron of Sweetness! Soul of  
Joys!  
How were we ravish'd with thy viol's  
warbling voice!

IX  
Thy nectar-dropping joints so  
played their part,  
They forced the fibres of our  
heart  
To dance thy bow's swift light-  
ning made the tears [to?] start

X  
Thou didst ev'n saw the grumbling  
catlines still,  
And tortured'st the base, until  
His roaring diapasons did the whole  
room fill 30

XI  
Luna the pedal richly did adorn,  
If 'twixt the cedar and the  
thorn  
There's ought harmonious, 'twas  
from this sweet fir-tree born

XII  
As Philomel, Night's minstrel, jugs  
her tides  
Of rolling melody, she rides  
On surges down to th' deep, and,  
when she lifts, up glides

<sup>1</sup> This is taken from the B M copy (669 f 15 2), a single sheet not noted in Hazlitt's *Hand book*. It is extremely characteristic, and perhaps as good an *average* example of Benlowes as could be given. If never at his very best in it, he is nowhere near his worst

# A Poetic Descant

XIII

Jove cataracts of liquid gold did  
pour

More precious than his Danae's  
show'r

From pedal drops to organ deluge  
swell'd the stour

XIV

Mars twang'd a violin (his fierce  
drums for fight 40

Turn'd to brisk Almans) with  
what sprite

His treble shrill'd forth marches  
which he strain'd to the height!

XV

His active bow, arm'd with a war  
like tone

Rallied his troops of strings as  
one,

Which volleys gave i'th chase of  
swift division

XVI

So the Pelean youth was vanquish'd  
still

By his renown'd musician's skill  
Which could disarm and arm the

conqueror at will

XVII

Last Mercury with ravishing strains  
fell on

Whose violin seem'd the chymic  
stone, 50

For every melting touch was pure  
projection

XVIII

Chair'd midst the spheres of  
Music's Heav'n I hear

I gaze, charm'd all to eye and  
ear

Both which with objects too intense,  
even martyr'd were

XIX

Th' excess of fairs distill'd through  
sweets did woo

My wav'ring soul, maz'd what to  
do

Or to quit eyes for ears or ears  
for eyes forgo

XX

Giddy i'th change which sex to  
crown with praise,

Time swore he never was with  
lays

More sweetly spent nor Beauty  
ever beam'd such rays 60

XXI

Twixt these extremes mine eyes  
and ears did stray

And sure it was no time to pray  
The Deities themselves then being  
all at play

XXII

The full throng'd room its ruin  
quite defies

Nor fairs nor airs are pond'rous,  
skies

Do scorn to shrink though pil'd with  
stars and harmonies

XXIII

Form Beauty Sweetness all did  
here conspire

Combin'd in one Celestial Quire  
To charm the enthusiastic soul  
with ethereal fire

XXIV

These buoy up care sunk thoughts  
their power endues 70

A castil brain with eagle muse  
When Saints would highest soar  
they Music[s] pinions use

XXV

Music! thy medicines can our  
griefs allay

And re inspire our lumpish clay  
Muse! Thou transcend'st, Thou  
without instruments canst play

BLANDULIS LONGUM VALE CANTI  
LENIS

39 stour] 'Assault din A favourite word of Spenser's

41 Almans] German marches Sprite = 'sprightliness

71 castil] kestrel, &c an ill bred hawk.



# POLEN

By the most deservedly Ad

M<sup>rs</sup> Katherine P

The Matchless

<sup>1721</sup>  
O R I N I

To which is added

MONSIEUR CORNE

POMPEY }  
& } TRAGEDY  
HORACE, }

With several other Translations

FRENCH

LONDON,

## INTRODUCTION TO KATHERINE PHILIPS

THE Poems of 'the matchless Orinda'<sup>1</sup> are better suited to stand the test on which Joe Gargery apologized for his indulgence at the public house than that on which William Taylor of Norwich judged poetry and was laughed at by Carlyle for judging it. They 'do not over-stimulate' on the division of 'Quotidian and Stimulant' they approach nearer to the former than to the latter. But this is no reason for excluding them from such a collection as this, where some at least of the constituents are rather too much than too little heady. And even if it deserved consideration there are many things on the other side to overrule it. Mrs Philips as a poetess has been much more talked of than read, a state of things which it is one of the primary duties of editors to combat or cure, the references to her, from Dryden downwards, are more than sufficient vouchers for her reintroduction, and her intrinsic interest, though mild, is by no means insignificant. It is an obvious fancy, but neither too obvious nor too fanciful, to compare the attraction of her verse to that of the large portrait-bust which serves as frontispiece to the

<sup>1</sup> She was born on New Year's Day, 1631, the daughter of John Fowler, a merchant of Bucklersbury in the City of London, and educated at one of the famous Hackney boarding-schools, which, however, she must have left full twenty years before the unhallowed eyes of Samuel Pepys gloated over 'the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty' on Sunday, April 21st, 1667. John Fowler dying, his widow married a Welshman, Hector Philips of Porth Eynon, whose son, by his first wife, Katherine herself married in 1647. The *Dictionary of National Biography* assigns to her a son (named after his grandfather Hector, and living but forty days) in the year of her marriage. But she expressly says in his epitaph

*Twice forty months of wedlock did I stay,  
Then had my vows crowned by a lovely boy*

She had, however, another child, a daughter christened after herself, who was born in 1656, and lived to be married. 'Orinda' began her appearance as a poetess with verses on Vaughan's poems in 1651 and soon attained a considerable (coterie and other) reputation. In 1662 she went to Dublin and had her version of Corneille's *Pompey* performed there. She died of small-pox in Fleet Street, London, on June 22, 1664, having been vexed a little earlier by an unauthorized issue of her *Poems*. (This irritation though excusable, was a little unreasonable, for the delinquent book is a prettier volume than the authorized version, and the variants are neither many nor important.) A further unfinished version of *Horace* was completed by Denham, but neither of these falls within our scope. The *Poems* were collected and published in 1667, and more than once reprinted, without any substantive changes as far as I have noticed. The principal modern treatment of her is in Mr Gosse's *Seventeenth-century Studies* and there is a selection, with Introduction by Miss Guiney, in *The Orinda Booklets*. J. R. Tutin, 1904.

## Introduction

folio edition of her poems and which is delicately apologized for as 'a poor paper shadow of a statue made after a portrait not very like her' In this portrait the features are too much accentuated and the expression hardened and vulgarized a little by adherence to fashion and supposed proportion and the like but there is still an *aura* of possible charm about it<sup>1</sup> The *Poems* of Orinda are studiously adjusted to Romantic Platonic ideas of friendship studiously artificial studiously proper But there is more than a suggestion that not merely must Rosanna and Lucasia and the rest have possessed and lost a friend worth having but that my Antenor (less romantically Mr Philips) was by more than convention a fortunate man in his marriage, and an unlucky one in his widower hood

Part of the interest and value of Orinda's poems for us lie in the way in which they exhibit the settling down of poetry to its more prosaic kinds and expressions about the period of the Restoration and it is very curious that another poetess, born just after Orinda's death shows us in like manner the rise from this Katherine Philips and Lady Winchelsea cover in their lives ten years short of a century, for the elder was still young and the younger not yet old when she died But between them they give us the curve almost complete Orinda in such a poem as *The Soul* shows us the insolent and passionate Elizabethan poetry still trying to soar but with flagging wings and in a too rare atmosphere Ardelia's *Nocturnal Reverie* shows us the recovery of the way to the empyrean by a diligent and loving attention to the things of terrestrial nature

The greatest danger for a modern reader of Katherine Philips is of course the associations of the *Precieuse* School with Rosanna and Lucasia and their little harmless plays at being each a *Sappho non doctrix sed pudica* (to vary the epigrammatist) But one fashion is very much like another seldom much more absurd almost always as well worth understanding In England as in France there was undoubtedly a good deal of roughness and coarseness to be worn off and cleansed away and Mrs Philips and her friends, though Addison was to give their successors a little of his milder satire were practically doing Addison's work before he himself was born And the whole thing is a sort of side show to the Heroic entertainment which is one of the main things that our time has to provide It does not appear that Antenor objected or that he had any reason to object indeed he seems to have played his part with all the mixture of gravity and zeal that could have been required in the Hôtel de Rambouillet itself and no doubt regarded his gifted spouse as more ingenious if less in quality than even Julie

To come to details her couplet verses are rarely very good and she

<sup>1</sup> This is perhaps not quite fancifully brought out in a mezzotint by Beckett inserted by some one in the B M copy of the 1678 ed. a really attractive face and with character in it Beckett's work is mostly dated about twenty years after Orinda's death Another later portrait in the same copy is prettified but mawkish



## *Katherine Philips*

seldom anticipates, as Chamberlayne and others do after Fairfax, the clench and grip of her contemporary Dryden. But she has retained something of the mysterious charm of earlier Caroline poetry in the shorter and intertwined measures. For instance, quite early in

Come, my Lucasia, since we see

the quintet, though it has no extraordinary poetical ideas or images to carry, carries its actual burden with something of the strange throb and pulse of pace which we find in the greatest things of Marvell. The next poem is far less effectual, but why? because the couplet added to the quatrain in its six-line arrangement is infinitely less effective than the single line. She is again at home in the simpler octosyllabic quatrain

Come, my Ardelia, to this bower

and hardly less (though she cannot approach the best things of the time) in that unique form of the 'common measure' which that time invented, and which makes one wonder how it can possibly be the same in mere mathematical respects with the jogtrot of Delony or Sternhold

I did not love until this time  
Crowned my felicity,  
When I could say without a crime  
I am not thine but thee

How did Donne or Jonson (for it was apparently one or the other) discover this ineffable cadence? How did they manage to teach it to (all but) all and sundry, for half a century? How did it get utterly lost? and how has it been only occasionally and uncertainly recovered? But these are questions, themselves 'begotten of Despair upon Impossibility' yet delightfully suggested by such matter as that which we here collect for study

Of less strange piquancy, but too good to be left inaccessible, are the 'Lines to Regina Collier on her cruelty to Philaster' 'Regina,' it may be observed, appears to have been a real name and not of the Orinda kind. Those to Rosania herself

As men that are with visions graced

apply the spell once more. 'A Prayer' is fine, but somehow Orinda is always more at home with her Sapphic-Platonics as in 'To Mrs M A [Mary Aubrey] at Parting'

I have examined and do find  
Of all that favour me,  
There's none I grieve to leave behind  
But only, only thee

Once more the commonest of commonplaces in sentiment, the most ordinary almost to the Wordsworthian paradox-level—of words yet of cadence ineffable, and such that Keats *found* it, and knew it. 'The Enquiry,' 'To My Lucasia' and others, are hardly inferior. She was less happy

## *Introduction*

at the ode but she could often manage song measures featly enough as for instance in

How prodigious is my fate

which does not ill deserve a place in the too little known anthology of Second Caroline songs 'The Parting of Lucasia, Rosania and Orinda at a fountain (which the sensible Platonics mitigated with Bacchus) is not contemptible and the epitaph on her own infant son is not the worst of the school of Jonson

Nor will the reader who really cares for poetry fail to find other things in the Matchless Orinda which will please him, nor would she have been very sorry not to please the reader who does not so care

## THE PREFACE

WHEN the false Edition of these Poems stole into the light, a friend of that incomparable Lady's that made them, knowing how averse she was to be in Print, and therefore being sure that it was absolutely against her consent, as he believed it utterly without her knowledge, (she being then in Wales, above 150 miles from this town) went presently both to the Gentleman, who licens'd it upon the stationer's averment that he had her leave, and to the stationer himself for whom it was printed, and took the best course he could with both to get it suppress'd, as it presently was (though afterward many of the books were privately sold) and gave her an account, by the next post, of what he had done. A while after he received this answer, which you have here (taken from her own hand) under that disguised name she had given him, it being her custom to use such with most of her particular friends

Worthy Poliarchus,

IT is very well that you chide me so much for endeavouring to express a part of the sense I have of your obligations, for while you go on in conferring them beyond all possibility of acknowledgement, it is convenient for me to be forbidden to attempt it. Your last generous concern for me, in vindicating me from the unworthy usage I have received at London from the press, doth as much transcend all your former favours<sup>1</sup>, as the injury done me by that Publisher and Printer exceeds all the troubles that I remember I ever had. All I can say to you for it, is, that though you assist<sup>2</sup> an unhappy, it is yet a very innocent person, and that it is impossible for malice itself to have printed those Rimes<sup>3</sup> (you tell me are gotten abroad so impudently) with so much abuse to the things, as the very publication

of them at all, though they had been never so correct, had been to me, to me (Sir) who never writ any line in my life with an intention to have it printed, and who am of my Lord Falkland's mind, that said,

He danger fear'd than censure less,  
Nor could he dread a breach like to a Press

And who (I think you know) am sufficiently distrustful of all, that my own want of company and better employment, or others' commands have seduc'd me to write, to endeavour rather that they should never be seen at all, than that they should be expos'd to the world with such effronters<sup>4</sup> as now they most unhappily are. But is there no retreat from the malice of this World? I thought a rock and a mountain might have hidden me, and that it had been free for all to spend their solitude in what Reveries<sup>5</sup> they please, and that our rivers (though they are babbling) would not have betray'd the follies of impertinent thoughts upon their banks, but 'tis only I who am that unfortunate person that cannot so much as think in private, that must have my imaginations rifled and exposed to play the mountebanks, and dance upon the ropes to entertain all the rabble, to undergo all the raillery of the Wits, and all the severity of the Wise, and to be the sport of some that can, and some that cannot read a verse. This is a most cruel accident, and hath made so proportionate an impression upon me, that really it hath cost me a sharp fit of sickness since I heard it, and I believe would be more fatal but that I know what a Champion I have in you, and that I am sure your credit in the World will gain me a belief from all that are knowing and civil, that I am so innocent of that wretched

<sup>1</sup> Orig usually the 'or' form

<sup>2</sup> I think it fair to keep this spelling, more especially because I think it the wrong one

<sup>4</sup> effrontery?

<sup>5</sup> Orig Resveires.

## Preface

artifice of a secret consent (of which I am I fear suspected) that whoever would have brought me those copies corrected and amended and a thousand pounds to have bought my permission for their being printed should not have obtained it. But though there are many things I believe in this wicked impression of those fancies which the ignorance of what occasioned them and the falseness of the copies may represent very ridiculous and extravagant yet I could give some account of them to the severest Critic and I am sure they must be more absurd than I think is possible (for I have not seen the Book nor can imagine what is in it) before they can be rendered otherwise than Sir Edward Dering says in his Epilogue to Pompey,

—No bolder thought can tax  
Those Rimes of blemish to the blushing Sex

As chaste the lines as harmless is the sense

As the first smiles of infant innocence

So that I hope there will be no need of justifying them to Virtue and Honour and I am so little concerned for the reputation of writing sense that provided the World would believe me innocent of any manner of knowledge much less connivance at this publication I shall willingly compound never to trouble them with the true copies as you advise me to do which if you still should judge absolutely necessary to the reparation of this misfortune and to general satisfaction and that as you tell me all the rest of my friends will press me to it I should yield to it with the same reluctance as I would cut off a limb to save my life. However I hope you will satisfy all your acquaintance of my aversion to it and did they know me as well as you do that apology were very needless for I am so far from expecting applause for any thing I scribble that I can hardly expect pardon and sometimes I think that employment so far above my reach and unfit for my sex, that I am going to resolve against it for ever and could I have recovered those fugitive papers that have escaped my hands I had long since made a sacrifice of

them all. The truth is, I have an incorrigible inclination to that folly of rimeing and intending the effects of that humour only for my own amusement in a retired life. I did not so much resist it as a wiser woman would have done but some of my dearest friends having found my Ballads (for they deserve no better name) they made me so much believe they did not dislike them that I was betrayed to permit some copies for their divertisement but this with a little concern for them that I have lost most of the originals and that I suppose to be the cause of my present misfortune for some infernal spirits or other have caught those rags of paper and what the careless blotted writing kept them from understanding they have supplied by conjecture till they put them into the shape wherein you saw them or else I know not which way it is possible for them to be collected or so abominably transcribed as I hear they are. I believe also there are some among them that are not mine but every way I have so much injury and the worthy persons that had the ill luck of my converse and so their names exposed in this impression without their leave that few things in the power of Fortune could have given me so great a torment as this most afflictive accident. I know you Sir so much my friend that I need not ask your pardon for making this tedious complaint but methinks it is a great injustice to revenge myself upon you by this harangue for the wrongs I have received from others therefore I will only tell you that the sole advantage I have by this cruel news is that it has given me an experiment That no adversity can shake the constancy of your friendship and that in the worst humour that ever I was in I am still

Worthy Poliarchus

Your most faithful most obliged

Friend and most humble Servant

ORINDA

Cardigan Jan 29 1664

She writ divers letters to many of her other friends full of the like resentments but this is enough to show

## Katherine Philips

how little she desired the fame of being in print, and how much she was troubled to be so exposed. It may serve likewise to give a taste of her prose to those that have seen none of it, and of her way of writing familiar letters, which she did with strange readiness and facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography, and if they were collected with those excellent discourses she writ on several subjects, they would make a volume much larger than this, and no less worth the reading

About three months after this Letter she came to London, where her Friends did much solicit her to redeem herself by a correct impression, yet she continued still averse, though perhaps in time she might have been overruled by their persuasions if she had lived

But the small-pox, that malicious disease (as knowing how little she would have been concern'd for her handsomeness, when at the best) was not satisfied to be as injurious a printer of her face, as the other had been of her Poems, but treated her with a more fatal cruelty than the stationer had them for though he, to her most sensible affliction, surreptitiously possess'd himself of a false copy, and sent those children of her fancy into the World, so martyred, that they were more unlike themselves than she could have been made, had she escaped, that murderous tyrant, with greater barbarity, seiz'd unexpectedly upon her, the true original, and to the much juster affliction of all the world, violently tore her out of it, and hurried her untimely to her grave, upon the 22nd of June, 1664, she being then but 31 years of age

But he could not bury her in oblivion, for this monument which she erected for herself, will, for ever, make her to be honoured as the honour of her sex, the emulation of ours, and the admiration of both That unfortunate surprise had robb'd it of much of that perfection it might else have had, having broke off the Translation of *Horace* before it was finish'd, much less review'd, and

hindered the rest from being more exactly corrected, and put into the order they were written in, as she possibly herself would have done, had she consented to a second Edition 'Tis probable she would also have left out some of those pieces that were written with less care and upon occasions less fit to be made public, and she might also have added more. but all industry has been us'd to make this Collection as full and as perfect as might be, by the addition of many that were not in the former impression, and by divers Translations, whereof the first has the Original in the opposite page, that they who have a mind to compare them, may, by that pattern, find how just she has been in all the rest to both the Languages, exactly rendering the full sense of the one, without tying herself strictly to the words, and clearly evincing the capaciousness of the other, by comprising it fully in the same number of lines, though in the Plays half the verses of the French are of thirteen syllables, and the rest of twelve, whereas the English have no more but ten<sup>1</sup> In short, though some of her pieces may perhaps be lost, and others in hands that have not produc'd them, yet none that upon good grounds could be known to be hers, are left out, for many of the less considerable ones were publish'd in the other, but those, or others that shall be judged so, may be excused by the politeness of the rest which have more of her true spirit, and of her diligence Some of them would be no disgrace to the name of any Man that amongst us is most esteemed for his excellency in this kind, and there are none that may not pass with favour, when it is remembered that they fell hastily from the pen but of a Woman We might well have call'd her the English Sappho, she of all the female poets of former Ages, being for her verses and her virtues both, the most highly to be valued, but she has call'd herself *ORINDA*, a name that deserves to be added to the number of the muses, and to live with honour as long as they Were our language

<sup>1</sup> It has seemed sufficient to meet this by giving *one* stanza of the orig in a note

as generally known to the world as the Greek and Latin were anciently or as the French is now her verses could not be confin'd within the narrow limits of our islands but would spread themselves as far as the continent has inhabitants, or as the seas have any shore. And for her virtues, they as much surpass'd those of Sappho as the Theological do the Moral (wherein yet Orinda was no less inferior) or as the fading immortality of an earthly laurel which the justice of men can no deny to her excellent poetry is transcend'd by that incorruptible and eternal Crown of Glory wherewith the Mercy of God hath unobtrusively rewarded her more eminent piety. Her merit should have had a statue of porphyry wrought by some great artist equal in skill to Michael Angelo that might have transferr'd to posterity the last image of so rare a person but here is only a poor paper shadow of a statue made after a picture not very like her to accompany that which has drawn of herself in these Poems and which represents the beauties of her mind with a fairer resemblance than that doest the ciremen self her face

They had sooner performed this right to her memory if that raging pestilence which not long after her swept away so many thousands here and in other places of this Kingdom that devouring Fire which since destroy'd this famous City and the harsh sounds of War which with the thunderings of cannon deaf'n'd all ears to the gentle and tender strains of Friendship had not made the publication of them so very unseasonable. But they have outlived all these dismal things to see the blessing of Peace a conjunction more suitable to their Nature all compos'd of kindness so that I hope Time itself shall have as little power against them as these other storms have had and then Ovid's conclusion of his *Metamorphosis* may with little alteration more truth and less vanity than by him to himself be applied to these once transform'd or rather deform'd Poems which are here in some measure reord to their native shape and beauty and therefore certainly cannot fail of a welcome reception now since they wanted it so before when they appeared in that strange disguise

## The Earl of Orrery to Mrs Philips

Madam  
WHEN I but knew you by report  
I fear'd the praises of th' admiring  
Court  
Were but their compliments but now  
I must  
Confess what I thought evil is scarce  
just  
For they imperfect tropics to you  
raise  
You deserve wonder and they pay but  
praise  
A praise which is as short of your  
great due  
As all which yet have writ come short  
of you

You to whom wonder is paid by double  
rite  
Both for your verses, smoothness and  
their height  
In me it does not the least trouble  
breed  
That your fair sex does ours, in verse  
exceed  
Since every Poet this great truth does  
prove  
Nothing, so much inspires a Muse as  
I love  
Thence has your sex the best poetic  
fires  
I or what a inspir'd must yield to what  
inspires

<sup>1</sup> I am in two minds as to substituting *rite* for *title*

<sup>2</sup> Nec Jovis ira, nec ignis nec poteris (as in orig. & le note) ferrum nec edax abolere  
vetustas, &c

# *Katherine Philips*

And as 'our sex resigns to yours the  
 due,  
 So all of your bright sex must yield to  
 You  
 Experience shows, that never fountain  
 fed  
 A stream which could ascend above  
 its head, 20  
 For those whose wit fam'd Helicon  
 does give,  
 To rise above its height durst never  
 strive,  
 Their double hill too, though 'tis often  
 clear,  
 Yet often on it clouds and storms  
 appear  
 Let none admire then that the ancient  
 wit  
 Shar'd in those elements infused  
 [in ?] it ,  
 Nor that your Muse than theirs ascends  
 much higher,  
 She sharing in no element but fire  
 Past ages could not think those things  
 you do,  
 For their Hill was their basis and  
 height too 30  
 So that 'tis truth, not compliment, to  
 tell,  
 Your lowest height their highest did  
 excel ,  
 Your nobler thoughts warm'd by a  
 heav'nly fire,  
 To their bright centre constantly  
 aspire ,  
 And by the place to which they take  
 their flight,  
 Leave us no doubt from whence they  
 have their light  
 Your merit has attain'd this high  
 degree,  
 'Tis above praise as much as flattery,  
 And when in that we have drain'd all  
 our store,  
 All grant from this nought can be  
 distant more 40  
 Though you have sung of friend-  
 ship's power so well,  
 That you in that, as you in wit excel ,  
 Yet my own interest obliges me  
 To praise your practice more than  
 theory ,

For by that kindness you your friend  
 did show  
 The honour I obtain'd of knowing  
 You  
 In pictures none hereafter will  
 delight,  
 You draw more to the life in black  
 and white ,  
 The pencil to your pen must yield the  
 place,  
 This draws the soul, where that draws,  
 but the face 50  
 Of blest retirement such great  
 Truths you write,  
 That 'tis my wish as much as your  
 delight,  
 Our gratitude to praise it does think  
 fit,  
 Since all you writ are but effects of it  
 You English Cornel[le]'s Pompey  
 with such flame,  
 That you both raise our wonder and  
 his fame ,  
 If he could read it, he like us would  
 call  
 The copy greater than th' original ,  
 You cannot mend what is already  
 done,  
 Unless you'll finish what you have  
 begun 60  
 Who your Translation sees, cannot but  
 say,  
 That 'tis Orinda's work, and but his  
 play  
 The French to learn our language  
 now will seek,  
 To hear their greatest Wit more nobly  
 speak ,  
 Rome too would grant, were our tongue  
 to her known,  
 Caesar speaks better in 't than in his  
 own  
 And all those wreaths once circl'd  
 Pompey's brow,  
 Exalt his fame, less than your verses  
 now  
 From these clear truths all must  
 acknowledge this,  
 If there be Helicon, in Wales it is 70  
 Oh happy Country which to our Prince  
 gives  
 His Title, and in which Orinda lives !

# The Earl of Roscommon to Orinda in imitation of Horace

Integer vitae &c.  
Carin lib 1 od 27

I  
VIRTUE (dear Friend) needs no  
defence  
No arms but its own innocence  
Quivers and bows and poison'd darts  
Are only us'd by guilty hearts

II  
An honest mind safely alone  
May travel through the burning Zone  
Or through the deepest Scythian snows  
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows

III  
While (ru'd by a restless fire)  
Our great ORINDA I admire 10  
The hungry wolves that see me stray  
Unarm'd and single, run away

IV  
Set me in the remotest place  
That ever Neptune did embrace  
When there her image fills my breast  
Helicon is not half so best

V  
Leave me upon some Lybian plain  
So she my fancy entertain  
And when the thirsty monsters meet  
They'll all pay homage at my feet 20

VI  
The magic of ORINDA'S name  
Not only can their fierceness tame  
But if that mighty word I once rehearse  
They seem submissively to roar in  
verse

## Upon Mrs Philips her Poems

I  
We allow'd you beauty and we did  
submit  
To all the tyrannies of it  
Ah cruel Sex! will you dispose us too  
in Wit?

Orinda does in that too reign  
Does man behind her in proud triumph  
draw  
And cancel great Apollo's Salic Iw  
We our old Title plead in vain  
Man may be head but Woman's now  
the brain

Verse was love's fire arms heretofore  
In beauty's camp it was not known  
Too many arms beside that conqueror  
bore 11

'Twas the great cannon we brought  
down  
To assault a stubborn town  
Orinda first did a bold sally make  
Our strongest quarter take  
And so successful prov'd that she  
Turn'd upon Love himself his own  
artillery

II  
Women as if the Body were the whole  
Did that and not the Soul  
Transmit to their posterity 10  
If in it sometimes they conceiv'd  
The abortive issue never liv'd  
Twere shame and pity Orinda if in thee  
A spirit so rich so noble and so high  
Should unmanur'd or barren lie  
But thou industriously hast sow'd and  
till'd

The fair and fruitful field  
And tis a strange increase that it doth  
yield

As when the happy Gods above  
Meet all together at a feast 20  
A secret joy unspeakably does move  
In their great Mother Cybele's con-  
tented breast

With no less pleasure thou methinks  
shouldst see

This thy no less immortal progeny  
And in their birth thou no one touch-  
dost find

Of th' ancient curse to woman kind



# Katherine Philips

Thou bring'st not forth with pain,  
It neither travel is, nor labour of thy  
brain

So easily they from thee come,  
And there is so much room, 40  
In the unexhausted and unfathom'd  
womb,  
That, like the Holland Countess, thou  
might'st bear  
A child for ev'ry day of all the fertile  
year

## III

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my  
envy raise,  
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to  
praise

Where'er I see an excellence,  
I must admire to see thy well-knit  
sense,  
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,  
Those as thy forehead smooth, these  
sparkling as thine eye

'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all, 50  
Or rather, 'tis angelical

For, as in Angels, we  
Do in thy verses see  
Both improv'd sexes eminently meet,  
They are than Man more strong, and  
more than Woman sweet

## IV

They talk of nine, I know not who,  
Female Chimaeras, that o'er Poets  
reign,

I ne'er could find that fancy true,  
But have invok'd them oft I'm sure in  
vain

They talk of Sappho, but, alas the  
shame! 60

Ill manners soil the lustre of her fame  
Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,  
That, like a lantern's fair enclosed light,

It through the paper shines where she  
doth write

Honour and Friendship, and the gen'-  
rous scorn

Of things for which we were not born,  
(Things that can only, by a fond  
disease,

Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs  
please)

Are the instructive subjects of her pen  
And as the Roman victory 70

Taught our rude land arts, and  
civility,

At once she overcomes, enslaves, and  
betters men

## V

But Rome with all her arts could ne'er  
inspire

A female breast with such a fire  
The warlike Amazonian train,  
Which, in Elysium, now do peaceful  
reign,

And Wit's mild empire before Arms  
prefer

Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by  
her

Merlin the seer (and sure he would not  
lie

In such a sacred Company) 80  
Does Prophecies of learn'd Orinda  
show,

Which he had darkly spoke so long  
ago

Even Boadicia's<sup>1</sup> angry Ghost  
Forgets her own misfortune and dis-  
grace,

And to her injur'd Daughters now does  
boast,

That Rome's o'ercome at last by a  
Woman of her race

ABRAHAM COWLEY

## 'T'o the excellent Orinda

LET the male Poets their male Phoebus  
choose,

Thee I invoke, Orinda, for my  
Muse,

He could but force a branch, Daphne  
her tree

Most freely offers to her sex and thee,  
And says to verse, so unconstrain'd as  
yours,

Her laurel freely comes, your fame  
secures

And men no longer shall with ravish'd  
bays

Crown their forc'd Poems by as forc'd  
a praise.

Thou glory of our sex, envy of men,  
Who are both pleas'd and vex'd with  
thy bright pen. 10

<sup>1</sup> Boadicia in orig and better kept for metre

# Commendatory Poems

Its lustre doth entice their eyes to gaze  
 But men's sore eyes cannot endure its rays  
 It dazzles and surprises so with light  
 To find a noon where they expected night  
 A woman translate Pompey<sup>1</sup> which the  
 fam'd  
 Corneille with such art and labour  
 fram'd  
 To whose close version the Wits club  
 their sense  
 And a new lay poetic S<sup>M</sup>E<sup>C</sup><sup>1</sup> springs  
 thence  
 Yes that bold work a woman dares  
 translate  
 Not to provoke nor yet to fear men's  
 hate  
 Nature doth find that she hath err'd  
 too long  
 And now resolves to recompense that  
 wrong  
 I hoebus to Cynthia must his beam  
 resign  
 The rule of Day and Wit's now Fem-  
 nine  
 That sex which heretofore was not  
 allow'd  
 To understand more than a beast or  
 crowd  
 Of which problems were made whether  
 or no  
 Women had souls but to be damn'd  
 if so  
 Whose highest contemplation could  
 not pass  
 In men's esteem no higher than the  
 class  
 And all the painful labours of their  
 brain  
 Was only how to dress and entertain  
 Or if they ventur'd to speak sense  
 the wise  
 Made that and speaking ox like pro-  
 digies  
 From these the more than masculine  
 pen hath rear'd  
 Our sex first to be prais'd next to be  
 fear'd  
 And by the same pen forc'd men now  
 confess  
 To keep their greatness was to make  
 us less  
 Men know of how refin'd and rich  
 a mould

Our sex is fram'd what sun is in our  
 cold  
 They know in lead no diamonds are  
 set  
 And jewels only fill the cabinet.  
 Our spirits purer far than theirs they  
 see  
 By which even men from men dis-  
 tinguish'd be  
 By which the soul is judg'd, and does  
 appear  
 Fit or unfit for action as they are  
 When in an organ various sounds  
 do stroke  
 Or grate the ear as birds sing or toads  
 croak  
 The breath that voices every pipe's  
 the same  
 But the bad metal doth the sound  
 defame  
 So if our souls by sweeter organs  
 speak  
 And theirs with harsh false notes the  
 air do break  
 The soul's the same alike in both doth  
 dwell  
 'Tis from her instruments that we  
 excel  
 Ask me not then, why jealous men  
 debar  
 Our sex from books in peace from  
 arms in war  
 It is because our parts will soon  
 demand  
 Tribunals for our persons and com-  
 mand  
 Shall it be our reproach that we are  
 weak  
 And cannot fight nor as the school  
 men speak?  
 Even men themselves are neither  
 strong nor wise  
 If limbs and parts they do not exer-  
 cise  
 Train'd up to arms we Amazons  
 have been,  
 And Spartan virgins strong as Spartan  
 men  
 Breed Women but as Men and they  
 are these  
 Whilst Sybarit Men are Women by  
 their ease  
 Why should not brave Semiramis  
 break a lance  
 And why should not soft Ninyas curl  
 and dance?

<sup>1</sup> *Smectymnus*

## Katherine Philips

Ovid in vain bodies with changed did vex,  
Changing her form of life, Iphis  
    chang'd sex 70  
Nature to females freely doth impart  
That, which the males usurp, a stout,  
    bold heart  
Thus hunters female beasts fear to assail  
And female hawks more metalled than  
    the male  
Men ought not then courage and wit  
    ingross,  
Whilst the fox lives, the lion, or the  
    horse  
Much less ought men both to them-  
    selves confine,  
Whilst Women, such as you, Orinda,  
    shine  
    That noble friendship brought thee  
    to our Coast,  
We thank Lucasia, and thy courage  
    boast 80  
Death in each wave could not Orinda  
    fright,  
Fearless she acts that friendship she  
    did write  
Which manly Virtue to their sex confin'd,  
Thou rescuest to confirm our softer  
    mind,  
For there's required (to do that virtue  
    right)  
Courage, as much in friendship as in  
    fight  
The dangers we despise, doth this truth  
    prove,  
Though boldly we not fight, we boldly  
    love  
    Engage us unto books, Sappho comes  
    forth,  
Though not of Hesiod's age, of Hesiod's  
    worth 90  
If souls no sexes have, as 'tis confest,  
'Tis not the He or She makes Poems  
    best  
Nor can men call these verses feminine,  
Be the sense vigorous and masculine  
'Tis true, Apollo sits as judge of Wit,  
But the nine Female learn'd troop  
    are it  
Those laws for which Numa did wise  
    appear,  
Wiser Egeria whisper'd in his ear  
The Gracchi's Mother taught them  
    eloquence,  
From her breasts courage flow'd, from  
    her brain sense, 100  
And the grave beards, who heard her  
    speak in Rome,

Blush'd not to be instructed, but o'er-  
    come  
Your speech, as hers, commands re-  
    spect from all,  
Your very looks, as hers, rhetorical  
Something of grandeur in your verse  
    men see,  
That they rise up to it as Majesty.  
The wise and noble Orrery's regard,  
Was much observ'd, when he your  
    Poem heard  
All said, a fitter match was never seen,  
Had Pompey's Widow been Arsamnes'  
    Queen. 110  
    Pompey, who greater than himself's  
    become,  
Now in your Poem, than before in  
    Rome,  
And much more lasting in the poet's pen,  
Great Princes live, than the proud  
    towers of men  
He thanks false Egypt for its treachery,  
Since that his ruin is so sung by thee;  
And so again would perish, if withal,  
Orinda would but celebrate his fall  
Thus pleasingly the bee delights to die,  
Foreseeing, he in amber tomb shall lie  
If that all Egypt, for to purge its crime,  
Were built into one pyramid o'er him,  
Pompey would lie less stately in that  
    hearse, 123  
Than he doth now, Orinda, in thy verse  
This makes Cornelia for her Pompey vow,  
Her hand shall plant his laurel on thy  
    brow  
So equal in their merits were both found,  
That the same Wreath Poets and  
    Princes Crown'd  
And what on that great captain's brow  
    was dead,  
She joys to see re-flourish'd on thy  
    head 130  
    In the French rock Cornelia first did  
    shine,  
But shin'd not like herself till she  
    was thine  
Poems, like gems, translated from the  
    place  
Where they first grew, receive another  
    grace  
Dress'd by thy hand, and polish'd by  
    thy pen,  
She glitters now a star, but jewel then  
No flaw remains, no cloud, all now is  
    light,  
Transparent as the day, bright parts  
    more bright

## Commendatory Poems

Cornelia now made English so doth thrive  
 As trees transplanted do much lustier live 140  
 Thus ore digg'd forth and by such hands as thine  
 Refin'd and stamp'd is richer than the mine.  
 Liquors from vessel into vessel pour'd  
 Must lose some spirits which are scarce restor'd  
 But the French wines in their own vessel rare  
 Pour'd into ours by thy hand spirits are  
 So high in taste and so delicious  
 Before his own Cornelia thine would choose  
 He finds himself enlightened here where shade  
 Of dark expression his own words had made 150  
 There what he would have said he sees so writ  
 As generously to just decorum fit  
 When in more words than his you please to flow  
 Like a spread flood enriching all below  
 To the advantage of his well meant sense  
 He gains by you another excellence  
 To render word for word at the old rate  
 Is only but to construe not translate  
 In your own fancy free to his sense true  
 We read Cornelia and Orinda too 160  
 And yet ye both are so the very same  
 As when two tapers join'd make one bright flame  
 And sure the copier's honour is not small  
 When artists doubt which is original  
 But if your fetter'd Muse thus praised be

What great things do you write when it is free?  
 When it is free to choose both sense and words  
 Or any subject the vast World affords?  
 A gliding sea of crystal doth best show  
 How smooth clear full, and rich your verse doth flow 170  
 Your words are chosen, cull'd not by chance writ  
 To make the sense as anagrams do hit  
 Your rich becoming words on the sense wait  
 As Maids of Honour on a Queen of State  
 'Tis not white satin<sup>1</sup> makes a verse more white  
 Or soft Iron is both write you on it  
 Your Poems come forth cast no file you need  
 At one brave heat both shap'd and polished  
 But why all these encomiums of you  
 Who either doubts or will not take as due? 180  
 Renown how little you regard or need  
 Who like the bee on your own sweets do feed?  
 There are who like weak fowl with shouts fall down  
 Dozd with an army's acclamation  
 Not able to endure applause they fall  
 Giddy with praise their praises funeral  
 But you Orinda are so unconcern'd  
 As if when you another we commend<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus is the Sun you in your course shine on  
 Unmov'd with all our admiration 190  
 Flying above the praise you shun we see  
 Wit is still higher by humility  
 PHILO PHILIPPA

## To the memory of the excellent Orinda

I

FORGIVE bright Saint a vot'ry who  
 No missive Orders has to show  
 Nor does a call to inspiration owe  
 Yet rudely dares intrude among

This sacred and inspir'd throng  
 Where looking round me ev'ry one I see  
 Is a sworn Priest of Phoebus or of thee

<sup>1</sup> It was not unusual to print on white satin. Pepys mentions instances

<sup>2</sup> In this rhyme Philo Philippa has out Beatrice Mrs Browning 150 years before him. Even a careful student of all ages of English poetry might be puzzled to find a worse

# Katherine Philips

Forgive this forward zeal for things  
divine,  
If I strange fire do offer at thy shrine  
Since the pure incense, and the gum  
We send up to the Pow'rs above, 11  
(If with devotion giv'n, and love)  
Smells sweet, and does alike accepted  
prove,  
As if from golden censers it did come,  
Though we the pious tribute pay  
In some rude vessel made of common  
clay

## II

What by Pindarics can be done,  
Since the great Pindar's greater<sup>1</sup> Son  
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry  
Muse inspir'd)  
From th' ungrateful World, to kinder  
Heaven's retir'd 20  
He, and Orinda from us gone  
What Name, like theirs, shall we now  
call upon?  
Whether her Virtue, or her Wit  
We choose for our eternal theme,  
What hand can draw the perfect  
scheme?  
None but herself could such high  
subjects fit  
We yield, with shame we yield  
To Death and Her the field  
For were not Nature partial to us men,  
The World's great order had inverted  
been, 30  
Had she such souls plac'd in all women-  
kind,  
Giv'n 'em like wit, not with like good-  
ness join'd,

Our vassal sex to hers had homage  
paid,  
Women had rul'd the World, and  
weaker Man obey'd

## III

To thee O Fame, we now commit  
Her, and these last remains of gen'rous  
wit,  
I charge thee, deeply to enroll  
This glorious Name in thy immortal  
scroll.  
Write ev'ry letter in large text,  
And then to make the lustre hold, 40  
Let it be done with purest gold,  
To dazzle this age, and outshine the  
next  
Since not a name more bright than  
Hers,  
In this, or thy large book appears  
And thou impartial, powerful Grave,  
These Reliques (like her deathless  
Poems) save  
Ev'n from devouring Time secure,  
May they still rest from other mixture  
pure  
Unless some dying Monarch shall to  
try  
Whether Orinda, though herself could  
die, 50  
Can still give others immortality,  
Think, if but laid in her miraculous  
Tomb,  
As from the Prophet's touch, new life  
from hers may come

JAMES TYRRELL

## 'T'o the memory of the incomparable Orinda A Pindaric Ode

### I

A LONG Adieu to all that's bright,  
Noble, or brave, in Womankind,  
To all the wonders of their wit,  
And trophies of their mind,  
The glowing heat of th' holy fire is gone,  
To th' altar, whence 'twas kindled,  
flown,  
There's nought on Earth, but ashes  
left behind,  
E'er since th' amazing sound was  
spread

ORINDA's Dead,

<sup>1</sup> Mr A Cowley

Every soft and fragrant word, 10  
All that language could afford,  
Every high and lofty thing  
That's wont to set the soul on wing,  
No longer with this worthless  
World would stay  
Thus when the death of the great  
PAN was told,  
Along the shore the dismal tidings  
roll'd,  
The lesser Gods their fanes for-  
sook,  
Confounded with the mighty stroke,

(Orig note at side)

# Commendatory Poems

They could not over live that fatal  
day  
But sigh'd and groan'd their gasping  
Oracles away 20

II  
How rigid are the laws of Fate  
And how severe that black decree?  
No sublunary things is free  
But all must enter th' adamant gate  
Sooner or later shall we come  
To Nature's dark retiring room  
And yet 'tis pity is it not?  
The learned as the fool should die  
One full as low as t' other lie  
Together blended in the general lot 30  
Distinguish'd only from the common  
crowd

By an hinged coffin or an Holland  
shroud  
Though Fame and Honour speak them  
ne'er so loud

Alas ORINDA even thou!  
Whose happy verse made others live  
And certain immortality could give  
Blasted are all thy blooming glories  
now

The Laurel withers o'er thy brow  
Methinks it should disturb thee to  
conceive

That when poor I this artless breath  
resign 40  
My dust should have as much of Poetry  
as thine

III  
Too soon we languish with desire  
Of what we never could enough  
admire

On th' billows of this world some  
times we rise  
So dangerously high  
We are to Heaven too nigh  
When (all in rage

Grown hoary with one minute's age)  
The very self same fickle wave  
Which the entrancing prospect gave  
Swoll'n to a mountain sinks into a  
grave 51

Too happy mortals if the Powers above  
As merciful would be  
And easy to preserve the thing we love  
As in the giving they are free!

But they too oft delude our weary'd  
Eyes  
They fix a flaming sword 'twixt us and  
Paradise

A weeping evening crowns a smiling  
day  
Yet why should heads of gold have  
feet of clay?

Why should the man that wav'd th'  
almighty wand 60  
That led the murmuring crowd  
By pillar and by cloud  
Shivering atop of aery Pisgah stand  
Only to see but never tread the  
Promis'd Land?

IV  
Throw your swords and gauntlets by  
You daring sons of war  
You cannot purchase e'er you die  
One honourable scar  
Since that fair hand that gilded all  
your bays

That in heroic numbers wrote your  
praise 70  
While you securely slept in honour's  
bed

Itself alas! is withered cold and  
dead  
Cold and dead are all those  
charms

Which burnish'd your victorious  
arms  
Inglorious arms hereafter must  
Blush first in blood and then in rust

No oil but that of Her smooth words  
will serve

Weapon and warrior to preserve  
Expect no more from this dull age  
But folly or poetic rage, 80  
Short liv'd nothings of the stage

Vented to day and cried to morrow  
down

With HER the soul of poesy is gone  
Gone while our expectations flew  
As high a pitch as She has done  
Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew  
Betimes the little shining drops are  
flown

Ere th' drowsy World perceived that  
Manna was come down

V  
You of the sex that would be fair  
Exceeding lovely hither come 90  
Would you be pure as Angels are  
Come dress you by ORINDA's tomb  
And leave your flattering glass at  
home

Within this marble mirror see  
How one day such as She  
You must and yet alas! can never be

# Katherine Philips

Think on the heights of that vast  
soul,  
And then admire, and then con-  
dole  
Think on the wonders of Her pen,  
'Twas that made Pompey truly  
Great, 100  
Neither th' expense of blood nor  
sweat

Nor yet Cornelia's kindness made him  
live agen  
With envy think, when to the  
grave you go,  
How very little must be said of  
you,  
Since all that can be said of virtuous  
Woman was her due

THOMAS FLATMAN, M A

## On the Death of Mrs. Katherine Philips

I  
CRUEL Disease! Ah, could it not suffice  
Thy old and constant spite to exercise  
Against the gentlest and the fairest  
sex,  
Which still thy depredations most do  
vex?  
Where still thy malice most of all  
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the  
fairest fall,  
And in them most assault the fairest  
place,  
The throne of Empress Beauty, even  
the face?  
There was enough of that here to  
assuage  
(One would have thought) either thy  
lust or rage 10  
Was't not enough, when thou, profane  
Disease,  
Didst on this glorious temple seize?  
Was't not enough, like a wild zealot  
there,  
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,  
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous  
images?  
Was't not enough thus rudely to  
defile,  
But thou must quite destroy the goodly  
pile?  
And thy unbounded sacrilege commit  
On th' inward Holiest Holy of her  
Wit?  
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st  
thy power, 20  
No mine of Death can that devour,  
On her embalm'd name it will abide  
An everlasting Pyramid,  
As high as Heaven the top, as Earth  
the basis wide

II  
All ages past, record, all countries  
now

In various kinds such equal beauties  
show,  
That even Judge Paris would not  
know  
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow.  
Though Goddesses to his sentence did  
submit,  
Women and lovers would appeal from  
it, 30  
Nor durst he say, of all the female  
race  
This is the sovereign face  
And some (though these be of a kind  
that's rare,  
That's much, oh much less frequent  
than the fair)  
So equally renown'd for virtue are,  
That it the Mother of the Gods might  
pose,  
When the best Woman for her guide  
she chose  
But if Apollo should design  
A Woman-Laureat to make,  
Without dispute he would Orinda take,  
Though Sappho and the famous  
Nine 41  
Stood by, and did repine  
To be a princess or a Queen  
Is great, but 'tis a greatness always  
seen,  
The World did never but two women  
know  
Who, one by fraud, the other by wit  
did rise  
To the two tops of Spiritual dignities,  
One female Pope of old, one female  
Poet now

III  
Of female Poets who had names of  
old,  
Nothing is shown, but only told, 50  
And all we hear of them, perhaps may be  
Male flattery only, and male Poetry,

## Commendatory Poems

Few minutes did their beauties light  
     ning wast  
 The thunder of their voice did longer  
     last  
 But that too soon was past  
 The certain proofs of our Orinda's  
     Wit  
 In her own lasting characters are writ  
 And they will long my praise of them  
     survive  
 Though long perhaps too that may  
     live  
 The trade of glory manag'd by the pen  
 Though great it be and everywhere  
     is found 61  
 Does bring in but small profit to us  
     men  
 'Tis by the number of the sharers  
     drown'd  
 Orinda in the female coasts of fame  
 Engrosses all the goods of a poetic  
     name  
 She does no partner with her see  
 Does all the business there alone  
     which we  
 Are forc'd to carry on by a whole  
     company  
                     IV  
 But Wit's like a luxuriant vine  
 Unless to Virtue's prop it join 70  
 Firm and erect towards Heaven  
     bound  
 Though it with beauteous leaves and  
     pleasant fruit be crown'd,  
 It lies deform'd and rotting on the  
     ground  
 Now shame and blushes on us all  
 Who our own sex superior call  
 Orinda does our boasting sex out do  
 Not in wit only but in virtue too  
 She does above our best examples  
     rise  
 In hate of vice and scorn of vanities  
 Never did spirit of the manly make 80

And dipp'd all o'er in learning's sacred  
     lake  
 A temper more invulnerable take  
 No violent passion could an entrance  
     find  
 Into the tender goodness of her mind  
 Through walls of stone those furious  
     bullets may  
 Force their impetuous way  
 When her soft breast they hit damped  
     and dead they lay  
                     V  
 The fame of Friendship which so  
     long had told  
 Of three or four illustrious Names of  
     old  
 Till hoarse and weary of the tale she  
     grew, 90  
 Rejoices now to have got a new  
 A new and more surprising story  
 Of fair Lucasia and Orinda's glory  
 As when a prudent man does once per  
     ceive  
 That in some foreign country he must  
     live  
 The language and the manners he  
     does strive  
 To understand and practise here  
 That he may come no stranger there  
 So well Orinda did herself prepare  
 In this much different clime for her  
     remove 100  
 To the glad world of Poetry and Love  
 There all the bless'd do but one body  
     grow  
 And are made one too with their  
     glorious Head  
 Whom there triumphantly they wed  
 After the secret contract pass'd below  
 Their Love into Identity does go  
 'Tis the first unity's Monarchic Throne  
 The Centre<sup>1</sup> that knits all where the  
     great Three's but One

ABRAHAM COWLEY

<sup>1</sup> In orig. This destroys the value of 'center' found elsewhere And so constantly



# Katherine Philips

## The Table

| Poem  | Page | Poem  | Page |
|---|------|---|------|
| 1 UPON the double Murther of King Charles I, in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rymes <sup>1</sup> made by Vavasor Powell                       | 507  | Lucas and Orinda Set by Mr Hen Lawe   | 522  |
| 2 On the numerous Access of the English to wait upon the King in Flanders   | 507  | 20 To my dear Sister Mrs C. P. on her Marriage  | 522  |
| 3 Arion on a Dolphin, In his Majesty at his passage into England  | 508  | 21 To Mr Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on his Poem   | 523  |
| 4 On the Fair Weather just at the Coronation, it having rained immediately before and after   | 509  | 22 A tried Friendship To Arden  | 524  |
| 5 To the Queen's Majesty on her Arrival at Portsmouth, May 14, 1662   | 509  | 23 To Mr Mary Corne, when Philaster courted her   | 524  |
| 6 To the Queen Mother's Majesty, Jan 1, 1660  | 510  | 24 To Mr J. B. the noble Cray-trader, upon a Comparison of his which he was not willing to own publicly   | 525  |
| 7 Upon the Princess Royal her Return into England   | 511  | 25 To the Excellent Mr Anne Owen, upon her receiving the Name of Lucina, and Adoption into our Society, December 28, 1651                             | 526  |
| 8 On the Death of the Illustrious Duke of Gloucester  | 512  | 26 To the truly Noble Mr Anne Owen, on my first Approaches  | 526  |
| 9 To her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, on her commanding me to send her some things that I had written                                  | 513  | 27 Lucina   | 527  |
| 10 On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia   | 514  | 28 Wistow Vault   | 528  |
| 11 On the 3rd of September, 1651  | 515  | 29 Friendship in Emblem, or the Seal To my dearest Lucina   | 529  |
| 12 To the Noble Palæmon, on his incomparable Discourse of Friendship  | 515  | 30 In Memory of F. P. who died at Acton on the 24 of May, 1660, at Twelve and an Half of Age  | 530  |
| 13 To the Right Honourable Alice Countess of Carbery, at her coming into Wales  | 516  | 31 In Memory of that excellent person Mrs Mary Lloyd of Bodidrist in Denbigh-shire, who died Nov 13, 1656, after she came thither from Pembroke-shire | 531  |
| 14 To Sir Edward Dering (the Noble Silvaner) on his Dream and Navy, personating Orinda's preferring Rosania before Solomon's Traffic to Ophir | 517  | 32 To the truly competent Judge of Honour, Lucina, upon a scandalous Libel made by J. J.  | 533  |
| 15 To Mr Henry Lawes  | 518  | 33 To Antenor, on a Paper of mine which J. J. threatens to publish to prejudice him   | 535  |
| 16 A Sea-Voyage from Tenby to Bristol, begun Sept 5 1652, sent from Bristol to Lucina, Sept 8, 1652   | 519  | 34 Rosania shadowed whilst Mrs Mary Aubrey  | 535  |
| 17 Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucina   | 520  | 35 To the Queen of Inconstancy, Regina Collier, in Antwerp  | 537  |
| 18 Content, To my dearest Lucina  | 521  | 36 To my Excellent Lucina, on our Friendship  | 537  |
| 19 A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt   |      | 37 Rosania's private Marriage   | 538  |
|   |      | 38 Injuria Amicitiae  | 538  |
|   |      | 39 To Regina Collier, on her cruelty to Philaster   | 539  |

<sup>1</sup> I keep this in order to show how little authority, even of its own, the earlier 'rimes' has

# The Table

| Poem   | Page | Poem   | Page |
|--|------|--|------|
| 40 To Philaster, on his Melancholy for Regina                      | 540  | 77 Ode upon [Mr Abraham Cowley's] Retirement   | 575  |
| 41 Philoclea's parting   | 540  | 78 The Irish Greyhound   | 577  |
| 42 To Rosania now Mrs Montague being with her                      | 540  | 79 Song to the tune of <i>Sommes nous pas trop heureux</i>   | 577  |
| 43 To my Lucasia   | 541  | 80 A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia and Rosania imitating that of gentle Thyrsis                                   | 577  |
| 44 On Controversies in Religion                                    | 542  | 81 Song to the tune of Adieu Phillis   | 578  |
| 45 To the Honoured Lady E. C.                                      | 543  | 82 An Epitaph on my honoured Mother [in law] Mrs Philips of Portheynon in Cardigan shire who died Jan 1 1663 | 578  |
| 46 Parting with Lucasia A Song                                     | 546  | 83 Lucasia Rosania and Orinda parting at a Fountain July 1663  | 579  |
| 47 Against Pleasure Set by Dr Coleman                              | 546  | 84 A Farewell to Rosania   | 579  |
| 48 A Prayer  | 547  | 85 To my Lady Anne Boyle saying I looked angrily upon her  | 579  |
| 49 To Mrs M. A. upon Absence                                       | 548  | 86 On the Welsh Language   | 580  |
| 50 To Mrs Mary Awbrey  | 548  | 87 To the Countess of Thanet upon her Marriage   | 581  |
| 51 In Memory of Mr Cartwright                                      | 549  | 88 Epitaph on her Son H. P. at St. Syth's Church where her body also lies interred                           | 582  |
| 52 Mr Francis Finch the Excellent Palaemon                         | 549  | 89 On the Death of my Lord Rich only son to the Earl of Warwick who died of the small pox 1664               | 582  |
| 53 To Mrs M. A. at parting   | 550  | 90 The Virgin  | 583  |
| 54 To my dearest Antenor on his Parting                            | 551  | 91 Upon the Graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barn Elms Walks   | 583  |
| 55 Engraven on Mr John Collier's Tomb stone at Bedlington          | 552  | 92 To my dearest friend Mrs A. Owen upon her greatest loss   | 584  |
| 56 On the little Regina Collier on the same Tomb-stone             | 555  | 93 Orinda to Lucasia parting October 1661 at London  | 585  |
| 57 Friendship  | 552  | 94 On the first of January 1657  | 587  |
| 58 The Enquiry   | 553  | 95 To my Lady M. Cavendish choosing the name of Policrite  | 587  |
| 59 To my Lucasia, in defence of declared Friendship                | 554  | 96 Against Love  | 587  |
| 60 A Reverie <sup>1</sup>  | 556  | 97 A Dialogue of Friendship multiplied   | 588  |
| 61 A Country life  | 558  | 98 Rosania to Lucasia on her Letters   | 588  |
| 62 To Mrs Wogan my Honoured Friend on the Death of her Husband     | 559  | 99 To my Antenor March 16 1661   | 589  |
| 63 In memory of the most justly Honoured Mrs Owen of Orrelton      | 559  | 100 A Triton to Lucasia going to Sea   | 589  |
| 64 A Friend  | 561  | 101 Orinda upon little Hector Philips  | 590  |
| 65 L'Accord du Bien  | 563  | 102 To the Lady E. Boyle   | 591  |
| 66 Invitation to the Country                                       | 564  | 103 To my Lord Duke of Ormond upon the late Plot   | 591  |
| 67 In Memory of Mrs E. H.  | 565  |  |      |
| 68 On Rosania's Apostasy and Lucasia's Friendship                  | 566  |  |      |
| 69 To my Lady Eliz. Boyle singing Now affairs &c                   | 567  |  |      |
| 70 Submission  | 567  |  |      |
| 71 2 Cor. v. 19 God was in Christ reconciling the World to Himself | 569  |  |      |
| 72 The World   | 569  |  |      |
| 73 The Soul  | 571  |  |      |
| 74 Happiness   | 573  |  |      |
| 75 Death   | 574  |  |      |
| 76 To the Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness and Recovery       | 574  |  |      |

# Katherine Philips

| Poem  | Page | Poem   | Page |
|---|------|--|------|
| 104 To the Countess of Roscommon, with a Copy of <i>Pompey</i>                      | 592  | 114 To Pastora being with her Friend   | 598  |
| 105 On the Death of the truly honourable Sir Walter Floyd [sic] <sup>1</sup> , Kt . | 592  | 115 To my Lord and Lady Dungan-<br>gannon on their Marriage,<br>May 11, 1662 .         | 599  |
| 106 Orinda to Lucasia .   | 593  | 116 To his Grace Gilbert, Lord<br>Archbishop of Canterbury,<br>July 10, 1664 .         | 600  |
| 107 To Celimena   | 594  | 117 La Solitude de St. Amant,<br>in French and English <sup>2</sup>                    | 601  |
| 108 An Answer to another per-<br>suading a Lady to Marriage                         | 594  | 118 Tendres desers [sic] out of<br>French Prose .                                      | 604  |
| 109 Lucasia and Orinda parting<br>with Pastora and Phillis at<br>Ipswich            | 594  | 119 Amanti ch' in pianti, &c   | 604  |
| 110 Epitaph on my truly hon-<br>oured Publius Scipio                                | 595  | 120 A Pastoral of Mons de<br>Scudery's in the first volume<br>of 'Almahide,' Englished | 604  |
| 111 To Mr Sam Cooper, having<br>taken Lucasia's Picture given<br>December 14, 1660  | 596  | 121 Translation of Thomas a<br>Kempis into verse, out of<br>Mons Corneille .           | 609  |
| 112 Parting with a Friend   | 596  |  |      |
| 113 To my dearest Friend, upon<br>her shunning Grandeur                             | 597  |  |      |

<sup>1</sup> This, which in text is 'Lloyd,' possibly indicates the double pronunciation

<sup>2</sup> See note in text

IMPRIMATUR

Aug. 20, 1667.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE

## P O E M S

Upon the double Murther of  
King Charles I in Answer  
to a Libellous Copy of  
Rimes by Vavasor Powell<sup>1</sup>

I THINK not on the State nor am  
concern'd

Which way soever the great helm is  
turn'd

But as that son whose Father's  
danger nigh

Did force his native dumbness,  
and untie

The fetter'd organs so this is a cause  
That will excuse the breach of  
Nature's laws

Silence were now a sin nay passion  
now

Wise men themselves for merit  
would allow

What noble eye could see (and  
careless pass)

The dying Lion kick'd by every ass?  
Has Charles so broke God's Laws  
he must not have 11

A quiet Crown nor yet a quiet grave?  
Tombs have been sanctuaries  
Thieves lie there

Secure from all their penalty and  
fear

Great Charles his double misery was  
this

Unfaithful friends ignoble enemies  
Had any heathen been this Prince's  
foe

He would have wept to see him  
injur'd so

His title was his crime they'd reason  
good

To quarrel at the right they had  
withstood 20

He broke God's Laws and therefore  
he must die

And what shall then become of thee  
and I?

Slander must follow Treason but  
yet stay

Take not our reason with our King  
away

Though you have seiz'd upon all  
our defence

Yet do not sequester our common  
sense

Christ will be King but I neer  
understood

His subjects built His Kingdom up  
with blood

Except their own or that He would  
dispense

With His commands though for His  
own defence 30

Oh! to what height of horror are  
they come

Who dare pull down a crown tear  
up a tomb?

On the numerous Access of  
the English to wait upon  
the King in Flanders

HASTEN Great Prince unto thy  
British Isles

Or all thy subjects will become  
exiles

To thee they flock thy Presence is  
their home

As Pompey's camp where e'er it  
mov'd was Rome

They that asserted thy Just Cause  
go hence

To testify their joy and reverence  
And those that did not now by  
wonder taught

Go to confess and expiate their  
fault

<sup>1</sup> A bitter Welsh Nonconformist and a great harrier of the Church before the Restoration after which he had rather less than due reward (1617-70)

## Katherine Philips

So that if thou dost stay, thy gasping  
land  
Itself will empty on the Belgic  
sand 10  
Where the affrighted Dutchman does  
profess  
He thinks it an invasion, not address  
As we unmonarch'd were for want  
of thee,  
So till thou come we shall unpeopled  
be  
None but the close fanatic will  
remain,  
Who by our loyalty his ends will  
gain,  
And he th' exhausted land will  
quickly find  
As desolate a place as he design'd  
For England (though grown old with  
woes) will see  
Her long deny'd and sovereign  
remedy 20  
So when old Jacob could but credit  
give  
That his prodigious Joseph still did  
live,  
(Joseph that was preservèd to restore  
Their lives that would have taken  
his before)  
It is enough (said he), to Egypt I  
Will go, and see him once before  
I die

Arion on a Dolphin, To his  
Majesty at his passage  
into England

WHOM does this stately navy bring?  
O' 'tis Great Britain's glorious  
King  
Convey him then, ye Winds and  
Seas,  
Swift as Desire and calm as Peace  
In your respect let him survey  
What all his other subjects pay,  
And prophesy to them again  
The splendid smoothness of his reign  
Charles and his mighty hopes you  
bear  
A greater now than Caesar's here, 10

Whose veins a richer purple boast  
Than ever hero's yet engrost,  
Sprung from a Father so august,  
He triumphs in his very dust  
In him two miracles we view,  
His virtue and his safety too  
For when compell'd by traitors'  
crimes  
To breathe and bow in foreign  
climes,  
Expos'd to all the rigid fate  
That does on wither'd greatness wait  
Plots against life and conscience  
laid, 21  
By foes pursu'd, by friends betray'd,  
Then Heaven, his secret potent  
friend,  
Did him from drugs and stabs  
defend,  
And, what's more yet, kept him  
upright  
'Midst flattering hope and bloody  
fight  
Cromwell his own Right never gain'd,  
Defender of the Faith remain'd,  
For which his predecessors fought  
And writ, but none so dearly bought  
Never was Prince so much besieged,  
At home provok'd, abroad obliged  
Nor ever mar resisted thus, 33  
No not great Athanasius  
No help of friends could, or foes'  
spite,  
To fierce invasion him invite  
Revenge to him no pleasure is,  
He spar'd their blood who gap'd  
for his,  
Blush'd any hands the English  
Crown  
Should fasten on him but their own  
As Peace and Freedom with him  
went, 41  
With him they came from banish-  
ment,  
That he might his dominions win,  
He with himself did first begin,  
And, that best victory obtained,  
His kingdom quickly he regain'd  
Th' illustrious sufferings of this Prince  
Did all reduce, and all convince

## *Arion on a Dolphin*

He only liv'd with such success  
That the whole world would fight  
with less 50

Assistant Kings could but subdue  
Those Foes which he can pardon  
too

He thinks no Slaughter trophies  
good

Nor laurels dipt in subjects blood  
But with a sweet resistless art  
Disarms the hand and wins the  
heart

And like a God doth rescue those  
Who did themselves and him  
oppose

Go wondrous Prince adorn that  
Throne

Which birth and merit make your  
own 60

And in your mercy brighter shine  
Than in the glories of your line  
Find love at home and abroad fear  
And veneration every where

Th united world will you allow  
Their Chief to whom the English  
bow

And Monarchs shall to yours resort  
As Sheba's Queen to Judah's Court  
Returning thence constrained more  
To wonder envy and adore 70  
Discovered Rome will hate your  
crown

But she shall tremble at your frown  
For England shall (rul'd and restor'd  
by You)

The suppliant world protect or else  
subdue

On the Fair Weather just at  
the Coronation, it having  
rained immediately before  
and after

So clear a season and so snatch'd  
from storms

Shows Heav'n delights to see what  
man performs

Well knew the Sun if such a day  
were dim

( 509 )

It would have been an injury to  
him

For then a cloud had from his eye  
conceal'd

The noblest sight that ever he  
beheld

He therefore check'd th invading  
rains we fear'd

And in a bright Parenthesis ap-  
pear'd

So that we knew not which look'd  
most content

The King the people or the firma-  
ment 10

But the solemnity once fully past  
The storm return'd with an impetu-  
ous haste

And Heav'n and Earth each other  
to out-do

Vied both in cannons and in fire  
works too

So Israel past through the divided  
flood

While in obedient heaps the Ocean  
stood

But the same sea (the Hebrews once  
on shore)

Return'd in torrents where it was  
before

To the Queen's Majesty on  
her Arrival at Portsmouth  
May 14 1662

Now that the Seas and Winds so  
kind are grown

For our advantage to resign their  
own

Now you have quitted the triumphant  
fleet

And suffer'd English ground to kiss  
your feet

Whilst your glad subjects with  
impatience throng

To see a blessing they have begg'd  
so long

Whilst Nature (who in compliment  
to you

Kept back till now her wealth and  
beauty too)

## *Katherine Philips*

Hath, to attend the lustre your eyes  
 bring,  
 Sent forth her lov'd Ambassador the  
 Spring, 10  
 Whilst in your praise Fame's echo  
 doth conspire  
 With the soft touches of the sacred  
 Lyre,  
 Let an obscurer Muse upon her  
 knees  
 Present you with such offerings as  
 these,  
 And you as a Divinity adore,  
 That so your mercy may appear the  
 more,  
 Who, though of those you should  
 the best receive,  
 Can such imperfect ones as these  
 forgive  
 Hail, Royal Beauty, Virgin bright  
 and great,  
 Who do our hopes secure, our joys  
 complete 20  
 We cannot reckon what to you we  
 owe,  
 Who make him happy who makes  
 us be so  
 But Heav'n for us the desp'rate debt  
 hath paid,  
 Who such a Monarch hath your  
 Trophy made  
 A Prince whose Virtue did alone  
 subdue  
 Armies of men, and of offences too  
 So good, that from him all our  
 blessings flow,  
 Yet is a greater than he can bestow  
 So great, that he dispenses life and  
 death,  
 And Europe's fate depends upon his  
 breath 30  
 (For Fortune in amends now courts  
 him more  
 Than ever she affronted him before.  
 As lovers that of jealousy repent  
 Grow troublesome in kind acknow-  
 ledgement)

Who greater courage show'd in  
 wooing you,  
 Than other Princes in their battles  
 do  
 Never was Spains so generously defied,  
 Where they design'd a prey, he  
 courts a bride  
 Hence they may guess what will his  
 anger prove,  
 When he appear'd so brave in making  
 love, 40  
 And be more wise than to provoke  
 his arms,  
 Who can submit to nothing but your  
 charms  
 And till they give him leisure to  
 subdue,  
 His enemies must owe their peace  
 to you  
 Whilst he and you mixing illustrious  
 rays,  
 As much above our wishes as our  
 praise,  
 Such heroes shall produce, as even  
 they  
 Without regret or blushes shall obey

To the Queen-Mother's  
 Majesty, Jan 1, 1666<sup>o</sup>

You justly may forsake a land which  
 you  
 Have found so guilty and so fatal too  
 Fortune, injurious to your innocence,  
 Shot all her poison'd arrows here,  
 or hence  
 'Twas here bold rebels once your  
 life pursu'd  
 (To whom 'twas Treason only to be  
 rude,)  
 Till you were forc'd by their  
 unwearied spite  
 (O glorious Criminal!) to take your  
 flight  
 Whence after you all that was  
 humane<sup>1</sup> fled,

<sup>1</sup> The old confusion (or rather not yet division) of 'human' and 'humane' is not always to be got over by distributing the spelling. Something of both senses is wanted here

## *To the Queen-Mother's Majesty*

For here oh! here the Royal  
 Martyr bled 10  
 Whose cause and heart must be  
 divine and high  
 That having you could be content  
 to die,  
 Here they purloin'd what we to you  
 did owe  
 And paid you in variety of woe  
 Yet all those billows in your breast  
 did meet  
 A heart so firm so loyal and so  
 sweet  
 That over them you greater conquest  
 made  
 Than your immortal Father ever  
 had  
 For we may read in story of some  
 few  
 That fought like him none that  
 endur'd like you 20  
 Till Sorrow blush'd to act what  
 Traitors meant  
 And Providence itself did first  
 repent  
 But as our active so our passive  
 ill  
 Hath made your share to be the  
 sufferer's still  
 As from our mischiefs all your  
 troubles grew  
 'Tis your sad right to suffer for them  
 too  
 Else our great Charles had not been  
 hence so long  
 Nor the illustrious Gloucester died so  
 young  
 Nor had we lost a Princess all  
 confest  
 To be the greatest wisest and the  
 best 30  
 Who leaving colder parts but less  
 unkind  
 (For it was here she set and there  
 she shinn'd)  
 Did to a most ungrateful climate  
 come  
 To make a visit and to find a tomb  
 So that we should as much your  
 smile despair

As of your stay in this unpurg'd air  
 But that your mercy doth exceed  
 our crimes  
 As much as your example former  
 times  
 And will forgive our off rings though  
 the flame  
 Does tremble still betwixt regret  
 and shame 40  
 For we have justly suffered more  
 than you  
 By the sad guilt of all your sufferings  
 too  
 As you the great Idea have been seen  
 Of either fortune and in both a  
 Queen  
 Live still triumphant by the noblest  
 wars  
 And justify your reconcil'd stars  
 See your offenders for your mercy  
 bow  
 And your tried virtue all mankind  
 allow  
 While you to such a race have given  
 birth  
 As are contended for by Heaven  
 and Earth 50

### *Upon the Princess Royal her Return into England*

WELCOME sure pledge of reconcil'd  
 Powers  
 If Kingdoms have Good Angels you  
 are ours  
 For th' Ill ones check'd by your  
 bright influence  
 Could never strike till you were  
 hurried hence  
 But then as streams withstood more  
 rapid grow  
 War and confusion soon did over  
 flow  
 Such and so many sorrows did  
 succeed  
 As it would be a new one now to  
 read  
 But whilst your lustre was to us  
 denied,



## *Katherine Philips*

You scatter'd blessings everywhere  
beside <sup>10</sup>  
Nature and Fortune have so curious  
been,  
To give you worth, and scene to  
show it in  
But we do most admire that gen'rous  
care  
Which did your glorious Brother's  
sufferings share,  
So that he thought them in your  
presence none,  
And yet your sufferings did increase  
his own  
O wond'rous prodigy! O race divine!  
Who owe more to your actions than  
your line  
Your lives exalt your father's death-  
less name,  
The blush of England, and the  
boast of Fame <sup>20</sup>

Pardon, Great Madam, this unfit  
address,  
Which does profane the glory'twould  
confess  
Our crimes have banish'd us from  
you, and we  
Were more remov'd by them than  
by the Sea  
Nor is it known whether we wrong'd  
you more  
When we rebell'd, or now we do  
adore  
But what Guilt found, Devotion  
cannot miss,  
And you who pardon'd that, will  
pardon this  
Your blest Return tells us our storms  
are ceas'd,  
Our faults forgiven, and our stars  
appeas'd, <sup>30</sup>  
Your mercy, which no malice could  
destroy,  
Shall first bestow, and then in-  
struct, our joy  
For bounteous Heav'n hath, in  
your Highness sent  
Our great example, bliss and orna-  
ment

### On the Death of the Illus- trious Duke of Glouces- ter

GR<sup>eat</sup> Glou'ster's dead! and yet in  
this we must  
Confess that angry Heaven is wise  
and just  
We have so long and yet so ill en-  
dur'd  
The woes which our offences had  
procur'd,  
That this new stroke would all our  
strength destroy,  
Had we not known an interval of  
Joy  
And yet perhaps this stroke had  
been excus'd,  
If we this interval had not abus'd  
But our ingratitude and discontent,  
Deserv'd to know our mercies were  
but lent <sup>10</sup>  
And those complaints Heaven in  
this rigid fate  
Does first chastise, and then legiti-  
mate  
By this it our divisions does reprove,  
And makes us join in grief, if not in  
love  
For (Glorious Youth!) all parties do  
agree,  
As in admiring, so lamenting Thee,  
The Sovereign's, subject's, foreigner's  
delight,  
Thou wert the Universal Favourite  
Not Rome's Belov'd, and brave  
Marcellus, fell  
So much a darling or a miracle <sup>20</sup>  
Though built of richest blood and  
finest earth,  
Thou hadst a heart more noble than  
thy birth,  
Which by th' afflictive Changes thou  
didst know,  
Thou hadst but too much cause and  
time to show  
For when Fate did thy infancy  
expose  
To the most barbarous and stupid  
Foes,

# *On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester*

Yet thou didst then so much express  
the Prince  
As did even them amaze if not con-  
vince  
Nay that loose tyrant whom no bound  
confined  
Whom neither laws nor oaths nor  
shame could bind 50  
Although his soul was than his look  
more grim  
Yet thy brave innocence half softned  
him  
And he that worth wherein thy soul  
was drest  
By his ill favour'd clemency confest  
Lessening the ill which he could not  
repent,  
He call'd that travel which was  
banishment  
Escap'd from him thy trials were  
increas'd  
The scene was chang'd but not the  
danger ceas'd  
Thou from rough guardians to sedu-  
cers gone  
Those made thy temper, these thy  
judgement known 40  
Whilst thou the noblest champion  
wert for truth  
Whether we view thy courage or thy  
youth  
If to foil Nature and Ambition claims  
Greater reward than to encounter  
flames  
All that shall know the story must  
allow  
A martyr's crown prepar'd for thy  
brow  
But yet thou wert suspended from  
thy throne  
Till thy Great Brother had regain'd  
his own  
Who though the bravest sufferer  
yet even He  
Could not at once have mist his  
crown and thee 50  
But as commission'd angels make no  
stay  
But having done their errand go  
their way

So thy part done not thy restor'd  
state  
The future splendour which did for  
thee wait  
Nor that thy Prince and country  
must mourn for  
Such a support and such a counsellor  
Could longer keep thee from that  
bliss whence thou  
Look'st down with pity on Earth's  
Monarchs now?  
Where thy capacious soul may  
quench her thirst  
And younger brothers may inherit  
first 60  
While on our King Heaven does  
this care express  
To make his comforts safe he makes  
them less  
For this successful heathens use[d?]  
to say  
It is too much (great Gods) send  
some allay

To Her Royal Highness the  
Duchess of York, on her  
commanding me to send  
her some things that I had  
written

To you whose dignity strikes us with  
awe  
And whose far greater judgement  
gives us law  
(Your mind being more transcendent  
than your state  
For while but knees to this hearts  
bow to that)  
These humble papers never durst  
come near,  
Had not your powerful word bid  
them appear,  
In which such majesty such sweet-  
ness dwells  
As in one act obliges and compels  
None can dispute commands vouch-  
saf'd by you  
What shall my fears then and con-  
fusion do? 10

## Katherine Philips

They must resign, and by their just  
pretence  
Some value set on my obedience  
For in religious duties, 'tis confess,  
The most implicit are accepted best  
If on that score your Highness will  
excuse  
This blushing tribute of an artless  
Muse,  
She may (encourag'd by your least  
regard,  
Which first can worth create, and  
then reward)  
At modest distance with improv'd  
strains  
That Mercy celebrate which now  
she gains 20  
But should you that severer justice  
use,  
Which these too prompt approaches  
may produce,  
As the swift hind which hath es-  
cap'd long,  
Believes a vulgar shot would be a  
wrong,  
But wounded by a Prince falls with-  
out shame,  
And what in life she loses, gains in  
fame  
So if a ray from you chance to be  
sent,  
Which to consume, and not to warm,  
is meant,  
My trembling Muse at least more  
nobly dies,  
And falls by that a truer sacri-  
fice 30

### On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia

ALTHOUGH the most do with offi-  
cious heat  
Only adore the living and the  
great,  
Yet this Queen's merits Fame so far  
hath spread,  
That she rules still, though dispossess'd  
and dead

For losing one, two other Crowns  
remain'd,  
Over all hearts and her own griefs  
she reign'd  
Two Thrones so splendid, as to  
none are less  
But to that third which she does  
now possess  
Her heart and birth Fortune so well  
did know,  
That seeking her own fame in such  
a foe, 10  
She drest the spacious theatre for  
the fight  
And the admiring World call'd to  
the sight  
An army then of mighty sorrows  
brought,  
Who all against this single virtue  
fought,  
And sometimes stratagems, and  
sometimes blows  
To her heroic soul they did oppose  
But at her feet their vain attempts  
did fall,  
And she discovered and subdu'd  
them all  
Till Fortune weary of her malice  
grew,  
Became her captive and her trophy  
too 20  
And by too late a tribute begg'd t'  
have been  
Admitted subject to so brave a  
Queen  
But as some hero who a field hath  
won,  
Viewing the things he had so greatly  
done,  
When by his spirit's flight he finds  
that he  
With his own life must buy his victory,  
He makes the slaughter'd heap that  
next him lies  
His funeral pile, and then in triumph  
dies  
So fell this Royal Dame, with con-  
quering spent,  
And left in every breast her monu-  
ment, 30

## *On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia*

Wherein so high an Epitaph is writ  
As I must never dare to copy it  
But that bright Angel which did on  
her wait

In fifty years contention with her  
fate

And in that office did with wonder see  
How great her troubles how much  
greater she—

How she maintain'd her best prero-  
gative

In keeping still the power to forgive  
How high she did in her devotion go  
And how her condescension stoop'd  
as low, 40

With how much glory she had ever  
been

A Daughter Sister, Mother Wife  
and Queen—

Will sure employ some deathless  
Muse to tell

Our children this instructive miracle  
Who may her sad illustrious life re-  
cite

And after all her wrongs may do her  
right

On the 3rd of September,  
1651

As when the glorious magazine of  
light

Approaches to his canopy of night  
He with new splendour clothes his  
dying rays

And double brightness to his beams  
conveys

And (as to brave and check his  
ending fate)

Puts on his highest looks in s lowest  
state

Drest in such terror as to make us all  
Be Anti Persians and adore his fall  
Then quits the World depriving it  
of day

While every herb and plant does  
droop away 10

So when our gasping English Royalty  
Perceiv'd her period was now drawing  
nigh,

She summons her whole strength to  
give one blow

To raise herself or pull down others  
too

Big with revenge and hope she now  
spake more

Of terror than in many months be  
fore,

And musters her attendants or to  
save

Her from or else attend her to the  
grave

Yet but enjoy'd the miserable fate  
Of setting Majesty to die in state

Unhappy Kings who cannot keep a  
throne 21

Nor be so fortunate to fall alone!

Their weight sinks others Pompey  
could not fly

But half the World must bear him  
company

And captiv'd Samson could not life  
conclude

Unless attended with a multitude  
Who'd trust to greatness now whose  
food is air

Whose ruin sudden and whose end  
despair?

Who would presume upon his  
Glorious Birth

Or quarrel for a spacious share of  
Earth 30

That sees such Diadems become so  
cheap

And Heroes tumble in a common  
heap?

Oh give me Virtue then which sums  
up all

And firmly stands when Crowns and  
Sceptres fall

To the Noble Palaemon  
on his incomparable Dis-  
course of Friendship

We had been still undone wrapt in  
disguise

Secure not happy, cunning and  
not wise,

## Katherine Philips

War had been our design, interest  
our trade,  
We had not dwelt in safety, but in  
shade,  
Hadst thou not hung our light more  
welcome far  
Than wand'ring sea-men think the  
Northern Star,  
To show, lest we our happiness  
should miss,  
'Tis plac'd in Friendship, men's and  
angels' Bliss  
Friendship, which had a scorn or  
mask been made,  
And still had been derided or be-  
tray'd, 10  
At which the great physician still had  
laugh'd,  
The soldier storm'd<sup>1</sup>, and the gallant  
scoff'd.  
Or worn not as a passion, but a plot,  
At first pretended, and at last forgot,  
Hadst thou not been her great deli-  
verer,  
At first discover'd, and then rescu'd  
her,  
And raising what rude malice had  
flung down,  
Unveil'd her face, and then restor'd  
her crown,  
By so august an action to con-  
vince,  
'Tis greater to support than be a  
Prince 20  
Oh for a voice which loud as thunder  
were,  
That all mankind thy conqu'ring  
truths might hear!  
Sure the litigious as amaz'd would  
stand,  
As Fairy Knights touch'd with  
Cambina's Wand,  
Drawn by thy softer, and yet stronger  
charms,  
Nations and armies would lay down  
their arms  
And what more Honour can on thee  
be hurl'd,

Than to protect a virtue, save a  
World?  
But while great friendship thou hast  
copied out,  
Thou'st drawn thyself so well, that  
we may doubt 30  
Which most appears, thy candour or  
thy art,  
Whether we owe more to thy brain  
or heart  
But this we know without thy own  
consent,  
Thou'st rais'd thyself a glorious  
monument  
Temples and statues Time will eat  
away,  
And tombs (like their Inhabitants)  
decay,  
But there Palæmon lives, and so  
he must,  
When marbles crumble to forgot-  
ten dust

To the Right Honourable  
Alice Countess of Carbery,  
at her coming into Wales

1  
As when the first day dawn'd, Man's  
greedy eye  
Was apt to dwell on the bright pro-  
digy,  
Till he might careless of his organ  
grow,  
And let his wonder prove his danger  
too  
So when our country (which was  
deem'd to be  
Close-mourner in its own obscurity,  
And in neglected Chaos so long lay)  
Was rescu'd by your beams into a  
day,  
Like men into a sudden lustre  
brought,  
We justly fear'd to gaze more than  
we ought 10

<sup>1</sup> The print in full of 'stormed' doubtless indicates its disyllabic value  
( 516 )

# To Alice, Countess of Carbery

II

From hence it is you lose most of  
your right  
Since none can pay t nor durst do t  
if they might  
Perfection s misery tis that Art and  
Wit  
While they would honour, do but  
injure it  
But as the Deity slights our expense  
And loves Devotion more than  
Eloquence  
So tis our confidence you are divine  
Makes us at distance thus approach  
your Shrine  
And thus secur'd to you who need  
no art,  
I that speak least my wit may speak  
my heart 20

III

Then much above all zealous injury  
Receive this tribute of our shades  
from me  
While your great splendours like  
eternal spring  
To these sad groves such a refresh  
ment bring  
That the desispèd country may be  
grown  
And justly too the envy of the town  
That so when all mankind at length  
have lost  
The Virtuous Grandeur which they  
once did boa t  
Of you like pilgrims they may here  
obtain  
Worth to recruit the dying world  
again 30

To Sir Edward Dering (the  
Noble Silvander) on his  
Dream and Navy person  
ating Orinda s preferring  
Rosania before Solomon s  
Traffic to Ophir

*Then am I happier than is the King  
My merchandise does no such danger  
bring*

( 517 )

*The fleet I traffic with fears no such  
harms*

*Sails in my sight and anchors in my  
arms*

*Each new and unperceivèd grace  
Discovered in that mind and face  
Each motion smile and look from  
thee*

*Brings pearls and Ophir Gold to me*

*Thus far Sir Edw Dering*

SIR To be noble when twas voted  
down

To dare be good though a whole  
age should frown

To live within and from that even  
state

See all the under world stoop to its  
fate,

To give the Law of Honour and  
dispense

All that is handsome great and  
worthy thence

Are things at once your practice and  
your end

And which I dare admire but not  
commend

But since t oblige the world is your  
delight

You must descend within our reach  
and sight 10

For so Divinity must take dis  
guise

Lest mortals perish with the bright  
surprise

And thus your Muse (which can  
enough reward

All actions she vouchsafes but to  
regard

And Honours gives than Kings more  
permanent

Above the reach of Acts of Parlia  
ment)

May suffer an acknowledgement  
from me

For having thence receiv d Eternity  
My thoughts with such advantage  
you express

I hardly know them in this charming  
dress 20

## Katherine Philips

And had I more unkindness from  
my friend  
Than my demerits e'er could apprehend,  
Were the fleet courted with this gale  
of wind,  
I might be sure a rich return to find  
So when the Shepherd of his Nymph  
complain'd,  
Apollo in his shape his mistress  
gain'd  
She might have scorn'd the swain,  
and found excuse,  
But could not his great Orator refuse  
But for Rosania's Interest I should  
fear  
It would be hard t' obtain your  
pardon here 30  
But your first goodness will, I know,  
allow  
That what was bounty then, is mercy  
now  
Forgiveness is the noblest charity,  
And nothing can worthy your favour  
be  
For you (God-like) are so much your  
own fate,  
That what you will accept you must  
create

### To Mr. Henry Lawes

NATURE, which is the vast creation's  
soul,  
That steady curious agent in the  
whole,  
The art of Heaven, the order of this  
frame,  
Is only Number in another name  
For as some King conqu'ring what  
was his own,  
Hath choice of several Titles to his  
Crown,  
So harmony on this score now, that  
then,  
Yet still is all that takes and governs  
Men  
Beauty is but composure, and we find  
Content is but the concord of the  
mind, 10

Friendship the unison of well-tun'd  
hearts,  
Honour the Chorus of the noblest  
parts,  
And all the world on which we can  
reflect  
Music to th' ear, or to the intellect  
If then each man a Little World  
must be,  
How many Worlds are copied out in  
thee,  
Who art so richly form'd, so com-  
plete,  
T' epitomize all that is good and  
great,  
Whose stars this brave advantage did  
impart,  
Thy nature's as harmonious as thy  
art? 20  
Thou dost above the Poets, praises  
live,  
Who fetch from thee th' eternity they  
give  
And as true Reason triumphs over  
sense,  
Yet is subjected to intelligence  
So Poets on the lower World look  
down,  
But Lawes on them, his Height is  
all his own,  
For, like Divinity itself, his lyre  
Rewards the wit it did at first inspire  
And thus by double right Poets allow  
His and their laurel should adorn  
his brow 30  
Live then, Great Soul of Nature, to  
assuage  
The savage dullness of this sullen  
Age  
Charm us to Sense, for though ex-  
perience fail,  
And Reason too, thy numbers may  
prevail  
Then, like those ancients, strike, and  
so command  
All Nature to obey thy gen'rous  
hand  
None will resist but such who needs  
will be  
More stupid than a stone, a fish, a tree

# To Mr Henry Lawes

Be it thy care our age to new create  
 What built a World may sure repair  
 a state 40

A Sea Voyage from Tenby  
 to Bristol begun Sept 5  
 1652 sent from Bristol to  
 Lucasia Sept 8, 1652

HOISE<sup>1</sup> up the sail cryd they who  
 understand  
 No word that carries kindness for  
 the land  
 Such sons of clamour that I wonder  
 not  
 They love the sea whom sure some  
 storm begot  
 Had he who doubted Motion these  
 men seen  
 Or heard their tongues he had con-  
 vincèd been  
 For had our Barque mov'd half as  
 fast as they  
 We had not need cast Anchor by the  
 way  
 One of the rest pretending to more  
 wit  
 Some small Italian spoke but mur-  
 ther'd it 10  
 For I (thanks to Saburra's Letters)  
 knew  
 How to distinguish twixt the false  
 and true  
 But t oppose these as mad a thing  
 would be  
 As tis to contradict a Presbytry  
 Tis Spanish though (quoth I) e en  
 what you please  
 For him that spoke it t might be  
 Bread and Cheese  
 So softly moves the barque which  
 none controls  
 As are the meetings of agreeing souls  
 And the moon beams did on the  
 water play  
 As if at midnight twould create a  
 day 20

The amorous wave that shar'd in  
 such dispense  
 Express at once delight and rever-  
 ence  
 Such trepidation we in lovers spy  
 Under th oppression of a mistress  
 eye  
 But then the wind so high did rise  
 and roar  
 Some vow d they d never trust the  
 traitor more  
 Behold the fate that all our glories  
 sweep  
 Writ in the dangerous wonders of  
 the deep  
 And yet behold man s easy folly more  
 How soon we curse what erst we did  
 adore 30  
 Sure he that first himself did thus  
 convey,  
 Had some strong passion that he  
 would obey  
 The barque wrought hard but found  
 it was in vain  
 To make its party good against the  
 main  
 Toss d and retreated till at last we  
 see  
 She must be fast if e er she should  
 be free  
 We gravely anchor cast and pa-  
 tiently  
 Lie prisoners to the weather's cruelty  
 We had nor wind nor tide nor aught  
 but grief  
 Till a kind spring tide was our first  
 relief 40  
 Then we float merrily forgetting quite  
 The sad confinement of the stormy  
 night  
 Ere we had lost these thoughts we  
 ran aground  
 And then how vain to be secure we  
 found  
 Now they were all surpris d Well if  
 we must  
 Yet none shall say that dust is gone  
 to dust

Hoist as obligatory is quite modern



## Katherine Philips

But we are off now, and the civil  
tide  
Assisted us the tempests to out-ride  
But what most pleased my mind  
upon the way,  
Was the ships' posture that in har-  
bour lay 50  
Which to a rocky grove so close were  
fix'd,  
That the trees' branches with the  
tackling mix'd  
One would have thought it was, as  
then it stood,  
A growing navy, or a floating wood  
But I have done at last, and do  
confess  
My voyage taught me so much  
tediousness  
In short, the Heav'ns must needs  
propitious be,  
Because Lucasia was concern'd in  
me

### Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia

#### I

COME, my Lucasia, since we see  
That miracles men's faith do  
move,  
By wonder and by prodigy  
To the dull angry world let's  
prove  
There's a religion in our Love

#### II

For though we were design'd t' agree,  
That Fate no liberty destroys,  
But our Election is as free  
As Angels', who with greedy  
choice  
Are yet determin'd to their  
joys 10

#### III

Our hearts are doubled by the loss,  
Here mixture is addition grown,  
We both diffuse, and both ingross  
And we whose minds are so much  
one,  
Never, yet ever are alone.

#### IV

We court our own captivity  
Than thrones more great and  
innocent  
'Twere banishment to be set free,  
Since we wear fetters whose intent  
Not bondage is but ornament. 20

#### V

Divided joys are tedious found,  
And griefs united easier grow  
We are ourselves but by rebound,  
And all our titles shuffled so,  
Both Princes, and both subjects  
too

#### VI

Our hearts are mutual victims laid,  
While they (such power in Friend-  
ship lies)  
Are Altars, Priests, and Off'rings  
made  
And each heart which thus kindly  
dies,  
Grows deathless by the sacrifice 30

### Content, To my dearest Lucasia

#### I

CONTENT, the false World's best  
disguise,  
The search and faction of the wise,  
Is so abstruse and hid in night,  
That, like that Fairy Red-cross  
Knight,  
Who treacherous Falsehood for clear  
Truth had got,  
Men think they have it when they  
have it not

#### II

For Courts Content would gladly  
own,  
But she ne'er dwelt about a  
throne  
And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,  
Are things which do men's senses  
cheat 10  
But grave Experience long since this  
did see,  
Ambition and Content would ne'er  
agree.

# Content, To my dearest Lucasia

## III

Some vainer would Content expect  
 From what their bright outsides reflect  
 But sure Content is more divine  
 Than to be digg'd from rock or mine  
 And they that know her beauties will confess  
 She needs no lustre from a glittering dress

## IV

In Mirth some place her but she scorns  
 Th assistance of such crackling thorns<sup>20</sup>  
 Nor owes herself to such thin sport  
 That is so sharp and yet so short  
 And painters tell us they the same strokes place  
 To make a laughing and a weeping face

## V

Others there are that place Content  
 In liberty from Government  
 But whomsoever Passions deprave  
 Though free from shackles he is a slave  
 Content and Bondage differ only then  
 When we are chain'd by vices, not by men<sup>30</sup>

## VI

Some think the camp Content does know  
 And that she sits on the victor's brow  
 But in his laurel there is seen  
 Often a cypress brow<sup>1</sup> between  
 Nor will Content herself in that place give  
 Where Noise and Tumult and Destruction live

## VII

But yet the most discreet believe  
 The Schools this jewel do receive  
 And thus far strue without dispute  
 Knowledge is still the sweetest fruit<sup>40</sup>  
 But whilst men seek for Truth they lose their peace,  
 And who heaps knowledge sorrow doth increase

## VIII

But now some sullen Hermit smiles  
 And thinks he all the world beguiles  
 And that his cell and dish contain  
 What all mankind wish for in vain  
 But yet his pleasure is follow'd with a groan  
 For man was never born to be alone

## IX

Content herself best comprehends  
 Betwixt two souls and they two friends<sup>50</sup>  
 Whose either joys in both are fix'd  
 And multiplied by being mix'd  
 Whose minds and interests are so the same  
 Their griefs when once imparted, lose that name

## X

These far remov'd from all bold noise  
 And (what is worse) all hollow joys  
 Who never had a mean design  
 Whose flame is serious and divine  
 And calm and even must contented be<sup>59</sup>  
 For they've both Union and Society

## XI

Then my Lucasia we who have  
 Whatever Love can give or crave  
 Who can with pitying scorn survey  
 The trifles which the most betray  
 With innocence and perfect friendship fir'd  
 By Virtue join'd and by our choice retir'd

# Katherine Philips

## XII

Whose mirroirs are the crystal  
 brooks,  
 Or else each other's hearts and  
 looks,  
 Who cannot wish for other things  
 Than privacy and friendship  
 brings 70  
 Whose thoughts and persons chang'd  
 and mixt are one,  
 Enjoy Content, or else the World  
 hath none

## A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucasia and Orinda. Set by Mr. Hen Lawes

*Luc* SAY, my Orinda, why so sad?  
*Orin* Absence from thee doth tear  
 my heart,

Which, since with thine it union had,  
 Each parting splits *Luc* And  
 can we part?

*Orin* Our bodies must *Luc* But  
 never we

Our souls, without the help of  
 Sense,

By ways more noble and more free  
 Can meet, and hold intelligence

*Orin* And yet those Souls, when  
 first they met,

Lookt out at windows through  
 the eyes 10

*Luc* But soon did such acquaint-  
 ance get,

Nor Fate nor Time can them  
 surprise

*Orin* Absence will rob us of that  
 bliss

To which this friendship title  
 brings

Love's fruits and joys are made by this  
 Useless as crowns to captiv'd  
 Kings

*Luc* Friendship's a Science, and we  
 know

There Contemplation's most em-  
 ploy'd

*Orin* Religion's so, but practic too,  
 And both by niceties destroy'd 20

*Luc* But who ne'er parts can never  
 meet,

And so that happiness were lost

*Orin* Thus Pain and Death are  
 sadly sweet,

Since Health and Heav'n such  
 price must cost

## Chorus

But we shall come where no rude  
 hand shall sever,

And there we'll meet and part no  
 more for ever

## To my dear Sister Mrs. C. P on her Marriage

### I

WE will not like those men our  
 offerings pay

Who crown the cup, then think  
 they crown the day

We make no garlands, nor an altar  
 build,

Which help not Joy, but Ostentation  
 yield

Where mirth is justly grounded,  
 these wild toys

Are but a troublesome, and empty  
 noise

### II

But these shall be my great Solem-  
 nities,

Orinda's wishes for Cassandra's  
 bliss

May her Content be as unmix'd  
 and pure

As my Affection, and like that  
 endure, 10

And that strong happiness may she  
 still find

Not owing to her fortune, but her  
 mind

### III

May her Content and Duty be the  
 same,

And may she know no grief but in  
 the name

*To my dear Sister, Mrs C P*

May his and her pleasure and love  
be so  
Involv'd and growing that we may  
not know  
Who most affection or most peace  
engrost  
Whose love is strongest or whose  
bliss is most

iv

May nothing accidental e'er appear  
But what shall with new bonds  
their souls endear 20  
And may they count the hours as  
they pass  
By their own joys, and not by sun  
or glass  
While every day like this may  
sacred prove  
To Friendship Gratitude and  
strictest Love

*To Mr Henry Vaughan,  
Silurist on his Poems*

HAD I ador'd the multitude and  
thence  
Got an antipathy to Wit and Sense  
And hugg'd that fate in hope the  
World would grant  
Twas good affection to be igno-  
rant  
Yet the least ray of thy bright fancy  
seen  
I had converted or excuseless been,  
For each birth of thy Muse to after  
times  
Shall expiate for all this Ages  
crimes  
First shines thy Amoret twice  
crown'd by thee  
Once by thy love next by thy  
poetry 10  
Where thou the best of unions dost  
dispend  
Truth cloth'd in Wit, and Love in  
Innocence  
So that the muddiest lovers may  
learn here  
No Fountains can be sweet that are  
not clear

There Juvenal reviv'd by thee  
declares  
How flat Man's joys are and how  
mean his cares  
And generously upbraids the World  
that they  
Should such a value for their ruin  
pay  
But when thy sacred Muse diverts  
her quill  
The landskip to design of Leon's  
Hill 20  
As nothing else was worthy her or  
thee  
So we admire almost t' idolatry  
What savage breast would not be  
rap'd to find  
Such jewels in such cabinets en-  
shrin'd?  
Thou (fill'd with joys too great to  
see or count)  
Descend'st from thence like Moses  
from the Mount  
And with a candid yet unquestion'd  
awe  
Restor'st the Golden Age when  
Verse was Law  
Instructing us thou so secur'st thy  
fame  
That nothing can disturb it but my  
name 30  
Nay I have hopes that standing  
so near thine  
Twill lose its dross and by degrees  
refine  
Live till the disabus'd World con-  
sent  
All truths of use, or strength or  
ornament  
Are with such harmony by thee  
display'd  
As the whole World was first by  
Number made  
And from the charming rigour  
thy Muse brings  
Learn there's no pleasure but in  
serious things

## Katherine Philips

### A retir'd Friendship. To Ardelia

I

COME, my Ardelia, to this Bower,  
Where kindly mingling souls  
awhile,  
Let's innocently spend an hour,  
And at all serious follies smile

II

Here is no quarrelling for crowns,  
Nor fear of changes in our fate,  
No trembling at the Great One's  
frowns,  
Nor any slavery of state

III

Here's no disguise nor treachery,  
Nor any deep conceal'd design,  
From blood and plots this place is  
free,  
And calm as are those looks of  
thine

IV

Here let us sit and bless our stars,  
Who did such happy quiet give,  
As that remov'd from noise of wars,  
In one another's hearts we live

V

Why should we entertain a fear?  
Love cares not how the World is  
turn'd  
If crowds of dangers should appear,  
Yet Friendship can be uncon-  
cern'd

20

VI

We wear about us such a charm,  
No horror can be our offence,  
For mischief's self can do no harm  
To Friendship or to Innocence.

VII

Let's mark how soon Apollo's beams  
Command the flocks to quit their  
meat,  
And not entreat the neighbouring  
streams  
To quench their thirst, but cool  
their heat

( 524 )

VIII

In such a scorching age as this,  
Who would not ever seek a shade,  
Deserve their happiness to miss, 31  
As having their own peace  
betray'd

IX

But we (of one another's mind  
Assur'd) the boisterous World  
disdain,  
With quiet souls and unconfin'd  
Enjoy what Princes wish in vain

### To Mrs Mary Carne, when Philaster courted her

As some great Conqueror who  
knows no bounds,  
But hunting Honour in a thousand  
wounds,  
Pursues his rage, and thinks that  
triumph cheap  
That's but attended with the common  
heap,  
Till his more happy fortune doth  
afford  
Some Royal captive that deserv'd  
his sword,  
And only now is of his laurel proud,  
Thinking his dang'rous valour well  
bestow'd,  
But then retreats, and spending  
hate no more,  
Thinks Mercy now what Courage  
was before

10

As cowardice in fight, so equally  
He doth abhor a bloody victory  
So, madam, though your Beauty  
were allow'd  
To be severe unto the yielding  
crowd,  
That were subdu'd ere you an Object  
knew  
Worthy your conquest and your  
mercy too,  
Yet now 'tis gain'd, your victory's  
complete,  
Only your clemency should be as  
great

# To Mrs Mary Carne

None will dispute the power of  
 That under and His creature  
 Have no ye r'p'ly can have  
 It will yet for to His will  
 And with that honor be you  
 From His will compass all the  
 No I go to go to the triumph  
 And I the honor which you  
 Do I like I do you peace  
 In being as to I for they to the  
 And live I do at once if you  
 Not by it to power  
 Take I do be in the way the  
 A matter which I do not see  
 Put my state the world of one  
 One I do I do know  
 Thus shall you be as Honor as I  
 Who have the world of you town  
 Thus the religion due to you  
 Shall be as I as I do  
 And that Devotion shall thus bless  
 Which Law and Reason do a temp  
 The world shall join maintaining  
 Who shall most thank you for  
 I do I do I do

To Mr J B the noble  
 Critander upon a Com  
 position of his which he  
 was not willing to own  
 publicly

As a man of great and noble  
 And I do to make I do I do  
 Ye I do I do I do I do  
 Which speaks in a I do I do  
 So the I do of thy so I do  
 And the I do I do I do  
 As the I do I do I do  
 But I do I do I do I do  
 Thus we do I do I do  
 And I do I do I do I do  
 Now the I do I do I do  
 Later I do I do I do I do  
 Ye we I do I do I do  
 In I do I do I do I do  
 And that I do I do I do  
 Thy works could never a resem  
 blance find  
 That I do I do I do I do  
 At one great stroke discover and  
 command  
 Which cleareth times and things  
 before who eye  
 Nor men nor notions dare put on  
 disguise

## Katherine Philips

And were all authors now as much  
forgot  
As prosperous Ignorance herself  
would plot,  
Had we the rich supplies of thy own  
breast,  
The knowing World would never  
miss the rest  
Men did before from Ignorance  
take their fame,  
But Learning's self is honour'd by  
thy name  
Thou studiest not belief to intro-  
duce  
Of novelties, more fit for show than  
use,  
But think'st it nobler charity t'  
uphold  
The credit and the beauty of the old  
And with one hand canst easily  
support  
Learning and Law, a Temple and  
a Court  
And this secures me for as we  
below  
Valleys from hills, houses from  
churches know,  
But to their fight who stand extremely  
high,  
These forms will have one flat  
equality  
So from a lower soul I well might  
fear  
A critic censure when survey'd too  
near,  
But not from him who plac'd above  
the best,  
Lives in a height which levels all  
the rest

40

To the Excellent Mrs. Anne  
Owen, upon her receiving  
the Name of Lucasia, and  
Adoption into our Society,  
December 28, 1651

WE are complete, and Fate hath  
now  
No greater blessing to bestow.

( 526 )

Nay, the dull World must now  
confess,  
We have all worth, all happiness  
Annals of State are trifles to our  
fame,  
Now 'tis made sacred by Lucasia's  
name

But as though through a burning-  
glass  
The Sun more vigorous doth pass,  
Yet still with general freedom  
shines,  
For that contracts, but not con-  
fines  
So though by this her beams are  
fix'd here,  
Yet she diffuses Glory everywhere

Her mind is so entirely bright,  
The splendour would but wound  
our sight,  
And must to some disguise submit,  
Or we could never worship it  
And we by this relation are allow'd  
Lustre enough to be Lucasia's cloud

Nations will own us now to be  
A Temple of Divinity,  
And pilgrims shall ten ages hence  
Approach our tombs with  
reverence  
May then that time which did such  
bliss convey,  
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day

To the truly Noble Mrs.  
Anne Owen, on my first  
Approaches

MADAM,  
AS in a triumph conquerors admit  
Their meanest captives to attend on  
it,  
Who, though unworthy, have the  
power confest,  
And justifi'd the yielding of the rest  
So when the busy World (in hope t'  
excuse  
Their own surprise) your Conquests  
do peruse,

## *To the truly Noble Mrs Anne Owen*

And find my name they will be apt  
to say  
Your charms were blinded, or else  
thrown away  
There is no honour got in gaining me  
Who am a prize not worth your  
victory 10  
But this will clear you that tis  
general  
The worst applaud what is admir'd  
by all  
But I have plots in t for the way  
to be  
Secure of fame to all posterity  
Is to obtain the honour I pursue  
To tell the World I was subdu'd by  
you  
And since in you all wonders  
common are  
Your votaries may in your virtues  
share  
While you by noble magic worth  
impart  
She that can conquer can reclaim 7  
heart 0  
Of this creation I shall not despair  
Since for your own sake it concerns  
your care  
For tis more honour that the world  
should know  
You made a noble Soul than found  
it so

### Lucasia

Nor to oblige Lucasia by my voice  
To boast my fate or justify my  
choice  
Is this design'd, but pity does  
engage  
My pen to rescue the declining Age  
For since tis grown in fashion to be  
bad  
And to be vain or angry proud or mad  
(While in their vices only men agree)  
Ist thought the only modern gallantry  
How would some brave examples  
check the crimes  
And both reproach and yet reform  
the times? 10

Nor can Morality itself reclaim  
Th apostate World like my Lucasia's  
name  
Lucasia whose rich soul had it been  
known  
In that time th Ancients call'd the  
Golden one,  
When Innocence and Greatness were  
the same  
And men no battles knew but in a  
game  
Choosing what Nature not what Art  
prefers  
Poets were Judges Kings Philo  
sophers  
Even then from her the wise would  
copies draw  
And she to th infant world had  
giv'n a law 20  
That souls were made of Number  
could not be  
An observation but a prophecy  
It meant Lucasia whose harmonious  
state  
The Spheres and Muses only imitate  
But as then Music is best under  
stood  
When every chord's examin'd and  
found good  
So what in others Judgement is and  
Will  
In her is the same even Reason still  
And as some colour various seems  
but yet  
Tis but our difference in considering  
it 30  
So she now light and then does  
light dispense  
But is one shining orb of excellence  
And that so piercing when she  
judgement takes  
She doth not search but intuition  
makes  
And her discoveries more easy are  
Than Caesar's Conquest in his Pontic  
War  
As bright and vigorous her beams  
are pure  
And in their own rich candour so  
secure



## Katherine Philips

That had she liv'd where legends  
were devised,  
Rome had been just, and she been  
canonized 40  
Nay Innocence herself less clear  
must be,  
If Innocence be anything but she  
For virtue's so congenial to her  
mind,  
That liquid things, or friends, are  
less combin'd  
So that in her that sage his wish had  
seen,  
And virtue's self had personated  
been  
Now as distill'd simples do agree,  
And in th' alembic lose variety  
So virtue, though in pieces scatter'd  
'twas,  
Is by her mind made one rich useful  
mass 50  
Nor doth Discretion put Religion  
down,  
Nor hasty Zeal usurp the judgement's  
crown  
Wisdom and Friendship have one  
single throne,  
And make another friendship of  
their own  
Each sev'ral piece darts such fierce  
pleasing rays,  
Poetic Lovers would but wrong in  
praise  
All hath proportion, all hath come-  
liness,  
And her Humility alone excess  
Her modesty doth wrong a worth  
so great,  
Which Calumny herself would  
nobler treat 60  
While true to Friendship and to  
Nature's trust,  
To her own merits only she's un-  
just  
But as Divinity we best declare  
By sounds as broken as our notions  
are,  
So to acknowledge such vast  
eminence,  
Imperfect wonder is our eloquence.

No pen Lucasia's glories can re-  
late,  
But they admire best who dare  
imitate

### Wiston Vault

AND why this vault and tomb?  
Alike we must  
Put off distinction, and put on our  
dust  
Nor can the stateliest fabric help to  
save  
From the corruptions of a common  
grave,  
Nor for the Resurrection more  
prepare,  
Than if the dust were scatter'd into  
air  
What then? Th' ambition's just,  
say some, that we  
May thus perpetuate our memory  
Ah false vain task of Art! ah poor  
weak Man!  
Whose monument does more than's  
merit can 10  
Who by his friends' best care and  
love's abus'd,  
And in his very Epitaph accus'd  
For did they not suspect his Name  
would fall,  
There would not need an Epitaph  
at all  
But after death too I would be  
alive,  
And shall, if my Lucasia do, sur-  
vive  
I quit these pomps of death, and am  
content,  
Having her heart to be my monu-  
ment  
Though ne'er stone to me, 'twill  
stone for me prove,  
By the peculiar miracles of Love 20  
There I'll inscription have which no  
tomb gives,  
Not, Here Orinda lies, but, Here  
she lives

# *Friendship in Emblem, or the Seal*

Friendship in Emblem or  
the Seal To my dearest  
Lucasia

I

THE Hearts thus intermix'd speak  
A love that no bold shock can  
break

For join'd and growing both in one,  
None can be disturb'd alone

II

That means a mutual Knowledge  
too

For what is t either heart can do  
Which by its panting sentinel  
It does not to the other tell?

III

That Friendship hearts so much  
refines

It nothing but itself designs 10  
The hearts are free from lower  
ends

For each point to the other tends

IV

They flame, tis true and several  
ways

But still those Flames do so much  
raise

That while to either they incline  
They yet are noble and divine

V

From smoke or hurt those flames are  
free

From grossness or mortality  
The heart (like Moses Bush pre-  
sumed)

Warm'd and enlightened not  
consumed 20

VI

The Compasses that stand above  
Express this great immortal Love,  
For friends, like them, can prove  
this true,

They are and yet they are not, two

VII

And in their posture is exprest  
Friendship's exalted interest  
Each follows where the other leans  
And what each does, this other  
means

VIII

And as when one foot does stand fast  
And t' other circles seeks to cast 30  
The steady part does regulate  
And make the wandrer's motion  
straight

IX

So friends are only two in this  
T reclaim each other when they miss  
For whosoe'er will grossly fall  
Can never be a friend at all

X

And as that useful instrument  
For even lines was ever meant  
So Friendship from good Angels  
springs

To teach the world heroic things 40

XI

As these are found out in design  
To rule and measure every line,  
So Friendship governs actions best  
Prescribing unto all the rest

XII

And as in Nature nothing's set  
So just as lines in number met  
So Compasses for these being made  
Do friendship's harmony persuade

XIII

And like to them so friends may own  
Extension not division 50  
Their points, like bodies separate  
But head like souls knows no such  
fate

XIV

And as each part so well is knit  
That their embraces ever fit  
So friends are such by destiny  
And no third can the place supply

XV

There needs no Motto to the Seal  
But that we may the mind reveal  
To the dull eye it was thought fit  
That Friendship only should be  
writ 60

XVI

But as there are degrees of bliss  
So there's no Friendship meant by  
this  
But such as will transmit to Fame  
Lucasia and Orinda's Name

## Katherine Philips

In Memory of F. P. who  
died at Acton on the 24 of  
May, 1660, at Twelve and  
an Half of Age

If I could ever write a lasting verse,  
It should be laid, dear Saint, upon  
thy hearse

But Sorrow is no Muse, and does  
confess,

That it least can, what it would most  
express

Yet that I may some bounds to  
Grief allow,

I'll try if I can weep in numbers  
now

Ah, beauteous blossom, too untimely  
dead !

Whither, ah, whither is thy sweet-  
ness fled ?

Where are the charms that always  
did arise

From the prevailing language of thy  
eyes ? 10

Where is thy beauteous and lovely  
mien,

And all the wonders that in thee  
were seen ?

Alas ! in vain, in vain on thee I rave ,  
There is no pity in the stupid grave  
But so the bankrupt sitting on the  
brim

Of those fierce billows which had  
ruin'd him,

Begs for his lost estate, and does  
complain

To the inexorable floods in vain  
As well we may enquire when roses  
die,

To what retirement their sweet odours  
fly ; 20

Whither their virtues and their  
blushes haste,

When the short triumph of their life  
is past ,

Or call their perishing beauties back  
with tears,

As add one moment to thy finish'd  
years

No, thou art gone, and thy presaging  
mind

So thriftily thy early hours de-  
sign'd,

That hasty Death was baffled in his  
pride,

Since nothing of thee but thy body  
di'd

Thy soul was up betimes, and so  
concern'd

To grasp all excellence that could  
be learn'd, 30

That finding nothing fill her thirsting  
here,

To the spring-head she went to  
quench it there ,

And so prepar'd, that being freed  
from sin

She quickly might become a  
Cherubin

Thou wert all Soul, and through  
thy eyes it shin'd

Asham'd and angry to be so con-  
fin'd,

It long'd to be uncag'd, and thither  
flown

Where it might know as clearly as  
'twas known

In these vast hopes we might thy  
change have found,

But that Heav'n blinds whom it  
decrees to wound 40

For parts so soon at so sublime a  
pitch,

A judgement so mature, fancy so  
rich,

Never appear unto unthankful Men,  
But as a vision to be hid again

So glorious scenes in masques,  
spectators view

With the short pleasure of an hour  
or two ,

But that once past, the ornaments  
are gone,

The lights extinguish'd, and the  
curtains drawn

Yet all these gifts were thy less  
noble part,

Not was thy head so worthy as thy  
heart, 50

## *In Memory of F P*

Where the Divine Impression shin'd  
 so clear  
 As snatch'd thee hence and yet  
 endear'd thee here  
 For what in thee did most command  
 our love  
 Was both the cause and sign of thy  
 remove  
 Such fools are we so fatally we  
 choose  
 That what we most would keep we  
 soonest lose  
 The humble greatness of thy pious  
 thought  
 Sweetness unforc'd and bashfulness  
 untaught  
 The native candour of thine open  
 breast  
 And all the beams wherein thy  
 worth was drest 60  
 Thy wit so bright so piercing and  
 immense  
 Adorn'd with wise and lovely inno-  
 cence  
 Might have foretold thou wert not  
 so complete  
 But that our joy might be as short  
 as great  
 So the poor swain beholds his  
 ripen'd corn  
 By some rough wind without a sickle  
 torn  
 Never ah! never let sad parents  
 guess  
 At one remove of future happiness  
 But reckon children mong those  
 passing joys  
 Which one hour gives and the  
 next hour destroys 70  
 Alas! we were secure of our con-  
 tent  
 But find too late that it was only  
 lent  
 To be a mirror wherein we may see  
 How frail we are how spotless we  
 should be  
 But if to thy blest soul my grief  
 appears  
 Forgive and pity these injurious  
 tears

Impute them to Affection's sad  
 excess  
 Which will not yield to Nature's  
 tenderness  
 Since 'twas through dearest ties and  
 highest trust  
 Continued from thy cradle to thy  
 dust 80  
 And so rewarded and confirm'd by  
 thine  
 That (woe is me!) I thought thee  
 too much mine  
 But I'll resign and follow thee as  
 fast  
 As my unhappy minutes will make  
 haste  
 Till when the fresh remembrances  
 of thee  
 Shall be my Emblems of Mortality  
 For such a loss as this (bright Soul!)  
 is not  
 Ever to be repaired or forgot

In Memory of that excellent  
 Person Mrs Mary Lloyd  
 of Bodidrist in Denbigh  
 shire who died Nov 13  
 1656 after she came thither  
 from Pembroke shire

I CANNOT hold for though to write  
 were rude  
 Yet to be silent were ingratitude  
 And folly too for if posterity  
 Should never hear of such an one as  
 thee  
 And only know this ages brutish  
 fame  
 They would think Virtue nothing  
 but a name  
 And though far abler pens must her  
 define  
 Yet her adoption hath engaged  
 mine  
 And I must own where merit shines  
 so clear  
 'Tis hard to write but harder to  
 forbear 10

## Katherine Philips

Spung from an ancient and an  
honour'd stem,  
Who lent her lustre, and she paid  
it them,  
Who still in great and noble things  
appear'd,  
Whom all their country lov'd, and  
yet they fear'd  
Match'd to another good and great  
as they,  
Who did their country both oblige  
and sway  
Behold herself, who had without  
dispute,  
More than both families could  
contribute  
What early beauty Grief and Age  
had broke,  
Her lovely reliques and her offspring  
spoke<sup>20</sup>  
She was by Nature and her parents'  
care,  
A woman long before most others are  
But yet that antedated season she  
Improv'd to Virtue, not to Liberty  
For she was still in either state of life,  
Meek as a virgin, prudent as a wife  
And she well knew, although so  
young and fair,  
Justly to mix Obedience, Love, and  
Care,  
Whil'st to her children she did still  
appear  
So wisely kind, so tenderly severe,  
That they from her rule and example  
brought<sup>31</sup>  
A native Honour, which she stamp't  
and taught  
Nor can a single pen enough com-  
mend  
So kind a sister and so clear a friend  
A wisdom from above did her  
secure,  
Which as 'twas peaceable, was ever  
pure  
And if well-order'd Commonwealths  
must be  
Patterns for every private family,

Her house, rul'd by her hand and  
by her eye,  
Might be a pattern for a Monarchy  
Solomon's wisest woman less could  
do,<sup>41</sup>  
She built her house, but this  
preserv'd hers too  
She was so pious that when she did die,  
She scarce chang'd place, I'm sure  
not company  
Her Zeal was primitive and practice  
too,  
She did believe, and pray, and read,  
and do  
A firm and equal soul she had  
engrost,  
Just ev'n to those that disoblig'd  
her most  
She grew to love those wrongs she  
did receive  
For giving her the power to forgive  
Her alms I may admire, but not  
relate,<sup>51</sup>  
But her own works shall praise her  
in the gate  
Her life was chequer'd with afflictive  
years,  
And even her comfort season'd in  
her tears  
Scarce for a husband's loss her  
eyes were dried<sup>1</sup>,  
And that loss by her children half  
supplied,  
When Heav'n was pleas'd not these  
dear props t' afford,  
But tore most off by sickness or by  
sword  
She, who in them could still their  
father boast,  
Was a fresh widow every son she lost  
Litigious hands did her of right  
deprive,<sup>61</sup>  
That after all 'twas penance to  
survive  
She still these griefs had nobly  
undergone,  
Which few support at all, but better  
none

<sup>1</sup> Orig 'dri'd' and 'suppli'd' which is not quite negligible  
( 53<sup>2</sup> )

## *In Memory of Mrs Mary Lloyd*

Such a submissive greatness who can  
find?  
A tender heart with so resolv'd  
a mind<sup>1</sup>  
But she though sensible was still  
the same,  
Of a resigned soul untainted fame,  
Nor were her virtues coarsely set,  
for she  
Out-did example in civility 70  
To bestow blessings to oblige  
relieve  
Was all for which she could endure  
to live  
She had a joy higher in doing good  
Than they to whom the benefit  
accru'd  
Though none of Honour had a  
quicker sense  
Never had woman more of compla-  
cence<sup>1</sup>  
Yet lost it not in empty forms but  
still  
Her Nature noble was her soul  
gentle<sup>2</sup>  
And as in youth she did attract (for  
she  
The verdure had without the vanity)  
So she in age was mild and grave  
to all, 81  
Was not morose but was majestical  
Thus from all other women she  
had skill  
To draw their good but nothing of  
their ill.  
And since she knew the mad  
tumultuous World  
Saw crowns revers'd temples to  
ruin hurl'd  
She in retirement chose to shine and  
burn  
As a bright lamp shut in some Roman  
urn  
At last when spent with sickness  
grief and age  
Her Guardian Angel did her death  
presage 90

(So that by strong impulse she  
cheerfully  
Dispens'd blessings and went home  
to die  
That so she might, when to that  
place remov'd  
Marry his ashes whom she ever  
lov'd)  
She died gain'd a reward, and paid  
a debt  
The Sun himself did never brighter  
set  
Happy were they that knew her and  
her end  
More happy they that did from her  
descend  
A double blessing they may hope to  
have  
One she convey'd to them and one  
she gave 100  
All that are hers are therefore sure  
to be  
Blest by inheritance and legacy  
A Royal Birth had less advantage  
been  
Tis more to die a Saint than  
live a Queen.

To the truly competent  
Judge of Honour Lucasia  
upon a scandalous Libel  
made by J J

HONOUR which differs man from  
man much more  
Than Reason differ'd him from  
beasts before  
Suffers this common fate of all things  
good  
By the blind World to be misunder-  
stood  
For as some heathens did their Gods  
confine  
While in a bird or beast they made  
their shrine

<sup>1</sup> Note the French accent

This seems worth keeping both as a document of form and because of the horrible degradation of 'genteel' in meaning

## *Katherine Philips*

Depos'd their Deities to earth, and  
 then  
 Offer'd them rites that were too low  
 for Men  
 So those who most to Honour  
 sacrifice,  
 Prescribe to her a mean and weak  
 disguise, 10  
 Imprison herto others' false applause,  
 And from Opinion do receive their  
 laws  
 While that inconstant Idol they  
 implore,  
 Which in one breath can murder  
 and adore  
 From hence it is that those who  
 Honour court,  
 (And place her in a popular report)  
 Do prostitute themselves to sordid  
 Fate,  
 And from their being oft degenerate  
 And thus their Tenents<sup>1</sup> too are  
 low and bad,  
 As if 'twere honourable to be mad  
 Or that their Honour had concern'd  
 been 21  
 But to conceal, not to forbear, a sin  
 But Honour is more great and more  
 sublime,  
 Above the battery of Fate or Time  
 We see in Beauty certain airs are  
 found,  
 Which not one grace can make,  
 but all compound  
 Honour's to th' mind as Beauty to  
 the sense,  
 The fair result of mix'd excellence  
 As many diamonds together lie,  
 And dart one lustre to amaze the  
 eye 30  
 So Honour is that bright aethereal  
 ray  
 Which many stars doth in one light  
 display  
 But as that Beauty were as truly  
 sweet,  
 Were there no tongue to praise, no  
 eye to see 't,

And 'tis the privilege of a native  
 Spark,  
 To shed a constant splendour in the  
 dark  
 So Honour is its own reward and  
 end,  
 And satisfied within, cannot descend  
 To beg the suffrage of a vulgar  
 tongue,  
 Which by commending Virtue doth  
 it wrong 40  
 It is the charter of a noble action,  
 That the performance giveth satis-  
 faction  
 Other things are below 't, for from  
 a clown  
 Would any Conqueror receive his  
 crown?  
 'Tis restless cowardice to be a drudge  
 To an uncertain and unworthy  
 judge  
 So the Cameleon, who lives on air,  
 Is of all creatures most inclin'd to  
 fear  
 But peaceable reflections on the  
 mind,  
 Will in a silent shade Contentment  
 find 50  
 Honour keeps court at home, and  
 doth not fear  
 To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted  
 there  
 While I have this retreat, 'tis not  
 the noise  
 Of slander, though believ'd, can  
 wrong my joys  
 There is advantage in't for gold  
 uncoin'd  
 Had been unuseful, not with glory  
 shin'd  
 This stamp'd my innocency in the  
 ore,  
 Which was as much, but not so  
 bright, before  
 Till an Alembic wakes and outward  
 draws,  
 The strength of sweets lies sleeping  
 in their cause 60

<sup>1</sup> 'Tenant' or 'tenet'? The latter better

## *To the truly competent Judge of Honour*

So this gave me an opportunity  
To feed upon my own Integrity  
And though their judgement I must  
still disclaim  
Who can nor give nor take away  
a fame  
Yet I'll appeal unto the knowing  
few  
Who dare be just and nip my heart  
to you

To Antenor on a Paper of  
mine which J J threatens  
to publish to prejudice  
him

Must then my crimes become thy  
scandal too?

Why sure the Devil hath not much  
to do

The weakness of the other charge  
is clear

When such a trifle must bring up  
the rear

But this is mad design for who  
before

Lost hisrepute upon another's score?  
My love and life I must confess are  
thine

But not my errors they are only  
mine

And if my faults must be for thine  
allow'd

It will be hard to dissipate the cloud  
For Eve's rebellion did not Adam  
blast

Until himself forbidden fruit did  
taste

'Tis possible this magazine of Hell  
(Whose name would turn a verse  
into a spell

Whose mischief is congenial to his  
life)

May yet enjoy an honourable wife  
Nor let his ill be reckoned as her  
blame

Nor yet my follies blast Antenor's  
name

But if those lines a punishment  
could call

Lasting and great as this dark  
lanthorn's gall

Alone I'd court the torments with  
content

To testify that thou art innocent  
So if my ink through malice prov'd  
a stain

My blood should justly wash it off  
again

But since that mint of slander could  
invent

To make so dull a rhyme his instru-  
ment

Let verse revenge the quarrel But  
he's worse

Than wishes and below a Poet's  
curse

And more than this Wit knows not  
how to give

Let him be still himself, and let him  
live

Rosania shadowed whilst  
Mrs Marv Awbrey

If any could my dear Rosania hate  
They only should her Character  
relate

Truth shines so bright there that an  
enemy

Would be a better orator than I  
Love stifles language and I must  
confess

I had said more if I had lov'd  
less

Yet the most critical who that face  
see

Will ne'er suspect a partiality  
Others by time and by degrees  
persuade

But her first look doth every heart  
invade

She hath a face so eminently bright  
Would make a Lover of an Anchorite  
A face where conquest mixt with  
modesty

Are both completed in Divinity



## Katherine Philips

Not her least glance but sets a heart  
on fire,  
And checks it if't should too much  
aspire  
Such is the magic of her looks, the  
same  
Beam doth both kindle and refine  
our flame  
If she doth smile, no painter e'er  
would take  
Another rule when he would Mercy  
make 20  
And Heav'n to her such splendour  
hath allow'd,  
That no one posture can her beauty  
cloud  
For if she frown, none but would  
fancy then  
Justice descended here to punish  
men  
Her common looks I know not how  
to call  
Any one Grace, they are compos'd  
of all  
And if we mortals could the doctrine  
reach,  
Her eyes have language, and her  
looks do teach  
And as in palaces the outmost,  
worst  
Rooms entertain our wonder at the  
first, 30  
But once within the Presence-  
Chamber door,  
We do despise whate'er we saw  
before  
So when you with her mind acquaint-  
ance get,  
You'll hardly think upon the  
cabinet  
Her soul, that ray shot from the  
Deity,  
Doth still preserve its native purity,  
Which earth can neither threaten  
nor allure,  
Nor by false joys defile it, or ob-  
scure  
The innocence which in her heart  
doth dwell,  
Angels themselves can only parallel

More gently soft than is an evening  
shower 41  
And in that sweetness there is  
coucht a power,  
Which scorning Pride, doth think it  
very hard  
That modesty should need so mean  
a guard  
Her Honour is protected by her eyes,  
As the old flaming Sword kept  
Paradise  
Such constancy of Temper, Truth  
and Law,  
Guides all her actions, that the  
World may draw  
From her one soul the noblest  
precedent  
Of the most safe, wise, virtuous  
government 50  
And as the highest element is clear  
From all the tempests which disturb  
the air  
So she above the World and its rude  
noise,  
Above our storms a quiet calm  
enjoys  
Transcendent things her noble  
thoughts sublime,  
Above the faults and trifles of the  
time  
Unlike those gallants which take far  
less care  
To have their souls, than make their  
bodies fair,  
Who (sick with too much leisure)  
time do pass  
With these two books, Pride, and a  
looking-glass 60  
Plot to surprise men's hearts, their  
pow'r to try,  
And call that Love, which is mere  
Vanity  
But she, although the greatest  
Murderer,  
(For ev'ry glance commits a  
Massacre)  
Yet glories not that slaves her power  
confess,  
But wishes that her monarchy were  
less.

And if she love it is not thrown  
away

As many do only to spend the day,  
But hers is serious and enough alone  
To make all Love become Religion  
And to her friendship she so faith  
ful is 71

That tis her only blot and pre  
judice  
For Envy's self could never error  
see

Within that soul bating her love to  
me

Now as I must confess the name of  
friend

To her that all the World doth  
comprehend

Is a most wild ambition so for me  
To draw her picture is flat lunacy  
Oh! I must think the rest for  
who can write

Or into words confine what's  
infinite? 80

### To the Queen of Inconstancy Regina Collier, in Antwerp

I  
UNWORTHY since thou hast decreed  
Thy Love and honour both shall  
bleed

My Friendship could not choose to  
die

In better time or company

II  
What thou hast got by this exchange  
I thou wilt perceive when the re  
venge

Shall by those treacheries be made  
For which our Faith thou hast  
betray'd

III  
When thy idolaters shall be  
True to themselves and false to  
thee 10

Thou it seest in heart merchandise  
Value not number makes the  
price

IV  
Live to that day my Innocence  
Shall be my Friendships just  
defence

For this is all the World can find  
While thou wert noble I was kind

V  
The desperate game that thou dost  
play

At private ruins cannot stay  
The horrid treachery of that face  
Will sure undo its native place 20

VI  
Then let the Frenchmen never fear  
The victory while thou art there  
For if sins will call judgements down  
Thou hast enough to stock the Town

### To my Excellent Lucasia on our Friendship

I DID not live until this time  
Crown'd my felicity  
When I could say without a crime  
I am not thine but Thee

This carcase breath'd and walkt  
and slept

So that the World believ'd  
There was a soul the motions kept,  
But they were all deceiv'd

For as a watch by art is wound  
To motion such was mine 10  
But never had Orinda found  
A soul till she found thine,

Which now inspires cures and  
supplies

And guides my darkened breast  
For thou art all that I can prize  
My Joy my Life my Rest

No bridegroom's nor crown  
conqueror's mirth

To mine compar'd can be  
They have but pieces of this Earth  
I've all the World in thee 20

Then let our flames still light and  
shine

And no false fear control  
As innocent as our design  
Immortal as our soul

## Katherine Philips

### Rosania's private Marriage

It was a wise and kind design of  
Fate,  
That none should this day's glory  
celebrate  
For 'twere in vain to keep a time  
which is  
Above the reach of all solemnities  
The greatest actions pass without a  
noise,  
And tumults but profane diviner  
joys  
Silence with things transcendent  
nearest suits,  
The greatest Emperors are serv'd by  
mutes  
And as in ancient time the Deities  
To their own priests reveal'd no  
mysteries  
Until they were from all the World  
retir'd,  
And in some cave made fit to be  
inspir'd  
So when Rosania (who hath them  
out-vied,  
And with more justice might be  
deried,  
Who if she had their rites and  
altars, we  
Should hardly think it were  
idolatry)  
Had found a breast that did deserve  
to be  
Receptacle of her Divinity,  
It was not fit the gazing World  
should know  
When she convey'd herself to him,  
or how  
An eagle safely may behold the  
Sun,  
When weak eyes are with too much  
light undone  
Now as in oracles were understood,  
Not the priest's only, but the  
common good  
So her great soul would not imparted  
be,  
But in design of general Charity

She now is more diffusive than  
before,  
And what men then admir'd, they  
now adore  
For this exchange makes not her  
power less,  
But only fitter for the World's  
address  
May then that Mind (which, if we  
will admit  
The Universe one Soul, must sure  
be it)  
Inform this All (which, till she  
shin'd out, lay  
As drowsy men do in a cloudy day),  
And Honour, Virtue, Reason so,  
dispense,  
That all may owe them to her  
influence  
And while this age is thus employ'd,  
may she  
Scatter new blessings for posterity  
I dare not any other wish prefer,  
For only her bestowing adds to her  
And to a soul so in herself complete  
As would be wrong'd by any  
epithet,  
Whose splendour's fix'd unto her  
chosen sphere,  
And fill'd with love and satisfaction  
there,  
What can increase the triumph, but  
to see  
The World her Convert and her  
History?

### Injuria Amicitiae

LOVELY Apostate! what was my  
offence?  
Or am I punish'd for obedience?  
Must thy strange rigour find as  
strange a time?  
The act and season are an equal  
crime  
Of what thy most ingenious scorns  
could do,  
Must I be subject and spectator  
too?

## *Injuria Amicitiae*

Or were the sufferings and sins too few  
 To be sustain'd by me perform'd  
 by you?  
 Unless (with Nero) your uncurb'd  
 desire  
 Be to survey the home you set on  
 fire 10  
 While wounded for and by your  
 power I  
 At once your Martyr and your  
 Prospect die  
 This is my doom and such a  
 riddling fate  
 As all impossibles doth complicate  
 For Obligation here is Injury  
 Constancy Crime Friendship a  
 Heresy  
 And you appear so much on ruin  
 bent  
 Your own destruction gives you  
 now Content  
 For our twin spirits did so long  
 agree  
 You must undo yourself to ruin me  
 And like some frantic Goddess  
 you're inclin'd 21  
 To raze the temple where you are  
 enshrind  
 And what's the miracle of cruelty  
 Kill that which gave you immortality  
 While glorious friendship whence  
 your honour springs  
 Lies gasping in the Crowd of common  
 things  
 And I'm so odious that for being  
 kind  
 Doubled and studied murders are  
 design'd  
 Thy sins all paradox for shouldst  
 thou be  
 Thyself again thou wouldst be severe  
 to me 30  
 For thy repentance coming now so  
 late  
 Would only change and not relieve  
 my fate  
 So dangerous is the consequence  
 of ill  
 Thy least of crimes is to be cruel  
 still

For of thy smiles I should yet more  
 complain,  
 If I should live to be betray'd again  
 I live then (fair Tyrant) in security  
 From both my kindness and revenge  
 be free  
 While I who to the swains had  
 sung thy fame  
 And taught each echo to repeat thy  
 name 40  
 Will now my private sorrow enter  
 tain  
 To rocks and rivers not to thee  
 complain  
 And though before our union  
 cherish'd me  
 'Tis now my pleasure that we  
 disagree  
 For from my passion your last rigour  
 grew  
 And you kill'd me because I  
 worshipp'd you  
 But my worst vows shall be your  
 happiness  
 And not to be disturb'd by my  
 distress  
 And though it would my sacred  
 flames pollute  
 To make my heart a scorn'd pros-  
 titute 50  
 Yet I'll adore the author of my death  
 And kiss the hand that robs me of  
 my breath

### To Regina Collier on her cruelty to Philaster

TRIUMPHANT Queen of scorn! how  
 ill doth sit  
 In all that sweetness such injurious  
 Wit!  
 Unjust and Cruel? what can be  
 your prize  
 To make one heart a double  
 Sacrifice?  
 Where such ingenious rigour you do  
 show  
 To break his heart you break his  
 image too,

## Katherine Philips

And by a tyranny that's strange and  
new,  
You murder him because he  
worships you  
No pride can raise you, or can make  
him start,  
Since Love and Honour do enrich  
his heart 10  
Be wise and good, lest when fate  
will be just,  
She should o'erthrow those glories in  
the dust,  
Rifle your beauties, and you thus  
forlorn  
Make a cheap victim to another's  
scorn,  
And in those fetters which you do  
upbraid,  
Yourself a wretched captive may  
be made  
Redeem the poison'd Age, let it be  
seen  
There's no such freedom as to serve  
a Queen  
But you I see are lately Round-head  
grown,  
And whom you vanquish you insult  
upon 20

### To Philaster, on his Melan- choly for Regina

GIVE over now thy tears, thou  
vain  
And double Murderer,  
For every minute of thy pain  
Wounds both thyself and her  
Then leave this dullness, for 'tis  
our belief,  
Thy Queen must cure, or not  
deserve, thy grief

### Philoclea's parting

KINDER than a condemn'd man's  
reprieve,  
Was your dear company that bad  
me live

( 54<sup>o</sup> )

When by Rosania's silence I had  
been  
The wretched'st martyr any age hath  
seen  
But as when traitors faint upon the  
rack,  
Tormenters strive to call their spirits  
back,  
Not out of kindness to preserve  
their breath,  
But to increase the torments of their  
Death  
So was I rais'd to this glorious  
state,  
To make my fall the more  
unfortunate 10  
But this I know, none ever died  
before  
Upon a sadder or a nobler score

### To Rosania, now Mrs Montague, being with her

I  
As men that are with visions grac'd,  
Must have all other thoughts dis-  
plac'd,  
And buy those short descents of Light  
With loss of sense or spirit's flight

II  
So since thou wert my happiness,  
I could not hope the rate was less,  
And thus the Vision which I gain  
Is short t' enjoy, and hard t' attain

III  
Ah then ! what a poor trifle's all  
That thing which here we Pleasure  
call, 10  
Since what our very souls hath cost  
Is hardly got and quickly lost !

IV  
Yet is there justice in the fate,  
For should we dwell in blest estate,  
Our joys thereby would so inflame,  
We should forget from whence we  
came

V  
If this so sad a doom can quit  
Me for the follies I commit,

## To Rosania

I et no estrangement on thy part  
Add a new ruin to my heart 20

vi

When on myself I do reflect  
I can no smile from thee expect  
But if thy kindness hath no plea  
Some freedom grant for charity

vii

Else the just World must needs deny  
Our Friendship an eternity  
This love will ne'er that title hold  
For mine's too hot and thine too cold

viii

Divided rivers lose their name,  
And so our too unequal flame 30  
Parted will Passion be in me,  
And an indifference in thee

ix

Thy absence I could easier find  
Provided thou wert well and kind  
Than such a presence as is this  
Made up of snatches of my bliss

x

So when the Earth long gasps for  
rain

If she at last some few drops gain  
She is more parch'd than at first  
That small recruit increas'd the  
thirst 40

### To my Lucasia

LET dull philosophers enquire no  
more

In Nature's womb or causes strive  
to explore

By what strange harmony and course  
of things

Each body to the whole a tribute  
brings

What secret unions secret neigh-  
bourings make

And of each other how they do par-  
take

These are but low experiments  
but he

That Nature's harmony entire would  
see

Must search agreeing souls sit down  
and view

How sweet the mixture is how full  
how true, 10

By what soft touches spirits greet  
and kiss

And in each other can complete their  
bliss

A wonder so sublime it will admit  
No rude spectator to contemplate it  
The object will refine and he that can  
Friendship revere must be a noble  
man

How much above the common rate  
of things

Must they then be from whom this  
union springs?

But what's all this to me who live  
to be

Disprover of my own mortality? 20  
And he that knew my unimprov'd  
soul

Would say I meant all friendship to  
control

But bodies move in time and so  
must minds

And though thou attempt no easy  
progress finds

Yet quit me not lest I should des-  
perate grow

And to such friendship add some  
patience now

O may good Heaven but so much  
virtue lend

To make me fit to be Lucasia's  
friend?

But I'll forsake myself and seek a  
new

Self in her breast that's far more  
rich and true 30

Thus the poor Bee unmark'd doth  
hum and fly

And drownd with age would unre-  
garded die

Unless some lucky drop of precious  
gum

Do bless the insect with an Amber  
tomb

Then glorious in its funeral the Bee  
Gets Linnence and gets Eternity

## Katherine Philips

### On Controversies in Religion

RELIGION, which true policy be-  
friends,  
Design'd by God to serve Man's  
noblest ends,  
Is by that old Deceiver's subtle play  
Made the chief party in its own  
decay,  
And meets that eagle's destiny,  
whose breast  
Felt the same shaft which his own  
feathers drest  
For that great Enemy of souls per-  
ceiv'd,  
The notion of a Deity was weav'd  
So closely in Man's soul, to ruin  
that,  
He must at once the World depopu-  
late 10  
But as those tyrants who their wills  
pursue,  
If they expound old laws, need make  
no new  
So he advantage takes of Nature's  
light,  
And raises that to a bare useless  
height,  
Or while we seek for Truth, he in the  
quest  
Mixes a Passion, or an Interest,  
To make us lose it, that I know  
not how,  
'Tis not our practice, but our quarrel  
now  
As in the Moon's eclipse some Pagans  
thought  
Their barbarous clamours her deliver-  
ance wrought 20  
So we suppose that truth oppress'd  
lies,  
And needs a rescue by our enmities  
But 'tis injustice, and the mind's  
disease,  
To think of gaining Truth by losing  
Peace  
Knowledge and Love, if true, do  
still unite,  
God's Love and Knowledge are both  
infinite

And though indeed Truth does  
delight to lie  
At some remoteness from a com-  
mon eye,  
Yet 'tis not in a thunder or a noise,  
But in soft whispers and the stiller  
Voice 30  
Why should we then Knowledge so  
rudely treat,  
Making our weapon what was meant  
our meat?  
'Tis Ignorance that makes us quarrel  
so,  
The soul that's dark will be contracted  
too  
Chimæras make a noise, swelling  
and vain,  
And soon resolve to their own smoke  
again  
But a true light the spirit doth  
dilate,  
And robs it of its proud and sullen  
state,  
Makes Love admir'd because 'tis  
understood,  
And makes us wise because it makes  
us good 40  
'Tis to a right prospect of things  
that we  
Owe our Uprightness and our  
Charity  
For who resists a beam when shin-  
ing bright,  
Is not a sinner of a common height  
That state's a forfeiture, and helps  
are spent,  
Not more a Sin, than 'tis a punish-  
ment  
The soul which sees things in their  
native frame,  
Without Opinion's mask or Custom's  
name,  
Cannot be clogg'd to Sense, or  
count that high  
Which hath its estimation from a  
lie 50  
(Mean, sordid things, which by mis-  
take we prize,  
And absent covet, but enjoy'd  
despise)

## On Controversies in Religion

But scorning these hath robb'd them  
of their art  
Fither to swell or to subdue the  
Heart  
And learn'd that generous frame to  
be above  
The World in hopes below it all in  
love  
Touch'd with divine and inward  
life doth run  
Not resting till it hath its centre won  
Moves steadily until it safe doth lie  
I th root of all its immortality 60  
And resting here hath yet activity  
To grow more like unto the Deity  
Good Universal Wise and Just  
as he  
(The same in kind though differing  
in degree)  
I all at the last tis swallowed up and  
grown  
With God and with the whole Crea-  
tion one  
Itself so small a part, I th Whole  
is lost  
And generals have particulars en-  
grost  
That dark contracted personality  
Like mists before the Sun, will from  
it fly 70  
And then the soul one shining  
sphere at length  
With true Love's wisdom fill'd and  
purg'd strength  
Beholds her highest good with open  
face  
And like him all the World she can  
embrace

To the Honoured Lady E C

MADAM

I do not write to you that men may  
know  
How much I m honour'd that I may  
do so  
Nor hope (though I your rich ex-  
ample give)  
To write with more success than  
I can live

To cure the age, nor think I can be  
just  
Who only dare to write because  
I must  
I m full of you, and something must  
express  
To vent my wonder and your pow'r  
confess  
Had I ne'er heard of your illustrious  
name  
Nor known the Scotch or English  
ancient fame 10  
Yet if your glorious frame did but  
appear  
I could have soon read all your  
grandeur there  
I could have seen in each majestic ray  
What greatness ancestors could e'er  
convey  
And in the lustre of your eyes alone  
How near you were allied to the  
Throne  
Which yet doth lessen you who  
cannot need  
Those bright advantages which you  
exceed  
For you are such that your descent  
from Kings  
Receives more honour from you  
than it brings 20  
As much above their glories as our  
toil  
A Court to you were but a hand  
some soil  
And if we name the stock on which  
you grew  
Tis rather to do right to it than  
you  
For those that would your greatest  
splendour see  
Must read your soul more than your  
pedigree  
For as the sacred Temple had with  
out  
Beauty to feed those eyes that gaz'd  
about  
And yet had riches, state and wonder  
more  
For those that stood within the shin-  
ing door, 30



## *Katherine Philips*

But in the Holy Place the admitted  
few,  
Lustre receiv'd and inspiration too  
So though your glories in your face  
be seen,  
And so much bright instruction in  
your mien ,  
You are not known but where you  
will impart  
The treasures of your more illustrious  
heart  
Religion all her odours sheds on  
you,  
Who by obeying vindicate her too  
For that rich beam of Heaven was  
almost  
In nice disputes and false pretences  
lost , 10  
So doubly injur'd, she could scarce  
subsist  
Betwixt the hypocrite and casuist ,  
Till you by great example did con-  
vince  
Us of her nature and her residence  
And chose to show her face, and  
ease her grief,  
Less by your arguments than by  
your life ,  
Which if it should be copied out,  
would be  
A solid body of divinity  
Your principle and practice light  
would give  
What we should do, and what we  
should believe ' 50  
For the extensive knowledge you  
profess,  
You do acquire with more ease than  
confess,  
And as by you knowledge has thus  
obtain'd  
To be refin'd, and then to be  
explain'd  
So in return she useful is to you,  
In practice and in contemplation  
too  
For by the various succours she  
hath lent,  
You act with judgement, and think  
with content

Yet those vast parts with such a  
temper meet,  
That you can lay them at Religion's  
feet 60  
Nor is it half so bold as it is true,  
That Virtue is herself oblig'd to  
you  
For being drest in your subduing  
charms,  
She conquers more than did the  
Roman arms  
We see in you how much that  
Malice lied  
That stuck on goodness any sullen  
pride ,  
And that the harshness some pro-  
fessors wear  
Falls to their own, and not Religion's  
share  
But your bright sweetness if it but  
appear,  
Reclaims the bad, and softens the  
austere 70  
Men talk'd of Honour too, but could  
not tell  
What was the secret of that active  
spell  
That beauteous mantle they to divers  
lent,  
Yet wonder'd what the mighty no-  
thing meant  
Some did confine her to a worthy  
fame,  
And some to Royal parents gave her  
name  
You having claim unto her either  
way,  
By what a King could give, a world  
could pay,  
Have a more living honour in your  
breast,  
Which justifies, and yet obscures the  
rest , 80  
A principle from fame and pomp  
untied,  
So truly high that it despises Pride ,  
Buying good actions at the dearest  
rate,  
Looks down on ill with as much scorn  
as hate ,

## *To the Honoured Lady E C*

Acts things so generous and bravely  
 hard  
 And in obliging finds so much  
 reward  
 So self denying great so firmly  
 just  
 Apt to confer strict to preserve a  
 trust,  
 That all whose honour would be  
 justified  
 Must by your standards have it  
 stamp'd and tried 90  
 But your perfection heightens others  
 crimes  
 And you reproach while you inform  
 the times  
 Which sad advantage you will scarce  
 believe  
 Or if you must you do conceal and  
 grieve  
 You scorn so poor a foil as others  
 ill  
 And are protector to th unhappy  
 still,  
 Yet are so tender when you see a  
 spot  
 You blush for those who for them  
 selves could not  
 You are so much above your sex  
 that we  
 Believe your Life your greatest  
 courtesy 100  
 For women boast they have you  
 while you live  
 A pattern and a representative  
 And future mothers who in child  
 birth groan  
 Shall wish for daughters knowing  
 you are one  
 The world hath Kings whose crowns  
 are cemented  
 Or by the blood they boast, or that  
 they shed  
 Yet these great idols of the stooping  
 crew  
 Have neither pleasure sound nor  
 honour true  
 They either fight or play, and  
 power court  
 In trivial anger or in cruel sport 110

You who a nobler privilege enjoy,  
 (For you can save whom they can  
 but destroy)  
 An Empire have where different  
 mixtures kiss  
 You're grave not sour, and kind  
 but not remiss  
 Such sweetened Majesty, such  
 humble State,  
 Do love and reverence at once  
 create  
 Pardon (dear Madam) these untaught  
 essays  
 I can admire more fitly than I  
 praise  
 Things so sublime are dimly under  
 stood  
 And you are born so great and are  
 so good 120  
 So much above the honour of your  
 name  
 And by neglect do so secure your  
 fame  
 Whose beauty's such as captivates  
 the wise  
 Yet only you of all the World  
 despise  
 That have so vast a knowledge so  
 subdued  
 Religion so adorn'd and so pursued  
 A wit so strong that who would it  
 define  
 Will need one ten times more acute  
 than mine  
 Yet rul'd so that its vigour manag'd  
 thus  
 Becomes at once graceful and  
 generous 130  
 Whose honour has so delicate a  
 sense  
 Who always pardon never give  
 offence  
 Who needing nothing yet to all are  
 kind  
 Who have so large a heart so rich  
 a mind  
 Whose Friendship still's of the oblig  
 ing side  
 And yet so free from Tyranny and  
 Pride,

## Katherine Philips

Who do in love like Jonathan descend,  
And strip yourself to clothe your happy friend,  
Whose kindness and whose modesty is such,  
T' expect so little and deserve so much, 140  
Who have such candid worth, such dear concern,  
Where we so much may love, and so much learn,  
Whose every wonder though it fills and shines,  
It never to an ill excess declines,  
But all are found so sweetly opposite,  
As are in Titian's pieces shade and light  
That he that would your great description try,  
Though he write well, would be as lost as I,  
Who of injurious Zeal convicted stand,  
To draw you with so bold and bad a hand, 150  
But that, like other glories, I presume  
You will enlighten, where you might consume.

### Parting with Lucasia, A Song

I  
WELL, we will do that rigid thing  
Which makes spectators think we part,  
Though Absence hath for none a sting  
But those who keep each other's heart

II  
And when our sense is dispossess,  
Our labouring souls will heave and pant,  
And gasp for one another's breast,  
Since their conveyances they want.

( 546 )

III  
Nay, we have felt the tedious smart  
Of absent Friendship, and do know  
That when we die we can but part,  
And who knows what we shall do now? 12

IV  
Yet I must go we will submit,  
And so our own disposers be,  
For while we nobly suffer it,  
We triumph o'er Necessity

V  
By this we shall be truly great,  
If having other things o'ercome,  
To make our victory complete 19  
We can be conquerors at home

VI  
Nay then to meet we may conclude,  
And all obstructions overthrow,  
Since we our passion have subdu'd,  
Which is the strongest thing I know

### Against Pleasure. Set by Dr Coleman

I  
THERE'S no such thing as Pleasure here,  
'Tis all a perfect cheat,  
Which does but shine and disappear,  
Whose charm is but deceit  
The empty bribe of yielding souls,  
Which first betrays, and then controls

II  
'Tis true, it looks at distance fair,  
But if we do approach,  
The fruit of Sodom will impair,  
And perish at a touch, 10  
In being than in fancy less,  
And we expect more than possess

III  
For by our pleasures we are cloy'd,  
And so Desire is done,  
Or else, like rivers, they make wide  
The channel where they run  
And either way true bliss destroys,  
Making Us narrow, or our Joys

# Against Pleasure

iv

We covet pleasure easily  
 But it not so possess, 20  
 For many things must make it be  
 But one may make it less  
 Nay were our state as we could  
 choose it  
 Twould be consum'd by fear to  
 lose it

v

What art thou then thou wing'd air  
 More weak and swift than Fame?  
 Whose next successor is Despair  
 And its attendant Shame  
 Th' experienc'd Prince then reason  
 had  
 Who said of pleasure It is mad 30

## A Prayer

ETERNAL Reason Glorious Majesty  
 Compar'd to whom what can be said  
 to be?  
 Whose attributes are Thee who art  
 alone  
 Cause of all various things and yet  
 but One  
 Whose Essence can no more be  
 search'd by man  
 Than Heav'n Thy Throne begrasp'd  
 with a span  
 Yet if this great Creation was de-  
 sign'd  
 To several ends fitted for every  
 kind  
 Sure Man (the World's epitome)  
 must be  
 Form'd to the best that is to study  
 Thee 10  
 And as our dignity 'tis duty too  
 Which is summ'd up in this to  
 know and do  
 These comely rows of creatures spell  
 Thy Name  
 Whereby we grope to find from  
 whence they came  
 By Thy own chain of causes brought  
 to think  
 There must be one then find that  
 highest link

( 547 )

Thus all created Excellence we see  
 Is a resemblance faint and dark of  
 Thee  
 Such shadows are produc'd by the  
 moon beams  
 Of trees or houses in the running  
 streams 20  
 Yet by impressions born with us we  
 find  
 How good great, just Thou art how  
 unconfind  
 Here we are swallowed up and gladly  
 dwell  
 Safely adoring what we cannot tell  
 All we know is Thou art supremely  
 good  
 And dost delight to be so under-  
 stood  
 A spicy mountain on the universe  
 On which Thy richest odours do  
 disperse  
 But as the sea to fill a vessel heaves  
 More greedily than any cask re-  
 ceives 30  
 Besieging round to find some gap  
 in it  
 Which will a new infusion admit  
 So dost Thou covet that Thou mayst  
 dispense  
 Upon the empty World Thy influence  
 Lov'st to disburse Thyself in kindness  
 Thus  
 The King of Kings waits to be  
 gracious  
 On this account O God enlarge my  
 heart  
 To entertain what Thou wouldst fain  
 impart  
 Nor let that soul by several titles  
 Thine  
 And most capacious form'd for  
 things Divine 40  
 (So nobly meant that when it most  
 doth miss  
 'Tis in mistaken pantings after  
 bliss)  
 Degrade itself in sordid things de-  
 light  
 Or by profaner mixtures lose its  
 right

N n 2

## Katherine Philips

Oh! that with fixt unbroken thoughts  
it may  
Admire the light which does obscure  
the day  
And since 'tis Angels' work it hath  
to do,  
May its composure be like Angels  
too  
When shall these clogs of Sense and  
Fancy break,  
That I may hear the God within  
me speak? 50  
When with a silent and retirèd art  
Shall I with all this empty hurry  
part?  
To the Still Voice above, my soul  
advance,  
My light and joy plac'd in his  
countenance?  
By whose dispense my soul to such  
frame brought,  
May tame each treach'rous, fix each  
scatt'ring thought,  
With such distinctions all things  
here behold,  
And so to separate each dross from  
gold,  
That nothing my free Soul may  
satisfy, 59  
But t' imitate, enjoy, and study thee

### To Mrs M A upon Absence

I  
'Tis now since I began to die  
Four months, yet still I gasping  
live,  
Wrapp'd up in sorrow do I lie,  
Hoping, yet doubting a reprieve  
Adam from Paradise expell'd  
Just such a wretched being held

II  
'Tis not thy love I fear to lose,  
That will in spite of absence hold,  
But 'tis the benefit and use  
Is lost, as in imprison'd gold 10  
Which though the sum be ne'er so  
great,  
Enriches nothing but conceit

### III

What angry star then governs me  
That I must feel a double smart,  
Prisoner to fate as well as thee,  
Kept from thy face, link'd to thy  
heart?  
Because my love all love excels,  
Must my grief have no parallels?

### IV

Sapless and dead as Winter here  
I now remain, and all I see 20  
Copies of my wild state appear,  
But I am their epitome  
Love me no more, for I am grown  
Too dead and dull for thee to  
own

### To Mrs Mary Awbrey

SOUL of my soul, my Joy, my Crown,  
my Friend,  
A name which all the rest doth  
comprehend,  
How happy are we now, whose souls  
are grown,  
By an incomparable mixture, one  
Whose well-acquainted minds are  
now as near  
As Love, or Vows, or Friendship can  
endear?  
I have no thought but what's to thee  
reveal'd,  
Nor thou desire that is from me  
conceal'd  
Thy heart locks up my secrets richly  
set,  
And my breast is thy private cabinet  
Thou shed'st no tear but what my  
moisture lent, 11  
And if I sigh, it is thy breath is  
spent  
United thus, what horror can appear  
Worthy our sorrow, anger, or our  
fear?  
Let the dull World alone to talk and  
fight,  
And with their vast ambitions Nature  
fright,

## To Mrs Mary Awbrey

Let them despise so innocent a  
flame  
While Envy Pride and Faction  
play their game  
But we by Love sublim'd so high  
shall rise  
To pity Kings and Conquerors  
despise<sup>20</sup>  
Since we that sacred union have  
engrost  
Which they and all the factious  
World have lost

### In Memory of Mr Cartwright

Stray Prince of Fancy stay, we are  
not fit  
To welcome or admire thy raptures  
yet  
Such horrid Ignorance benights the  
times  
That Wit and Honour are become  
our crimes  
But when those happy Powers which  
guard thy dust  
To us and to thy Memory shall be  
just,  
And by a flame from thy blest Genius  
lent  
Rescue us from our dull imprison-  
ment  
Unsequester our Fancies and create  
A worth that may upon thy glories  
wait<sup>10</sup>  
We then shall understand thee and  
descrie  
The splendour of restored Poetry  
Fill when let no bold hand profane  
thy shrine  
Tis high Wit Treason to debase thy  
coin

### Mr Francis Finch the Excellent Palaemon

This is confest presumption for  
had I  
All that rich stock of ingenuity

Which I could wish for this yet  
would it be  
Palaemon's blot a pious injury  
But as no votaries are scorn'd when  
they  
The meanest victim in Religion  
pay  
Not that the Power they worship needs  
a gum  
But that they speak their thanks for  
all with some  
So though the most contemptible  
of all  
That do themselves Palaemon's ser-  
vants call<sup>10</sup>  
I know that Zeal is more than  
sacrifice  
(For God did not the widow's mite  
despise)  
And that Palaemon hath Divinity  
And Mercy is his highest property  
He that doth such transcendent  
merit own  
Must have imperfect offerings or none  
He's one rich lustre which doth rays  
dispense  
As Knowledge will when set in  
Innocence  
For Learning did select his noble  
breast  
Where (in her native majesty) to  
rest<sup>20</sup>  
Free from the tyranny and pride of  
Schools  
Who have confin'd her to pedantic  
rules  
And that gentler<sup>1</sup> error which does  
take  
Offence at Learning for her habits  
sake  
Palaemon hath redeem'd her, who  
may be  
Esteem'd himself an University  
And yet so much a gentleman that he  
Needs not (though he enjoys) a  
pedigree  
Sure he was built and sent to let us  
know

<sup>1</sup> Spelling of 'gentiler' retained for reasons elsewhere given

## *Katherine Philips*

What man completed could both be  
and do 30  
Freedom from vices in him Nature's  
part,  
Without the help of discipline or  
art  
He's his own happiness and his own  
law,  
Whereby he keeps Passion and Fate  
in awe  
Nor was this wrought in him by  
Time and growth,  
His Genius had anticipated both  
Had all men been Palaemons, Pride  
had ne'er  
Taught one man Tyranny, the other  
Fear,  
Ambition had been full as monstrous  
then  
As this ill World doth render  
worthy men 40  
Had men his spirit, they would  
soon forbear  
Grovvelling for dirt, and quarrelling  
for air  
Were his harmonious soul diffus'd  
in all,  
We should believe that men did  
never fall  
It is Palaemon's soul that hath  
engrost  
Th' ingenuous candour that the  
World hath lost,  
Whose own mind seats him quiet,  
safe and high,  
Above the reach of Time or  
Destiny  
'Twas he that rescu'd gasping  
Friendship when  
The bell toll'd for her funeral with  
men 50  
'Twas he that made Friends more  
than Lovers burn,  
And then made Love to sacred  
Friendship turn  
'Twas he turn'd Honour inward, set  
her free  
From titles and from popularity  
Now fix'd to Virtue, she begs praise  
of none,

( 550 )

But 's witness'd and rewarded both  
at home .  
And in his breast this Honour's so  
enshrin'd,  
As the old Law was in the Ark  
confin'd  
To which posterity shall all consent,  
And less dispute than Acts of  
Parliament 60  
He's our original, by whom we see  
How much we fail, and what we  
ought to be  
But why do I to copy him pretend?  
My rhymes but libel whom they  
would commend  
'Tis true, but none can reach what's  
set so high,  
And though I miss, I've noble  
company  
For the most happy language must  
confess,  
It doth obscure Palaemon, not  
express

### To Mrs M A at parting

I  
I HAVE examin'd and do find,  
Of all that favour me,  
There's none I grieve to leave behind  
But only, only thee  
To part with thee I needs must die,  
Could parting sep'rate thee and I

II  
But neither Chance nor Compliment  
Did element our Love,  
'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent  
Us from the quire above 10  
That Friendship Fortune did create,  
Still fears a wound from Time or  
Fate

III  
Our chang'd and mingled souls are  
grown  
To such acquaintance now,  
That if each would resume their  
own,  
Alas ! we know not how  
We have each other so engrost,  
That each is in the union lost

# To Mrs M A at parting

iv

And thus we can no Absence know  
 Nor shall we be confin'd 20  
 Our active souls will daily go  
 To learn each other's mind  
 Nay should we never meet to Sense,  
 Our souls would hold Intelligence

v

Inspired with a flame divine,  
 I scorn to court a stay,  
 I or from that noble soul of thine  
 I neer can be away  
 But I shall weep when thou dost  
 grieve  
 Nor can I die whilst thou dost  
 live 30

vi

By my own temper I shall guess  
 At thy felicity  
 And only like my happiness  
 Because it pleaseth thee  
 Our hearts at any time will tell  
 If thou or I be sick, or well

vii

All Honour sure I must pretend  
 All that is good or Great  
 She that would be Rosania's Friend  
 Must be at least complete 40  
 If I have any bravery  
 'Tis cause I have so much of thee

viii

Thy leiger<sup>1</sup> soul in me shall lie  
 And all thy thoughts reveal  
 Then back again with mine shall fly  
 And thence to me shall stear  
 Thus still to one another tend  
 Such is the sacred Name of Friend

ix

Thus our twin souls in one shall  
 grow  
 And teach the World new love 50  
 Redeem the age and sex and show  
 A flame Fate dares not move  
 And courting Death to be our friend  
 Our lives together too shall end

x

A dew shall dwell upon our Tomb  
 Of such a quality  
 That fighting armies thither come  
 Shall reconcil'd be  
 We'll ask no Epitaph but say  
 ORINDA and ROSANIA 60

xi

To my dearest Antenor, on  
 his Parting

THOUGH it be just to grieve when  
 I must part  
 With him that is the Guardian of  
 my Heart,  
 Yet by a happy change the loss  
 of mine  
 Is with advantage paid in having  
 thine.  
 And I (by that dear guest instructed)  
 find  
 Absence can do no hurt to souls  
 combin'd  
 As we were born to love brought  
 to agree  
 By the impressions of Divine decree  
 So when united nearer we became  
 It did not weaken, but increase our  
 flame 10  
 Unlike to those who distant joys  
 admire  
 But slight them when possess'd of  
 their desire  
 Each of our souls did its own  
 temper fit  
 And in the other's mould so fashion'd  
 it  
 That now our inclinations both are  
 grown  
 Like to our interests and persons  
 one  
 And souls whom such an union  
 fortifies  
 Passion can neer destroy, nor Fate  
 surprise.

<sup>1</sup> The spelling 'leiger' may be worth keeping though leaguer (cf leaguer lass) is best known in this meaning. Some however dispute the identity of these two and identify 'leiger' in the sense of resident stationary with ledger. These words in the passages in which they occur admit of a good deal of argument and were probably not seldom confounded originally.



## Katherine Philips

Now as in watches, though we do  
not know  
When the hand moves, we find it  
still doth go 20  
So I, by secret sympathy inclin'd,  
Will absent meet, and understand  
thy mind,  
And thou at thy return shalt find  
thy heart  
Still safe, with all the love thou  
didst impart  
For though that treasure I have  
ne'er deserv'd,  
It shall with strong religion be  
preserv'd  
And besides this thou shalt in me  
survey  
Thyself reflected while thou art  
away  
For what some forward arts do  
undertake,  
The images of absent friends to  
make, 30  
And represent their actions in a  
glass,  
Friendship itself can only bring to  
pass,  
That magic which both Fate and  
Time beguiles,  
And in a moment runs a thousand  
miles  
So in my breast thy picture drawn  
shall be,  
My Guide, Life, Object, Friend,  
and Destiny  
And none shall know, though they  
employ their wit,  
Which is the right Antenor, thou,  
or it

### Engraven on Mr. John Collier's Tomb-stone at Bedlington

HERE what remains of him doth lie,  
Who was the World's epitome,  
Religion's darling, merchants' glory,  
Men's true delight, and Virtue's  
story,

Who, though a prisoner to the  
grave,  
A glorious freedom once shall have  
Till when no monument is fit,  
But what's beyond our love and wit

### On the little Regina Collier, on the same Tomb-stone

VIRIUE's blossom, Beauty's bud,  
The pride of all that's fair and good,  
By Death's fierce hand was snatch'd  
hence  
In her state of Innocence  
Who by it this advantage gains,  
Her wages got without her pains

### Friendship

LET the dull brutish World that  
know not Love,  
Continue heretics; and disapprove  
That noble flame, but the refin'd  
know,  
'Tis all the Heaven we have here  
below  
Nature subsists by Love, and they  
do tie  
Things to their causes but by  
sympathy  
Love chains the different Elements  
in one  
Great harmony, link'd to the  
Heav'nly Throne  
And as on earth, so the blest quire  
above  
Of Saints and Angels are maintain'd  
by Love, 10  
That is their business and felicity,  
And will be so to all Eternity  
That is the ocean, our affections  
here  
Are but streams borrow'd from the  
fountain there  
And 'tis the noblest argument to  
prove  
A beauteous mind, that it knows  
how to Love

Those kind impressions which Fate  
 can't control  
 Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy  
 soul  
 For Love is all the Arts epitome  
 And is the sum of all Divinity 20  
 He's worse than beast that cannot  
 love and yet  
 It is not bought for money pains or  
 wit  
 For no chance or design can spirits  
 move  
 But the eternal destiny of Love  
 And when two souls are chang'd  
 and mix'd so  
 It is what they and none but they  
 can do  
 This this is Friendship, that  
 abstracted flame  
 Which grovelling mortals know not  
 how to name  
 All Love is sacred and the marriage-  
 tie  
 Hath much of honour and divinity  
 But Lust Design or some unworthy  
 ends 31  
 May mingle there which are despis'd  
 by Friends  
 Passion hath violent extremes and  
 thus  
 All oppositions are contiguous  
 So when the end is serv'd their Love  
 will bate  
 If Friendship make it not more  
 fortunate  
 Friendship that Love's elixir that  
 pure fire  
 Which burns the clearer cause it  
 burns the higher  
 I or Love like earthly fires (which  
 will decay  
 If the material fuel be away) 40  
 Is with offensive smoke accompanied  
 And by resistance only is supplied  
 But Friendship like the fiery element,  
 With its own heat and nourishment  
 content  
 Where neither hurt nor smoke nor  
 noise is made  
 Scorns the assistance of a foreign aid

Friendship (like Heraldry) is hereby  
 known  
 Richest when plainest bravest when  
 alone  
 Calm as a virgin and more innocent  
 Than sleeping doves are and as  
 much content 50  
 As Saints in visions, quiet as the  
 night  
 But clear and open as the summer's  
 light  
 United more than spirits faculties  
 Higher in thoughts than are the  
 eagle's eyes  
 What shall I say? when we true  
 friends are grown  
 We are like—Alas we are like our  
 selves alone

### The Enquiry

I  
 If we no old historians name  
 Authentic will admit  
 But think all said of Friendship's  
 fame  
 But Poetry or Wit  
 Yet what's rever'd by minds so pure  
 Must be a bright Idea sure  
 II  
 But as our immortality  
 By inward sense we find  
 Judging that if it could not be  
 It would not be design'd 10  
 So here how could such copies fall  
 If there were no original?  
 III  
 But if truth be in ancient song  
 Or story we believe  
 If the inspir'd and graver throng  
 Have scorn'd to deceive  
 There have been hearts whose  
 friendship gave  
 Them thoughts at once both soft  
 and brave  
 IV  
 Among that consecrated few  
 Some more seraphic shade 20  
 Lend me a favourable clew  
 Now mists my eyes invade

# Katherine Philips

Why, having fill'd the World with  
fame,  
Left you so little of your flame?

v

Why is't so difficult to see  
Two bodies and one mind?  
And why are those who else agree  
So differently kind?  
Hath Nature such fantastic art,  
That she can vary every heart, 30

vi

Why are the bands of Friendship  
tied  
With so remiss a knot,  
That by the most it is defied,  
And by the rest forgot?  
Why do we step with so light sense  
From friendship to Indifference?

vii

If Friendship sympathy impart,  
Why this ill-shuffled game,  
That heart can never meet with  
heart,  
Or flame encounter flame? 40  
What does this cruelty create?  
Is't the intrigue of Love or Fate?

viii

Had Friendship ne'er been known  
to men,  
(The Ghost at last confest)  
The World had been a stranger then  
To all that Heaven possest  
But could it all be here acquir'd,  
Not Heaven itself would be desir'd

To my Lucasia, in defence  
of declared Friendship

i

O MY Lucasia, let us speak our  
Love,  
And think not that impertinent can  
be,  
Which to us both doth such  
assurance prove,  
And whence we find how justly  
we agree

( 554 )

ii

Before we knew the treasures of our  
Love,  
Our noble aims our joys did  
entertain,  
And shall enjoyment nothing then  
improve?  
'Twere best for us then to begin  
again

iii

Now we have gain'd, we must not  
stop, and sleep  
Out all the rest of our mysterious  
reign. 10  
It is as hard and glorious to keep  
A victory, as it is to obtain

iv

Nay, to what end did we once barter  
minds,  
Only to know and to neglect the  
claim?  
Or (like some wantons) our pride  
pleasure finds,  
To throw away the thing at which  
we aim

v

If this be all our Friendship does  
design,  
We covet not enjoyment then,  
but Power  
To our opinion we our bliss confine,  
And love to have, but not to  
smell, the flower 20

vi

Ah! then let misers bury thus their  
gold,  
Who though they starve, no  
farthing will produce  
But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,  
And sure we cannot spend our  
stock by use

vii

Think not 'tis needless to repeat  
desires,  
The fervent turtles always court  
and bill,  
And yet their spotless passion never  
tires,  
But does increase by repetition  
still.

# To my *Lucasia*

VIII

Although we know we love, yet while  
our soul

Is thus imprison'd by the flesh we  
wear

30

There's no way left that bondage to  
control

But to convey transactions through  
the ear

IX

Nay though we read our passions in  
the eye

It will oblige and please to tell  
them too

Such joys as these by motion  
multiply

Were't but to find that our souls  
told us true

X

Believe not then that being now  
secure

Of either's heart we have no more  
to do

The spheres themselves by motion  
do endure

And they move on by circulation  
too

40

XI

And as a river when it once hath  
paid

The tribute which it to the ocean  
owes,

Stops not but turns and having  
curl'd and play'd

On its own waves the shore it  
overflows

XII

So the soul's motion does not end  
in bliss

But on herself she scatters and  
dilates

And on the object doubles till by  
this

She finds new joys which that  
reflux creates

XIII

But then because it cannot all  
contain

It seeks a vent by telling the glad  
news

50

( 55 )

First to the heart which did its joys  
obtain

Then to the heart which did  
those joys produce

XIV

When my soul then doth such  
excursions make

Unless thy soul delight to meet it  
too

What satisfaction can it give or  
take

Thou being absent at the inter  
view?

XV

'Tis not distrust, for were that plea  
allow'd

Letters and visits all would useless  
grow

Love's whole expression then would  
be its cloud

And it would be refin'd to nothing  
so

60

XVI

If I distrust tis my own worth for  
thee

Tis my own fitness for a love like  
thine,

And therefore still new evidence  
would see

T' assure my wonder that thou  
canst be mine

XVII

But as the morning Sun to drooping  
flowers

As weary travellers a shade do  
find

As to the parched violet evening  
showers

Such is from thee to me a look  
that's kind

XVIII

But when that look is drest in words  
tis like

The mystic pow'r of music's  
unison

70

Which when the finger doth one  
viol strike

The other's string heaves to  
reflection

XIX

Be kind to me, and just then to our  
love,  
To which we owe our free and  
dear converse,  
And let not tract of Time wear or  
remove  
It from the privilege of that  
commerce

XX

Tyrants do banish what they can't  
requite  
But let us never know such mean  
desires,  
But to be grateful to that love  
delight  
Which all our joys and noble  
thoughts inspires 80

### A Reverie<sup>1</sup>

A CHOSEN privacy, a cheap content,  
And all the peace a friendship ever  
lent,  
A rock which civil Nature made a  
seat,  
A willow that repulses all the heat,  
The beauteous quiet of a summer's  
day,  
A brook which sobb'd aloud and  
ran away,  
Invited my repose, and then conspir'd  
To entertain my Fancy thus retir'd  
As Lucian's ferry-man aloft did  
view  
The angry World, and then laugh'd  
at it too 10  
So all its sullen follies seem to me  
But as a too-well acted tragedy  
One dangerous Ambition doth  
befool,  
Another envies to see that man  
rule  
One makes his love the parent of his  
rage,  
For private friendship publicly t'  
engage

And some for Conscience, some for  
Honour die,  
And some are meanly kill'd they  
know not why  
More different than men's faces are  
their ends,  
Whom yet one common ruin can  
make friends 20  
Death, dust and darkness they have  
only won,  
And hastily unto their periods run  
Death is a Leveller, Beauty, and  
Kings,  
And Conquerors, and all those  
glorious things,  
Are tumbled to their graves in one  
rude heap,  
Like common dust as quiet and as  
cheap  
At greater changes who would  
wonder then,  
Since Kingdoms have their Fates as  
well as men?  
They must fall sick and die,  
nothing can be  
In this World certain, but uncer-  
tainty 30  
Since Pow'r and Greatness are such  
slippery things,  
Who'd pity cottages, or envy Kings?  
Now least of all, when, weary of  
deceit,  
The World no longer flatters with  
the great  
Though such confusions here below  
we find,  
As Providence were wanton with  
mankind  
Yet in this chaos some things do  
send forth,  
(Like jewels in the dark) a native  
worth  
He that derives his high Nobility,  
Not from the mention of a pedigree,  
Who thinks it not his praise that  
others know 41  
His ancestors were gallant long  
ago,

<sup>1</sup> Spelt in orig as usual 'resvery'

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Who scorns to boast the glories of<br>his blood                                  | Who ne'er resumes the soul he once<br>did give                                    |
| And thinks he can't be great that is<br>not good                                 | While his Friend's honesty and hon-<br>our live 70                                |
| Who knows the World and what<br>we Pleasure call                                 | And if his Friend's content could<br>cost the price                               |
| Yet cannot sell one conscience for<br>them all,                                  | Would count himself a happy sacri-<br>fice  |
| Who hates to hoard that gold with<br>an excuse                                   | Whose happy days no pride infects<br>nor can                                      |
| For which he can find out a nobler<br>use  | His other titles make him slight the<br>man                                       |
| Who dares not keep that life that he<br>can spend                                | No dark ambitious thoughts do<br>cloud his brow                                   |
| To serve his God, his Country and<br>his Friend 50                               | Nor restless cares when to be great<br>and how                                    |
| Who flattery and falsehood doth so<br>hate                                       | Who scorns to envy wealth where'er<br>it be,                                      |
| He would not buy ten lives at such<br>a rate                                     | But pities such a golden slavery<br>With no mean fawnings can the<br>people court |
| Whose soul than diamonds more<br>rich and clear                                  | Nor wholly slight a popular report  |
| Naked and open as his face doth<br>wear  | Whose house no orphan groans do<br>shake or blast 81                              |
| Who dares be good alone in such a<br>time  | Nor any riot help to serve his<br>taste   |
| When Virtue's held and punish'd as<br>a crime                                    | Who from the top of his pros-<br>perities   |
| Who thinks dark crooked plots a<br>mean defence                                  | Can take a fall, and yet without<br>surprise,                                     |
| And is both safe and wise in Inno-<br>cence,                                     | Who with the same august and even<br>state  |
| Who dares both fight and die but<br>dares not fear                               | Can entertain the best and worst of<br>fate                                       |
| Whose only doubt is if his cause be<br>clear 60                                  | Whose sufferings sweet if Honour<br>once adorn it                                 |
| Whose Courage and his Justice<br>equal worn                                      | Who slight's Revenge, yet does not<br>fear but scorn it                           |
| Can dangers grapple, overcome and<br>scorn                                       | Whose happiness in every fortune<br>lives,  |
| Yet not insult upon a conquer'd foe<br>But can forgive him and oblige him<br>too | For that no fortune either takes or<br>gives 90                                   |
| Whose Friendship is congenial with<br>his soul                                   | Who no unhandsome ways can bribe<br>his Fate                                      |
| Who where he gives a heart, bestows<br>it whole                                  | Nay out of prison marches through<br>the gate,                                    |
| Whose other ties and titles here do<br>end                                       | Who losing all his titles and his<br>self   |
| Or buried or completed in the Friend,  | Nay all the World can never lose<br>himself,                                      |

## Katherine Philips

This Person shines indeed, and he  
that can  
Be Virtuous is the great Immortal  
Man

### A Country-life

How sacred and how innocent  
A country-life appears,  
How free from tumult, discontent,  
From flattery or fears !  
This was the first and happiest life,  
When man enjoy'd himself,  
Till Pride exchanged peace for  
strife,  
And happiness for pelf  
'Twas here the Poets were inspir'd,  
Here taught the multitude , 10  
The brave they here with Honour  
fir'd,  
And civiliz'd the rude,  
That Golden Age did entertain  
No passion but of Love ,  
The thoughts of ruling and of gain  
Did ne'er their fancies move  
None then did envy neighbour's  
wealth,  
Nor plot to wrong his bed  
Happy in friendship and in health,  
On roots, not beasts, they fed 20  
They knew no Law nor Physic then,  
Nature was all their Wit  
And if there yet remain to men  
Content, sure this is it  
What blessings doth this World  
afford  
To tempt or bribe desire?  
Her courtship is all fire and sword,  
Who would not then retire?  
Then welcome, dearest Solitude,  
My great felicity , 30  
Though some are pleas'd to call  
thee rude,  
Thou art not so, but we  
Them that do covet only rest,  
A cottage will suffice  
It is not brave to be possess'd  
Of Earth, but to despise  
Opinion is the rate of things,  
From hence our peace doth flow ,

I have a better Fate than Kings,  
Because I think it so 40  
When all the stormy World doth roar  
How unconcern'd am I !  
I cannot fear to tumble lower  
Who never could be high  
Secure in these unenvied walls  
I think not on the State,  
And pity no man's case that falls  
From his Ambition's height  
Silence and Innocence are safe ,  
A heart that's nobly true 50  
At all these little arts can laugh  
That do the World subdue  
While others revel it in State,  
Here I'll contented sit,  
And think I have as good a Fate  
As wealth and pomp admit  
Let some in courtship take delight,  
And to th' Exchange resort ,  
Then revel out a winter's night,  
Not making love, but sport 60  
These never know a noble flame,  
'Tis lust, scorn, or Design  
While Vanity plays all their game,  
Let Peace and Honour mine  
When the inviting Spring appears,  
To Hyde Park let them go,  
And hasting thence be full of fears  
To lose Spring-Garden show  
Let others (nobler) seek to gain  
In knowledge happy fate, 70  
And others busy them in vain  
To study ways of State  
But I, resolv'd from within,  
Confirmed from without,  
In privacy intend to spin  
My future minutes out  
And from this hermitage of mine  
I banish all wild toys,  
And nothing that is not Divine  
Shall dare to tempt my joys 80  
There are below but two things good,  
Friendship and Honesty,  
And only those of all I would  
Ask for felicity  
In this retir'd and humble seat  
Free from both war and strife,  
I am not forc'd to make retreat,  
But choose to spend my life

## *To Mrs Wogan*

To Mrs Wogan, my Hon  
oured Friend, on the Death  
of her Husband

DRY up your tears there s enough  
shed by you

And we must pay our share of sorrows  
too

It is no private loss when such men  
fall

The World s concern d and grief is  
generl

But though of our misfortune we  
complain

To him it is injurious and vain

For since we know his rich integ  
rity

His real sweetness and full har  
mony

How free his heart and house were  
to his friends

Whom he oblig'd without design or  
ends, 10

How universal was his courtesy

How clear a soul how even and how  
high

How much he scorn'd disguise or  
meaner arts

But with a native honour conquer'd  
hearts,

We must conclude he was a treasure  
lent

Soon weary of this sordid tenement  
The Age and World deserv'd him not  
and he

Was kindly snatch'd from future  
misery

We can scarce say he s dead but  
gone to rest

And left a monument in ev'ry breast  
For you to grieve then in this sad  
excess 21

Is not to speak of love, but make it  
less

A noble soul no friendship will  
admit

But what s Eternal and Divine as it

The soul is hid in mortal flesh we  
know

And all its weaknesses must undergo

Till by degrees it does shine forth at  
length

And gathers Beauty Purity, and  
Strength

But never yet doth this immortal  
ray

Put on full splendour till it put off  
clay 30

So infant Love is in the worthiest  
breast,

By Sense and Passion fetter'd and  
opprest

But by degrees it grows still more  
refin'd

And scorn'g clogs only concerns  
the mind

Now as the soul you lov'd is here  
set free

From its material gross capacity

Your love should follow him now he  
is gone

And quitting Passion put Perfection  
on

Such Love as this will its own good  
deny

If its dear object have felicity 40

And since we cannot his great loss  
relieve

Let s not lose you in whom he still  
doth live

For while you are by grief secluded  
thus

It doth appear your funeral to us

In memory of the most  
justly Honoured, Mrs  
Owen of Orielton

As when the ancient World by  
Reason liv'd

The Asian Monarchs deaths were  
never griev'd,

Their glorious lives made all their  
Subjects call

Their rites a triumph not a funeral  
So still the Good are Princes and  
their fate

Invites us not to weep but imitate



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But though of our misfortune we complain  
To him it is injurious and vain  
For since we know his rich integrity  
His real sweetness and full harmony  
How free his heart and house were to his friends  
Whom he oblig d without design or ends 10  
How universal was his courtesy  
How clear a soul how even, and how high  
How much he scorn d disguise or meaner arts,  
But with a native honour conquer d hearts,  
We must conclude he was a treasure lent  
Soon weary of this sordid tenement  
The Age and World deserv d him not, and he  
Was kindly snatch d from future misery  
We can scarce say he s dead, but gone to rest  
And left a monument in ev ry breast  
For you to grieve then in this sad excess 21  
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But what s Eternal and Divine as it  
The soul is hid in mortal flesh we know  
And all its weaknesses must undergo

Till by degrees it does shine forth at length,  
And gathers Beauty Purity and Strength  
But never yet doth this immortal ray  
Put on full splendour till it put off clay 30  
So infant Love is in the worthiest breast,  
By Sense and Passion fetter d and oppress  
But by degrees it grows still more refin d,  
And scorning clogs only concerns the mind  
Now as the soul you lov d is here set free  
From its material gross capacity  
Your love should follow him now he is gone  
And quitting Passion put Perfection on  
Such Love as this will its own good deny  
If its dear object have felicity 40  
And since we cannot his great loss reprieve  
Let s not lose you in whom he still doth live  
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The Asian Monarchs deaths were never griev d  
Their glorious lives made all their Subjects call  
Their rites a triumph not a funeral  
So still the Good are Princes and their fate  
Invites us not to weep but imitate

## *Katherine Philips*

re intends a progress of each  
 stage  
 re by weak man creeps to succeed-  
 ing Age,  
 ns him for that change for which  
 he's made,  
 re th' active soul is in her  
 centre staid 10  
 since none stript of infancy  
 complain,  
 se 'tis both their necessity and  
 gain  
 ge and Death by slow approaches  
 come,  
 by that just inevitable doom  
 which the soul (her cloggy dross  
 once gone)  
 on perfection, and resumes her  
 own  
 e then we mourn a happy soul,  
 O why  
 urb we her with erring piety?  
 o's so enamour'd on the beau-  
 teous ground,  
 en with rich autumn's livery hung  
 round, 20  
 to deny a sickle to his  
 grain,  
 a not undress the teeming Earth  
 again?  
 ts grow for use, mankind is born  
 to die,  
 l both fates have the same neces-  
 sity  
 n grieve no more, sad relatives,  
 but learn,  
 a not, but profit by your just  
 concern  
 d over her life's volume: wise  
 and good,  
 'cause she must be so, but  
 'cause she wou'd  
 chosen Virtue still a constant  
 friend,  
 saw the times which chang'd,  
 but did not mend 30  
 l as some are so civil to the  
 Sun,  
 y'd fix his beams, and make the  
 Earth to run

So she unmov'd beheld the angry  
 Fate  
 Which tore a Church, and overthrew  
 a State  
 Still durst be good, and own the  
 noble truth,  
 To crown her Age which had adorn'd  
 her Youth  
 Great without pride, a soul which  
 still could be  
 Humble and high, full of calm  
 majesty  
 She kept true state within, and could  
 not buy  
 Her satisfaction with her Charity 40  
 Fortune or birth ne'er rais'd her  
 mind, which stood,  
 Not on her being rich, but doing  
 good  
 Oblig'd the World, but yet would  
 scorn to be  
 Paid with requitals, thanks or  
 vanity  
 How oft did she what all the World  
 adore,  
 Make the poor happy with her use-  
 ful store?  
 So general was her bounty, that she  
 gave  
 Equality to all before the grave  
 By several means she different per-  
 sons tied,  
 Who by her goodness only were  
 allied 50  
 Her Virtue was her temper, not her  
 fit;  
 Fear'd nothing but the crimes which  
 some commit,  
 Scorn'd those dark arts which pass  
 for wisdom now,  
 Nor to a mean ignoble thing could  
 bow  
 And her vast prudence had no other  
 end,  
 But to forgive a foe, endear a  
 friend  
 To use, but slight, the World, and  
 fixt above,  
 Shine down in beams of Piety and  
 Love

Why should we then by poor un-  
just complaint  
Prove envious sinners 'cause she is  
a Saint? 60  
Close then the monument, let not a  
tear  
That may profane her ashes now  
appear  
For her best obsequies are that we be  
Prudent and Good Noble and Sweet,  
as she

## A Friend

### I

Love Nature's plot this great crea-  
tion's soul  
The being and the harmony of  
things  
Doth still preserve and propagate the  
whole  
From whence man's happiness and  
safety springs  
The earliest whitest blessed st  
times did draw  
From her alone their universal Law

### II

Friendship an abstract of this nobler  
flame  
'Tis Love refin'd and purg'd from  
all its dross  
The next to Angels love if not the  
same  
As strong as Passion is though  
not so gross 10  
It antedates a glad eternity  
And is an Heaven in epitome

### III

Nobler than kindred or than mar-  
riage band  
Because more free, wedlock fel-  
city  
Itself doth only by this union stand  
And turns to friendship or to  
misery  
Force or Design matches to pass  
may bring  
But Friendship doth from Love and  
Honour spring

### IV

If souls no sexes have for men  
t exclude  
Woman from Friendships vast  
capacity 20  
Is a design injurious or rude  
Only maintain'd by partial tyranny  
Love is allow'd to us and Innocence  
And noblest friendships do proceed  
from thence

### V

The chiefest thing in friends is  
Sympathy  
There is a secret that doth friend-  
ship guide  
Which makes two souls before they  
know agree  
Who by a thousand mixtures are  
allied  
And chang'd and lost so that it is not  
known  
Within which breast doth now reside  
their own 30

### VI

Essential Honour must be in a  
friend  
Not such as every breath fans to  
and fro  
But born within is its own judge  
and end,  
And dares not sin though sure  
that none should know  
Where Friendship spoke Honesty's  
understood  
For none can be a friend that is not  
good

### VII

Friendship doth carry more than  
common trust  
And Treachery is here the greatest  
sin  
Secrets depos'd then none ever  
must  
Presume to open but who put  
them in 40  
They that in one chest lay up all  
their stock,  
Had need be sure that none can pick  
the lock

# Katherine Philips

## VIII

A breast too open Friendship does  
not love,  
For that the other's trust will not  
conceal,  
Nor one too much reserv'd can it  
approve,  
Its own condition this will not  
reveal.  
We empty passions for a double  
end,  
To be refresh'd and guarded by a  
friend

## IX

Wisdom and Knowledge Friendship  
does require,  
The first for counsel, this for  
company, 50  
And though not mainly, yet we may  
desire  
Both Complaisance and Ingenuity  
Though everything may love, yet  
'tis a rule,  
He cannot be a friend that is a  
fool

## X

Discretion uses parts, and best knows  
how,  
And Patience will all qualities  
commend.  
That serves a need best, but this  
doth allow  
The weaknesses and passions of  
a friend.  
We are not yet come to the quire  
above  
Who cannot pardon here, can never  
love 60

## XI

Thick waters show no images of  
things  
Friends are each other's mirrors,  
and should be  
Clearer than crystal or the mountain  
springs,  
And free from clouds, design or  
flattery

For vulgar souls no part of Friend-  
ship share.  
Poets and friends are born to what  
they are

## XII

Friends should observe and chide  
each other's faults,  
To be severe then is most just  
and kind,  
Nothing can 'scape their search who  
knew the thoughts  
This they should give and take  
with equal mind 70  
For Friendship, when this freedom  
is denied,  
Is like a painter when his hands are  
tied

## XIII

A friend should find out each  
necessity,  
And then unask'd relieve 't at any  
rate  
It is not Friendship, but Formality,  
To be desir'd for Kindness  
keeps no state  
Of friends he doth the benefactor  
prove,  
That gives his friend the means t'  
express his love

## XIV

Absence doth not from Friendship's  
right excuse  
Them who preserve each other's  
heart and fame, 80  
Parting can ne'er divide, it may  
diffuse,  
As a far stretch'd-out river's still  
the same  
Though presence help'd them at  
the first to greet,  
Their souls know now without those  
aids to meet

## XV

Constant and solid, whom no storms  
can shake,  
Nor death unfix, a right friend  
ought to be,  
And if condemn'd to survive, doth  
make

# A Friend

No second choice but Grief and  
Memory  
But Friendship's best fate is, when  
it can spend  
A life a fortune all to serve  
a Friend 90

## L'Accord du Bien

I

ORDER, by which all things are  
made  
And this great World's foundation  
laid  
Is nothing else but Harmony  
Where different parts are brought to  
agree

II

As empires are still best maintain'd  
Those ways which first their great  
ness gain'd  
So in this universal frame  
What made and keeps it, is the same

III

Thus all things unto peace do tend  
Even discords have it for their end  
The cause why elements do fight 11  
Is but their instinct to unite

IV

Music could never please the sense  
But by united excellence  
The sweetest note which numbers  
know,  
If struck alone would tedious grow

V

Man the whole World's epitome,  
Is by creation Harmony  
'Twas Sin first quarrell'd in his breast  
Then made him angry with the rest

VI

But goodness keeps that unity, 21  
And loves its own society  
So well that seldom we have known  
One real worth to dwell alone

VII

And hence it is we Friendship call  
Not by one virtue's name but all  
Nor is it when bad things agree  
Thought union but conspiracy

VIII

Nature and Grace such enemies  
That when one fell the other did rise  
Are now by Mercy even set 31  
As stars in constellations met

IX

If Nature were herself a sin,  
Her Author (God) had guilty bin  
But Man by sin contracting stain  
Shall purg'd from that be clear  
again

X

To prove that Nature's excellent  
Even Sin itself's an argument  
Therefore we Nature's stain deplore  
Because itself was pure before 40

XI

And Grace destroys not but refines  
Unveils our Reason then it shines  
Restores what was depress'd by sin  
The fainting beam of God within

XII

The mainspring (Judgement) recti-  
fied  
Will all the lesser motions guide  
To spend our Labour, Love and Care  
Not as things seem but as they are

XIII

'Tis Fancy lost Wit thrown away  
In trifles to employ that ray 50  
Which then doth in full lustre shine  
When both ingenious and divine

XIV

To eyes by humour vitiated  
All things seem falsely colour'd  
So 'tis our prejudicial thought  
That makes clear objects seem in  
fault

XV

They scarce believe united good  
By whom 'twas never understood  
They think one Grace enough for  
one  
And 'tis because their selves have  
none 60

XVI

We hunt extremes and run so fast  
We can no steady judgement cast

## Katherine Philips

He best surveys the circuit round,  
Who stands i' th' middle of the  
ground

XVII

That happy mean would let us see  
Knowledge and Meekness may  
agree,  
And find, when each thing hath its  
name,  
Passion and Zeal are not the same.

XVIII

Who studies God doth upwards fly,  
And heighth still lessens to our eye,  
And he that knows God, soon will  
see

71

Vast cause for his humility

XIX

For by that search it will be known  
There's nothing but our Will our own  
And who doth so that stock employ,  
But finds more cause for shame than  
joy?

XX

We know so little and so dark,  
And so extinguish our own spark,  
That he who furthest here can go,  
Knows nothing as he ought to know.

XXI

It will with the most learnèd suit, &c  
More to inquire than dispute  
But vapours swell within a cloud,  
'Tis Ignorance that makes us proud

XXII

So when their own vain heart belies,  
Like inflammations quickly rise  
But that soul which is truly great,  
Is lowest in its own conceit

XXIII

Yet while we hug our own mistake,  
We censure, but not judgements,  
make,

90

And thence it is we cannot see  
Obedience stand with liberty

XXIV

Providence still keeps even state,  
But he can best command his fate,  
Whose art by adding his own voice,  
Makes his necessity his choice

XXV

Rightly to rule one's self must be  
The hardest, largest monarchy  
Whose passions are his masters  
grown,  
Will be a captive in a throne. 100

XXVI

He most the inward freedom gains,  
Who just submissions entertains  
For while in that his reason sways,  
It is himself that he obeys

XXVII

But only in Eternity  
We can these beauteous unions see.  
For Heaven itself and Glory is  
But one harmonious constant bliss

### Invitation to the Country

Be kind, my dear Rosania, though  
'tis true

Thy friendship will become thy  
penance too,  
Though there be nothing can reward  
the pain,

Nothing to satisfy or entertain,  
Though all be empty, wild, and  
like to me,

Who make new troubles in my  
company

Yet is the action more obliging great,  
'Tis Hardship only makes Desert  
complete

But yet to prove mixtures all things  
compound,

There may in this be some advantage  
found, 10

For a retirement from the noise of  
towns,

Is that for which some kings have  
left their crowns

And conquerors, whose laurel  
press'd the brow,

Have chang'd it for the quiet myrtle-  
bough

For titles, honours, and the World's  
address,

Are things too cheap to make up  
happiness,

## Invitation to the Country

The easy tribute of a giddy race  
And paid less to the person than  
the place  
So false reflected and so short  
content  
Is that which Fortune and Opinion  
lent 20  
That who most tried it have of  
Fate complain'd  
With titles burthen'd and to great  
ness chain'd  
For they alone enjoy'd what they  
possest  
Who relish'd most and understood it  
best  
And yet that understanding made  
them know  
The empty swift dispatch of all  
below  
So that what most can outward  
things endear,  
Is the best means to make them  
disappear  
And even that Tyrant (Sense) doth  
these destroy  
As more officious to our grief than  
joy 30  
Thus all the glittering World is but  
a cheat  
Obtruding on our sense things  
gross for great  
But he that can inquire and undis-  
guise  
Will soon perceive the sting that  
*hidden lies*  
And find no joys merit esteem but  
those  
Whose scene lies only at our own  
dispose  
Man unconcern'd without himself  
may be  
His own both prospect and security  
Kings may be slaves by their own  
passions hurl'd  
But who commands himself com-  
mands the World 40  
A country life assists this study  
best  
Where no distractions do the soul  
arrest

There Heav'n and Earth lie open  
to our view  
There we search Nature and its  
Author too,  
Possess'd with freedom and a real state  
I look down on Vice and Vanity  
and Fate  
There (my Rosania) will we  
mingling souls  
Pity the folly which the World  
controls  
And all those grandeurs which the  
World do prize 49  
We either can enjoy or will despise

### In Memory of Mrs E H

As some choice plant cherish'd by  
sun and air,  
And ready to requite the gard'ner's  
care  
Blossoms and flourishes but then  
we find  
Is made the triumph of some ruder  
wind  
So thy untimely grave did both  
entomb  
Thy sweetness now and wonders  
yet to come  
Hung full of hopes thou sell'st a  
lovely prize  
Just as thou didst attract all hearts  
and eyes  
Thus we might apprehend for had  
thy years  
Been lengthen'd to have paid those  
vast arrears 10  
The World expected we should then  
conclude  
The Age of Miracles had been  
renew'd  
For thou already hast with ease  
found out  
What others study with such pains  
and doubt  
That frame of soul which is content  
alone  
And needs no entertainment but its  
own



## Katherine Philips

Thy even mind, which made thee  
good and great,  
Was to thee both a shelter and retreat  
Of all the tumults which this World  
do fill,  
Thou wert an unconcern'd spectator  
still 20  
And, were thy duty punctually  
supplied,  
Indifferent to all the World beside  
Thou wert made up within resolv'd  
and fix'd,  
And wouldst not with a base allay be  
mix'd,  
Above the World, couldst equally  
despise  
Both its temptations and its injuries,  
Couldst sum up all, and find not  
worth desire  
Those glittering trifles which the  
most admire,  
But with a nobler aim, and higher  
born,  
Look down on greatness with con-  
tempt and scorn 30  
Thou hadst no arts that others this  
might see,  
Nor lov'dst a trumpet to thy piety  
But silent and retir'd, calm and  
serene,  
Stol'st to thy blessed Haven hardly  
seen  
It were vain to describe thee then,  
but now  
Thy vast accession harder is to  
know,  
How full of light, and satisfied thou  
art,  
So early from this treach'rous World  
to part,  
How pleas'd thou art reflections now  
to make,  
And find thou didst not things below  
mistake, 40  
In how abstracted converse thou  
dost live,  
How much thy knowledge is intui-  
tive,

How great and bright a glory is en-  
joy'd  
With Angels, and in mysteries,  
employ'd  
'Tis sin then to lament thy fate, but we  
Should help thee to a new eternity,  
And by successive imitation strive,  
Till time shall die, to keep thee still  
alive,  
And (by thy great example furnish'd)  
be  
More apt to live than write thy  
Elogy<sup>1</sup> 50

### On Rosania's Apostasy, and Lucasia's Friendship

GREAT Soul of Friendship, whither  
art thou fled?  
Where dost thou now choose to re-  
pose thy head?  
Or art thou nothing but voice, air  
and name,  
Found out to put souls in pursuit of  
fame?  
Thy flames being thought immortal,  
we may doubt  
Whether they e'er did burn that see  
them out  
Go, wearied Soul, find out thy  
wonted rest,  
In the safe harbour of Orinda's  
Breast,  
There all unknown adventures thou  
hast found  
In thy late transmigration expound,  
That so Rosania's darkness may be  
known 11  
To be her want of lustre, not thy own  
Then to the great Lucasia have  
recourse,  
There gather up new excellence and  
force,  
Till by a free unbiass'd clear com-  
merce,  
Endearments which no tongue can  
e'er rehearse,

<sup>1</sup> This form once more

# On Rosania's Apostasy

Lucasia and Orinda shall thee give  
Eternity and make even Friendship  
live

Hail, great Lucasia thou shalt  
doubly shine,

What was Rosania's own is now  
twice thine 20

I thou sawst Rosania's chariot and  
her flight

And so the double portion is thy  
right

I though twas Rosania's spirit be  
content

Since twas at first from thy Orinda  
sent

To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle,  
singing Now affairs<sup>1</sup>, &c

SUBDUING Fair! what will you win  
To use a needless dart?

Why then so many to take in  
One undefended heart?

I came expos'd to all your charms,  
Gainst which the first half hour

I had no will to take up arms  
And in the next no power

How can you choose but win the  
day

Who can resist your siege 10  
Who in one action know the way

To vanquish and oblige?

Your voice which can in melting  
strains

Teach Beauty to be blind  
Confines me yet in stronger chains

By being soft and kind

Whilst you my trivial fancy sing  
You it to wit refine,

As leather once stamp'd by a King  
Became a current coin 20

By this my verse is sure to gain  
Eternity with men

Which by your voice it will obtain  
Though never by my pen

I'd rather in your favour live  
Than in a lasting name  
And much a greater rate would give  
For Happiness than Fame

## Submission

'Tis so and humbly I will resign  
Nor dare dispute with Providence  
Divine

In vain alas! we struggle with our  
chains

But more entangled by the fruitless  
pains

For as the great Creation of this All  
Nothing by chance could in such  
order fall

And what would single be deform'd  
confest

Grows beauteous in its union with  
the rest

So Providence like Wisdom we allow,  
(I or what created once does govern  
now) 10

And the same Fate that seems to  
one reverse

Is necessary to the Universe  
All these particular and various  
things

I link'd to their causes by such secret  
springs

Are held so fast, and govern'd by  
such art

That nothing can out of its order  
start

The World's God's watch where  
nothing is so small

But makes a part of what composes  
all

Could the least pin be lost or else  
displac'd

The World would be disorder'd and  
defac'd 20

It beats no pulse in vain but keeps  
its time

And undiscern'd to its own height  
doth climb

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix first Song from *Pompey*

## Katherine Philips

Strung first and daily wound up by  
His hand  
Who can its motions guide and  
understand  
No secret cunning then nor multi-  
tude  
Can Providence divert, cross or  
delude  
And her just full decrees are hidden  
things,  
Which harder are to find than births  
of springs  
Yet all in various consorts<sup>1</sup> fitly  
sound,  
And by their discords Harmony  
compound 30  
Hence is that Order, Life and  
Energy,  
Whereby Forms are preserv'd though  
Matters die,  
And, shifting dress, keep their own  
living state  
So that what kills this, does that  
propagate  
This made the ancient Sage in  
rapture cry,  
That sure the World had full eternity  
For though itself to Time and Fate  
submit,  
He's above both who made and  
governs it,  
And to each creature hath such por-  
tion lent,  
As Love and Wisdom sees con-  
venient 40  
For He's no Tyrant, nor delights to  
grieve  
The beings which from him alone  
can live  
He's most concern'd, and hath the  
greatest share  
In Man, and therefore takes the  
greatest care  
To make him happy, who alone can  
be  
So by submission and conformity  
For why should changes here below  
surprise,

When the whole World its revolution  
tries?  
Where were our springs, our harvests'  
pleasant use,  
Unless Vicissitude did them produce?  
Nay, what can be so wearisome a  
pain, 51  
As when no alterations entertain?  
To lose, to suffer, to be sick and die,  
Arrest us by the same necessity  
Nor could they trouble us, but that  
our mind  
Hath its own glory unto dross con-  
fin'd  
For outward things remove not from  
their place,  
Till our souls run to beg their mean  
embrace,  
Then doting on the choice make it  
our own,  
By placing trifles in th' Opinion's  
throne 60  
So when they are divorc'd by some  
new cross,  
Our souls seem widow'd by the fatal  
loss.  
But could we keep our grandeur and  
our state,  
Nothing below would seem un-  
fortunate,  
But Grace and Reason, which best  
succours bring,  
Would with advantage manage every-  
thing,  
And by right judgement would pre-  
vent our moan,  
For losing that which never was our  
own  
For right opinion's like a marble grot,  
In summer cool, and in the winter  
hot, 70  
A principle which in each fortune  
lives,  
Bestowing catholic preservatives  
'Tis this resolves, there are no losses  
where  
Virtue and Reason are continued  
there

<sup>1</sup> = 'concerts,' as commonly

The meanest soul might such a for  
tune share  
But no mean soul could so that for  
tune bear  
Thus I compose my thoughts grown  
insolent,  
As th Irish harper doth his instru-  
ment  
Which if once struck doth murmur  
and complain  
But the next touch will silence all  
again 80

2 Cor v 19 God was in  
Christ reconciling the  
World to Himself

WHEN God contracted to Humanity,  
Could sigh and suffer could be sick  
and die  
When all the heap of miracles com-  
bind  
To form the greatest which was  
save Mankind  
Then God took stand in Christ  
studying a way  
How to repair the ruin'd World's  
decay  
His Love, Pow'r Wisdom must  
some means procure  
His Mercy to advance, Justice  
secure  
And since Man in such misery was  
hurl'd,  
It cost him more to save than make  
the World 10  
Oh! what a desperate load of sins  
had we,  
When God must plot for our felicity!  
When God must beg us that He may  
forgive  
And die Himself before Mankind  
could live!  
And what still are we, when our  
King in vain  
Begs His lost rebels to be friends  
again!  
What floods of Love proceed from  
Heaven's smile

At once to pardon and to reconcile!  
What God Himself hath made He  
cannot hate  
For tis one act to love and to  
create 20  
And He's too perfect full of Majesty  
To need additions from our misery  
He hath a father's not a tyrant's joy  
Shows more His pow'r to save than  
to destroy  
Did there ten thousand Worlds to  
ruin fall  
One God could save, one Christ  
redeem them all  
Be silent then ye narrow souls take  
heed  
Lest you restrain the Mercy you will  
need  
But O my soul from these be different  
Imitate thou a nobler precedent 30  
As God with open arms the World  
does woo  
Learn thou like God to be enlarg'd  
too  
As He begs thy consent to pardon  
thee,  
Learn to submit unto thy enemy  
As He stands ready thee to entertain  
Be thou as forward to return again,  
As He was crucified for and by thee,  
Crucify thou what caus'd His Agony  
And like to Him be mortified to sin  
Die to the World as He died for it  
then 40

The World

WE falsely think it due unto our  
friends  
That we should grieve for their un-  
timely ends  
He that surveys the world with  
serious eyes  
And strips her from her gross and  
weak disguise,  
Shall find tis injury to mourn their  
fate,  
He only dies untimely who dies  
late

## Katherine Philips

For if 'twere told to children in the  
womb,  
To what a stage of mischiefs they  
must come,  
Could they foresee with how much  
toil and sweat  
Men count that gilded nothing, be-  
ing great, 10  
What pains they take not to be  
what they seem,  
Rating their bliss by others' false  
esteem,  
And sacrificing their content, to be  
Guilty of grave and serious vanity,  
How each condition hath its proper  
thorns,  
And what one man admits, another  
scorns,  
How frequently their happiness they  
miss,  
So far even from agreeing what it is,  
That the same person we can hardly  
find,  
Who is an hour together in one  
mind 20  
Sure they would beg a period of  
their breath,  
And what we call their birth would  
count their death  
Mankind is mad, for none can live  
alone,  
Because their joys stand by com-  
parison  
And yet they quarrel at society,  
And strive to kill they know not  
whom, nor why  
We all live by mistake, delight in  
dreams,  
Lost to ourselves, and dwelling in  
extremes,  
Rejecting what we have, though ne'er  
so good,  
And prizing what we never under-  
stood 30  
Compar'd t' our boisterous incon-  
stancy  
Tempests are calm, and Discords  
harmony  
Hence we reverse the World, and  
yet do find

( 570 )

The God that made can hardly  
please our mind  
We live by chance and slip into  
events,  
Have all of beasts except their  
innocence  
The soul, which no man's pow'r can  
reach, a thing  
That makes each woman man, each  
man a King,  
Doth so much lose, and from its  
height so fall,  
That some contend to have no soul  
at all 40  
'Tis either not observ'd, or at the  
best  
By Passion fought withal, by Sin  
deprest  
Freedom of Will (God's image) is  
forgot,  
And if we know it, we improve it  
not  
Our thoughts, though nothing can  
be more our own,  
Are still unguided, very seldom  
known  
Time 'scapes our hands as water in  
a sieve,  
We come to die ere we begin to  
live  
Truth, the most suitable and noble  
prize,  
Food of our spirits, yet neglected  
lies 50  
Error and shadows are our choice,  
and we  
Owe our perdition to our own  
decree  
If we search Truth, we make it more  
obscure,  
And when it shines, cannot the  
light endure,  
For most men now, who plod, and  
eat, and drink,  
Have nothing less their bus'ness  
than to think  
And those few that inquire, how  
small a share  
Of Truth they find, how dark their  
notions are !

# The World

That serious evenness that calms  
     the breast,  
 And in a tempest can bestow  
     a rest, 60  
 We either not attempt or else  
     decline,  
 By ev'ry trifle snatch'd from our  
     design  
 (Others he must in his deceits  
     involve  
 Who is not true unto his own  
     resolve.)  
 We govern not ourselves, but loose  
     the reins  
 Counting our bondage to a thousand  
     chains,  
 And with as many slaveries content  
 As there are tyrants ready to tor-  
     ment  
 We live upon a rack extended still  
 To one extreme or both but always  
     ill 70  
 I or since our fortune is not under  
     stood  
 We suffer less from bad than from  
     the good  
 The sting is better dress'd and longer  
     lasts,  
 As surfeits are more dangerous than  
     fasts  
 And to complete the misery to us  
 We see extremes are still contiguous  
 And as we run so fast from what we  
     hate  
 Like squibs on ropes to know no  
     middle state  
 So outward storms strengthen'd by  
     us we find  
 Our Fortune as disorder'd as our  
     mind 80  
 But that's excus'd by this it doth  
     its part,  
 A treach'rous World befits a treach-  
     'rous heart  
 All ill's our own the outward storms  
     we loath

Receive from us their birth their  
     sting or both  
 And that our Vanity be past a  
     doubt  
 'Tis one new vanity to find it out  
 Happy are they to whom God gives  
     a grave  
 And from themselves as from His  
     wrath doth save  
 'Tis good not to be born, but if  
     we must,  
 The next good is, soon to return  
     to dust 90  
 When th' uncag'd soul fled to  
     Eternity  
 Shall rest, and live and sing, and  
     love, and see  
 Here we but crawl and grovel ply  
     and cry  
 Are first our own then others  
     enemy  
 But there shall be defac'd both  
     stain and score  
 For Time and Death and Sin shall  
     be no more

## The Soul

I  
 How vain a thing is Man whose  
     noblest part  
 That soul which through the  
     World doth roam<sup>1</sup>  
 Traverses Heav'n, finds out the  
     depth of Art  
 Yet is so ignorant at home?  
 II  
 In every brook or mirror we can  
     find  
 Reflections of our face to be  
 But a true optic to present our mind  
     We hardly get, and darkly see  
 III  
 Yet in the search after ourselves  
     we run  
 Actions and causes we survey 10

<sup>1</sup> Orig some doubtless on the principle of which Spenser is the most distin-  
 guished exponent It may be worth observing that this quatrain of 10 8 10 8  
 is not very common and for good reasons The immense improvement in *The Palace*  
*of Art* by the change to 10 8 10, 6 is an excellent subject for metrical study

# Katherine Philips

And when the weary chase is almost  
done,

Then from our quest we slip away

IV

'Tis strange and sad, that since we  
do believe

We have a soul must never die,  
There are so few that can a reason  
give

How it obtains that life, or why

V

I wonder not to find those that  
know most,

Profess so much their ignorance,  
Since in their own souls greatest  
wits are lost,

And of themselves have scarce  
a glance 20

VI

But somewhat sure doth here ob-  
scurely lie,

That above dross would fain  
advance,

And pants and catches at Eternity,  
As 'twere its own inheritance

VII

A soul self-mov'd which can dilate,  
contract,

Pierces and judges things unseen  
But this gross heap of Matter cannot  
act,

Unless impulsèd from within

VIII

Distance and Quantity, to bodies due,

The state of souls cannot admit,  
And all the contraries which Nature  
knew 31

Meet there, nor hurt themselves,  
nor it

IX

God never body made so bright and  
clean,

Which Good and Evil could dis-  
cern

What these words Honesty and  
Honour mean,

The soul alone knows how to learn

X

And though 'tis true she is imprison'd  
here,

Yet hath she notions of her own,  
Which Sense doth only jog, awake,  
and clear,

But cannot at the first make  
known 40

XI

The soul her own felicity hath  
laid,

And independent on<sup>1</sup> the sense,  
Sees the weak terrors which the  
World invade

With pity or with negligence

XII

So unconcern'd she lives, so much  
above

The rubbish of a sordid jail,  
That nothing doth her energy im-  
prove

So much as when those structures  
fail

XIII

She's then a substance subtle, strong  
and pure,

So immaterial and refin'd 50  
As speaks her from the body's fate  
secure,

And wholly of a different kind

XIV

Religion for reward in vain would  
look,

Virtue were doom'd to misery,  
All actions were like bubbles in  
a brook,

Were't not for Immortality

XV

But as that Conqueror who millions  
spent

Thought it too mean to give  
a mite,

So the World's Judge can never be  
content

To bestow less than Infinite 60

<sup>1</sup> It may be doubted whether we have done well to substitute 'independent of' (as is often done) while keeping 'dependent on'

XVI

Treason against Eternal Majesty  
Must have eternal Justice too,  
And since unbounded Love did  
satisfy  
He will unbounded Mercy show

XVII

It is our narrow thoughts shorten  
these things  
By their companion flesh inclin'd,  
Which feeling its own weakness glad  
ly brings  
The same opinion to the mind

XVIII

We stifle our own Sun and live in  
shade  
But where its beams do once  
appear 70  
They make that person of himself  
afraid  
And to his own acts most severe

XIX

I or ways to sin close and our  
breast disguise  
I rom outward search, we soon  
may find  
But who can his own soul bribe or  
surprise  
Or sin without a sting behind?

XX

He that commands himself is more  
a Prince  
Than he who nations keeps in  
awe  
Who yield to all that does their soul  
convince,  
Shall never need another Law 80

## Happiness

NATURE courts Happiness, although  
it be  
Unknown as the Athenian Deity  
It dwells not in man's sense, yet he  
supplies  
That want by growing fond of its  
disguise  
The false appearances of joy deceive,

And seeking her unto her like we  
cleave  
For sinking Man hath scarce sense  
left to know  
Whether the plank he grasps will  
hold or no  
While all the business of the World  
is this,  
To seek that good which by mistake  
they miss 10  
And all the several Passions men  
express  
Are but for Pleasure in a different  
dress  
They hope for Happiness in being  
great  
Or rich or lov'd, then hug their own  
conceit  
But the good man can find this  
treasure out  
For which in vain others do dig  
and doubt  
And hath such secret full Content  
within  
Though all abroad be storms yet  
he can sing  
His peace is made, all's quiet in  
that place  
Where Nature's cur'd and exercis'd  
by Grace 20  
This inward calm prevents his  
enemies  
For he can neither envy nor despise  
But in the beauty of his ordered  
mind  
Doth still a new rich satisfaction  
find  
Innocent epicure! whose single  
breast  
Can furnish him with a continual  
feast  
A Prince at home and sceptres can  
refuse  
Valuing only what he cannot lose  
He studies to do good, (a man may  
be  
Harmless for want of opportunity )  
But he's industrious kindness to  
dispense 31  
And therein only covets eminence



# Katherine Philips

Others do court applause and fame,  
but he  
Thinks all that giddy noise but  
Vanity  
He takes no pains to be observ'd or  
seen,  
While all his acts are echoed from  
within  
He's still himself, when company are  
gone,  
Too well employ'd ever to be alone  
For studying God in all his volumes,  
he  
Begins the business of Eternity , 10  
And unconcern'd without, retains a  
power  
To suck (like bees) a sweet from  
ev'ry flower  
And as the Manna of the Israelites  
Had several tastes to please all  
appetites  
So his Contentment is that catholic  
food,  
That makes all states seem fit as  
well as good  
He dares not wish, nor his own fate  
propound ,  
But, if God sends, reads Love in  
every wound  
And would not lose for all the joys  
of sense  
The glorious pleasures of obedience  
His better part can neither change  
nor lose, 51  
And all God's will can bear, can do,  
can choose

## Death

### I

How weak a star doth rule mankind,  
Which owes its ruin to the same  
Causes which Nature had design'd  
To cherish and preserve the  
frame !

### II

As commonwealths may be secure,  
And no remote invasion dread ,

Yet may a sadder fall endure  
From traitors in their bosom bred

### III

So while we feel no violence, 9  
And on our active health do trust,  
A secret hand doth snatch us hence,  
And tumbles us into the dust

### IV

Yet carelessly we run our race,  
As if we could Death's summons  
wave ,  
And think not on the narrow space  
Between a table and a grave

### V

But since we cannot Death relieve,  
Our souls and fame we ought to  
mind,  
For they our bodies will survive  
That goes beyond, this stays  
behind 20

### VI

If I be sure my soul is safe,  
And that my actions will provide  
My tomb a nobler epitaph,  
Than that I only liv'd and died

### VII

So that in various accidents  
I Conscience may, and Honour,  
keep ,  
I with that ease and innocence  
Shall die, as infants go to sleep

To the Queen's Majesty, on  
her late Sickness and  
Recovery

THE public gladness that's to us  
restor'd,  
For your escape from what we so  
deplor'd,  
Will want as well resemblance as  
belief,  
Unless our joy be measur'd by our  
grief  
When in your fever we with terror  
saw  
At once our hopes and happiness  
withdraw ,

# *To the Queen's Majesty*

And every crisis did with jealous  
fear  
Inquire the news we scarce durst  
stay to hear  
Some dying Princes have their ser-  
vants slain  
That after death they might not  
want a train 10  
Such cruelty were here a needless  
sin  
For had our fatal fears prophetic  
been 1  
Sorrow alone that service would  
have done  
And you by Nations had been waited  
on  
Your danger was in ev'ry visage seen  
And only yours was quiet and serene  
But all our zealous grief had been in  
vain  
Had not great Charles call'd you  
back again  
Who did your sufferings with such  
pain discern  
He lost three Kingdoms once with  
less concern 20  
Lab'ring your safety he neglected  
his  
Nor fear'd he death in any shape  
but this  
His Genius did the bold distemper  
tame  
And his rich tears quench'd the  
rebellious flame  
As<sup>2</sup> once the Thracian Hero lov'd  
and griev'd  
Till he his lost felicity retriev'd,  
And with the moving accents of  
his woe  
His spouse recover'd from the shades  
below  
So the King's grief your threaten'd  
loss withstood  
Who mourn'd with the same fortune  
that he woo'd 30  
And to his happy passion we have  
been

Now twice oblig'd for so ador'd a  
Queen  
But how severe a choice had you to  
make  
When you must Heav'n delay or  
Him forsake?  
Yet since those joys you made such  
haste to find  
Had scarce been full if he were left  
behind  
How well did Fate decide your in-  
ward strife  
By making him a present of your life?  
Which rescu'd blessing he must  
long enjoy  
Since our offences could it not  
destroy 40  
For none but Death durst rival him  
in you  
And Death himself was baffled in it  
too

## Upon Mr Abraham Cowley's Retirement

### ODE

#### I

No no unfaithful World thou hast  
Too long my easy heart betray'd  
And me too long thy foot ball made  
But I am wiser grown at last  
And will improve by all that I have  
past  
I know 'twas just I should be prac-  
tis'd on  
For I was told before  
And told in sober and instructive  
lore  
How little all that trusted thee have  
won  
And yet I would make haste to be  
undone 10  
Now by my suffer'ing I am better  
taught  
And shall no more commit that  
stupid fault

\* So in orig., showing that 'bin for this rhyme is more or less of an accident.  
Orig at.

## Katherine Philips

Go, get some other fool,  
Whom thou mayst next cajole  
On me thy frowns thou dost in vain  
bestow,  
For I know how  
To be as coy and as reserved<sup>1</sup> as  
thou

### II

In my remote and humble seat  
Now I'm again possest 19  
Of that late fugitive, my breast,  
From all thy tumults and from all  
thy heat  
I'll find a quiet and a cool retreat,  
And on the fetters I have worn  
Look with experienc'd and revenge-  
ful scorn,  
In this my sov'reign privacy  
'Tis true I cannot govern thee,  
But yet myself I may subdue,  
And that's the nobler empire of the  
two  
If ev'ry Passion had got leave  
Its satisfaction to receive, 30  
Yet I would it a higher pleasure call,  
To conquer one, than to indulge  
them all

### III

For thy inconstant sea, no more  
I'll leave that safe and solid shore  
No, though to prosper in the cheat,  
Thou shouldst my Destiny defeat,  
And make me be belov'd, or rich,  
or great  
Nor from myself shouldst me  
reclaim  
With all the noise and all the pomp  
of Fame  
Judiciously I'll these despise, 40  
Too small the bargain, and too great  
the price,  
For them to cozen twice  
At length this secret I have  
learn'd,  
Who will be happy, must be uncon-  
cern'd,

Must all their comfort in their bosom  
wear,  
And seek their treasure and their  
power there

### IV

No other wealth will I aspire,  
But that of Nature to admire,  
Nor envy on a laurel will bestow,  
Whilst I have any in my garden grow  
And when I would be great, 51  
'Tis but ascending to a seat  
Which Nature in a lofty rock hath  
built,  
A throne as free from trouble as  
from guilt  
Where when my soul her wings  
does raise  
Above what worldlings fear or  
praise,  
With innocence and quiet pride  
I'll sit,  
And see the humble waves pay tri-  
bute to my feet<sup>2</sup>  
O life divine, when free from joys  
diseas'd,  
Not always merry, but 'tis always  
pleas'd! 60

### V

A heart, which is too great a thing  
To be a present for a Persian King,  
Which God Himself would have to  
be His court,  
Where Angels would officiously re-  
sort,  
From its own height should much  
decline,  
If this converse it should resign  
(Ill-natur'd World!) for thine  
Thy unwise rigour hath thy empire  
lost,  
It hath not only set me free,  
But it hath made me see, 70  
They only can of thy possession  
boast,  
Who do enjoy thee least, and under-  
stand thee most

<sup>1</sup> Orig 'reserv'e' (with suggestion of French?)

<sup>2</sup> The rhyme here is worth comparison with that of 'been' (so spelt) with 'sin'

# Upon Mr Abraham Cowley's Retirement

For to the man whom all mankind  
 admird  
 (By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry  
 Muse inspir'd)  
 Is now triumphantly retir'd  
 The mighty Cowley this hath done  
 And o'er thee a Lathian conquest  
 won  
 Which future ages shall adore  
 And which in this subdues thee  
 more  
 Than either Greek or Roman ever  
 could before 80

## The Irish Greyhound

BEHOLD this creature's form and state,  
 Which Nature therefore did create  
 That to the World might be express'd  
 What men there can be in a beast  
 And that we in this shape may find  
 A lion of another kind  
 For this heroic beast does seem  
 In majesty to rival him  
 And yet vouchsafes to man to show  
 Both service and submission too 10  
 From whence we this distinction have  
 That beast is fierce but this is brave  
 His dog hath so himself subdu'd  
 That hunger cannot make him rude  
 And his behaviour does confess  
 True courage dwells with gentleness  
 With sternest wolves he dares engage,  
 And acts on them successful rage  
 Yet too much courtesy may chance  
 To put him out of countenance 20  
 When in his opposer's blood  
 Fortune hath made his virtue good,  
 This creature from an act so brave  
 Crows not more sullen but more  
 grave  
 Man's guard he would be not his  
 sport  
 Believing he hath ventur'd for t,

But yet no blood or shed or spent  
 Can ever make him insolent  
 Few men of him to do great things  
 have learn'd  
 And when th' are done, to be so  
 unconcern'd 30

## Song

To the Tune of *Soumme nous pas  
 trop heureux*

I  
 How prodigious is my fate,  
 Since I can't determine clearly  
 Whether you'll do more severely  
 Giving me your love or hate!  
 For if you with kindness bless me  
 Since from you I soon must part,  
 Fortune will so dispossess me  
 That your Love will break my heart.

II  
 But since Death all sorrow cures  
 Might I choose my way of dying 10  
 I could wish the arrow flying  
 From Fortune's quiver not from  
 yours  
 For in the sad unusual story  
 How my wretched heart was torn  
 It will more concern your glory  
 I by absence fell than scorn

## A Dialogue between Lucasia and Rosina imitating that of gentle Thyrsis<sup>1</sup>

Ros My Lucasia, leave the moun-  
 tain tops  
 And like a nearer air  
 Luc How shall I then forsake my  
 lovely flocks  
 Bequeath'd to my care?

<sup>1</sup> A coincidence with the lines in *The Princess* Canto vii Come down O maid  
 The internal rhyme, after the first quatrain is curious. It might be better to print the  
 lines separately—

<sup>2</sup> Shepherdess,  
 Thy flocks will not be less, &c

## Katherine Philips

*Ros* Shepherdess, thy flocks will  
not be less,  
Although thou shouldst come  
hither

*Luc* But I fear, the world will be  
severe,

Should I leave them to go thither

*Ros* O! my friend, if you on that  
depend,

You'll never know content 10

*Luc* Rather I near thee would live  
and die,

Would fortune but consent

*Ros* But did you ask leave to love  
me too,

That others should deprive me?

*Luc* Not all mankind, a stratagem  
can find

Which from that heart should drive  
me

*Ros* Better 't had been, I thee had  
never seen,

Than that content to lose

*Luc* Such are thy charms, I'd dwell  
within thine arms

Could I my station choose 20

*Ros* When life is done, the World  
to us is gone,

And all our cares do end

*Luc* Nay, I know there's nothing  
sweet below,

Unless it be a friend

*Ros* Then whilst we live, this joy  
let's take and give,

Since death us soon will sever

*Luc* But I trust, when crumbled into  
dust,

We shall meet and love for ever

### Song

To the Tune of Adieu, Phillis

'Tis true our life is but a long disease,  
Made up of real pain and seeming  
ease

You stars, who these entangled for-  
tunes give,

O tell me why  
It is so hard to die,  
Yet such a task to live?

If with some pleasure we our griefs  
betray,

It costs us dearer than it can repay  
For Time or Fortune all things so  
devours,

Our hopes are crost, 10

Or else the object lost,  
Ere we can call it ours

An Epitaph on my honoured  
Mother-in-Law, Mrs.  
Phil[il]ips of Portheynon in  
Cardiganshire, who died  
Jan 1, anno 1663.

READER, stay, it is but just,  
Thou dost not tread on common  
dust

For underneath this stone does lie  
One whose name can never die  
Who from an honour'd lineage  
sprung,

Was to another match'd young,  
Whose happiness she ever sought,  
One blessing was, and many brought  
And to her spouse her faith did  
prove

By fifteen pledges of their love 10  
But when by Death of him depriv'd  
An honourable widow liv'd  
Full four and twenty years, wherein  
Though she had much afflicted been  
Saw many of her children fall,  
And public ruin threaten all  
Yet from above assisted, she  
Both did and suffer'd worthily  
She to the Crown and Church ad-  
her'd,

And in their sorrows them rever'd, 20  
With piety which knew no strife,  
But was as sober as her life  
A furnish'd table, open door,  
That for her friends, this for the  
poor,

# An Epitaph

She kept, yet did her fortune find  
Too narrow for her nobler mind,  
Which seeking objects to relieve  
Did food to many orphans give  
Who in her life no want did know,  
But all the poor are orphans now 30  
Yet hold her fame is much too safe  
To need a written epitaph  
Her fame was so confess'd that she  
Can never here forgotten be,  
Till Cardigan itself become  
To its own ruin'd heaps a tomb

Lucasius Rosania, and Orinda  
parting at a Fountain July,  
1663

I

HERE here are our enjoyments done,  
And since the love and grief we wear  
Forbids us either word or tear  
And Art wants here expression  
See Nature furnish us with one

II

The kind and mournful nymph which  
here  
Inhabits in her humble cells  
No longer her own sorrow tells,  
Nor for it now concern'd appears  
But for our parting sheds these  
tears 10

III

Unless she may afflicted be,  
Lest we should doubt her innocence  
Since she hath lost her best pretence  
Unto a matchless purity,  
Our love being clearer far than she

IV

Cold as the streams that from her  
flow,  
Or (if her privater recess  
A greater coldness can express)  
Then cold as those dark beds of  
snow  
Our hearts are at this parting blow 20

V

But Time, that has both wings and  
feet,

Our suffering minutes being spent,  
Will visit us with new content  
And sure if kindness be so sweet  
'Tis harder to forget than meet

VI

Then though the sad adieu we say  
Yet as the wine we hither bring  
Revives and then exalts the spring,  
So let our hopes to meet allay  
The fears and sorrows of this day 30

A Farewell to Rosania

My dear Rosania, sometimes be so  
kind  
To think upon the friend thou leav'st  
behind  
And wish thee here, to make thy joys  
complete  
Or else me there to share thy blest  
retreat  
But to the heart which for thy loss  
doth mourn  
The kindest thought is that of quick  
return

To my Lady Anne Boyle  
saying I looked angrily  
upon her

ADORN'D Valeria, and can you con-  
clude  
Orinda lost in such ingratitude  
And so mispell the language of my  
face,  
When in my heart you have so great  
a place?  
Ah! be assur'd I could no look direct  
To you, not full of passion and  
respect  
Or if my looks have play'd that  
treach'rous part  
And so much misinterpreted my heart  
I shall forgive them that one false  
hood less  
Than all their folly, and their ugliness, 10

## Katherine Philips

And had much rather choose they  
should appear  
Always unhandsome, than once un-  
sincere  
But I must thank your error, which  
procures  
Me such obliging jealousy as yours  
For at that quarrel I can ne'er repine,  
Which shows your kindness, though  
it questions mine  
To your concern I pardon your dis-  
trust,  
And prize your love, ev'n when it is  
unjust

### On the Welsh Language

If Honour to an ancient name be  
due,  
Or Riches challenge it for one that's  
new,  
The British language claims in either  
sense,  
Both for its age, and for its opulence  
But all great things must be from  
us remov'd,  
To be with higher reverence belov'd  
So landscapes which in prospects  
distant lie,  
With greater wonder draw the pleas'd  
eye  
Is not great Troy to one dark ruin  
hurl'd?  
Once the fam'd scene of all the  
fighting world 10  
Where's Athens now, to whom Rome  
Learning owes,  
And the safe laurels that adorn'd her  
brows?  
A strange reverse of Fate she did  
endure,  
Never once greater, than she's now  
obscure  
Ev'n Rome herself can but some  
footsteps show  
Of Scipio's times, or those of Cicero  
And as the Roman and the Grecian  
State,

The British fell, the spoil of Time  
and Fate  
But though the Language hath the  
beauty lost,  
Yet she has still some great Remains  
to boast 20  
For 'twas in that, the sacred Bards of  
old,  
In deathless numbers did their  
thoughts unfold  
In groves, by rivers, and on fertile  
plains,  
They civiliz'd and taught the list'n-  
ing swains,  
Whilst with high raptures, and as  
great success,  
Virtue they clothed in Music's charm-  
ing dress  
This Merlin spoke, who in his gloomy  
cave,  
Ev'n Destiny herself seem'd to en-  
slave  
For to his sight the future time was  
known,  
Much better than to others is their  
own 30  
And with such state, predictions from  
him fell,  
As if he did decree, and not fore-  
tell  
This spoke King Arthur, who, if  
Fame be true,  
Could have compell'd mankind to  
speak it too  
In this once Boadicca<sup>1</sup> valour taught,  
And spoke more nobly than her  
soldiers fought  
Tell me what hero could be more  
than she,  
Who fell at once for Fame and  
Liberty?  
Nor could a greater sacrifice belong,  
Or to her children's, or her country's  
wrong 40  
This spoke Caractacus, who was so  
brave,  
That to the Roman Fortune check  
he gave

<sup>1</sup> Sic in orig, and the form, which has some authority, is wanted for the verse

# On the Welsh Language

And when they oke he could decline  
no more  
He it so decently and nobly wore  
That Rome herself with blushes did  
believe  
A Britain<sup>1</sup> would the Law of Honour  
give  
And hastily his chains away she  
threw  
Lest her own captive else should her  
subdue

## To the Countess of Thanet, upon her Marriage

SINCE you who credit to all wonders  
bring  
That lovers can believe or poets  
sing,  
Whose only shap and fashion does  
express,  
Your virtue is your nature not your  
dress,  
In whom the most admir'd extremes  
appear,  
Humble and fair, prudent and yet  
sincere<sup>2</sup>  
Whose matchless worth transmits  
such splendid rays  
As those that envy it are forc'd to  
praise  
Since you have found such an illus-  
trious sphere  
And are resolv'd to fix your glories  
there,  
A heart whose bravery to his sex  
secures  
As much renown as you have done  
to yours,  
And whose perfections in obtaining  
you  
Are both discover'd and rewarded  
too  
Twere almost equal boldness to  
invent

How to increase your merit, or  
content  
Yet sure the Muses somewhat have  
to say,  
But they will send it you a better  
way  
The Court which so much to your  
lustre owes  
Must also pay you its officious  
vows  
But whilst this shows respect, and  
those their art  
Let me too speak the language of my  
heart  
Whose ruder offerings dare approach  
your shrine  
For you who merit theirs can pardon  
mine  
Fortune and Virtue with such heat  
contend  
(As once for Rome) now to make  
you their friend  
As you so well can this prefer to  
that  
As you can neither fear nor mend  
your fate  
Yet since the votes of joy from all  
are due  
A love like mine must find some  
wishes too  
May you in this bright constella-  
tion set  
Still show how much the Good out-  
shine the Great  
May you be courted with all joys of  
sense  
Yet place the highest in your inno-  
cence  
Whose praise may you enjoy, but  
not regard  
Finding within both motive and  
reward  
May Fortune still to your commands  
be just  
Yet still beneath your kindness or  
your trust

<sup>1</sup> This is not impossible though 'a Briton' is more likely

<sup>2</sup> This line in orig. illustrates the futility of retaining typographical peculiarities in-  
discriminately Besides Humble Fair and Prudent there have capitals sincere  
not Let him who can, distinguish



## Katherine Philips

May you no trouble either feel or  
fear,  
But from your pity for what others  
wear, 40  
And may the happy owner of your  
breast,  
Still find his passion with his joys  
increas'd,  
Whilst every moment your concern  
makes known,  
And gives him too, fresh reason for  
his own  
And from their Parents may your  
Offspring have  
All that is wise and lovely, soft and  
brave  
Or if all wishes we in one would  
give,  
For him, and for the world, Long  
may you live

### Epitaph<sup>1</sup> on her Son H. P. at St Syth's Church, where her body also lies interred

WHAT on Earth deserves our trust,  
Youth and Beauty both are dust  
Long we gathering are with pain,  
What one moment calls again  
Seven years childless marriage past,  
A Son, a Son is born at last  
So exactly limb'd and fair,  
Full of good spirits, mien, and air,  
As a long life promisèd,  
Yet, in less than six weeks dead 10  
Too promising, too great a mind  
In so small room to be confin'd  
Therefore, as fit in Heav'n to dwell,  
He quickly broke the prison shell  
So the subtle alchymist,  
Can't with Hermes' Seal resist  
The powerful spirit's subtler flight,  
But 'twill bid him long good night  
And so the Sun, if it arise  
Half so glorious as his eyes, 20  
Like this Infant, takes a shroud,  
Buried in a morning cloud

On the Death of my Lord  
Rich, only son to the Earl  
of Warwick, who died of  
the small-pox, 1664

HAVE not so many lives of late  
Suffic'd to quench the greedy thirst  
of Fate?  
Though to increase the mournful  
purple flood,  
As well as noble, she drank Royal  
blood,  
That not content, against us to  
engage  
Our own wild fury, and usurpers'  
rage,  
By sickness now, when all that storm  
is past,  
She strives to hew our heroes down  
as fast,  
And by the prey she chooses, shows  
her aim  
Is to extinguish all the English  
Fame 10  
Else had this generous Youth we now  
have lost,  
Been still his friends' delight, and  
country's boast,  
And higher rais'd the illustrious  
name he bore,  
Than all our chronicles had done  
before  
Had Death consider'd ere he struck  
this blow,  
How many noble hopes 'twould over-  
throw,  
The Genius of his House (who did  
complain  
That all her worthies now died o'er  
again),  
His flourishing, and yet untainted  
years,  
His father's anguish, and his mother's  
tears, 20  
Sure he had been persuaded to  
relent,  
Nor had for so much early sweetness,  
sent

<sup>1</sup> See Introduction

## *On the Death of my Lord Rich*

That fierce disease which knows not  
how to spare  
The young the great, the knowing  
or the fair  
But we as well might flatter every  
wind  
And court the tempests to be less  
unkind,  
As hope from churlish Death to  
snatch his prey  
Who is as furious and as deaf as they  
And who hath cruelly surpris'd in him,  
His parents joy and all the World's  
esteem <sup>30</sup>  
Say treacherous Hopes that  
whisper in our ear  
Still to expect some steady comfort  
here  
And though we oft discover all your  
arts  
Would still betray our disappointed  
hearts  
What new delusion can you now  
prepare  
Since this pale object shows how  
false you are?  
Twill fully answer all you have to  
plead  
If we reply great Warwick's heir is  
dead  
Blush human Hopes and Joys and  
then be all <sup>39</sup>  
In solemn mourning<sup>1</sup> at this funeral  
For since such expectations brittle  
prove,  
What can we safely either hope or  
love?

### *The Virgin*

THE things that make a Virgin please  
She that seeks, will find them these,  
A Beauty, not to Art in debt,  
Rather agreeable than great,

An eye wherein at once do meet,  
The beams of kindness, and of  
wit  
An undissembled Innocence  
Apt not to give, nor take offence  
A conversation at once free  
From Passion, and from Sub  
tlety, <sup>10</sup>  
A face that's modest yet serene,  
A sober and yet lively mien  
The virtue which does her adorn,  
By Honour guarded not by Scorn,  
With such wise lowliness endu'd,  
As never can be mean or rude,  
That prudent negligence enrich  
And Time's her silence and her  
speech<sup>2</sup>  
Whose equal mind does always  
move  
Neither a foe, nor slave to love, <sup>20</sup>  
And whose Religion's strong and  
plain  
Not superstitious nor profane

### *Upon the Graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barn Elms Walks*

ALAS how barbarous are we  
Thus to reward the courteous  
Tree  
Who its broad shade affording us  
Deserves not to be wounded thus!  
See how the yielding bark complies  
With our ungrateful injuries!  
And seeing this, say how much  
then  
Trees are more generous than  
men  
Who by a nobleness so pure,  
Can first oblige and then endure <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Orig morning

<sup>2</sup> This very metaphysical couplet seems to mean 'If you add riches to her wise retiringness Time will have nothing bad and everything good to say of her' But I could add other interpretations, and am not sure of any

# Katherine Philips

To my dearest Friend Mrs.  
A Owen, upon her greatest  
loss

As when two sister-rivulets who crept  
From that dark bed of snow wherein  
they slept,  
By private distant currents under  
ground,  
Have by maeanders<sup>1</sup> either's bosom  
found,  
They sob aloud, and break down  
what withstood,  
Swoln by their own embraces to  
a flood  
So when my sympathy for thy dear  
grief  
Had brought me near, in hope to  
give relief,  
I found my sorrow heighten'd when  
so join'd,  
And thine increas'd by being so  
combin'd,  
Since to the bleeding hopes of many  
years,  
I could contribute nothing but my  
tears,  
Fears which to thy sad fate were  
justly due,  
And to his loss, by all who that  
loss knew,  
For thy Charistus was so much above  
The eloquence of all our grief and  
love,  
That it would be injurious to his  
hearse,  
To think to crowd his worth into  
a verse  
Could I by miracle such praise  
indite,  
Who with more ease and justice  
weep than write,  
He was all that which History can  
boast,  
Or bolder Poetry had e'er engross'd

So pious, just, noble, discreet, and  
kind,  
Their best ideas know not how to  
find  
His strong Religion not on trifles  
spent,  
Was useful, firm, early, and eminent,  
Never betray'd to indigested heat,  
Nor yet entic'd from what was  
safely great  
And this so soon, as if he had  
foresight,  
He must begin betimes whose noon  
is night  
His virtue was his choice, and not  
his chance,  
Not mov'd by Age, nor born of  
Ignorance  
He well knew whom, and what he  
did believe,  
And for his faith did not dispute,  
but live,  
And liv'd just like his infant inno-  
cence,  
But that was crown'd with free  
obedience  
How did he scorn design, and  
equally  
How much abhorr'd this age's vanity<sup>1</sup>  
He neither lik'd its tumults, nor its  
joys,  
Slighted alike Earth's pleasures, and  
her noise  
But unconcern'd in both, in his own  
mind  
Alone could power and satisfaction  
find  
A treasury of merit there lay hid,  
Which though he ne'er confess'd,  
his actions did  
His modesty unto his virtue lent  
At once a shadow and an ornament  
But what could hide those filial rites  
he paid?  
How much he lov'd, how prudently  
obey'd?

<sup>1</sup> The orig<sup>s</sup> has the diphthong, but as it also has capital initial and italic spelling, it is open to any one to contend that Orinda, or her printer, was uncertain whether the word had yet become a common noun I wish it had kept the diphthong as such

*To Mrs A Owen, upon her greatest loss*

How as a brother did he justly  
share  
His kind concern betwixt respect  
and care? <sup>50</sup>  
And to a wife how fully did he  
prove  
How wisely he could judge, how  
fondly love?  
As husbands serious but as lovers  
kind  
He valued all of her but loved her  
mind  
And with a passion made this riddle  
true  
Twas ever perfect and yet still it  
grew  
Such handsome thoughts his breast  
did ever fill  
He durst do anything but what  
was ill,  
Unlike those gallants who so use  
their time  
As opportunity to act their crime <sup>60</sup>  
And lost in wine or vanity when  
young  
They die too soon because they  
lived too long  
But he has hallowed so his early  
death  
Tis almost shame to draw a longer  
breath  
I can no more they that can must  
have learned  
To be more eloquent and less  
concerned  
But all that noble justice to his  
name  
His own good Angel will commit  
to Fame  
Could grief recall this happiness  
again  
Of thy dear sorrow I would neer  
complain <sup>70</sup>  
But such an opportunity would take  
To grieve an useless life out for thy  
sake  
But since it cannot I must pray  
thee live  
That so much of Charistus may  
survive

And that thou do not act so harsh  
to Love  
As that his glory should thy sorrow  
move  
Endure thy loss till Heaven shall it  
repay  
Upon thy last and glorious wedding  
day  
When thou shalt know him more  
and quickly find  
The love increased by being so  
refined <sup>80</sup>  
And there possess him without  
parting fears  
As I my friendship free from  
future tears

Orinda to Lucasia parting  
October 1661, at London

ADIEU dear Object of my Loves  
excess  
And with thee all my hopes of  
happiness  
With the same fervent and unchanged  
heart  
Which did its whole self once to  
thee impart  
(And which though fortune has so  
sorely bruised  
Would suffer more to be from this  
excused)  
I to resign thy dear converse  
submit  
Since I can neither keep, nor merit it  
Thou hast too long to me confined  
been  
Who ruin am without passion  
within <sup>10</sup>  
My mind is sunk below thy tender  
ness  
And my condition does deserve it  
less  
I'm so entangled and so lost a thing  
By all the shocks my daily sorrow[s]  
bring  
That wouldst thou for thy old Orinda  
call  
Thou hardly couldst unravel her at all

## Katherine Philips

And should I thy clear fortunes  
interline  
With the incessant miseries of mine?  
No, no, I never lov'd at such a  
rate,  
To tie thee to the rigours of my  
fate 20  
As from my obligations thou art  
free,  
Sure thou shalt be so from my  
injury  
Though every other worthiness  
I miss,  
Yet I'll at least be generous in this  
I'd rather perish without sigh or  
groan,  
Than thou shouldst be condemn'd  
to give me one,  
Nay, in my soul I rather could  
allow  
Friendship should be a sufferer,  
than thou  
Go then, since my sad heart has set  
thee free,  
Let all the loads and chains remain  
on me 30  
Though I be left the prey of sea  
and wind,  
Thou, being happy, wilt in that be  
kind,  
Nor shall I my undoing much  
deplore,  
Since thou art safe, whom I must  
value more  
Oh! mayst thou ever be so, and as  
free  
From all ills else, as from my  
company,  
And may the torments thou hast  
had from it,  
Be all that Heaven will to thy life  
permit  
And that they may thy virtue service  
do,  
Mayst thou be able to forgive them  
too 40  
But though I must this sharp  
submission learn,  
I cannot yet unwish thy dear  
concern

Not one new comfort I expect to see,  
I quit my Joy, Hope, Life, and all  
but thee,  
Nor seek I thence aught that may  
discompose  
That mind where so serene a good-  
ness grows  
I ask no inconvenient kindness  
now,  
To move thy passion, or to cloud  
thy brow,  
And thou wilt satisfy my boldest plea  
By some few soft remembrances of  
me, 50  
Which may present thee with this  
candid thought,  
I meant not all the troubles that  
I brought  
Own not what Passion rules, and  
Fate does crush,  
But wish thou couldst have done't  
without a blush,  
And that I had been, ere it was too  
late,  
Either more worthy, or more  
fortunate  
Ah, who can love the thing they  
cannot prize?  
But thou mayst pity though thou  
dost despise  
Yet I should think that pity bought  
too dear,  
If it should cost those precious  
eyes a tear 60  
Oh, may no minute's trouble thee  
possess,  
But to endear the next hour's  
happiness,  
And mayst thou when thou art from  
me remov'd,  
Be better pleas'd, but never worse  
belov'd  
Oh, pardon me for pouring out my  
woes  
In rhyme now, that I dare not do't  
in prose  
For I must lose whatever is call'd  
dear,  
And thy assistance all that loss to  
bear,

## *Orinda to Lucasia parting*

And have more cause than e'er  
I had before,  
To fear that I shall never see thee  
more

On the first of January, 1657

TH Eternal Centre of my life and  
me,  
Who when I was not gave me room  
to be  
Hath since (my time preserving in  
his hands)  
By moments number'd out the  
precious sands,  
Till it is swell'd to six and twenty  
years  
Chequer'd by Providence with smiles  
and tears  
I have observ'd how vain all glories  
are,  
The change of Empire, and the  
chance of War  
Seen Faction with its native venom  
burst  
And Treason struck by what itself  
had nurs'd  
Seen useless crimes whose owners  
but made way  
For future candidates to wear the  
bay

To my Lady M Cavendish  
choosing the name of  
Policrite

THAT Nature in your frame has  
taken care  
As well your birth as beauty do  
declare  
Since we at once discover in your  
face  
The lustre of your eyes and of your  
race  
And that your shape and fashion  
does attest,  
So bright a form has yet a brighter  
Guest,

( 587 )

To future times authentic fame shall  
bring  
Historians shall relate, and Poets  
sing  
But since your boundless mind  
upon my head  
Some rays of splendour is content  
to shed,  
And lest I suffer by the great  
surprise  
Since you submit to meet me in  
disguise  
Can lay aside what dazzles vulgar  
sight  
And to Orinda can be Policrite  
You must endure my vows and  
find the way  
To entertain such rites as I can pay  
For so the Pow'r Divine new praise  
acquires,  
By scorning nothing that it once  
inspires  
I have no merits that your smile  
can win  
Nor offering to appease you when  
I sin,  
Nor can my useless homage hope to  
raise,  
When what I cannot serve I strive  
to praise  
But I can love and love at such a  
pitch  
As I dare boast it will ev'n you  
enrich  
For kindness is a mine when great  
and true  
Of nobler ore than ever Indians  
knew,  
Tis all that mortals can on Heav'n  
bestow  
And all that Heav'n can value here  
below

### Against Love

HENCE Cupid! with your cheating  
toys  
Your real Griefs and painted Joys  
Your Pleasure which itself destroys

## Katherine Philips

Lovers like men in fevers burn  
and rave,  
And only what will injure them  
do crave  
Men's weakness makes Love so  
severe,  
They give him power by their  
fear,  
And make the shackles which they  
wear  
Who to another does his heart  
submit,  
Makes his own Idol, and then  
worships it 10  
Him whose heart is all his own,  
Peace and liberty does crown,  
He apprehends no killing frown  
He feels no raptures which are  
joys diseas'd,  
And is not much transported, but  
still pleas'd.

### A Dialogue of Friendship multiplied

*Musidorus*

WILL you unto one single sense  
Confine a starry Influence,  
Or when you do the rays combine,  
To themselves only make them  
shine?  
Love that's engross'd by one  
alone,  
Is envy, not affection

*Orinda*

No, Musidorus, this would be  
But Friendship's prodigality;  
Union in rays does not confine,  
But doubles lustre when they shine,  
And souls united live above 11  
Envy, as much as scatter'd Love  
Friendship (like rivers) as it  
multiplies  
In many streams, grows weaker  
still and dies

*Musidorus*

Rivers indeed may lose their force,  
When they divide or break their  
course,

For they may want some hidden  
Spring,  
Which to their streams recruits may  
bring  
But Friendship's made of purest  
fire,  
Which burns and keeps its stock  
entire 20  
Love, like the Sun, may shed his  
beams on all,  
And grow more great by being  
general

*Orinda*

The purity of Friendship's flame,  
Proves that from sympathy it came,  
And that the hearts so close do knit,  
They no third partner can admit,  
Love like the Sun does all inspire,  
But burns most by contracted fire  
Then though I honour every  
worthy guest,  
Yet my Lucasia only rules my  
breast 30

### Rosania to Lucasia on her Letters

AN ' strike outright, or else forbear,  
Be more kind, or more severe,  
For in this chequer'd mixture I  
Cannot live, and would not die  
And must I neither? Tell me why

When thy pen thy kindness tells,  
My heart transported leaps and  
swells  
But when my greedy eye does stray,  
Thy threaten'd absence to survey,  
That heart is struck, and faints  
away 10

To give me title to rich land,  
And the fruition to withstand,  
Or solemnly to send the key  
Of treasures I must never see,  
Would it contempt, or bounty be?

This is such refin'd distress,  
That thy sad lovers sigh for less,

# Rosania to Lucasia on her Letters

I though thou their hopes hast over  
thrown  
They lose but what they neer have  
known 19  
But I am plunder'd from my own  
How canst thou thy Rosania prize  
And be so cruel and so wise?  
For if such rigid policy  
Must thy resolves dispute with me  
Where then is Friendship's victory?  
Kindness is of so brave a make  
I will rather death than bondage  
take  
So that if thine no power can have  
Give it and me one common grave  
But quickly either kill or save 30

To my Antenor, March 16,  
166 $\frac{1}{2}$

My dear Antenor now give o'er  
For my sake talk of graves no more,  
Death is not in your power to gain  
And is both wish'd and fear'd in  
vain  
I et's be as angry as we will  
Grief sooner may distract than kill,  
And the unhappy often prove  
Death is as coy a thing as Love  
Those whose own sword their death  
did give  
Afraid were or asham'd to live, 10  
And by an act so desperate  
Did poorly run away from Fate  
'Tis braver much t' outride the  
storm  
Endure its rage and shun his harm<sup>1</sup>,  
Affliction nobly undergonc  
More greatness shows than having  
none  
But yet the wheel in turning round,  
At last may lift us from the ground  
And when our Fortune's most severe  
I he less we have the less we fear 20

And why should we that grief permit  
Which can nor mend nor shorten it?  
Let's wait for a succeeding good  
Woes have their ebb as well as flood  
And since the Parliament have rescu'd  
you  
Believe that Providence will do so  
too

A Triton to Lucasia going  
to Sea shortly after the  
Queen's arrival

I

My Master Neptune took such pains  
of late  
To quiet the commotions of his  
state<sup>2</sup>  
That he might give through his  
fierce winds and seas  
Safe passage to the Royal Portuguese  
That he e'er since at home has kept  
And in his crystal palace slept  
I'll a swift wind told him to-day  
A stranger was to pass this way  
Whom he hath sent me out to view  
And I must tell him Madam it is  
you 10

II

He knows you by an honourable  
fame  
Who hath not heard Lucasia's worthy  
name?  
But should he see you too I doubt  
he will  
Grow amorous and here detain you  
still  
I know his humour very well  
So best can the event foretell  
But wishing you better success  
And that my Master's guilt be less  
I will say nothing of your form  
Till you are past the danger of a  
storm 20

<sup>1</sup> The concurrence of 'its' and 'his' is rather curious especially in view of the rather recent establishment of the former. Of course both may not refer to storm but Orinda would hardly have made Fate masculine, and Death is some way behind

<sup>2</sup> Quite a Drydenian line cf *MacFlecknoe*, l. 10



# Katherine Philips

## III

Fear nothing else, for eyes so sweet as these,  
No power that is sea-born can dis-  
please,  
You are much more than Nymph or  
Goddess bright,  
I saw 'm<sup>1</sup> all at supper t'other night  
They with far less attraction draw,  
They give us Love, you give us Law  
Your charms the winds and seas  
will move,  
But 'tis no wonder, not to Love  
Your only danger is, lest they  
Stiff with amazement should becalm  
your way 30

## IV

But should they all want breath to  
make a gale,  
What's sent in prayers for you will  
fill your sail,  
What brought you hither will your  
way secure,  
Courage and Kindness can no ship  
endure,  
The winds will do as much for you

## V

Yet since our birth the English Ocean  
boasts,  
We hope sometimes to see you on  
these coasts,  
And we will order for you as you pass,  
Winds soft as lovers' vows, waves  
smooth as glass  
Each Deity shall you befriend, 40  
And all the Sea-Nymphs shall  
attend,  
But if because a ship's too strait<sup>2</sup>,  
Or else unworthy such a freight,  
A coach more useful would appear,  
That and six Danish steeds you know  
are here

## Orinda upon little Hector Philips

## I

<sup>3</sup> TWICE forty months of wedlock I did  
stay,  
Then had my vows crown'd with a  
lovely boy  
And yet in forty days he dropt away,  
O swift vicissitude of human joy<sup>1</sup>

## II

I did but see him, and he dis-  
appear'd,  
I did but pluck the rosebud and  
it fell,  
A sorrow unforeseen and scarcely  
fear'd,  
For ill can mortals their afflictions  
spell

## III

And now (sweet Babe<sup>1</sup>) what can my  
trembling heart  
Suggest to right my doleful fate or  
thee?<sup>10</sup>  
Tears are my Muse, and sorrow all  
my art,  
So piercing groans must be thy  
Elogy<sup>4</sup>

## IV

Thus whilst no eye is witness of my  
moan,  
I grieve thy loss (Ah, Boy too dear  
to live<sup>1</sup>),  
And let the unconcern'd World  
alone,  
Who neither will nor can refreshment  
give.

## V

An off'ring to<sup>5</sup> for thy sad tomb I  
have,  
Too just a tribute to thy early herse,

<sup>1</sup> Sic in orig, and just worth noting for prosody's sake

<sup>2</sup> Orig 'straight', but this confusion is incessant

<sup>3</sup> Again see Introduction

<sup>4</sup> Sic The reader may choose between 'eulogy' and 'elegy'—the latter being of course the more obvious

<sup>5</sup> Sic in orig It is of course wrong, but to substitute 'too' would make an awkward clash with the next line I am inclined to read 'offering' in full and to suppose that she wrote 'to thy' first, and substituted 'for' without cancelling 'to'—when the thirst of the age for apostrophes would do the rest

## *Orinda upon little Hector Philips*

Receive these gasping numbers to  
thy grave,  
The last of thy unhappy mother's  
verse 20

### *To the Lady E Boyle*

AN lovely Celimena ! why  
Are you so full of charms  
That neither sex can from them fly,  
Nor take against them arms ?  
Others in time may gain a part  
But you at once snatch all the heart

Dear Tyrant why will you subdue  
Orinda's trivial heart  
Which can no triumph add to you  
Not meriting your dart ? 10  
And sure you will not grant it one,  
If not for my sake for your own

For it has been by tenderness  
Already so much bruised  
That at your altars I may guess  
It will be but refused  
For never Deity did prize  
A torn and maimed sacrifice

But oh ! what madness can or dare  
Dispute this noble chain, 20  
Which 'tis a greater thing to wear  
Than empires to obtain ?  
To be your slave I more design  
Than to have all the World be  
mine

Those glorious fetters will create  
A merit fit for them,  
Repair the breaches made by Fate  
And whom they own redeem  
What thus ennobles and thus cures  
Can be no influence but yours 30

Pardon th ambition of my aim,  
Who love you at that rate,  
That story cannot boast a flame  
So lasting and so great  
I can be only kind and true  
But what else can be worthy you ?

( 591 )

### *To my Lord Duke of Ormond upon the late Plot*

THOUGH you great Sir be Heav'n's  
immediate care  
Who show'd you danger and then  
broke the snare  
And our first gratitude to that be  
due,

Yet there is much that must be paid  
to you

For 'tis your prudence Ireland's  
peace secures

Gives her her safety and (what's  
dearer) yours

Whilst your prevailing Genius does  
dispense

At once its conduct and its influence  
Less honour from a battle won is  
got,

Than to repel so dangerous a plot  
Fortune with Courage may play booty  
there 11

But single Virtue is triumphant here  
In vain the bold ungrateful rebels  
aim

To overturn when you support the  
same

You who three potent Kingdoms late  
have seen

Tremble with fury, and yet steadfast  
been

Who an afflicted Majesty could  
wait,

When it was seemingly forsook by  
Fate

Whose settled loyalty no storms dis  
mayed

Nor the more flattering mischiefs  
could dissuade 20

And having scap'd so dangerous a  
coast

Could you now fall, expiring Treason's  
boast ?

Or was it hop'd by this condemn'd  
crew

That you could Fortune and not  
them subdue ?

## Katherine Philips

But whilst these wretches at this im-  
pious rate,  
Will buy the knowledge of your  
mighty fate,  
You shall preserve your King's en-  
trusted crown,  
Assisted by his fortune and your  
own  
And whilst his sword Kingdoms  
abroad bestows,  
You, with the next renown, shall this  
dispose. 30

### To the Countess of Roscom- mon, with a Copy of *Pompey*

GREAT Pompey's Fame from Egypt  
made escape,  
And flies to you for succour in this  
shape  
A shape, which, I assur'd him, would  
appear,  
Nor fit for you to see, nor him to  
wear  
Yet he says, Madam, he's resolv'd to  
come,  
And run a hazard of a second doom  
But still he hopes to bribe you, by  
that trust  
You may be kind, but cannot be un-  
just,  
Each of whose favours will delight  
him more  
Than all the laurels that his temples  
wore 10  
Yet if his name and his misfortunes  
fail,  
He thinks my intercession will pre-  
vail,  
And whilst my numbers would relate  
his end,  
Not like a Judge you'll listen, but a  
Friend,  
For how can either of us fear your  
frown,  
Since he and I are both so much  
your own

But when you wonder at my bold  
design,  
Remember who did that high task  
enjoin,  
Th' illustrious Orrery, whose least  
command  
You would more wonder if I could  
withstand 20  
Of him I cannot which is hardest  
tell,  
Or not to praise him, or to praise  
him well,  
Who on that height from whence  
true glory came,  
Does there possess and thence dis-  
tribute fame,  
Where all their lyres the willing  
Muses bring,  
To learn of him whatever they shall  
sing,  
Since all must yield, whilst there are  
books or men,  
The universal empire to his pen,  
Oh ! had that powerful Genius but  
inspir'd  
The feeble hand, whose service he  
requir'd, 30  
It had your Justice then, not Mercy  
pray'd,  
Had pleas'd you more, and better  
him obey'd.

### On the Death of the truly honourable Sir Walter Lloyd, Knight

At obseques where so much grief  
is due,  
The Muses are in solemn mourning  
too,  
And by their dead astonishment  
confess,  
They can lament this loss, though  
not express  
Nay, if those ancient Bards had seen  
this herse,  
Who once in British shades spoke  
living verse,

# On the Death of Sir Walter Lloyd

Their high concern for him had made  
 them be  
 Apter to weep than write his Elogy<sup>1</sup>  
 When on our land that flood of  
 woes was sent,  
 Which swallow'd all things sacred as  
 it went, 10  
 The injur'd Arts and Virtues made  
 his breast  
 The ark wherein they did securely  
 rest  
 For as that old one was toss'd up  
 and down  
 And yet the angry billows could not  
 drown,  
 So Heav'n did him in this worse  
 deluge save  
 And made him triumph o'er th' un-  
 quiet wave  
 Who while he did with that wild  
 storm contest  
 Such real magnanimity exprest  
 That he dar'd to be loyal, in a time  
 When 'twas a danger made, and  
 thought a crime 20  
 Duty and not Ambition was his  
 aim  
 Who studied Conscience ever more  
 than Fame  
 And thought it so desirable a thing  
 To be preferr'd to suffer for his King  
 That he all Fortunes spite had  
 pardon'd her  
*Had she not made his Prince a*  
*sufferer*  
 For whose lov'd cause he did both  
 act and grieve  
 And for it only did endure to live  
 To teach the World what Man can  
 be and do  
 Arm'd by Allegiance and Religion  
 too 30  
 His head and heart mutual assist-  
 ance gave  
 That being still so wise and thus  
 so brave  
 That 'twas acknowledg'd all he said  
 and did

From Judgement and from Honour  
 did proceed  
 Such was the useful mixture of his  
 mind  
 'Twas at once meek and knowing,  
 stout and kind,  
 For he was civil bountiful and  
 learn'd  
 And for his friends so generously  
 concern'd  
 That both his heart and house his  
 hand and tongue  
 To them more than himself, seem'd  
 to belong 40  
 As if to his wrong'd party he would be  
 Both an example and apology  
 For when both swords and pens  
 ceas'd the dispute  
 His life alone Rebellion did confute  
 But when his vows propitious  
 Heaven had heard  
 And our unequall'd King at length  
 appear'd  
 As aged Simeon did his spirits yield  
 When he had seen his dearest hopes  
 fulfill'd  
 He gladly saw the morning of that day  
 Which Charles his growing splendour  
 did display 50  
 Then to eternal joys made greater  
 haste  
 Because his present ones flow'd in  
 so fast  
*From which he fled out of a pious fear*  
 Lest he by them should be rewarded  
 here  
 While his sad country by his death  
 have lost  
 Their noblest pattern, and their  
 greatest boast

## Orinda to Lucasia

I

OBSERVE the weary birds ere night  
 be done  
 How they would fain call up the  
 tardy Sun

<sup>1</sup> This hybrid has been already noted

## Katherine Philips

With feathers hung with dew,  
 And trembling voices too,  
 They court their glorious planet to  
 appear,  
 That they may find recruits of  
 spirits there,  
 The drooping flowers hang their  
 heads,  
 And languish down into their  
 beds  
 While brooks more bold and fierce  
 than they,  
 Wanting those beams, from  
 whence 10  
 All things drink influence,  
 Openly murmur and demand the  
 day,

### II

Thou, my *Lucasia*, art far more to  
 me,  
 Than he to all the under-world  
 can be ;  
 From thee I've heat and light,  
 Thy absence makes my night  
 But ah ! my friend, it now grows  
 very long,  
 The sadness weighty, and the dark-  
 ness strong  
 My tears (its due<sup>1</sup>) dwell on my  
 cheeks,  
 And still my heart thy dawning  
 seeks, 20  
 And to thee mournfully it cries,  
 That if too long I wait,  
 Ev'n thou mayst come too late,  
 And not restore my life, but close  
 my eyes

### To Celimena

FORBEAR, fond heart (say I), torment  
 no more  
 That *Celimena* whom thou dost  
 adore ,  
 For since so many of her chains are  
 proud,

How canst thou be distinguish'd  
 the crowd ?  
 But say, bold Trifler, what dost thou  
 pretend ?  
 Wouldst thou depose thy Saint in  
 thy Friend ?  
 Equality of friendship is requir'd  
 Which here were criminal to  
 desir'd

### An Answer to another per- suading a Lady to Marriage

#### I

FORBEAR, bold Youth, all's Heaven  
 here,  
 And what you do aver,  
 To others courtship may appear.  
 'Tis sacrilege to her

#### II

She is a public Deity,  
 And were't not very odd  
 She should depose herself to be  
 A petty household god ?

#### III

First make the Sun in private shrines  
 And bid the World adieu,  
 That so he may his beams confine  
 In compliment to you

#### IV

But if of that you do despair,  
 Think how you did amiss,  
 To strive to fix her beams which a  
 More bright and large than this

### Lucasia and Orinda parting with Pastora and Phillis at Ipswich

#### I

In your converse we best can reach  
 How constant we should be ,  
 But, 'tis in losing that, we need  
 All your philosophy

<sup>1</sup> *Sic* in orig, and quite probable with 'absence' But 'dew' with 'darkness' possible, and a play on the two words perhaps most likely of all

## *Lucasia and Orinda*

II

How perish'd is the joy that's past  
The present how unsteady!<sup>1</sup>  
What comfort can be great and last  
When this is gone already?

III

Yet that it subtly may torment  
The memory does remain 10  
For what was when enjoy'd Content,  
Is in its absence Pain

IV

If you'll restore it we'll not grieve  
That Fate does now us sever,  
Tis better by your gift to live,  
Than by our own endeavour

### Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio

To the officious marble we commit  
A name above the art of time or wit  
Tis righteous valiant Scipio whose  
life we  
Found the best sermon and best  
history  
Whose courage was no aguish  
brutish heat<sup>1</sup>  
But such as spoke him good, as well  
as great,  
Which first engag'd his arms to prop  
the state  
Of the almost undone Palatinate,  
And help the Netherlands to stem  
the tide  
Of Rome's Ambition, and the  
Austrian Pride 10  
Which shall in every History be  
fam'd  
Wherein Breda or Frankendale are  
nam'd  
And when forc'd by his country's  
angry stars  
To be a party in her Civil Wars  
He so much conduct by his valour  
taught

So wisely govern'd and so bravely  
fought  
That the English Annals shall this  
record bear  
None better could direct or further  
dare  
Form'd both for war and peace was  
brave in fight  
And in debate judicious and upright  
Religion was his first and highest  
care 21  
Which rul'd his heart in peace, his  
hand in war  
Which at the least sin made him  
tremble still  
And rather stand a breach than act  
an ill  
For his great heart did such a  
temper show  
Stout as a rock yet soft as melting  
snow  
In him so prudent and yet so  
sincere  
The serpent much the dove did  
more appear  
He was above the little arts of  
State  
And scorn'd to sell his peace to  
mend his Fate 30  
Anxious of nothing but an inward  
spot,  
His hand was open, but his con-  
science not  
Just to his word to all religions  
kind  
In duty strict in bounty unconfin'd  
And yet so modest twas to him  
less pain  
To do great things, than hear them  
told again  
Perform sad Stone thy honourable  
trust  
Unto his memory and thyself be  
just  
For his immortal name shall thee  
befriend  
And pay thee back more fame than  
thou canst lend. 40

<sup>1</sup> Orig 'bru tish which could be forced into a sense but very idly

## *Katherine Philips*

To Mr. Sam. Cooper, having  
taken Lucasia's Picture  
given December 14, 1660

### I

If noble things can noble thoughts  
infuse,  
Your art might ev'n in me create  
a Muse,  
And what you did inspire, you  
would excuse

### II

But if it such a miracle could do,  
That Muse would not return you  
half your due,  
Since 'twould my thanks, but not the  
praise pursue

### III

To praise your art is then itself  
more hard,  
Nor would it the endeavour much  
regard,  
Since it and Virtue are their own  
reward

### IV

A pencil from an Angel newly  
caught,  
And colours in the Morning's bosom<sup>10</sup>  
sought,  
Would make no picture, if by you  
not wrought

### V

But done by you it does no more  
admit  
Of an encomium from the highest  
wit,  
Than that another hand should  
equal it

### VI

Yet whilst you with creating power  
vie,  
Command the very spirit of the  
eye,  
And then reward it with eternity

### VII

Whilst your each touch does Life  
and Air convey,

Fetch the soul out, like overcoming  
day,  
And I my friend repeated here  
survey

### VIII

I by a passive way may do you  
right,  
Wearing in that, what none could  
e'er indite,  
Your panegyric, and my own  
delight

## Parting with a Friend

### I

WHOEVER thinks that joys below  
Can lasting be and great,  
Let him behold this parting blow,  
And cure his own deceit

### II

Alas ! how soon are Pleasures done  
Where Fortune has a power !  
How like to the declining Sun,  
Or to the wither'd flower !

### III

A thousand unconcernèd eyes  
She'll suffer us to see,  
But of those<sup>1</sup> we chiefly prize,  
We must deprivèd be

### IV

But we may conquer if we will,  
The wanton Tyrant teach,  
That we have something left us still  
Which grows not in her reach

### V

That unseen string which fastens  
hearts,  
Nor time, nor chance e'er tied,  
Nor can it be in either's arts  
Their unions to divide

### VI

Where sympathy does Love convey,  
It braves all other powers,  
Lucasia, and Rosania, say,  
Has it not formèd ours ?

### VII

If forty weeks' converse has not  
Been able yet to tie

<sup>1</sup> One feels inclined to insert 'joys' or 'which' or something similar  
( 596 )

## Parting with a Friend

Your souls in that mysterious knot  
How wretched then am I !

### VIII

But if I read in either's mind,  
As sure I hope to do 30  
That each to other is combin'd,  
Absence will make it true

### IX

No accident will e'er surprise  
Or make your kindness start,  
Although you lose each other's eyes,  
You'll faster keep the heart

### X

Letters as kind as turtle doves,  
And undisguis'd as thought,  
Will entertain those fervent Loves  
Which have each other bought 40

### XI

Till Fortune vexed with the sight  
Of Faith so free from stain,  
Shall then grow weary of her spite,  
And let you meet again

### XII

Wherein may you that rapture find  
That sister Cherals<sup>1</sup> have  
When I am in my rocks confin'd,  
Or seal'd up in my grave

To my dearest Friend, upon  
her shunning Grandeur

SHINE out Rich Soul ! to Greatness  
be,

What it can never be to thee  
An ornament Thou canst restore  
The lustre which it had before  
These ruins own it, and will live  
Thy favour's more than Kings can  
give

Hast more above all titles then<sup>2</sup>  
The bearers are above common men,  
And so heroic art within 9  
Thou must descend to be a Queen  
Yet honour may convenient prove,  
By giving thy soul room to move

Affording scene unto that mind  
Which is too great to be confin'd  
Wert thou with single virtue stor'd  
To be approv'd but not ador'd  
Thou might'st retire, but who e'er  
meant

A palace for a tenement?  
Heaven has so built thee, that we  
find

Thee buried when thou art confin'd  
If thou in privacy wouldst live, 21  
Yet lustre to thy virtues give  
To stifle them for want of air  
Injurious is to Heaven's care  
If thou wilt be immur'd<sup>3</sup> where  
Shall thy obliging soul appear?  
Where shall thy generous prudence  
be

And where thy magnanimity?  
Nay, thy own darling thou dost hide  
Thy self-denial is denied 30  
For he that never greatness tries  
Can never safely it despise  
That Antoninus writ well when  
He held a sceptre and a pen  
Less credit Solomon does bring  
As a philosopher than king  
So much advantage flows from  
hence

To write by our experience  
Diogenes I must suspect  
Of envy more than wise neglect 40  
When he his Prince so ill did treat  
And so much spurn'd at the great  
A censure is not clear from those  
Whom Fate subjects or does depose  
Nor can we Greatness understand  
From an oppress'd or fallen hand  
But tis some Prince must that define  
Or one that freely did resign  
A great Almanzor teaches thus  
Or else a Dionysius 50  
For to know Grandeur we must live  
In that and not in perspective,  
Vouchsafe the trial then that thou  
Mayst safely wield yet disallow

<sup>1</sup> Cherals (!) connected with 'choir Orinda elsewhere uses 'Quire as = 'the assembly of the blest

<sup>2</sup> Then = 'than as so often

<sup>3</sup> Orig = immur'd with the usual thirst for apostrophes



## Katherine Philips

The world's temptations, and 'be  
still

Above whatever would thee fill  
Convince mankind, there's some-  
what more

Great than the titles they adore  
Stand near them, and 'twill soon be  
known

Thou hast more splendour of thy  
own,

Yield to the wanting Age, and be  
Channel of true nobility

For from thy womb such heroes  
need must rise,

Who honours will deserve, and can  
despise

### To Pastora being with her Friend

#### I

WHILE you the double joy obtain  
Of what you give, and what you  
gain

Friendship, who owes you so much  
fame,

Commands my tribute to your  
name

#### II

Friendship that was almost forlorn,  
Sunk under every critic's scorn,  
But that your Genius her protects,  
Had fled the World, at least the  
sex

#### III

You have restored them and us,  
Whence both are happy, Caesar  
thus

Ow'd Rome the glories of his reign,  
And Rome ow'd him as much  
again

#### IV

You in your friend those joys have  
found

Which all relations can propound,

What Nature does 'mong them  
disperse,

You multiply in her converse

#### V

You her enjoyment have pursu'd  
In company, and solitude,  
And wheresoever she'll retire,  
There's the diversion you desire

#### VI

Your joys by this are more immense,  
And heat contracted grows intense,  
And friendship to be such to you,  
Will make these pleasures, honours  
too

#### VII

Be to each other that Content,  
As to your sex y' are ornament,  
And may your hearts by mixture  
lost,

Be still each other's bliss and boast

#### VIII

Impossible your parting be  
As that you e'er should disagree, 30  
And then even Death your friend  
will prove,  
And both at once (though late)  
remove

#### IX

But that you may severely<sup>1</sup> live,  
You must th' offending World for-  
give,

And to employ your charity,  
You have an object now in me

#### X

My pen so much for you unfit,  
Presents my heart, though not my  
wit,

Which heart admires what you  
express,

More than what Monarchs do  
possess

#### XI

Fear not infection from my Fate,  
Though I must be unfortunate,  
For having paid my vows due, I  
Shall soon withdraw, wither and  
die

<sup>1</sup> Securely (?).

## *To my Lord and Lady Dungannon*

To my Lord and Lady  
Dungannon on their  
Marriage, May 11, 1662

To you who in yourselves do  
comprehend  
All you can wish, and all we can  
commend,  
Whom worth does guide, and  
destiny obey  
What offerings can the useless Muses  
pay?  
Each must at once suspend her  
charming lyre  
Till she hath learnt from you what to  
inspire  
Well may they wonder to observe  
a knot,  
So curiously by Love and Fortune  
wrought  
To which propitious Heaven did  
decreed,  
All things on earth should tributary  
be<sup>10</sup>  
By gentle sure but unperceived  
degrees,  
As the Sun's motion, or the growth  
of trees  
Does Providence our wills to hers  
incline  
And makes all accidents serve her  
design  
Her pencil (Sir) within your breast  
did draw  
The picture of a face you never saw  
With touches which so sweet were  
and so true,  
By them alone the original you knew  
And at that sight with satisfaction yield  
Your freedom which till then  
maintain'd the field<sup>20</sup>  
'Twas by the same mysterious  
power too  
That she has been so long reserv'd  
for you,  
Whose noble passion with submis-  
sive art

Disarm'd her scruples and subdu'd  
her heart.  
And now that at the last your souls  
are tied  
Whom floods nor difficulties could  
divide  
Ev'n you that beauteous union may  
admire  
Which was at once Heaven's care  
and your desire.  
You are so happy in each other's  
love,  
And in assur'd protection from  
above,<sup>30</sup>  
That we no wish can add unto your  
bliss  
But that it should continue as it is  
O! may it so and may the Wheel  
of Fate  
In you no more change than she  
feels, create  
And may you still your happinesses  
find  
Not on your fortune growing, but  
your mind  
Whereby the shafts of chance as  
vain will prove,  
As all things else did that oppos'd  
your Love  
Be kind and happy to that great  
degree  
As may instruct latest posterity,<sup>40</sup>  
From so rever'd a precedent<sup>1</sup> to  
frame  
Rules to their duty, to their wishes  
aim  
May the vast sea for your sake quit  
his pride  
And grow so smooth while on his  
breast you ride  
As may not only bring you to your  
port  
But show how all things do your  
virtues court  
May every object give you new  
delight  
May I me forget his scythe and  
Fate his spite

<sup>1</sup> *Oris* <sup>1</sup> *President* but the error is common and president could only be forced into sense

## Katherine Philips

And may you never other sorrow  
know,  
But what your pity feels for others'  
woe 50  
May your compassion be like that  
Divine,  
Which relieves all on whom it does  
but shine,  
Whilst you produce a race that may  
inherit  
All your great stock of Beauty,  
Fame, and Merit

To his Grace Gilbert, Lord  
Archbishop of Canterbury,  
July 10, 1664

THAT private shade, wherein my  
Muse was bred,  
She always hop'd might hide her  
humble head,  
Believing the retirement she had  
chose  
Might yield her, if not pardon, yet  
repose,  
Nor other repetitions did expect,  
Than what our Echoes from the  
rocks reflect  
But hurried from her cave with wild  
affright,  
And dragg'd maliciously into the  
light,  
(Which makes her like [the] Hebrew  
Virgin mourn  
When from her face her veil was  
rudely torn) 10  
To you (my Lord) she now for  
succour calls,  
And at your feet, with just confusion  
falls  
But she will thank the wrong deserv'd  
her hate,  
If it procure her that auspicious  
fate,  
That the same wing may over her  
be cast,

Where the best Church of all the  
World is plac'd,  
And under which when she is once  
retir'd,  
She really may be come to be inspir'd,  
And by the wonders which she  
there shall view,  
May raise herself to such a theme  
as you, 20  
Who were preserv'd to govern and  
restore  
That Church whose Confessor you  
were before,  
And show by your unwearied present  
care,  
Your sufferings are not ended, though  
hers are .  
For whilst your crosier her defence  
secures,  
You purchase her rest with the loss  
of yours,  
And Heav'n who first refin'd your  
worth, and then,  
Gave it so large and eminent a  
scene,  
Hath paid you what was many ways  
your due,  
And done itself a greater right  
than<sup>1</sup> you 30  
For after such a rough and tedious  
storm  
Had torn the Church, and done her  
so much harm,  
And (though at length rebuk'd, yet)  
left behind  
Such angry relics, in the wave and  
wind,  
No Pilot could, whose skill and  
faith were less,  
Manage the shatter'd vessel with  
success  
The Piety of the Apostles' times  
And Courage to resist this Age's  
crimes,  
Majestic sweetness, temper'd and  
refin'd,  
In a polite, and comprehensive  
mind, 40

<sup>1</sup> Orig , as before, ' then '

## *To his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury*

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>Were all requir'd her ruins to<br/>             repair,<br/>             And all united in her Primate are<br/>             In your aspect so candid and<br/>             serene<br/>             The conscience of such virtue may<br/>             be seen<br/>             As makes the sullen schismatic<br/>             consent<br/>             A Churchman may be great and<br/>             innocent<br/>             This shall those men reproach if<br/>             not reduce<br/>             And take away their fault or their<br/>             excuse<br/>             Whilst in your life and government<br/>             appear<br/>             All that the pious wish and factious<br/>             fear<br/>             Since the prevailing Cross her<br/>             ensigns spread,</p> | <p>And Pagan Gods from Christian<br/>             Bishops fled<br/>             Times curious eye till now hath<br/>             never spied<br/>             The Church's helm so happily<br/>             supplied<br/>             Merit and Providence so fitly met,<br/>             The worthiest Prelate in the highest<br/>             seat<br/>             If noble things can noble thoughts<br/>             infuse<br/>             Your life (my Lord) may, ev'n in<br/>             me produce<br/>             Such raptures that of their rich<br/>             fury proud<br/>             I may perhaps, dare to proclaim<br/>             aloud, <span style="float: right;">60</span><br/>             Assur'd the World that ardour will<br/>             excuse,<br/>             Applaud the subject, and forgive the<br/>             Muse</p> |
|---|--|

## TRANSLATIONS

### *La Solitude de St Amant* <sup>1</sup>

#### *Englisch*

#### I

O! SOLITUDE my sweetest choice  
 Places devoted to the night  
 Remote from tumult, and from noise  
 How you my restless thoughts  
 delight!  
 O Heavens! what content is mine  
 To see those trees which have  
 appear'd  
 From the nativity of Time  
 And which all ages have rever'd,

<sup>1</sup> O! Que j'aime la Solitude  
 Que ces lieux sacrez a la nuit,  
 Eloignez du monde & de bruit  
 Plaisent a mon inquietude!  
 Mon Dieu! que mes yeux sont contents

This (see Preface) will satisfy the reasonable demands of Orinda's first editor without giving the whole

To look to day as fresh and green  
 As when their beauties first were  
 seen! 10

#### II

A cheerful wind does court them so  
 And with such amorous breath en  
 fold  
 That we by nothing else can know  
 But by their height that they are  
 old  
 Hither the demi gods did fly  
 To seek a sanctuary when  
 Displeased Jove once pierc'd the sky  
 To pour a deluge upon men

De voir ces Bois qui se trouverent  
 A la natiuite du Temps  
 Et que tous les Siècles reverent,  
 Estre encore aussi beaux & vers  
 Qu'aux premiers jours de l'Univers.

# Katherine Philips

And on these boughs themselves  
did save,  
Whence they could hardly see a  
wave 20

## III

Sad Philomel upon this thorn,  
So curiously by Flora dress'd,  
In melting notes, her case forlorn,  
To entertain me, hath confess'd  
O ! how agreeable a sight  
These hanging mountains do ap-  
pear,  
Which the unhappy would invite  
To finish all their sorrows here,  
When their hard fate makes them  
endure 29

## IV

What pretty desolations make  
These torrents vagabond and  
fierce,  
Who in vast leaps their springs for-  
sake,  
This solitary Vale to pierce  
Then sliding just as serpents do  
Under the foot of every tree,  
Themselves are changed to rivers too,  
Wherein some stately *Nayade*<sup>1</sup>,  
As in her native bed, is grown  
A Queen upon a crystal throne 40

## V

This fen beset with river plants,  
O ! how it does my senses charm !  
Nor elders, reeds, nor willows want,  
Which the sharp steel did never  
harm  
Here Nymphs which come to take  
the air,  
May with such distaffs furnish'd be,  
As flags and rushes can prepare,  
Where we the nimble frogs may  
see,  
Who frighted to retreat do fly,  
If an approaching man they spy 50

## VI

Here water-fowl repose enjoy,  
Without the interrupting care,  
Lest Fortune should their bliss  
destroy  
By the malicious fowler's snare  
Some ravish'd with so bright a day,  
Their feathers finely prune and  
deck,  
Others their amorous heats allay,  
Which yet the waters could not  
check  
All take their innocent content  
In this their lovely element 60

## VII

Summer's, nor Winter's bold ap-  
proach,  
This stream did never entertain,  
Nor ever felt a boat or coach,  
Whilst either season did remain  
No thirsty traveller came near,  
And rudely made his hand his  
cup,  
Nor any hunted hind hath here  
Her hopeless life resign'd up,  
Nor ever did the treacherous hook  
Intrude to empty any brook 70

## VIII

What beauty is there in the sight  
Of these old ruin'd castle-walls,  
On which the utmost rage and spight  
Of Time's worst insurrection falls ?  
The witches keep their Sabbath here,  
And wanton devils make retreat,  
Who in malicious sport appear,  
Our sense both to afflict and cheat,  
And here within a thousand holes  
Are nests of adders and of owls 80

## IX

The raven with his dismal cries,  
That mortal augury of Fate,  
Those ghastly goblins gratifies,  
Which in these gloomy places  
wait

<sup>1</sup> The retention of the trisyllabic value of the French *Naiade* and the accentuation of the *e* are interesting, though the latter is of course unjustifiable Saint-Amant has the word in the middle of the line

'Ou quelque *Nayade* superbe'

But, after all, the classical teaching of Hackney may have been slightly defective, and Orinda may have thought that '*Naiades*' authorized a singular '*Naiadee*'

## *La Solitude de St Amant*

On a curs d tree the wind does move  
A carcase which did once belong  
To one that hang d himself for love  
Of a fair Nymph that did him  
wrong  
Who though she saw his love and  
truth  
With one look would not save the  
youth 90

### X

But Heaven which judges equally  
And its own laws will still main  
tain  
Rewarded soon her cruelty  
With a deserv d and mighty pain  
About this squalid heap of bones  
Her wandring and condemned  
shade  
I aments in long and piercing groans  
The destiny her rigour made  
And the more to augment her fright  
Her crime is ever in her sight 100

### XI

I here upon antique marbles trac d,  
Devices of past times we see  
Here age hath almost quite defac d  
What lovers carv d on every tree  
The cellar here, the highest room  
Receives when its old rafters fail  
Soil d with the venom and the foam  
Of the spider and the snail  
And th ivy in the chimney we  
Find shaded by a walnut tree 110

### XII

Below there does a cave extend  
Wherein there is so dark a grot  
That should the Sun himself descend  
I think he could not see a jot  
Here sleep within a heavy lid  
In quiet sadness locks up sense  
And every care he does forbid  
Whilst in the arms of negligence  
Lazily on his back he s spread  
And sheaves of poppy are his bed 120

### XIII

Within this cool and hollow cave  
Where Love itself might turn to  
ice  
Poor Echo ceases not to rave  
On her Narcissus wild and nice

Hither I softly steal a thought  
And by the softer music made  
With a sweet lute in charms well  
taught  
Sometimes I flatter her sad shade  
Whilst of my chords I make such  
choice,  
They serve as body to her voice 130

### XIV

When from these ruins I retire  
This horrid rock I do invade  
Whose lofty brow seems to inquire  
Of what materials mists are made  
From thence descending leisurely  
Under the brow of this steep hill  
It with great pleasure I descry  
By waters undermin d until  
They to Palaemon s seat did climb  
Compos d of sponges and of slime 140

### XV

How highly is the fancy pleas d  
To be upon the ocean s shore  
When she begins to be appeas d  
And her fierce billows cease to  
roar !  
And when the hairy Tritons are  
Riding upon the shaken wave  
With what strange sounds they strike  
the air  
Of their trumpets hoarse and  
brave  
Whose shrill report does every wind  
Unto his due submission bind ! 150

### XVI

Sometimes the sea dispels the sand  
Trembling and murmuring in the  
bay,  
And rolls itself upon the shells  
Which it both brings and takes  
away  
Sometimes exposes on the strand  
Th effects of Neptune s rage and  
scorn  
Drown d men dead monsters cast  
on land  
And ships that were in tempest  
torn 155  
With diamonds and ambergreece  
And many more such things as these

# Katherine Philips

## XVII

Sometimes so sweetly she does  
smile,

A floating mirror she might be,  
And you would fancy all that while  
New Heavens in her face to see  
The Sun himself is drawn so well,  
When there he would his picture  
view,

That our eye can hardly tell  
Which is the false Sun, which the  
true,

And lest we give our sense the lie,  
We think he's fallen from the sky 170

## XVIII

Bernieres ! for whose belovèd sake  
My thoughts are at a noble strife,  
This my fantastic landskip take,  
Which I have copied from the  
life

I only seek the deserts rough,  
Where all alone I love to walk,  
And with discourse refin'd enough,  
My Genius and the Muses talk,  
But the converse most truly mine,  
Is the dear memory of thine 180

## XIX

Thou mayst in this Poem find,  
So full of liberty and heat,  
What illustrious rays have shin'd  
To enlighten my conceit  
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,  
Just as that fury does control,  
And as the object I survey,  
The notions grow up in my soul,  
And are as unconcern'd and free 189  
As the flame which transported me

## XX

O ! how I Solitude adore,  
That element of noblest wit,  
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,  
Without the pains to study it  
For thy sake I in love am grown  
With what thy fancy does pursue,  
But when I think upon my own,  
I hate it for that reason too,  
Because it needs must hinder me 199  
From seeing, and from serving  
thee

## *Tendres desirs* out of a French Prose

Go, soft desires, Love's gentle pro-  
geny,  
And on the heart of charming  
Sylvia seize,  
Then quickly back again return to me,  
Since that's the only cure for my  
disease,  
But if you miss her breast whom I  
adore,  
Then take your flight, and visit mine  
no more

## *Amanti ch' in pianti, &c*

LOVERS who in complaints yourselves  
consume,  
And to be happy once perhaps pre-  
sume,  
Your Love and hopes alike are  
vain,  
Nor will they ever cure your pain  
They that in Love would joy attain,  
Their passion to their power must  
frame,  
Let them enjoy what they can gain,  
And never higher aim  
Complaints and Sorrows, from me  
now depart,  
You think to soften an ungentle  
heart, 10  
When it not only wards such  
blows,  
But from your sufferance prouder  
grows  
They that in Love would joy, &c

A Pastoral of Mons. de  
Scudery's in the first  
volume of 'Almahide'

## *Englshed*

SLOTHFUL deceiver, come away,  
With me again the fields survey,  
And sleep no more, unless it be  
My fortune thou shouldst dream  
of me

## *A Pastoral of Mons de Scudery's*

The sky from which the night is fled,  
Is painted with a matchless red  
Tis day the morning greets my  
eyes

Thou art my Sun wilt thou not rise?

Now the black shadows of the night  
From Heav'n and Earth are put to  
flight

Come and dispel each lingering  
shade

With that light which thy eyes have  
made

That planet which solike thee seems  
In his long and piercing beams,  
At once illuminates and gilds  
All these valleys and these fields

The winds do rather sigh than blow  
And rivers murmur as they go  
And all things seem to thee to say  
Rise fair one tis a lovely day

Come and the liquid pearls descry  
Which glittering mong the flowers  
lie

Day finds them wet when it appears  
And tis too often with my tears

Hearken and thou wilt much ap-  
prove

The warbling consort<sup>1</sup> of this grove  
Complete the pleasure of our ears  
Mixing thy harmony with theirs

Feather'd musician step aside  
Thyself within these bushes hide  
While my *Aminta's* voice affords  
Her charming notes to clothe my  
words

Hasten to sing them, then my fair,  
And put this proud one to despair  
Whose voice the bass and trebles  
part

With so marvellous an art

Come Philomel and now make use  
Of all thy practice can produce  
All the harmonious secrets thou  
Canst try will do no service now

Thou must to her this glory give  
For nothing can thy fame relieve  
Then ere thou dost the conquest try  
Choose to be silent here or die

Come my Shepherdess survey  
(While a hundred pipes do play)  
I rom every fold from every shed  
How the herds and flocks are fed

Hear the pleasing harmless voice  
Of thy lambs now<sup>2</sup> they rejoice  
While with their bleating notes are  
mix'd

Their pretty bounds and leaps be-  
twixt

See see how from the thatched  
rooms

Of these our artless cabins comes  
A rustic troop of jolly swains  
From every side unto the plains

Their sheep hooks steel so bright  
and clear

How it shines both far and near  
A bag pipe here and there a flute  
With merrier whistles do dispute

Hear thy flocks which for thee bleat  
In language innocent and sweet,  
See here thy shepherd who attends  
em

And from the ravenous wolf defends  
em

Thy Melampus him endears  
And leaps and sports when he  
appears

He complains that thy sloth is such  
And my poor heart does that as  
much

Among the rest here's a ram we  
So white so blithe so merry see  
In all our flocks there is not one  
Deserves such praise as he alone

On the grass he butts and leaps  
Flatters and then away he skips  
So gentle and yet proud is he  
That surely he hath learn'd of thee

<sup>1</sup> = 'concert as often

<sup>2</sup> Now is possible, but one rather suspects how



## Katherine Philips

The fairest garlands we can find,  
Unworthy are, his horns to bind,  
But flower that death can never know,  
Are fittest to adorn his brow 80

He is full of modest shame,  
And as full of amorous flame,  
Astrologers in heaven see  
A beast less beautiful than he  
I have for thee a sheep-hook brought,  
On which thy shepherd hard hath wrought,

Here he thy character hath trac'd,  
Is it not neatly interlac'd?

To that a scrip is tied for thee,  
Which woven is so curiously, 90  
That the art does the stuff excel,  
And gold itself looks not so well

Here's in a cage that he did make,  
All the birds that he could take,  
How glorious is their slavery,  
If they be not despis'd by thee!

A garland too for thee hath staid,  
And 'tis of fairest flowers made  
Aurora had this offering kept,  
And for its loss hath newly wept 100

A lovely fawn he brings along,  
Nimble, as thyself, and young,  
And greater presents he would bring,  
But that a shepherd is no king

Come away, my lovely bliss,  
To such divertisement as this,  
And bring none to these lovely places,  
But only Venus, and the Graces

Whatever company were nigh, 109  
Would tedious be, when thou art by,  
Venus and Fortune would to me  
Be troublesome, if I had thee

She comes! from far, the lovely maid  
Is by her shining charms betray'd  
See how the flowers sprout up, to meet

A noble ruin from her feet

How sprightly, and how fair is she!  
How much undone then must I be?  
My torment is, I know, severe,  
But who can think on't when she's near? 120

My heart leaps up within my breast,  
And sinks again with joy oppress,  
But in her sight to yield my breath,  
Would be an acceptable death

Come then, and, in this shade, be sure,

That thy fair skin shall be secure,  
For else the Sun would wrong, I fear,  
The colours which do flourish there  
His flaming steeds do climb so fast,  
While they to our horizon haste, 130  
That by this time his radiant coach,  
Does to his highest house approach  
His fiercer rays in heat, and length,  
Begin to rob us of our strength,  
Directly on the Earth they dart,  
And all the shadows are grown short

This valley hath a private seat,  
Which is a cool and moist retreat,  
Where th'angry Planet which we spy,  
Can ne'er invade us with his eye 140

Behold this fresh and florid grass,  
Where never yet a foot did pass,  
A carpet spreads for us to sit,  
And to thy beauty offers it

This delicate apartment is  
Roof'd o'er with aged stooping trees,  
Whose verdant shadow does secure  
This place a native furniture

The courts of Naiades are such, 149  
In shades like these, ador'd so much,  
Where thousand fountains round about

Perpetually gush water out

How finely this thick moss doth look,  
Which limits this transparent brook.  
Whose sportful wave does swell and spread,

And is on flags and rushes shed!

Within this liquid crystal, see  
The cause of all my misery,  
And judge by that, (fair murderess)  
If I could love thy beauty less 160

Thy either eye does rays dispense  
Of modesty and innocence,  
And with thy seriousness, we find  
The gladness of an infant join'd

## *A Pastoral of Mons de Scudery's*

Thy frowns delight though they  
torment  
From thy looks life and death are  
sent  
And thy whole air does on us throw  
Arrows which cureless wounds be  
stow  
The stature of a mountain pine 169  
Is crooked when compar'd to thine  
Which does thy sex to envy move  
As much as it does ours to love  
From thy dividing lips do fly  
Those pointed shafts that make us  
die  
Nor have our gardens e'er a rose  
That to thy cheeks we dare oppose  
When by a happy liberty  
We may thy lovely bosom see  
The whitest curds nor falling snow  
Can any such complexion show 180  
Thyme and Marjoram whose scent  
Of all perfume's most innocent  
Less fragrant than thy breath have  
Which all our senses does enslave  
Even when thou scornest thou canst  
please  
And make us love our own disease  
The blushes that our cherries wear  
Do hardly to thy lips come near  
When upon the smoother plains  
Thou to dance wilt take the pains  
No hind when she employs her feet  
Is half so graceful or so fleet 192  
Of thy garments fair and white  
The neatness gives us most delight  
And I had rather them behold  
Than clothes embroider'd with gold  
I nothing in the world can see  
So rare as unadorn'd thee  
Who art (as it must be confess'd)  
Not by thy clothes but beauty  
dress'd 200  
Thy lovely hair thou up hast tied  
And in an unwrought veil dost hide,  
In the meantime thy single face  
All other beauties does disgrace

Yes yes thy negligence alone  
Does more than all their care hath  
done  
The Nymphs in all their pompous  
dress  
Do entertain my fancy less  
A nosegay all thy jewel is  
And all thy art consists in this 10  
And what from this pure spring does  
pass  
Is all thy paint and all thy glass  
Ador'd beauty here may we  
Ourselves in lovely glasses see  
Come then I pray thee let us look  
I in thy eyes thou in the brook  
Within this faithful mirror see  
The object which hath conquer'd me  
Which though the stream does well  
impart, 219  
Tis better form'd here in my heart  
In th' entertainment of thy mind  
When tis to pensiveness inclin'd  
Count if thou canst these flowers  
and thou  
The sum of my desires wilt know  
Observe these turtles kind and true  
Hearken how frequently they woo  
They faithful lovers are and who  
That sees thee would not be so too?  
Of them my fair Aminta learn 29  
At length to grant me thy concern  
Follow what thou in them dost see  
And thou wilt soon be kind to me  
Those mighty bulls are worth thy  
sight  
Who on the plains so stoutly fight  
Fiercely each other's brow they hit  
Where beauty does with anger meet  
Love is the quarrel they maintain  
As twas the reason of their pain  
So would thy faithful shepherd do  
If he should meet his rival too 40  
Thy shepherd fair and cruel one  
In all these villages is known  
Such is his father's herd and flock  
The plain is cover'd with the stock

## Katherine Philips

He the convenient'st pastures knows,  
And where the wholesome water  
flows,  
Knows where the coolest shadows are,  
And well hath learn'd a shepherd's  
care

Astrology he studies too, <sup>249</sup>  
As much as shepherds ought to do,  
Nay, Magic nothing hath so dim,  
That can be long conceal'd from him

When any do these secrets dread,  
He for himself hath this to plead,  
That he by them such herbs can pick,  
As cure his sheep when they are sick

He can foresee the coming storm,  
Nor hail, nor clouds, can do him  
harm, <sup>258</sup>

And from their injuries can keep,  
Safely enough his lambs and sheep

He knows the season of the year,  
When shepherds think it fit to shear  
Such inoffensive sheep as these,  
And strip them of their silver fleece

He knows the scorching time of day,  
When he must lead his flock away  
To valleys which are cool and near,  
To chew the cud, and rest them  
there.

He dares the fiercest wolves engage,  
When 'tis their hunger makes them  
rage, <sup>270</sup>

The frightened dogs, when they retire,  
He with new courage can inspire

He sings and dances passing well,  
And does in wrestling too excel,  
Yes, fair maid, and few that know him,  
But these advantages allow him

At our feast, he gets the praise,  
For his enchanting roundelays,  
And on his head have oftenest been  
The garlands and the prizes seen <sup>280</sup>

When the scrip and crook he quits,  
And free from all disturbance sits,  
He can make the bag-pipes swell,  
And oaten reeds his passion tell

When his flame does him excite,  
In amorous songs to do the right,  
He makes the verses which he uses,  
And borrows none of other Muses

He neglects his own affairs,  
To serve thee with greater cares, <sup>290</sup>  
And many shepherdesses would  
Deprive thee of him if they could

Of Alceste he could tell,  
And Silvia's eye, thou know'st it well  
But as his modesty is great,  
He blushes if he them repeat.

When in the crystal stream he looks,  
If there be any truth in brooks,  
He finds, thy scorn can never be  
Excus'd by his deformity <sup>300</sup>

His passion is so high for thee,  
As 'twill admit no new degree  
Why wilt not thou his love requite,  
Since kindness givessomuchdelight?

Aminta heark'ned all this while,  
Then with a devious, charming  
smile,

Against her will, she let him see.  
That she would change his destiny

I promise nothing, then said she,  
With an obliging air, and free, <sup>310</sup>  
But I think, if you will try,  
The wolves are crueller than I.

When my sheep unhealthy are,  
I have compassion, I have care,  
Nor pains, nor journeys then I  
grudge,

By which you may my nature judge

When any of them goes astray,  
All the hamlets near us may  
Perceive me, all in grief and fear,  
Run and search it everywhere <sup>320</sup>

And when I happen once to find  
The object of my troubled mind,  
As soon as ever it I spy,  
O! how overjoy'd am I!

I flatter her, and I caress,  
And let her ruffle all my dress,  
The vagabond I kindly treat,  
And mint and thyme I make her eat

# *A Pastoral of Mons de Scudery's*

When my sparrow does me quit  
My throbbing heart makes after it,  
And nothing can relief afford, 331  
For my fair inconstant bird<sup>1</sup>

When my dog hath me displeas d  
I am presently appeas d,  
And a tear is in my eye,  
If I have but made him cry  
I never could a hatred keep  
But to the wolf that kills my sheep  
Gentle and kind and soft I am  
And just as harmless as a lamb 340  
Dispel thy fear cease thy complaint,  
O Shepherd timorous and faint<sup>1</sup>  
For I m a mistress very good  
If you ll but serve me as you shou d  
Words of a favourable strain  
(Cried out that now transported  
swan)

Which do in thy Leontius fate  
So glad and swift a change create  
But look about, for now I mark  
The fields already growing dark 350  
And with those shadows cover'd all  
Which from the neighbouring moun-  
tains fall

The wingèd quire on every tree  
By carolling melodiously,  
Do the declining Sun pursue  
With their last homage and adieu  
From the next cottages I hear  
Voices well known unto my ear  
They are of our domestics who  
Do pipe, and hollow for us too 360  
The flocks and herds do home-  
wards go  
I hear them hither bleat and low  
Thy eyes which mine so much  
admire,  
Tell me tis time we should retire

Go, then destroying fair one go,  
Since I perceive it must be so  
Sleep sweetly all the night but be  
At least, so kind to dream of me

## Translation of *Thomas a Kempis* into Verse out of Mons Corneilles lib 3 cap 2 Englished

SPEAK Gracious Lord, Thy servant  
hears

For I both am and will be so  
And in Thy pleasant paths will go  
When the Sun shines or disappears

Give me Thy Spirit that I may per-  
ceive<sup>2</sup>

What by my soul Thou wouldst  
have done

Let me have no desire but one  
Thy will to practise and believe

But yet Thy eloquence disarm  
And as a whisper to my heart, 10  
Let it, like dew plenty impart,  
And like that let it freely charm

The Jews fear'd thunderbolts would  
fall

And that Thy words would Death  
procure

Nor in the desert could endure  
To hear their Maker speak at all

They court Moses to declare Thy  
will<sup>3</sup>

And begg'd to hear no more thy  
voice

They could not stand the dreadful  
noise 19

Lest it should both surprise and kill

<sup>1</sup> This rhyme is an instance of a law which has not I think, been generally noticed as prevailing in late seventeenth century poetry that for rhym's sake a combination of letters may take a value which it actually possesses only in another word. In 'word' itself *ord* does rhyme to *ird*.

<sup>2</sup> Spirit is of course constantly monosyllabic and even if not lends itself easily to trisyllabic substitution. But the rest of the line makes it almost certain that Orinda by oversight put in a foot too much.

This apparently hopeless verse is perhaps best mended into a decasyllable (cf the first lines of st 2 and 8) by reading 'courted'

## *Katherine Philips*

Without those terrors, I implore,  
 And other favours I entreat,  
 With confident, though humble  
 heart<sup>1</sup>,  
 I beg what Samuel did of yore  
 Though Thou art all that I can dread,  
 Thy voice is music to my ears  
 Speak, Lord, then, for Thy servant  
 hears,  
 And will obey what Thou hast said  
 I ask no Moses that for Thee should  
 speak,  
 Nor Prophet to enlighten me, 30  
 They all are taught and sent by  
 Thee,  
 And 'tis Thy voice I only seek.  
 Those beams proceed from Thee  
 alone,  
 Which through their words on us  
 do flow,  
 Thou without them canst all be-  
 stow,  
 But they without Thee can give none  
 They may repeat the sound of words,  
 But not confer their hidden force,  
 And without Thee, their best dis-  
 course,  
 Nothing but scorn to men affords 40

Let them Thy miracles impart,  
 And vigorously Thy will declare,  
 Their voice, perhaps, may strike  
 the ear,  
 But it can never move the heart  
 Th' obscure and naked Word they  
 sow,  
 But thou dost open our dim eye,  
 And the dead letter to supply,  
 The Living Spirit dost bestow  
 Mysterious truths to us they  
 brought,  
 But Thou expound'st the riddle  
 too, 50  
 And Thou alone canst make us  
 do  
 All the great things that they have  
 taught  
 They may indeed the way direct,  
 But Thou enablest us to walk,  
 I' th' ear alone sticks all they talk,  
 But thou dost even the heart dissect  
 They wash the surface of the  
 mind,  
 But all her fruit Thy goodness  
 claims,  
 All that e'er enlightens, or enflames,  
 Must be to that alone assign'd 60

## APPENDIX

### Songs from *Pompey*

#### SONG (*Pompey*, Act I)

SINCE affairs of the State are already  
 decreed<sup>2</sup>,  
 Make room for affairs of the  
 Court,

Employment and Pleasure each  
 other succeed,  
 Because they each other support  
 Were Princes confin'd  
 From slackening their mind,  
 When by Care it is ruffled and  
 curl'd,

<sup>1</sup> It is probably useless to try to mend this rhyme, though 'heat' in the earlier metaphysicals would not be impossible

<sup>2</sup> It must be admitted that Orinda is not happy in these anapaests, and too much justifies in particular the generally unjust scorn of Bysshe for 'the disagreeableness of their measure'

# Songs from Pompey

A crown would appear  
Too heavy to wear,  
And no man would govern the  
world 10  
If the Gods themselves who have  
power enough,  
In diversions are various and oft  
Since the business of Kings is  
angry and rough  
Their intervals ought to be soft  
Were Princes confin'd, &c  
To our Monarch we owe, whatsoe'er  
we enjoy  
And no grateful subjects were  
those  
Who would not the safety, he gives  
them employ  
To contribute to his repose  
Were Princes confin'd, &c. 20

## SONG (*Pompey*, Act II)

1  
SEE how victorious Caesar's pride  
Does Neptune's bosom sweep!  
And with Thessalian fortune ride  
In triumph o'er the deep

2  
What rival of the Gods is this  
Who dares do more than they?  
Whose feet the Fates themselves do  
kiss,  
And Sea and Land obey

1  
What can the fortunate withstand?  
For this resistless He, 10  
Rivers of blood brings on the land,  
And bulwarks on the sea.

2  
Since Gods as well as Men submit  
And Caesar's favour woo  
Virtue herself may think it fit  
That Egypt court him too

1  
But Pompey head's a rate too dear,  
For by that impious price  
The God less noble will appear  
Than does the Sacrifice 20

( 611 )

2  
If Justice be a thing divine  
The Gods should it maintain  
For us t attempt what they decline  
Would be as rash as vain

CHORUS  
How desperate is our Prince's fate?  
What hazard does he run?  
He must be wicked to be great  
Or to be just undone

## SONG (*Pompey* Act III)

FROM lasting and unclouded day  
From joys refin'd above allay  
And from a spring without decay—  
I come, by Cynthia's borrow'd beams  
To visit my Cornelia's dreams,  
And give them yet sublimer themes  
Behold the man thou lov'd'st before  
Pure streams have wash'd away his  
gore,  
And Pompey now shall bleed no  
more

By Death my Glory I resume 10  
For twould have been a harsher  
doom

T outlive the liberty of Rome  
By me her doubtful fortune tried  
Falling bequeaths my Fame this  
pride,

I for it liv'd, and with it died  
Nor shall my vengeance be with  
stood

Or unattended with a flood  
Of Roman and Egyptian blood  
Caesar himself it shall pursue,  
His days shall troubled be and few,  
And he shall fall by treason too 21

He by severity divine  
Shall be an offering at my shrine,  
As I was his he must be mine.

Thy stormy life regret no more  
For Fate shall waft thee soon  
ashore,

And to thy Pompey thee restore

## Katherine Philips

Where past the fears of sad removes  
We'll entertain our spotless loves,  
In beauteous and immortal groves 30  
There none a guilty crown shall wear,  
Nor Caesar be Dictator there,  
Nor shall Cornelia shed a tear.

### SONG (*Pompey*, Act IV)

PROUD monuments of royal dust !  
Do not your old foundations shake,  
And labour to resign their trust ?  
For sure your mighty guests  
should wake,  
Now their own Memphis lies at  
stake

Alas ! in vain our dangers call ,  
They care not for our destiny,  
Nor will they be concern'd at all  
If Egypt now enslav'd, or free,  
A kingdom or a province be 10

What is become of all they did ?  
And what of all they had design'd,  
Now Death the busy scene hath hid ?  
Where but in story shall we find  
Those great disturbers of mankind ?

When men their quiet minutes spent  
Where myrtles grew and fountains  
purld,

As safe as they were innocent  
What angry God among them  
hurl'd

Ambition to undo the World ? 20

What is the charm of being great ?  
Which oft is gain'd and lost with sin,  
Or if w' attain a royal seat,  
With guiltless steps what do we win,  
If Love and Honour fight within ?

Honour the brightness of the mind !  
And Love her noblest ecstasy  
That does ourselves, this others bind  
When you, great pair, shall disagree  
What casuist can the umpire be ? 30

Though Love does all the heart  
subdue,  
With gentle, but resistless sway ,

Yet Honour must that govern too  
And when thus Honour wins the  
day,  
Love overcomes the bravest way

### SONG (*Pompey*, Act V)

I

ASCEND a throne, great Queen ! to  
you

By Nature, and by Fortune due ,  
And let the World adore

One who Ambition could withstand,  
Subdue Revenge, and Love com-  
mand,  
On Honour's single score.

2

Ye mighty Roman shades, permit  
That Pompey should above you sit,  
He must be deified. 9

For who like him, e'er fought or fell ?  
What hero ever liv'd so well,  
Or who so greatly died ?

I

What cannot glorious Caesar do ?  
How nobly does he fight and woo !  
On crowns how does he tread !

What mercy to the weak he shows,  
How fierce is he to living foes,  
How pious to the dead !

2

Cornelia yet would challenge tears,  
But that the sorrow which she wears,  
So charming is, and brave. 21

That it exalts her honour more,  
Than if she all the sceptres bore,  
Her generous husband gave.

### CHORUS

Then after all the blood that's shed,  
Let's right the living and the dead -  
Temples to Pompey raise ,  
Set Cleopatra on the throne ,  
Let<sup>1</sup> Caesar keep the World h' has  
won ,

And sing Cornelia's praise. 30

FINIS

<sup>1</sup> Orig 'Let's.'



THE  
NIGHTINGALE  
Shereine  
and  
Mariana  
A happy Husband  
Eliges on the death  
of  
Queene Anne  
Songs and Sonnets  
by  
PATRICK HARRINGTON gent



LONDON printed for  
Nathaniel Butter 1624



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## INTRODUCTION TO PATRICK HANNAY

THE interest of the poems of Patrick Hannay though not wholly dependent upon is no doubt to some increased by that extreme rarity on which is based the calculation that there are not more than six known copies of the original, while Utterson reprinted but fifteen, and the only later edition (used in the present issue) is that of a private society—the Hunterian Club of Glasgow. He is not a great poet and he comes in point of publication a very little before the strict ‘Caroline’ period though he lived, according to some accounts well into it, and into it according to all.<sup>1</sup> But he is quite of the type, and he contributes in *Sheretine and Mariana* one of those ‘Heroic Poems’ of which the collection and communication to the student is one of the main objects of this book. It has the peculiarity unusual in a piece of such length of being written in the first person, the story being told throughout by the heroine nor is this the only thing which makes it a useful document as to the strange difficulty with which straightforward prose fiction got itself born. Hannay does not manage his six line stanza very well. The more lyrical sixteen line stave of the earlier *Phylomela* is less well suited for a poem which also is of considerable length but the poet is certainly less prosaic in it. In the original a musical setting is given for the first of these staves and the author seems (from the note given below) to have thought it possible that some one might like to sing the whole poem—seventy pages and nearly seventeen hundred lines! The idea is a curious one. The Sonnets (the name being applied quite *ad libitum*) and Songs’ are not uninteresting, but here seems to be no need to take up precious space with much comment upon them. I am glad to have read Hannay, and to give others the opportunity of reading him.

<sup>1</sup> The personal history and even identity of our poet are things deeply wrapped in mystery. David Laing’s rather elaborate genealogical introduction to the Hunterian reprint establishes practically nothing but that he was of the family of Hannay or Ahannay of Sorby in Galloway now represented by the Hannays of Kingsmuir in Fife and the Rainsford Hannays of Kirkdale in Kirkcudbright. The Hannays seem to have christened themselves Patrick with the inveteracy of the Princes of Reuss in regard to another name and not to have tempered this with the numerical niceness of that house. Laing does not seem to have accepted what the *Dictionary of National Biography* states with positiveness—that the poet was Master in Chancery in Ireland in the year 1627—or the rumour that he was drowned at sea two years later. That he was of the Sorby family that he was Master of Arts and that he was known to persons of distinction at the court of James I during the last years of his reign, may be said to be the only positively known facts about him except the dates of his works which are for *The Happy Husband* and the *Elegies on Queen Anne* (same year but published separately) 1619 and for the *Collected Poems* 1622.

# Patrick Hannay

## To the most illustrious Princess FRANCIS<sup>1</sup> Duchess of Lenox, Countess of Hertford and Richmond

SWEET Philomela's long concealèd woe,  
From dark oblivion now I bring to light,  
That (though it help her not) the world  
may know,

The cause she sobbeth out her notes  
by night

Which to you (greatest Lady) I  
present,

Fruit of some hours I with the Muses  
spent.

It is well known<sup>2</sup> honour hath been had  
By patronizing of a work of worth,  
Whilst skilful Art did cunningly o'er-  
shade

The Patron's weakness, and his praise  
point forth . 10

Here it's not so, my work mean, your  
worth main,

Hereby I honour may, you none  
attain

For such are you, whom Nature,  
Beauty, Grace,

So fair hath fram'd, adorn'd, so well  
endu'd

As if those three contended had to place  
In you perfection, which their store  
hath shew'd.

With whom virtue hath join'd and  
mak'st appear,

Deservedly you move first in this  
sphere

So as thou canst not by a learn'd quill  
Be honour'd, or receive an equal praise  
Unto thy merits, they each press should  
fill, 21

Should go about with words thy worth  
to raise .

In it I'll rest . thy name which doth  
adorn

This frontispiece is my birds' April  
morn

If that your Grace do but my labours  
grace,

Each lady's lodging shall a grove be  
thought :

The nightingale shall sing in every  
place ,

Nay, thereby shall a miracle be wrought  
For if you but my Philomela cheer,  
Her singing-spring-tide shall last all  
the year. 30

Ever most humbly devoted to  
your Grace's service,

PATRICK HANNAY

## To his friend the Author

LET those that study how to praise a  
friend,

Or seek to flatter him beyond desert,  
Shake hands with me, for I have no  
such end,

That befits him that hath a fawning heart  
I only care to let the Author know

I love him, and his book, for virtue's  
sake

His work, his worth unto the world  
doth show,

Which for a pattern doth his practice  
take.

It needs no sycophant to set it  
forth,

(The wine is good, you well the bush  
may scorn ) 10

My praise defective should detract the  
worth,

Which with such lustre doth each leaf  
adorn

All I will say is this, it's done so  
well,

Some may come nigh , some match ,  
but none excel

EDWARD LEVENTHORPE.

<sup>1</sup> It is well known that the distinction between Francis and Frances was so little observed that the usual abbreviation of the latter, as of the former, was 'Frank'

<sup>2</sup> 'How' dropped before 'honour' (?)

# Commendatory Poems

## To my loving Kinsman the Author

|   |  |
|---|--|
| THY Philomela's sad (yet well sung)<br>note | Thy Songs and Sonnets passion deep<br>did move |
| Wrong'd Sheretine and Mariana's<br>love     | Do well approve that thy ingenious<br>wit      |
| Home's Husband Anna's Elegies so<br>wrote,  | Forevery measure every subject's fit           |
|   | ROBERT HANNAY                                  |

## Author

QVIS tibi Hannæ veteri pro stemmate certet?  
Gente à Romulidum gens tua quando venit,  
Annæi micuere duo, vatesque sophusque  
His etiam Hannæus tertius esse potest

IOHANNES DUNBAR<sup>1</sup>

## To his much respected friend Master PATRICK HANNAY

HANNAY, thy worth bewrays well whence thou'rt sprung  
And that that honour'd Name thou dost not wrong  
As if from Sorby's stock no branch could sprout,  
But should with ripning time bear golden fruit  
Thy ancestors were ever worthy found  
Else Galdus grave had grac'd no Hannay's ground  
Thy father's father Donald well was known  
To th' English by his sword but thou art shown  
To them by pen (times changing) Hannays are  
Active in acts of worth be't peace or war  
Go on in virtue After times will tell,  
None but A Hannay could have done so well

JO MARSHALL

King Galdus (that  
Worthy  
who so  
bravely  
fought  
with the  
Romans)  
lies buried  
in the  
lands of  
Patrick  
Hannay of  
Kirkdale in  
Galloway

## Of the Author

READER, I'm brief, this Poem's penn'd so well,  
Of Muses Nine his is the Philomel

JOHN HARMAR

<sup>1</sup> The identification of the Senecas and the Hannays is ingenious especially considering the form Ahannay But I wish Iohannes Dunbar had written a better first line

# Patrick Hannay

## To his friend the Author

Laus tua, non tua res, cogit me scribere, vultus  
Gratia sic dulcis os facit, haud jubet ars

M AEONIAN Chorus now incline to me,  
A ssist my muse from your Parnassus high.  
S ome influence infuse you in my brain,  
T hat I this Author in a higher strain  
E fforc'd may be to praise a simple wit  
R are ones to praise, nor able is nor fit.  
P erian virtues with Homeric wit,  
A ffix'd are to thy ingenious brain  
T he penning of these Poems proveth it  
R ais'd from oblivion in a lofty vein.  
I n this our age (though many do affect  
C unning in verse, and would be counted rare)  
K now I none worthy of the like respect,  
E ver green Laurel must fall to thy share.  
H erein yet do I nothing flatter thee,  
A lthough in part thy parts I do display:  
N or none will doubt thereof that doth thee see,  
N eedless were feigning where such virtues sway.  
A rt shows itself by thy sweet flowing pen,  
Y ielding the Wreath to thee from rarest men.

10

20

I M. C

## To the Author<sup>1</sup>

HERE view the map of greatness, re-  
gal states,  
Kings thrown from thrones, crowns  
thrown from royal mates  
Where treach'rous greed to reign,  
ambitious ends  
Main rights divide, intrude false foes  
for friends  
Here try the course of wars, there see  
that stem,  
The awful Sceptre, glorious Diadem,  
Which once Hungarian Kings majes-  
tic sway'd,  
(Born to command, though never well  
obey'd)  
How rear'd, subvers'd, replac'd, defac'd  
again,  
Their Kingdom (uncontinu'd) did re-  
main  
But what in Thee (than rare) I most  
admire,  
Is this fierce flame, fraught with  
Castalian fire;

Thy pleasant strain, fram'd in this art  
divine  
And quick invention, th' essence of  
engine,  
Wherein Apollo harps, the Muses  
prance  
The fount-drawn fork'd sharps, with  
gleamings glance  
This tragic tune to grace, the Nymphs  
adorn  
Thee, with immortal fame, of lives for-  
lorn  
So do thy Lyrics, set in tripping  
measures,  
Show skilful wit, sprung from Alcinoos  
treasures,  
Which swim on Demthen, sweet Per-  
messen pleasures  
Thus may thy worth, thy curious  
works Thee raise;  
Few have deserv'd (or can attain)  
more praise

20

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

<sup>1</sup> For Hannay's repayment of this *v sub fin* In l 11, 'than rare' must be wrong  
'Thou rare,' as well as a dozen other things, occurs In l 21, 'Permessen' is of course  
'Permessian' 'Demthen' is what anybody likes 'Engine,' l. 14 = *ingenium*, as later  
in Scots

# Commendatory Poems

## In Imaginem

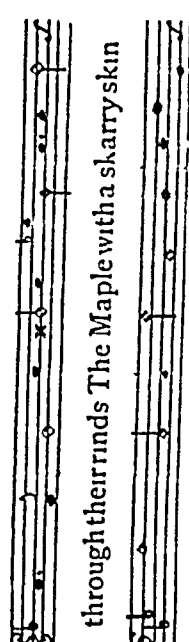
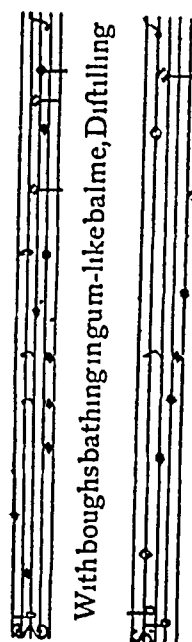
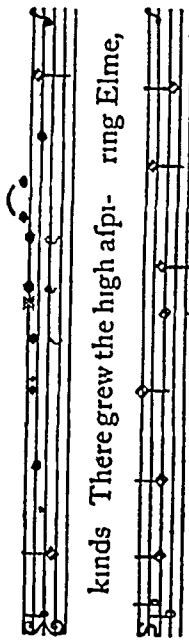
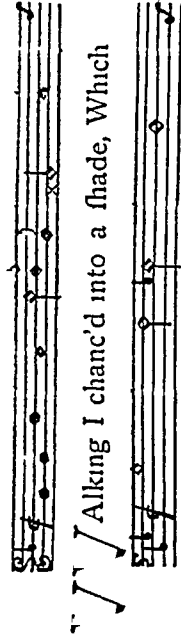
T EXPRESS the Author face, brass, ink  
and Art  
Have done their best, but for his better  
part  
The Grecian Philomel in English  
tongue  
Marian a Husband Elegies well sung  
Have given a touch, as in a cloudy  
night  
Obscured Phoebeshows her veiled light  
And at some turns where clouds do  
ill cohere  
With full beams shines out from her  
silver sphere  
So are his shaded passages of wit,

(Where birds do speak, and women in  
a fit )  
Who could so well have told fair  
Marian s wrong  
Or taught the Athenian bird a London  
song,  
As he to whom the depth of love is  
known  
And carving others can cut out his  
own  
Which in some part is here so well  
expressed  
None but himself can represent the  
rest

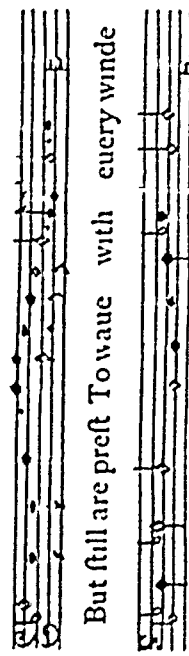
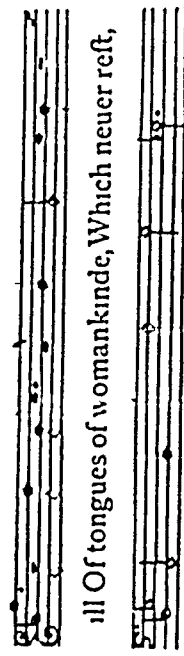
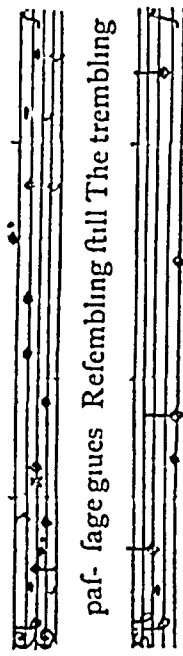
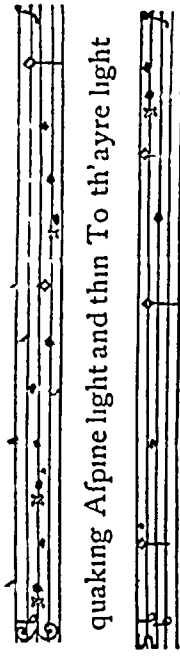
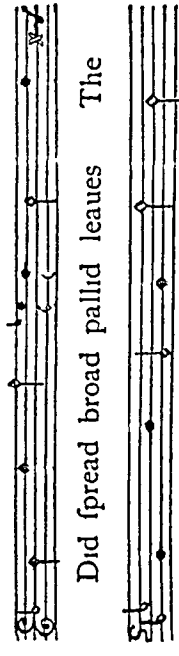
ROBERT ALANE

*Philomela*, or the *Nightingale*, which here follows is to be sung (by those that please) to the tune set down before in the frontispiece<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Intro. It has been thought best to reproduce the music *exactly*



*All the Rests (being Minom Rests) must be Crochet Rests.*



*Therefore I pray mend them with your pen, or remember them*

# PHILOMELA

## THE NIGHTINGALE

### THE ARGUMENT

PANDION King of Athens takes  
a wife  
He dearly loves her she him with  
like strife  
They issue have, two daughters (who  
excel)  
Progne the fair and fairer Philo-  
mel  
Fortune befriends not long, death her  
surpriseth  
Pandion grieves, new cause of grief  
ariseth  
Barbarians him invade, the Thracian  
King  
Them foils and succours to the  
siege doth bring  
He s entertain d Cupid with loving  
fires  
Of Progne warms him she hath  
like desires 10  
He woos, she's won her father s glad  
he sped  
With Princely pomp they solemnly  
do wed  
Tereus with Progne unto Thrace  
returns  
Thrace joys therefore therefore sad  
Athens mourns  
Five years in Thrace they glad  
together live  
Progne for Philomela 'gins to grieve  
Longs for her sight her husband  
doth entreat  
To work a way they may together  
meet  
He yields takes sail, to Athens back  
returns  
Unlawful love of Philomel him  
burns 20

Her native beauty and her rich  
attire  
Enrich'd by cunning Art he doth  
admire  
With lust enrag'd he sore Pandion  
prest  
That she might with him go at last  
did wrest  
Unwilling grant he her commits  
with tears  
To Tereus charge his love suspecting  
fears  
He takes his faith moves her to  
swift return  
They weeping part Pandion left doth  
mourn  
They sail, see shore they land, no  
more delay  
Tereus can brook nor doth he her  
assay 30  
By words knowing it bootless to a  
wood  
He drew her spoke his thought  
amaz'd she stood  
Heforc'd she faints reas'd revenge  
of wrong  
She vow'd to take he fearful lest her  
tongue  
Should bla e his crime he cuts't out  
with his blade  
That woful wood a prison for her  
made  
Then home returns, feigneth her  
funeral,  
Progne her mourns, she unto work  
doth fall  
Of party-coloured wool by skilful  
art  
A web she made that did her woes  
impart 40



# Patrick Hannay

Progne a sharp revenge doth under-  
take,  
Time favours her designs with  
Bacchus' wake,  
She takes her out, comes home, her  
flattering child  
She kills and dresses, fury made  
her wild  
To his sire for food she gives him, he  
doth eat  
His own flesh, his fault Progne lets  
him weet,  
The sisters he pursues, with rage he  
burn'd,  
Both he and they on sudden birds are  
turn'd

## I

WALKING I chanc'd into a shade,  
Which top-in-twining trees had made  
Of many several kinds  
There grew the high aspiring elm,  
With boughs bathing in gum-like  
balm,  
Distilling through their rinds  
The maple with a scarry skin  
Did spread broad pallid leaves  
The quaking Aspen light and thin  
To th' air light passage gives 10  
Resembling still  
The trembling ill  
Of tongues of womankind,  
Which never rest,  
But still are prest  
To wave with every wind

## II

The Myrtle made of nought but  
sweets,  
Love-loathing *Daphne's* offspring  
greet,  
Whose top no steel e'er lopp'd,  
Nor under-boughs with biting  
beasts 20  
Returning from their fodder-feasts,  
For banquet ne'er had cropp'd  
The lowly banks did bathe in dew,  
Which from the tops distill'd  
There Eglantine and Ivy grew,  
Sweet Mint and Marjoram wild

With many more,  
*Pomona's* store  
Was plentifully plac'd,  
That nought did want, 30  
Nor seem'd scant,  
To please sight, scent, or taste  
III  
The blooming borders fresh and  
fair,  
Were clad with clothes of colours  
rare,  
Which fairest *Flora* fram'd.  
The Hyacinth, the self-lov'd lad,  
*Adonis*, *Amaranthus* sad,  
There pleasing places claim'd  
The Primrose, pride of pleasing  
Prime,

With roses of each hue 40  
The Cowslip, Pink, and savoury  
Thyme,  
And Gilly-flower there grew.  
The Marygold,  
Which to behold  
Her lover loaths the night,  
Locking her leaves  
She inward grieves,  
When *Sol* is out of sight

## IV

Upon the boughs and tops of trees,  
Blithe birds did sit as thick as bees  
On blooming beans do bait. 51  
And every bird some loving note  
Did warble through the swelling throat  
To woo the wanton mate  
There might be heard the throbbing  
thrush,

The bull-finch blithe her by,  
The black-bird in another bush,  
With thousands more her nigh  
The ditties all,  
To great and small, 60  
Sweet *Philomel* did set,  
In all the grounds  
Of Music sounds,  
Those darlings did direct

## V

With pleasure which that place did  
bring,  
Which seem'd to me perpetual  
spring,

# Philomela

I was inform'd to stay  
 Leaning me lowly on the ground  
 To hear the sweet celestial sound  
 These Sylvans did bewray 70  
 Ravish'd with liking of their songs  
 I thought I understood  
 The several language to each long  
 That lodges in the wood  
*Most Philomel*  
 Did me compel  
 To listen to her song  
 In sugar'd strains  
 While she complains  
 Of tyrant *Tereus'* wrong 80

## VI

Compos'd to sing her saddest dit  
 She shrouded in a shade did sit,  
 Under a budding briar,  
 Whose thickness so debarr'd the  
 light,  
 It seem'd an artificial night  
 Leaves link'd in love so near  
 It seem'd she was asham'd to show  
 Herself in public place  
 By sight lest seers so might know  
 Her undeserv'd disgrace 90  
 Hid from the eye  
 She thought none nigh  
 Was for to pen her plaints  
 She gins relate  
 Her adverse fate,  
 And thus her passion paints

## VII

'When Prince *Pandion* held that  
 state  
 Which was the mirthful Muses seat  
 With learning beautified, 99  
 Governing there with peaceful rest,  
 Where no disturbing storms distress  
 Those that did there reside  
 In prime of youth he took a Dame,  
 By nature kind decor'd  
 With beauty virtue vow'd that frame  
 Should with her gifts be stor'd  
 I know not which  
 Did seem most rich,  
 By lavishness in giving  
 Each gave so much 110  
 I think none such  
 Was left amongst the living

## VIII

With equal heat love so combin'd  
 Their hearts as they were still  
 inclin'd  
 To nill and will the same  
 Their minds so mingled were to  
 gether  
 They had nought proper unto either  
*Both fires one common flame*  
 Thus surfeiting on love's delight,  
 Where with a matching measure  
 The one the other doth requite 121  
 In equal pitch of pleasure,  
 Their days they spent  
 In sweet content

Deeming all others wretched,  
 Whose lesser joys  
 Mixt with annoys  
 To their full height not stretch'd

## IX

To add unto their happiness  
 And further to increase their  
 bliss 130  
 The heavenly powers conspire  
 Of which they (Joy drown'd) did not  
 dream  
 So perfect did their pleasures seem  
 They could no more desire  
 Yet was their comfort so increas't,  
 With offsprings happy store  
 As now they think they were not  
 blest

With benefits before  
 Thus is it known  
 That none doth own 140  
 So much of earthly pleasure,  
 But that the heart  
 A little part  
 May hold a greater measure

## X

We were by Muses Nine nurst up  
 We drunk with Heliconian cup  
 Their number did increase  
 The goodly gifts the Graces Three  
 Gave to us, we did multiply  
 To number numberless 150  
 No syllable could from us slide,  
 But in consenting sound  
 Our looks and gestures who espied  
 The graces in them found

# Patrick Hannay

Each had such feature,  
And good stature.  
As just proportion grac'd,  
With colours rare  
To make us fair,  
By Nature's pencil plac'd. 160

## XI

Thus did both heaven and earth  
conspire  
To fill our father's dear desire,  
With heap'd happiness.  
But when things here are at the  
height,  
Unlook'd for lot doth often light,  
And drives them to distress.  
As when the Moon hath fill'd her  
horn,

She straight begins to wane.  
And when the flowing force is worn,  
The tide then turns again: 170

For here no state  
Is free from fate.  
With Time all turns about:  
Oft rise the small,  
The great oft fall  
When they do nothing doubt.

## XII

If pleasures here were permanent,  
Free from disturbing discontent,  
Not any ways annoy'd,  
We should not relish our delights, 180  
So dull should be our appetites,  
With senseless surfeit cloy'd.  
Therefore that we may better taste,  
Each sweet hath many sours,  
The brightest blink is quickly past,  
And banish'd with showers:

Also to show  
That we do owe  
To changing Time, we're tost  
When least we fear, 190  
It is most near.  
And our designs are lost.

## XIII

So with my father did it fare,  
Whom mercie death did unaware  
Deprive of his belov'd.  
My mother: sickness so her seiz'd,  
As pain itself did seem displac'd,  
And senses all remov'd:

She seiz'd with ceaseless sleep, gave  
first

Pain's cause of cures: 200  
Which *Attends* woe soon after runs,  
And bath'd in bloody tears.

Thus ever still  
Preceding ill  
Is followed fast with more:  
Ne'er comes alone  
One cause of more,  
It's comprised with store.

## XIV

Before her death-brad grief was  
surg'd,  
Barbarians were so engag'd, 210  
(Gaping for greedy gain,  
Encomrag'd by his carelessness,  
Whom they deem'd danc'd with  
excess.

They doubt not to obtain )  
As they wald round rich *Advers'*  
wills,

With variations about,  
So fearing fear our force appals.  
It drives now here look out,  
Fear forc'd some sound,  
And did confound 220

In others resolution;  
All were defeated,  
So unexpected,  
Was *Foetus's* revolution.

## XV

In midst of this our great distress,  
Which did our former fears in-  
crease,

Such woops we did behold,  
As with their bravery brav'd the  
skies,  
And danc'd the beholders' eye  
With beam-reb'ling gold, 230  
In front with lofty plume in pride,  
Mounted on stately stood,  
The likeliest of all did ride,  
Who seem'd the rest to lead.

Carving oft,  
Prancing aloft,  
His comiser proud distinctions  
To be contriv'd  
By bit of gold,  
Scooping commanding reins. 240

# Philomela

## XVI

But when he did approach more near  
 He banishèd that former fear  
 Conceived by his sight  
 He forc d our foes soon to retire  
 Who to resist had small desire,  
 They faintly fell in flight  
 We musèd much what he should be  
 Who with unaskèd aid  
 So suddenly did set us free  
 And all our foes dismay d 250  
 All ran to see  
 As he came nigh  
 And fixt on him their sight,  
 And all those eyes  
 Which him espies  
 Were taken with delight

## XVII

The streets as he did pass along  
 With gold were garnishèd and hung  
 All bravely beautified  
 The pavement pav d with pleasing  
 flowers 260  
 The spoils of *Flora* s fragrant bowers  
 Where *Tereus* did ride  
 Such was his name who us restor d  
 Of warlike *Thracia* King  
 Whom in triumphant wise decor d  
 My father in did bring  
 In manner meet  
 Each other greet  
 And kindly entertain  
 T his Palace fair 2 0  
 To solace there  
 He brings him and his train

## XVIII

There banqueting with dainties best  
 To please the too too curious taste  
 Which sea or land doth yield  
 With sweet discourses mixt among  
 Where a delightful pleasing tongue  
 Did rove in Rhet ric field  
 When *Tereus* saw my sister fair  
*Progne* he pric d her such 280  
 As he believ d no beauties were  
 Beside she had so much

His heart desires,  
 His eye admires  
 Her pleasing form and feature  
 He thinks all else  
 She far excels  
 In goodly gifts of Nature

## XIX

When that his fancy on her face  
 Doth feed there grows no other  
 grace, 290  
 He thinks in other parts  
 It seems the curious cabinet  
 Where Nature had that treasure set  
 That most bewitches hearts  
 A rolling eye whence thousand  
 flights  
 Of gold dipt darts do fly  
 Whereof the least with love delights  
 Could wound a deity  
 Th alluring glances  
 Which by chances 300  
 From those two suns did dart,  
 Love borrow'd still  
 When he had will  
 To fire a frosty heart

## XX

A forehead where inthronizt  
 Grave majesty in state did sit  
 With humbleness attir d  
 Where meekness made the meaner  
 hope  
 And majesty cut short the scope  
 Of Pride that high aspir d 310  
 Soft waving seas of sable hair—  
 That hue was judg d by love  
 The best and aptest to ensnare  
 Mild *Zephyrus* did move  
 In careless curls  
 He oft it hurls  
 He wantonness bewrays  
 He oft it flung  
 Her back along  
 And beauty best displays 320

## XXI

A cheek where purest white with red  
 Of deepest dye was overspread

280 pric d] A modern would probably have written prized but the distinction is not necessary

305 inthronizt] The Scots participle kept for rhyme s sake is always worth noticing in these seventeenth century writers

## Patrick Hannay

And meeting so were mixt,  
As neither red nor white they seem,  
But both in one made beauties  
    beam,  
These colours two betwixt  
Her ruby lips, when they do kiss,  
    Cover prime pearly rows,  
When they that kind conjunction  
    miss,

Arabian sweet outflows 330  
    One sure would think,  
    As she did drink,  
That blood light *Bacchus* fills,  
    That it did pass,  
    As through a glass  
Gray Claret wine distils

xxii

What shame permits not to espy,  
He with Imagination's eye  
    Doth see, and values most  
He views it o'er, and o'er again, 340  
Seeks for a fault, but all in vain,  
    His labour there was lost,  
It's seldom seen but some defect,  
    By prudent Nature's plac'd,  
To make the best be more re-  
    spect,

With glory more be grac'd,  
    Yet nowhere here  
    There doth appear  
Least foil, all was so fair,  
    As fir'd him so, 350  
    He did not know,  
To hope, or to despair

xxiii

Thus was he first enamour'd,  
And still his loving fancy fed,  
    While on her face he gaz'd,  
His prying prest a beauty-blush,  
In crimson coat, her face to flush,  
    In *Cupid's* fire it blaz'd  
Thus forc'd with fainting fever's fit,  
His quaking heart did tremble, 360

*Where love's deep grounded, there's  
    no wit*

*Can his sure signs dissemble*

He cools and burns,  
Heart inward mourns  
He hopes, he oft doth fear,  
    She may consent,  
    May not relent,  
May yield, may chance not hear

xxiv

My father (as physician good)  
By signs his sickness understood,  
    (Having like passion prov'd) 371  
He knew the salve could soonest  
    slack

His sickness and his pain beat  
    back,

Was *Progne*, his belov'd  
By matching him and her, he thinks  
    Such friendship to endear,  
As bound by wedlock's holy links,  
    He needs no foe to fear

*Thus policy,*

*Long time we see,* 380

*Hath ever had two ends,*

*One is a train,*

*But still the main*

*To private profit tends*

xxv

He gives these lovers leave to-  
    gether,  
*Tereus* speaks not alone left with  
    her,

But in his heart doth pray  
That she had boldness to begin,  
In such a muse his mind was in,  
    He knew not what to say 390  
Still rumbling is the little rill,  
    Deep rivers silent move,  
That deepest passion is most still,  
Experience doth prove  
    He much doth fear  
    She will not hear

336 'Gray' is very interesting as bearing on the much-vexed question of the history of the term 'Claret' 'Claret' has never been used in France of a full red wine but only of the wines betwixt red and white.

345 Respect = 'respeckit,' 'respected'

361 I retain the italics in these passages, though there sometimes seems very little reason for them, because they appear to be intended as 'asides' of the author's, separate from *Philomela's* speech In some cases, however, the printer has almost certainly gone wrong with them

# Philomela

If he good will should proffer  
 His often dread  
 Not to come speed  
 Drives him he dares not offer 400

## XXVI

She muses thus to see him mute  
 She fears he follow not his suit  
 (Which she deems her undoing )  
 When he resolvèd had to speak  
 What he should say he had to seek  
 (He was not wise in wooing )  
*When plainly we our passion tell*  
*It maketh much in moving*  
*A simple innocence so well*  
*Betrays a heart much loving 410*

*For ever those*

*Who (apt to glose)*

*Too speedy are in speech*

*Love do not show*

*But make maids know,*

*They kindly can beseech*

## XXVII

His speeches had more pleasing  
 sound  
 With rhetoric did more abound  
 Unto my sister's sense  
 Then theirs who by their skilful  
 art, 420

With sophistry can truth pervert  
 To clear a foul offence  
 She willingly doth hear him woo  
 She s pleas d to hear him plead,  
 She could at first encounter, bow  
 But doubts do make her dread  
 Lest quickly won  
 He should have done  
 His fancy should take flight  
*Oft soon obtain d 430*  
*Are soon disdain d*  
*Such lo'e is counted light*

## XXVIII

Thus on she draws him with delay  
 She neither grants nor gives a nay  
 (For fear he flee the field )  
 Her yielding blush doth make him  
 bold

To reinforce and to unfold  
 All means to make her yield  
 He vows protests and deeply  
 swears

His love to her shall never 440  
 Languish with length of ling ring  
 years

Nor faith fail he doth give her

I grant she said

No more he staid

But at her word did take her ,

With purple red

All overspread

Sweet virgin shame did make her

## XXIX

My father knowing th had decreed  
 To wed and were thereon agreed

He left his pausing pain 451

For he had mused in his mind

To make her heart thereto inclin d

And beat his busy brain

Now all do haste with like desire

To solemnize those rites

Which holy *Hymen* doth require

Fore lawful love delights

They make such haste

The time they chas t 460

Which little list makes long

The smallest stay

That doth delay

Enjoying s judg d a wrong

## XXX

The longèd day is come should  
 crown

Their wish d desires sweet Doric  
 sound

Doth deaf the itching ear

Shrill echo in the rocks did ring

Repeating what the sisters sing

In Prince *Apollo* s quire 470

Kind Nature s Quiristers increast

Mounting in crystal skies

The gods invite unto this feast

Which angry Heaven denies

They did envy

Felicity

398-400 This compressed phrase seems to mean his dread not to succeed [we must read sped] has such force with him that he does not offer There are others like it.

419 Then as constantly = than It will not be again noted

461 'List seems here to mean inclination

# Patrick Hannay

Should such on earth be seen ·  
 To Tragic end  
 These joys should tend,  
 The grievèd gods do mean 480

XXXI

The Furies' brands aloft did bear  
 For *Hymenean* candles clear,  
 Which lent a dismal light  
 The raven and the night-crow cry,  
 The ominous owl abroad doth fly  
 By day, and not by night  
*Juno*, that blesseth first the bed  
 Of happy wedded lovers,  
 Came not, in saffron colours clad,  
*Hymen* affrighted, hovers, 490

Not daring there  
 Make his repair,  
 (With presage dire dismay'd )  
 The Muses dread,  
 The Graces fled,

They were no less afraid

XXXII

Yet did they dally in delights,  
 And revel at unhallowed rites,  
 Till Time, (which nought can stay)  
 Told *Tereus* his love delays, 500  
 His home-left-*Thracian* dismays,  
 Their comfort can decay  
 They fear his safety, he farewell  
 Must bid, *Progne* doth plaine  
 A pearly shower of liquid hail  
 Out o'er her cheeks did rain

*A tender heart,*

*Such bitter smart,*

*With sorrow doth suppress,*

*When bitter cup*

*Doth interrupt* 510.

*New tasted happiness*

XXXIII

Yet boots it not, she must be gone,  
*Tereus* her trains (though weeping) on,  
 And we alike lament  
 Our sorrow so divided was,  
 Half with us staid, and half did  
 pass,

Whither that couple went  
 They shipp'd, a lusty gale of wind  
 So prosp'rously did blow, 520  
 The sails suffice fill'd from behind,  
 There needeth none to row

They soon came nigh,  
 Where they would be,  
 And do perceive the land ,  
 They see the shore  
 All peopled o'er  
 With those he did command

XXXIV

For Fame, the air-wingèd post,  
 (By going greater) fills the coast 530  
 Of Thrace, with coming-cries ,  
 Her trumpet sounds his safe return,  
 Theshoreswithblazingbeacons burn,  
 Where cries confus'dly rise,  
 Which untir'd Echo in the hills  
 (With her redoubling voice)  
 So multiplies, the air it fills ,  
 The gods seem to rejoice

The multitude

Confus'dly stood 540

Upon the shelvy shore,  
 He happiest seems  
 Next *Neptune's* streams,  
 Can draw, though drown therefore

XXXV

The smaller (yet the sager) sort,  
 Do mind a more majestic sport,  
 Rough rudeness they disdain ,  
 Most stately triumphs they devise,  
 After the victor's gorgeous guise,  
*Tereus* to entertain 550  
 Altars with incense sweetly smoke,  
 Priests *Io Paean* sing  
 The tottering steeples reel and rock,  
 (So rolling bells do ring )

This day so glad,

To those they add

Which sacred they observ'd,

From yearly mirth

For *Itys'* birth,

His first-born they ne'er swerv'd 560

XXXVI

WHAT time *Titan* our height had  
 scal'd,  
 Summer had sweat, winter had  
 hail'd,

Autumn had fill'd her lap,  
 Five times the Spring in fragrant  
 flowers

Was deck'd, warm sliding sunny  
 showers

# Philomela

The soaking earth did sap  
When pleasing *Progne* s longing love  
For *Philomela* s sight  
Grew wakenife and such thoughts  
did move

*As lessens large delight* 570

*When we depart*

*From what our heart*

*With liking once hath lov'd*

*Absence intires*

*And more endears*

The more it is remov'd

xxxvii

This absence kindling longing love  
Makes *Progne* all her practiques  
prove

Defers not her desire 59

*Woman (who would) delay disdains*

*Who doth deny and who detains*

*With hope hath equal hire*

Fearing refusal she puts on

A look that most allures

And draws the eye nor that alone

Her of her suit assures

Such weighty words

Her wit affords

As for to move were meet,

With loving charms 590

Him in her arms

Kissing doth thus entreat

xxxviii

Dearer to me then sweet repose  
To misers seiz'd with ceaseless woes

Who ne'er of comfort tasted

More pleasing to me then is light

Unto the silly sleepless wight

Whom waking nights have wasted,

Who present putst those fears to  
flight

Which absent make me die 600

*As Titan makes the ugly night,*

*With forcing flames to fly*

Methinks far more

I now adore

Love more if such desire

Could be increast

Which when at least

Was such could soar no higher

xxxix

*Great love in length doth often dull*  
Mine (though so main) is not at  
full 610

It daily doth increase

No intermission makes it stay

No surfeit takes its edge away

It grows but never less

Which by effects may be perceiv'd

For since I first was fir'd

No other happiness I crav'd

Than do as you desir'd

My chiefest grace

I there did place 620

Held that my high st content

Gladdest did pass

The time that was

In loving service spent

xl

Dost think I doubt (the Prince  
replies)

Meanwhile looks babies in her eyes

And dallies with delight

Kind kisses on her fairest face,

With soft impressions he doth place,

Her lips have no respite 630

Her pretty parly so doth please,

Her lips so sweetly taste

He doubts which rather he had leese

Both are to be embrac'd

He bids her say

Yet still doth stay

With kissing her discourse

Whilst from her lips

He nectar sips

As from celestial source 640

xli

Speak love (he said), then she  
proceeds

'If favour so affect my deeds

As deem them of desert

I'll boldly beg but such a suit,

As kindness cannot so confute

But I shall ease my heart

Since fate from fairest *Philomel*

(With that she deeply sigh'd)

And destinies have doom'd me dwell

To make the loss more light, 650



# Patrick Hannay

Suffer me, sweet,  
 (If you think meet)  
 I may myself go see,  
 Or else devise,  
 Some other wise,  
 That she may come to me

XLII

The goodliest gift that thou canst  
 give,  
 I for this grant with liking leave,  
 It seems to me the best  
 Promise *Pandion* swift return, 660  
 Whose aged eyes will overrun,  
 At this unlook'd request "  
 Thus having said with kind embrace,  
 Him in her arms she clings,  
 With soaking tears bedews his face,  
 Forc'd from her sunny springs  
 She doth attend,  
 How he will end,  
 To do or to deny  
 With speaking signs, 670  
 She him entwines,  
 Who makes her this reply

XLIII

"What, is this all? sweet, sue for  
 more,  
 Thou seem'st a niggard of my store,  
 Out of my kingdom cull  
 And eke unto thy late request  
 Seek more, so more I shall be  
 blest,  
 By being bountiful "  
 She only this He more would add  
 If he knew fit propine 680  
 It seems so slender he is sad,  
 None dearer can divine  
 Thus they do prove,  
 Which most should love,  
 That only was their strife,  
 Which breeds no wars,  
 Nor jealous jars,  
 'Twixt happy man and wife

XLIV

Then did he haste him to the sea,  
 That she might wit how willingly  
 He granted her desire 691  
 I leave the piteous plaints to tell,  
 That passion pour'd at this fare-  
 well,

( 630 )

*Progne* did nigh expire  
 Nor was this forc'd affection, feign'd  
 To move a more belief  
 Of sincere love, the tears that rain'd  
 Sprung from an inward grief.

Let *Ariost*

His foul-mouth'd host 700  
 Of *Iocund's* parting prate  
 Whose wife did swoond,  
 But of that wound  
 A groom the grief did bate

XLV

This was not such, but as the  
 show,  
 Such was the substance of the woe,  
 Which thus their souls possest  
 For she like lonely dove doth lan-  
 guish,  
 He goes with grief where bitter  
 anguish  
 Bides in his boiling breast 710  
 At last *Pireus'* port he spies  
 The sailors raise a song,  
 The country, wakened with their  
 cries,

Unto the shore do throng  
 They feed their sight  
 With sweet delight  
 Of this unlook'd for guest,  
 They thrust him so,  
 He scarce can go,  
 Rude people so him prest 720

XLVI

*Pandion's* state the street refrains,  
 Yet at the gate him entertains,  
 And lovingly embrac'd  
 The right hand friendship's firmest  
 pledge,  
 They mutually for love engage,  
 (Yet no good signs it grac'd )  
 Without inquiry he doth tell  
 The cause why he doth come,  
 Is for his sister *Philomel*,  
 (Fresh beauty's budding bloom )  
 The presage bad, 731  
 His speech then had,  
 My future ill divin'd  
 It lowring brake,  
 That day of wrack,  
 Which dismal deadly shin'd

# Philomela

## XLVII

The glad congratulation past,  
He goes on with his Heart's behest,  
Which had him thither brought  
He tells how pleasing *Progne* pines  
Her mirth with melancholy dwines  
In solitary thought 142  
He tells how for her *Philomel*  
*Progne* did pensive long  
All her discourse on her doth dwell,  
She wholly hath her tongue  
He doth request  
With speeches best  
And aptest to persuade  
As yet the end 750  
To nought did tend  
But his love's life to glad

## XLVIII

Straight he doth after me inquire,  
Who him to see had like desire  
I to his presence rush'd  
He at my sight amaz'd grew  
He staid astonish'd at my view  
(My face such fairness flush'd)  
Our salutations had no touch  
Of complimenting strains 760  
*Light love is lavish u here it is much*  
*From flattery it refrains*  
He list embrac't  
About my waist  
His winding arms he wrung  
I did him meet  
With love as great  
And to his body clung

## XLIX

My goodly garment all of gold  
His griping made his eyes behold, 770  
And note more narrowly  
For though my robe itself were rich  
Musing *Minerva's* stately stitch  
It more did beautify  
She had made it the masterpiece  
Of all her studious store  
Art Art itself to pass did press,  
Her cunning to decore  
Reviewing still  
Deeming all ill 780  
(Though well) if skill could better

## So jealousy

## The slyest spy

To needless work did set her

## L

There was *Apollo* in a chair  
Of burnish'd gold, his flame like hair  
Against that brightness beam'd  
An ivory harp with silver strings  
With trembling touch which lightly  
rings,  
Did sound or sounding seem'd 790  
With leafy laurel he was crown'd  
And canopied o'erhead  
Wherein chaste *Daphne* lately wound  
Did quiver yet for dread  
The slender flim,  
Which hid each limb  
So offer'd to the eye  
And was so wrought,  
You would have thought  
It to be maid and tree 800

## LI

Her leafy top (late hair) did shade  
The welkin part it twilight made  
And part a mirthful morn  
For lower was an azur'd sky  
Where eastern beams did beautify  
Half half the stars adorn  
Among the slender boughs some birds  
Their list'ning ears incline  
Others hover about in herds  
To hear these dits divine 810  
Some's swelling breast  
The joy exprest  
To hear how they did earn  
Some's opening bill  
Bewray'd the will  
These wantons had to learn

## LII

A little lower from this state  
Where Prince *Apollo* proudly sate  
With brightness overblown  
The merry Muses rang'd in ranks 820  
Were seated on the sunny banks  
With favour sweets o'ergrown  
While one doth tune her lute or voice  
One notes one time doth measure  
A silent sound an unheard noise

Doth take the sight with pleasure  
 Some garments grave  
 Others did have,  
 Some light, some long, some short,  
 Some chaplets wore, 830  
 And some forbore,  
 Some mus'd, and some made sport

LIII

Nearer the border one might see  
*Orpheus* and *Eurydice*,  
 Returning from the dead  
 He play'd, and with swift pace did  
 haste,  
 Longing till she our air should taste,  
 Whom he to light did lead  
 But whether a desire of sight,  
 Or fear she did not follow, 840  
 Made him look back, his dear de-  
 light

The opening earth did swallow  
 He quickly snatch'd,  
 And would have catch'd,  
 But when it prov'd in vain,  
 Her look did shriek,  
 And in his cheek,  
 Pale grief was pictur'd plain.

LIV

A sea circled the lowest seam,  
 With welling waves, and of that  
 stream 850  
 The people pastime take  
 Fearful on fish *Arion* sits,  
 He seeming seiz'd with quaking fits,  
 Did mournful music make.

The *Dolphins* dance now up, now  
 down,

And as much pleasure have,  
 As he hath pain, for fear to drown,  
 He sings his life to save,  
 His hands scarce hold  
 (With fear and cold 860  
 Benumb'd) his instrument.

The swelling wave  
 The motion gave,  
 The saving sound that lent.

LV

This gorgeous garment large and  
 wide,

Before was with a button tied,  
 And careless hung about  
 My forepart was of purest lawn,  
 Whereon the fairest flowers were  
 drawn,

That Nature e'er brought out 870  
 Their roots a seeming earth did  
 hide,

Clad in a grassy green,  
 The stalk stood out, as if beside

The ground a growing sien.  
 Some thought a scent  
 Out from them went,  
 (So wrought they on conceit,)

One maketh faith,  
 He tasted hath  
 Some leaf that fell of late 880

LVI

Thus was I cloth'd My breast was  
 bare,

Never till then was white so fair,  
 Which made the world profane,  
 And dare the mighty gods upbraid,  
 That they such pureness never  
 made,

Nor could to such attain  
 Whereat the gods incensèd grew,  
 And did together 'gree,  
 Even with a curse their skill to  
 show,

Blaming world's-blasphemy 890  
 No year doth fail  
 But snow or hail,

Since candies o'er the earth,  
 Whose joy doth vanish,  
 For it doth banish

The beauty of its birth

LVII

Yet he had not well view'd my  
 face,

Which beauty-bringing years did  
 grace

With rays of most respect  
 The buds he left so fair had  
 flourish'd, 900

So kindly Nature had them nour-  
 ish'd,

As he did not expect

874 sien] Is this = 'scion,' a word of many spellings? Or should it be 'agrowing  
 seen'?

# Philomela

The infant lustre lightly laid  
 Was curiously o'errun  
 And careful Nature perfect made  
 Her beauty board begun  
 Each lineament  
 She did acquaint  
 With a proportion due,  
 And every limb 910  
 Fashion'd so trim  
 Was hid in heavenly hue

## LVIII

The favour of my face was such  
 That beauty else though neer so  
 much  
 (If that I came in place)  
 Was but a foil to make mine fairer  
 That fairness made mine seem the  
 rarer

That glory gave mine grace  
 As former eye contenting flowers  
 Lose lustre by the Rose 920  
 As *Phoebe's* glore eclipsed lowers  
 When *Sol* his sight out throws  
 Even so did mine  
 Others outshine,  
 Though fair in their degree  
 The looks they lost  
 Which more them boast,  
 If parallel'd with me

## LIX

Some would say *Venus* when at  
 rarest,  
 And fancied most for to be fairest  
 (With *Adon* hot in love) 931  
 Look'd like me but that I more  
 chaste  
 Look'd constant she did care to  
 cast  
 Such looks as lust could move  
 Others would say such *Dian's* look  
 (But more to wrath inclin'd)  
 When hapless (bathing in a brook)  
*Acteon* did her find  
 Of goddesses  
 They did express 940  
 The goodly gifts by mine

Not mine by theirs  
 Their doom declares  
 They deem'd me more divine

## LX

These these the tyrant so admir'd  
 As with their sight his heart was fir'd  
 With more than lawful love  
 He now thinks *Progne's* parts were  
 poor

He wonders how they could allure  
 Or his affection move 950

He wishes now he were unwed  
 So I would hear him woo  
 He sighs he with my sister sped,  
 Or had with her to do  
 As parch'd hay  
 Whereto we lay

Quick fire takes sudden flame  
 So burn'd his heart  
 With every dart

That light like from me came 960

## LXI

He's so enrag'd he would not spare  
 To tempt my fellows' faithful care  
 (If that could do the deed)  
 My Nurse's faith, nay e'en myself  
 He would seduce with precious self  
 If so he could come speed  
 He cares not for the Kingdom's broil  
 To take me thence perforce

And to maintain his ravish'd spoil  
 By slaughter'd souls divorce 970  
 His relentless love  
 So much doth move

What is it but he dares?  
 Nor can his breast  
 Those flames invest

Which provoke his cares

## LXII

Nor can he now delay endure  
 He thinks with cunning to procure  
 Doth *Progne's* suit renew  
 He makes it cloak his damnd  
 desire, 980  
 When more then right he did require  
 So *Progne* did pursue

905 Orig perfit The odd phrase beauty board in the next line must be derived from the practice of painting portraits on panel unless it means palette

921 The form glore with glory just before is interesting as showing the tyranny of strict syllabic scansion It recurs below

# Patriot's Hymn

He would still his tongue did  
 close  
 I saw my neighbor  
 His words were his cheeks  
 glowing  
 As if those words were  
 Not human words  
 Of some divine  
 He is thought to be sincere  
 His weakness  
 We know guess  
 Which doth him more endear.

990

LXIII  
 But I for the same do see  
 About my father's neck I thrust  
 My arms, and him embrace  
 In those kisses intertwined  
 He notes them for his eye is dead  
 Still on my living face  
 With his beloved's love  
 He wished he were my eye  
 I to him stretch each eye  
 Good to the end of days  
 My eye of love  
 By our request  
 Against his will is won  
 Having obtained  
 A good and gentle  
 Will done but was undone.

LXIV

Not blind of steadfast love  
 His love course was almost done  
 The delight they passed here  
 And from the steep sky they beat  
 With wings, looks to cool their heat  
 Having in water were  
 On the land's edge were placed  
 To prevent the water  
 A perfect guide of his good  
 And his high hope  
 To be at rest  
 But his desire  
 For his high hope  
 On him to stay  
 He was so weak and

1000

LXV

He saw the idea of each part  
 He saw, was seated in his heart:  
 What was hid from the sight  
 He finds it such as he would have it,  
 And better than sight could con-  
 ceive it.

More delicate delight; 1000  
 He thinks he sees face, female,  
 gain  
 And doth survey each limb.  
 So apprehensive quick conceit  
 Did represent to him.

The night was worn,  
 A weeping morn  
 Told the doleful day,  
 When Parting Fate,  
 Full of decay,  
 Did his no longer stay. 1010

LXVI

For then with gushing eyes  
 Were gorged grief a-bathing lies,  
 Me to him thus berkes:  
 "My jewel (dearest son) this pearl,  
 My best most loved, my dearest

girl  
 (The hand then shivering shakes)  
 I give thee and thy faith conjure  
 Stay all the gods above,  
 To guard her safety to assure  
 With a paternal love: 1020  
 Let known be  
 Which you have had  
 To keep your faith  
 And bear in mind  
 What Parting find  
 With me combined hath

LXVII

And living, not my sweetest stay,  
 My age's hope that from decay  
 Demurs these long bright  
 Whose presence doth me primely  
 nourish 1030  
 Whose sight yet makes this face to  
 flourish

And ends my coming woes:

But O for "longer" but these necessary lyrics were then frequent. One  
 of the "longer" lyrics was "The Patriot's Hymn" and the other was "The  
 Patriot's Hymn" and the other was "The Patriot's Hymn" and the other was "The Patriot's Hymn"

*[The page contains extremely faint, illegible markings and fragments of text, possibly bleed-through from another document.]*

Goes with me hath her sorrowing sire  
(Who did her so much tender)  
Twin'd with her? or drunk with  
desire,

Do I dream he doth send her?  
Rouse, rouse you spirits,  
Conceited sweets  
Of a fantastic love  
No power have 1150  
So to bereave,  
Nor can such pleasure move "

LXXIII

Thus says he, nor doth turn aside  
His eyes from me, which still do  
bide

Beholding with delight  
As Adamant the Iron draws  
By Nature's close compelling laws,  
So did I draw his sight  
Look as the Eagle sharp doth pry  
Upon his panting prey, 1160  
Which in his cruel claws doth lie  
Hopeless to scape away  
So he beheld,  
So I compell'd  
Was for to wait his will,  
Whom yet in mind  
I counted kind,  
Not conscious of ill

LXXIV

Our fleeing sail had made such haste,  
That now the tedious travel's past,  
The toiling sea brings forth 1171  
We touch upon the tyrant's coast,  
Where hapless I, alas! was lost,  
And left of little worth  
To shore the tired troops do hie,  
Refreshment there to find  
The anchor'd bulk lies at a bay,  
With sail strook from the wind  
All do rejoice,  
With cheerful voice, 1180  
Their gesture shows they're glad,  
They think them blest,  
That with such haste  
They happy voyage made

LXXV

A winter-wasted aged wood  
Near to the landing-place there stood,  
Spoiled (with length of years)  
Of beauty, no buds it had borne  
For many springs, the wet had worn  
The trunk with tempest-tears 1190  
The barkless boughs spreading  
abroad,

Unto the grassy ground  
Yielded no shade, with leafy load  
The branches were not crown'd  
Whereby the heat  
So sore did beat  
From *Phoebus'* fiery face  
*Flora* for fear  
Durst not draw near

To beautify that place 1200

LXXVI

The winding ivy with soft moss  
The bodies bound, and did emboss  
The rent and ragged rind,  
They wrap with warmness to restore  
Decay'd age, and to decore  
Time's ruins, 'bout them wind  
It seem'd sad Desolation's seat  
Far sever'd from resort,  
Where nought did grow was good of  
late

For profit or for sport 1210  
No harmony  
From tree or sky  
The birds made, all was sad  
The bad aspect,  
Show'd the neglect  
That nature thereof had

LXXVII

Obscure bushes of fur and fern,  
Confus'dly mixt, where robbers learn  
For to entrap the prey, 1219  
Were rudely rang'd here and there,  
Woven with brier and bramble bare,  
Which close together lay,  
A place most fit for such a fact,  
For such a damn'd despite,  
Where Mischief meant his part to act,

1145 'Twin'd' = 'twinned,' 'separated' or 'parted'

1177 Note 'spirit,' not only = 'sprite,' but = 'spret'

1177 'Bull' and 'hulk' are often interchanged at this time

1217 'fur[ze]'

And hide it from the sight  
*The most obdur'd*  
*Would be obscur'd*  
*When they commit a crime*  
*Sin is so sham'd* 1230  
*Let it be blam'd*  
*It seeks out place and time*

LXXVIII

Thither he hales me I did quake  
 My heart did faint my limbs did  
 shake

I doubted and grew pale  
 I for my sister ask'd with tears  
 Not daring to confess my fears,  
 Yet that did not avail

He did confess his foul intent  
 Me to the ground he flung 1240

His late lov'd hair he rudely rent,  
 And careless from me wrung  
 I call'd amain  
 But all in vain

On sister and on sire,  
 On gods above  
 But could not move

Them mitigate his ire

LXXIX

He forc'd me O how I did tremble!  
 Grief seem'd to kill but did dis-  
 semble, 1250

And would not prove so kind  
 O had I then given up the ghost  
 Before my virgin gem was lost

A spotless as my mind,  
 Then had my body without stain,  
 In sweet Elysian shade

With the untainted virgin train

A merry mansion had  
 Where now alas!  
 It hath no place 1260

Free from tormenting thought  
 Of that forc'd ill

Which gainst my will  
 On woful me was wrought

LXXX

The harmless unsuspecting lamb  
 Torn from the teats of fearful dam  
 By hungry wolves surprise

Pursu'd by mast'ring mastiff fast,  
 The robber leaves his prey for haste  
 Which much amazed lies 1270

Still doubting if it be redeem'd  
 From such a deep distress  
 So fainting I confounded seem'd

My fear was nothing less  
 Traught with despair  
 I did not care

What mischief might betide,  
 As in a trance  
 Forsook of sense

I for a time did bide 1280

LXXXI

When to myself I did return  
 My heart did heave my cheeks did  
 burn

My breast I boldly beat,  
 Rap'd with revenge I did not spare  
 As cause (though guiltless) face and  
 hair

So lovely look'd of late  
 From eye no tear, from tongue no  
 words

My passion did permit  
*The grief that such relief affords*

*Is soon freed from his fit* 1290

With sighs and sobs  
 And thrilling throbs

My body did rebound  
 Mine eye him blam'd  
 Then straight asham'd,  
 It stares upon the ground

LXXXII

But when as greater grief gave  
 place

Swift trickling tears did other trace

My glowing cheeks bedew'd  
 Abortive words for birthright  
 long'd 1300

Each pressing first his fellow  
 through'd

And hastily pursu'd  
 As respite gave me further leave  
 I rat'd him in my rage  
 Thinking I gain'd if he did grieve  
 My sorrow to assuage

1 33 Orig 'hails

1284 Rap'd though not certainly probably = 'rapt distraught

1300 Orig Obortive



# Patrick Hannay

So raging spite  
Doth take delight,  
(Though thereby not reliev'd)  
To vex the heart 1310  
Procur'd its smart,  
And glories to see it griev'd

LXXXIII

"O perjur'd, cursèd, cruel wretch,  
To such a wickedness to stretch,  
Respectless of the gods  
Thou blinded canst them not espy,  
Yet doubtless they do draw thee  
nigh,

With new revenging rods  
Could not *Pandion's* prayers move  
Thee keep thy promise past, 1320  
Nor *Progne's* charge? must marriage prove

Thee base, which should make  
blest?

A maid to stain,  
A bed profane  
With an incestuous lust,  
Me to deflore,  
My sister's whore,  
What can be more unjust!

LXXXIV

If there be gods, they'll be reveng'd,  
If not, even I (as far estrang'd 1330  
From shame, as thou from grace)  
This heinous action shall proclaim,  
Notorious shall be thy name,  
Hateful in every place  
If here detain'd, with mirthless  
moans

The mountains I'll acquaint  
My cries shall cause the trees and  
stones

To pity my complaint  
To heaven I vow  
I shall strive how 1340  
To taint him me betray'd,  
The world shall know  
I was not slow  
To wreck a wrongèd maid"

LXXXV

These words the monster so com-  
mov'd,

He hates her now he lately lov'd,  
For sin hath this farewell,  
It relish'd, straight a loathing breeds,  
A minute's pleasure pain succeeds  
That lastingly doth dwell 1350  
Though Conscience he cannot calm,  
Which restless now is rent,  
Whose sore to salve he knows no  
balm,

Yet seeks he to prevent,  
Lest I to Fame  
Should blaze his shame,  
He minds with more mischief  
Still to go on,  
Regardless grown,  
So name may find relief 1360

LXXXVI

Thus arm'd with hate my hands he  
bound

Behind my back, my hair he wound  
About a stubborn tree,  
He drew his sword, I hopèd death,  
Detesting a distainèd breath,  
My soul I sought to free  
Yet he proves not so pitiful,  
But to be out of doubt

That I should blab, his pinchers pull  
My tongue with torment out  
Thus joy-bereft, 1371  
No comfort left,

He loos'd and left alone  
To tigers wild,  
Then he more mild,

With worthless speech to moan

LXXXVII

Then to my sister he returns,  
She asks for me, therewith he mourns,  
Sighs, sorrow suits his face  
He feigns my funeral, which drew  
The tears, which made his tale seem  
true, 1381

None doubting my disgrace  
*Progne* her precious garments gay,  
That daintily did deck  
Her joyful, now she lays away,  
And d'ons the mournful black  
A sable veil  
To ground did trail,

# Philomela

A tomb for me did make,  
There incense burns 1390  
And for me mourns  
That needed no such wake

LXXVIII

His flaming chariot bout the world  
Posting through signs the Sun had  
hurl d

And yearly course dispatch d  
While there I stay d No hope of  
flight,

My careful keeper day and night  
So warily me watch d  
I dumb could not the cause delate

Of this my strict restraint 1400  
*But subtle wit on uoe doth wait*  
*Cunning s to catifs lent*

I cast about  
How to bring out  
His lewdness to the light  
Which while I mind  
Occasion kind

Doth offer to the sight

LXXXIX

The blissless briers the coat had torn  
The fleecy flock had lately worn  
And still retain d that spoil 1411

Of party-coloured wool there was  
Store sticking on the stalks on grass  
Some lay some on the soil

A web I wrought of colour white  
Letters with blood distain d

I interweav'd which his despite  
And my care s cause contain d  
Thus brought to end

By signs I send 1420  
Unto my sister Queen  
Nor did he know  
To her did go

What these mixt marks did mean

XC

This petty present she o erviews  
And narrowly doth note the hues  
As she doth it unfold

These careful characters express d  
How doleful I was so distress d

She blush d for to behold 1430  
O er her proud cheek no tear  
distill d

No bitter word brake out  
With vengeance and with hate she  
fill d

Like fury flies about  
She meditates  
To move the Fates

To further her intent  
To take revenge  
By means most strange

Her mind is fully bent 1440

XCI

The hellish hags hatchers of ill  
That can seduce a doubtful will  
Finding her thus inclin d

Rejoic d and with the Furies join d  
To mould a mischief yet uncoin d  
So to content her mind

The crime (admitting no excuse)  
These imps do aggravate

They malice in the mind infuse  
That is at height of hate 1450

Thus do these elves  
Busy themselves

To banish from the mind  
Pity that pleads

For the misdeeds  
Of a dear friend unkind

XCII

Thousand ideas in her brain  
They stamp of distinct sorts of pain  
To punish each doth press

She s loath the least of them should  
perish 1460

Pitiless passion doth them cherish  
Till grown to excess

They long for birth the time in  
vites

Swoll n *Bacchus* feast drew near  
Which *Thracian* dames with solemn  
rites

Should celebrate that year  
Both old and young  
In confus d throng

1419 One feels rather inclined to read This but Hannay is so fond of elliptic constructions that Thus with it remembered after 'send' is possible

1462 Till] Until' or 'unto' probably written

Do raving run about ,  
Like beldams mad 1470  
That day they gad,  
No danger then they doubt

XCIII

When *Phoebus*' fiery Car withdrew,  
The Queen with a selected crew  
Her princely palace left  
The sounding brass so beat the walls,  
Glib Echo answering the calls,  
The crystal covering cleft  
A hair-lace of a leafy vine,  
About her temples twin'd, 1480  
A hart's hide was her habit fine,  
Which 'bout her she did bind,  
A small short spear  
Her shoulders bear  
Thus arm'd away she hies  
To search the wood,  
Rites of that god  
She counterfeits with cries

XCIV

She with disordered fury roves  
Through coverts, dens, and shady  
groves, 1490  
With whoops and hollows loud  
"So ho!" she sounds ascarce-pac'd-  
path  
Her prying eye discovered hath,  
Which seem'd as stain'd with  
blood  
Her mind that mus'd on my mis-  
chance,  
Seeing the withered knops  
Of parched grass, her sudden glance  
Doth deem them bloody drops  
*What first the brain*  
*Doth entertain,* 1500  
*There such impression takes,*  
*That oft the sight*  
*It changeth quite,*  
*And false resemblance makes*

XCV

So was't with her, which makes her  
more  
Long for revenge then theretofore,  
She hastes, she thinks she hears  
My woful plaint, she presseth on,

My prison door, a moss-grown stone,  
She breaks, and bushes tears, 1510  
She takes me out, she hides my face  
With blooming heather sweet  
She doth with *Bacchus*' livery grace  
Me, as the time was meet  
She leads me home,  
Where when I come,  
My panting breast bewray'd  
That my poor heart  
With bitter smart

And sorrow was assay'd 1520

XCVI

She having found a fitting place  
To vent her woe, unveils my face,  
Off *Bacchus*' tokens takes ,  
She stares on me, I on the ground,  
A guiltless shame did me confound,  
My face aflame it makes  
With scalding tears she strives to  
stench

The fervour of my face,  
Yet could not her eye-conduits  
quench

My fires, fed by disgrace 1530

If I had had  
A tongue to plead,  
I had apologiz'd,  
And sworn, constrain'd  
I had been stain'd,  
She 'gainst my will displeas'd

XCVII

My eloquence did so prevail,  
Which in sad silence told my tale,  
It deep impression took  
She reads the story in my face 1540  
Of her wrong, and of my disgrace,  
Pointed with pity's look  
My tears that trickled down amain  
She blames, "That's not the way  
(Says she in anger and disdain)  
My fury to allay  
It's fire and sword  
Must means afford,  
To take a sharp revenge ,  
Or if aught else 1550  
Their force excels  
In torment ne'er so strange "

1478 'Crystal covering,' strictly the crystalline sphere of Ptolemaic astronomy but of course here used loosely for 'welkin' or 'heaven' generally

# Philomela

xcviii

While thus she speaks her pretty  
child

*Ths* came whom with looks unmild

She eyes How like his sire

He looks! (her heart could not  
afford

Her woe tied tongue another word

Swelling with inward ire)

Yet comes he nigh and bout her  
neck

He winds his wanton arms 1560

He toys he kisses wrath doth check

His childish snaring charms

Against her will

Her eyes distil

She (mov'd with pity) mourn d,

But when on me

She set her eye

Her tears to traitors turn d

xcix

' See I my sister thus defil d?

And toy I with the traitor's child?

Doth he with prating sport 1571

And sits she silent? calls he dame

And cannot she her sister name,

Distress'd in such sort?

First let him die I gave him breath

And what hath he deserv'd?

Hissire gave what is worsethan death

Should his seed be preserv d?

What shall she grieve?

And shall he live 1580

Still to upbraid our shame?

I'll not dispense

With such offence

For a kind mother's name

c

Thus reason d she thus wrath pre  
vail d

A parent's part in pity fail d

Sister she prov d too dear

Rudely the tender boy she hales

Who flatteringly *kind mother* calls,

Her fury made him fear 1590

Remorse and pity from her fled,

Fell fury took the place

She in his bosom bath d a blade,

As he would her embrace

Nor so content

She cut and rent

Him piece meal part she boils

Some part she roasts

And thereof boasts,

Blithe of her proper spoils 1600

ci

She hereof makes a dainty feast

For him that it suspected least,

Her husband she invites

Feigning the custom did permit

But one man at the most to sit

At *Bacchus'* bless'd rites

He set in state that food before

Him plac'd thereon he feeds

Too dear a dish he doth devour

Yet nothing thereof dreads 1610

He says Bring here

My darling dear

*Ths* my lov'd lad

*Progne* could nought

More hide her thought

Revenge made her so glad

cii

Thou seest him (says she)

' Where? (he said)

I that no more could hide his head

Which quietly I kept 1619

As it was stain'd with bark ned blood

Did hurl at him as he were wood

He from the table leapt

He wails he weeps he mad doth  
run

Full fraught with fury's fits

My infant's herse, his tomb un  
done

I am bereft of wits

(He said) O enjoy d

To see him noy d

We were, Revenge did smile

With naked blade 1600

He doth invade

Us authors of this guile

1606 bless'd] Orig. blissed

1607 set is participial as is 'plac'd Hannay likes these absolute combinations

1620 bark ned] clotted cf Scott's *Guy Mannering* where Dandie Dinmont uses it.

It is Northern English, and not merely Scots

CIII

He eagerly doth us pursue  
 So swift, as featherèd we flew,  
 Thereto enforc'd by fear,  
 Soft pens sprout out, our arms turn  
     wings,  
 New shapewe take, (who'll trust such  
     things ?)  
 Soft plumes our bodies bear  
 We become birds, *Progne* to town  
     Doth take a sudden flight, 1640  
 I wand'ring to the woods did bowne  
     To wail my woes by night  
     Some bloody stain  
     We still retain,  
 The mark of that misdeed,  
     Such crimson taint  
     Our feathers paint,  
 As they seem still to bleed  
     CIV  
 Nor he who us pursu'd doth 'scape  
 For his foul fault, he loseth shape,  
     He to a Tewghet turns, 1651  
 His blade is turn'd into a bill  
 To exercise his angry will  
     His voice still sadly mourns,  
 'Cause once a King, a crown-like crest

He bravely yet doth bear,  
 His issue hatch'd, away do haste,  
 Their father they do fear  
     *Pandion* heard  
     These news and barr'd 1660  
 All comfort, fed on care,  
     Before his day  
     Grief made a way  
 To death, by dire despair'  
     CV  
 So far sweet *Philomela* sung,  
 But here sad sorrow staid her tongue,  
     Her throbbing breast did bound,  
 Whereby I well might guess her grief,  
 And 'cause I could not yield relief,  
     Her woe my heart did wound 1670  
 Pity with passion so me pierc'd,  
     I press'd her how to please,  
 Her legend if it were rehears'd,  
     I deem'd would do her ease  
     Not knowing well  
     How she could tell  
 Her tale so well agen,  
     Returning back  
     I was not slack,  
 Thus her complaint to pen 1680  
     FINIS

1651 Tewghet, teuchit, &c = 'peewit' This seems to be pure Scots

## SHERETINE AND MARIANA

To the truly Honourable and Noble Lady Lucy  
Countess of Bedford<sup>1</sup>

IT is a continued custom (Right honourable) that what passeth the Press, is Dedicated to some one of eminent quality Worth of the personage to whom or a private respect of the party by whom it is offered being chief causes thereof the one for protection and honour the other for a thankful remembrance Moved by both these I present this small Poem (now exposed to public censure) to your Honour first knowing the fore placing of your Name (for true worth so deservedly well known to the world) will not only

be a defence against malignant carpers but also an addition of grace Secondly the obligation of gratitude (whereby I am bound to your Ladyship's service) which cannot be cancelled shall be hereby humbly acknowledged If it please (that being the end of these endeavours) I have my desire Deign to accept thereof (Madam) with a favourable respect whereby I shall be encouraged, and more strictly tied to remain

Ever your Honour's in  
all humble duty

PATRICK HANNAY

A brief collection out of the Hungarian History for  
the better understanding of this ensuing poem

AFTER the loss of the battle of Mohacz Lewis (the second of that name King of Hungary and Bohemia) found dead in a rift of the earth half a mile above Mohacz the Turk invests John Zappoly (chosen at Alberegalis) King of Hungary The Arch Duke Ferdinand pretending to be heir of Ladislas, is elected King of Bohemia and growing great thinks of the conquest of Hungary alleging it did appertain to him by right of Prince Albert, and Anne his wife sister to King Lewis He gathering together a strong army enters therewith into Hungary King John unprovided of forces retires to Transylvania Ferdinand pursues and overthrows him he flees towards Polonia and Ferdinand is crowned King of Hungary Jerome Lasky (a man of great power) receives John and practiseth with the Turk for his restitution Solyman undertakes his

defence and brings him back Many hostilities past twixt John and Ferdinand Fortune now favouring the one now the other at last (wearied and their forces weakened) they agreed The conditions were that John should enjoy all he then possessed during his natural life and at his death it should descend to Ferdinand John's children (if he left any) to be honourably maintained Within short time after this agreement John dieth leaving a son (named Stephen) of eleven days of age Isabella (wife to John and daughter to Sigismond King of Poland) together with a Friar named George (who had been a follower of John's fortunes) are left tutors to this young Prince John dead Ferdinand requires performance of the agreement which (by the Friar's means) is denied The Queen with her son and George retire to Buda which Ferdinand (by his Lieutenant

<sup>1</sup> Lucy Harington wife of the third earl d 1627, one of the most famous and favourite patronesses of men of letters in the first half of the seventeenth century

# Patrick Hannay

## CIII

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So swift, as featherèd we flew,  
Thereto enforc'd by fear,  
Soft pens sprout out, our arms turn  
wings,  
New shapewe take, (who'll trust such  
things ?)  
Soft plumes our bodies bear  
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I press'd her how to please,  
Her legend if it were rehears'd,  
I deem'd would do her ease.  
Not knowing well  
How she could tell  
Her tale so well agen,  
Returning back  
I was not slack,  
Thus her complaint to pen 1680

FINIS

1651 Tewghet, teuchit, &c = 'peewit' This seems to be pure Scots

# SHERETINE AND MARIANA

To the truly Honourable and Noble Lady Lucy  
Countess of Bedford<sup>1</sup>

It is a continued custom (Right honourable) that what passeth the Press is Dedicated to some one of eminent quality. Worth of the personage to whom or a private respect of the party by whom it is offered being chief causes thereof the one for protection and honour the other for a thankful remembrance. Moved by both these I present this small Poem (now exposed to public censure) to your Honour first knowing the fore placing of your Name (for true worth so deservedly well known to the world) will not only

be a defence against malignant carpers but also an addition of grace. Secondly the obligation of gratitude (whereby I am bound to your Ladyship's service) which cannot be cancelled shall be hereby humbly acknowledged. If it please (that being the end of these endeavours) I have my desire. Deign to accept thereof (Madam) with a favourable aspect whereby I shall be encouraged, and more strictly tied to remain

Ever your Honour's in  
all humble duty

PATRICK HARRAY

## A brief collection out of the Hungarian History for the better understanding of this ensuing poem

AFTER the loss of the battle of Mohacz Lewis (the second of that name King of Hungary and Bohemia) found dead in a rift of the earth half a mile above Mohacz the Turk invests John Zappoly (chosen at Alberegalis) King of Hungary. The Arch Duke Ferdinand pretending to be heir of Ladislas is elected King of Bohemia and growing great thinks of the conquest of Hungary alleging it did appertain to him by right of Prince Albert, and Anne his wife sister to King Lewis. He gathering together a strong army enters therewith into Hungary. King John unprovided of forces retires to Transylvania. Ferdinand pursues and overthrows him. he flees towards Poland and Ferdinand is crowned King of Hungary. Jerome Isky (a man of great power) receives John and practiseth with the Turk for his restitution. Solymán undertakes his

defence and brings him back. Many hostilities past twixt John and Ferdinand. Fortune now favouring the one now the other at last (wearied and their forces weakened) they agreed. The conditions were that John should enjoy all he then possessed during his natural life and at his death it should descend to Ferdinand. John's children (if he left any) to be honourably maintained. Within short time after this agreement John dieth leaving a son (named Stephen) of eleven days of age. Isabella (wife to John and daughter to Sigismund King of Poland) together with a Friar named George (who had been a follower of John's fortunes) are left tutors to this young Prince. John dead Ferdinand requires performance of the agreement which (by the Friar's means) is denied. The Queen with her son and George retire to Buda which Ferdinand (by his Lieutenant

<sup>1</sup> Lucy Harrington wife of the third earl d. 1627, one of the most famous and favourite patronesses of men of letters in the first half of the seventeenth century



## Patrick Hannay

Raccandolph) straitly besieges Mahumet Basha succours the Queen, Solyman himself coming to Andriopolis Mustapha Basha is sent into Transilvania against Malliat Ferdinand's Lieutenant there Raccandolph is quite defeated at Buda by Mahumet, who takes Pesth and divers other fortresses.

Malliat hearing of this overthrow (and despairing of succours from Ferdinand) retires to Fogare, a strong Castle, which by a thousand assaults of the Turks could not be taken. He comes to a parly with Mustafa<sup>1</sup>, who sends into Fogare four principal Captaines of the Cavalry<sup>2</sup> as hostages, Malliat on this assurance coming forth is betrayed in a banquet, seized on as a prisoner, and sent to Constantinople, where he remained prisoner till his death. Solyman (having thus driven Ferdinand's forces out of Hungary) cometh to Buda, from whence he sends Isabel and her son with the Friar to govern Transilvania, depriving her of Hungary against his passed faith. The Friar (of an insolent and haughty spirit) governeth all in Transilvania as he listeth, little regarding the Queen. She (disdaining to be curbed by one risen from so mean a quality) complaineth to Soliman. The Friar (fearing the Turk's force) sendeth privately to Ferdinand, enticing him to a new attempt, promising him the aid of the Transilvanians, with divers fortresses. Ferdinand (glad of this offer) sends to his brother Charles the Fifth, then warring in Germany. He (jealous of Frederick Duke of Saxon, and Philip Landgrave of Hess, whom yet he detained prisoners) sends him only John Baptista Castalde to be his Lieutenant, who comes to Vienna for his instructions. With him came divers Gentlemen, amongst whom was John Sheretine, who there becomes enamoured of Mariana, daughter to Lazare Ardech, and is requited with like affection friends willingly consent, and they are contracted. Castalde (with instructions) leaves Vienna, whom Sheretine (after a sad farewell of Mariana) doth accompany. While they are in journey to Hungary, Maximilian son to Ferdinand returns from

Spain, having wedded Mary, daughter to Charles the Fifth, in honour whereof divers triumphs are done. Nicholas Turian (a young Nobleman) coming with Maximilian to Vienna, and seeing Mariana, falls in love with her, by means of her father's kinsman (his entire friend) he comes acquainted with Mariana's parents. He sues for Mariana. Her parents better liking his present and better means than Sheretine's, (which most depended on hope) force her against her will and plighted faith, to wed Turian.

Castalde (come into Hungary) causeth Agria (a town of great importance, yet neither strong by site nor Art) to be strongly fortified, committing the charge thereof to Erasinus Tewfle. Castalde proceeds on his journey to Transilvania. Arriving at Tiss or Tibiscus, (a large and deep river, which taketh his beginning in Poland, at the foot of the hill Carpatus, and thwarteth Hungary towards the South till it fall in Danubius, between Belgrad and Cenedin, where it loseth the name. It is in some places eight miles broad, by reason of quagmires) and having passed the river, they marched in battle till they came to Debrezen. There he met with two of the greatest and richest Lords of Hungary, Andrew Buttor, and Thomas Nadasdy, who joined with him. By the way Dalmas, holding for the Queen, is besieged, and taken by John Baptista of Arco. The Queen hearing of Castalde his approach, calleth a Diet at Egneth, which (by the Friar's cunning) is dissolved without anything concluded. She retires with her son to Albeula with such force as she had. The Friar pursues her, and she fearing the weakness of the town, retires to Sassebess (a place by situation far stronger than Albeula). George besiegeth Albeula. The Queen hearing of the approach of ten thousand Spaniards to his aid, seeks an accord, which George easily grants, knowing Castalde was not nigh. The Queen yields the Town on condition to have her movables saved. George consents thereto, not suffering one of his soldiers to enter, till her goods were brought

<sup>1</sup> The variation is orig

<sup>2</sup> Orig 'Cavallarie'

out and carried to her Castalde and George meet soon after at Egneth they go to seek the Queen to Sassebess there they sit in council Castalde declares his charge that the Queen should render the kingdom according to the former agreement made with her Husband John He adds also that the Infanta Joan (youngest daughter to Ferdinand, with 100 000 Crowns for a Dowry) should be given to her son Stephen in marriage with other offers all seeming good to that assembly They send her that message by George whereupon she (knowing the impossibility to keep it by force being destitute of all aid) yields herself to Ferdinand The Friar (fearing lest this agreement might eclipse his greatness) seeks to dissolve it, but she (jealous of his inconstancy and cunning and not able longer to suffer his insolencies) accuseth him to Castalde seeketh to confirm the agreement and at a Diet held at Egneth in presence of her son and Nobility, delivers up the kingly Ornaments which were a Crown of plates of gold mounting on high in form of a high crowned hat enriched with Pearl and stones with a small golden Cross on the top, a Sceptre of Ivory, a Mantle of cloth of gold set with stones a Gown and a pair of shoes of gold The Friar would have had the Crown in keeping, which she with disdain denied him saying She would never consent that a Friar should be King of that king

dom whereof she dispossessed herself and son Then (with great effusion of tears) delivers Castalde the Crown earnestly imploring Ferdinands relief to her and her son (whose grief showed he disliked the surrender) considering they were sprung from a noble stock The next day after she took her journey towards Cassovia with her sickly son manifesting the great sorrow and discontent she felt to see herself deprived of her Kingdom and by agreement to leave her own which (in time) small help of friends could still have kept At Cassovia she stays with patience expecting a change of Fortune At last is made Vayvod of Transalpinia, seeketh aid of the Turk The Transilvanians (wearied with the Austrian oppression) practise her return She coming drives out Ferdinands forces is re established and rewardeth those who had still stuck to her Castalde after receipt of the Crown diligently kept it At last finding fit opportunity sends it to Ferdinand by John Alphonse Castalde Pescaire (his nephew) whom Sheretine (longing to see Mariana) accompanieth to Vienna there seeing the inconstancy of Mariana (who had promised never to yield to any other) and the ill dealing of her parents within short time he falleth sick with extreme sorrow and dieth whose death bringeth on their tragic ends as in this Poem more at large doth appear

## Canto I

### THE ARGUMENT

Marian s Ghost her birth doth tell,  
How Sheretine her lov d  
And how requited how both griev d  
When he to war remov d

#### I

ONE evening 'twas when the declining Sun  
Wearied, gave place to the ensuing night  
And silver *Phoebe* had her course begun

To cheer the world with her more feeble light  
To rest myself upon a bed I cast  
Till gentle sleep seiz d on me at the last

#### II

As soon as sleep me wholly had possess'd,  
And bid sad cares a time for to depart,  
I thought to me a lovely maid address'd,

Whose sight might pierce the most  
obdurate heart 10  
Soft was her gate, and heavy was  
her cheer,  
Ghostly, yet mild, her visage did  
appear

III

Her golden tramels trailèd down  
her back,  
And in her hand a gory knife she bare  
Down from her breast streamèd a  
bloody track,

A sable sarsenet was all that she ware,  
Thoro' which that blood appear'd,  
as I on lawn

Have seen with crimson silk  
a currant drawn

IV

Then gently did she by the hand  
me take,

Saying, 'Fear not, with me vouch-  
safe to go, 20

Even for thine only Saint fair *Coelia's*  
sake,

Where thou shalt all my forepast  
fortunes know'

Then to a flow'ry green she forth  
me led,

Which was in *Flora's* finest livery  
clad

V

The Sun nor Moon there never  
show their face,

Nor yet doth horrid darkness there  
appear,

Nor nights, nor days, nor seasons  
there take place,

One night, one day, one season  
serves the year

Such light as when the early  
lark doth sing,

Such season as 'twixt summer and  
the spring 30

VI

Down by this field there runs a  
deep black lake,

O'er which a ferry-man doth steer  
a boat

So smear'd with blood, that doubt-  
ful it doth make,

Or black orred, with gory pitchèd coat,  
With twisted long black hair, and

blue lips side,

Lamp-burning eyes, mare-brows  
and nostrils wide

VII

To him there flock'd of every sort  
and fashion,

Over that river waftage for to have,  
But he devoid of all love and com-  
passion,

Would none transport, but such as  
passport gave 40

Here would she fain have past,  
but back he held

Her with his pole, and churlishly  
repell'd

VIII

Then back she brought me to that  
flow'ry green,

And set me down, then pitifully said,  
'Thou seest how fain I would trans-  
ported been,

But churlish *Charon* hath my pas-  
sage staid

Nor ere can I pass o'er this grisly  
lake,

Unless thou deign pity on me to  
take

IX

For still I m stay'd till one do write  
my story,

Whose infant Muse is by a maid  
inspir'd, 50

To write her worth, and to set forth  
her glory,

13 'tramels' = 'chains,' or rather 'network' of hair

23 flow'ry] Orig 'floorie,' which might possibly, though not probably = 'level,' if it  
were not for stanza viii, where it is 'flowry'

35 'side' in this engaging picture seems to have the old Scots sense of 'long,'  
'trailing'

36 'mare-brows' are penthouse-eyebrows

49 I keep the variation of 'staid' and 'stay'd' in four lines only, for the moral

Who for her parts deserves to be  
 admir'd,  
 Such is thy fairest *Coelia*, such  
 the Muse  
 Which her rare beauty bred and  
 did infuse

X

By thy sweet *Coelia's* name I thee  
 conjure  
 My rueful legend that thou wouldst  
 relate,  
 This may from her some pity thee  
 procure,  
 For as hers now, such once was my  
 estate  
 I bid her say, and I would do  
 my best  
 To please my mistress, and pro-  
 cure her rest. 60

XI

Then thus At *Vien* first I drew  
 my breath  
 And at my birth I *Marian* was nam'd,  
 I at *Vienna* gave myself my death  
 For that alone not worthy to be  
 blam'd  
 My parents had not base, nor  
 noble blood,  
 But betwixt both in a mean  
 order stood

XII

At my wretch'd birth appear'd no  
 ominous star  
 Which might my future misery  
 divine  
 None opposite, they all according  
 were  
 To show my rise, but not my sad  
 decline 10  
 All did agree to grace my infant  
 years  
 With happiness but drown mine  
 age in tears

XIII

Kind *Nature* freely her best gifts  
 bestow'd  
 And all the *Graces* join'd to do me  
 grace  
 In giving what they gave they  
 nothing ow'd,

( 647 )

Which well to those appear'd, who  
 saw my face,  
 There was no maid who durst  
 with me compare  
 My beauty and my virtues were  
 so rare.

XIV

My parents plac'd in me their whole  
 content,  
 I was their joy, they had no children  
 more, 80  
 And acquaintance all of me  
 did vaunt,  
 And bragg'd to see my youth produce  
 such store  
 Of budding blossoms fairest  
 fruit presaging  
 All which were nipp'd by adverse  
 fortune's raging

XV

My parents care was chiefly how to  
 train  
 Me up in virtue from my tender years  
 They us'd all means, sparing nor  
 cost nor pain,  
 Nor day nor night me to instruct  
 forbears,  
 So in short time my virtue had  
 such growth,  
 As age whiles brings but is not  
 seen in youth 90

XVI

Like as the rising Sun with weaker  
 light,  
 Steals from the bed of bashful  
 blushing *Morn*  
 Permitting freely to the feeblest sight  
 Him to behold, but such beams him  
 adorn  
 Mounting our height as who him  
 then beholds  
 Is blinded with the brightness  
 him enfolds

XVII

So I an Infant at the first appearance,  
 With hop'd beauty did but weakly  
 shine,  
 But as in years I further did ad-  
 vance,  
 Perfection's pencil so did me refine

As my accomplish'd beauty at  
the height 101  
Dazzled the bold beholder's dar-  
ing sight

XVIII

ABOUT this time th' Hungarian state  
distrest,  
(King *John* being dead) by civil  
discord torn,  
Some *Ferdinand* would in the state  
invest,  
The Friar for young *Stephen* others  
doth suborn,  
He with Queen *Isabel* calls in  
the Turk,  
Who seems her friend, but for  
himself doth work

XIX

*Buda* by sieging *Ferdinand* is girt,  
By *Solyman* his Army's there  
defeat, 110  
Who taketh *Pesthe*, *Mustafa* doth  
hurt,  
On *Malliat* wars The *Transilvanian*  
state  
Swears homage unto *Stephen*;  
*Malliat* betray'd  
To *Stambol's* sent, where till he  
died he staid

XX

*Solyman* having *Ferdinand* o'er-  
thrown,  
To *Buda* comes; deprives the  
woful Queen  
Of *Hungary*, seizing it as his own  
Sends her distressed with her Infant  
*Stephen*  
To *Transilvania* with the crafty  
Friar  
Her coadjutor, for to govern there

XXI

You easily may guess her heart was  
sorry, 121  
Being depriv'd of what she held  
most dear

Robb'd of her state, degraded of her  
glory

By th' unjust Lord she call'd to free  
her fear.

*Buda* bears witness of her sad  
complaint,

Which mine own woe permits me  
not to paint

XXII

To *Transilvania* come, no sorrow  
ceaseth,

Th' ambitious Bishop governs as  
him listeth

The Queen he curbs, command in  
her decreaseth,

Whilst he grows greater and in  
pride persisteth 130

Till her abus'd patience cannot bear  
More the demeanour of the saucy  
Friar.

XXIII

Her Father *Sigismond* no comfort  
sends her,

He was but careless, though she  
thus was crost

Not one of his confederates befriends  
her,

Seeing him leave her should relieve  
her most

Ah, wretched Queen, what help  
can moaning make thee,

When father, friends, kin, and  
allies forsake thee?

XXIV

Her sorrows now she can no more  
support,

(Yet peremptory *George* was great-  
est grief ) 140

Since who should love, had left her  
in such sort,

Her discontented mind hopes small  
relief

To *Solyman* she sends, O woful  
wight,

To seek an injurer to do thee right

111 *Pesthe*] The orig spelling 'Pesthe' is required here *met grat*.

118 The evident scansion of this line is 'distressed,' with 'Stephen' pronounced 'Ste'en' as in 'Steenie,' to rhyme to Queen This pronunciation may also save 113. but of the versification of these historical parts perhaps the less said the better.

132 Friar] = 'Frere' but Friar in orig

XXV

The *Turk* commiserates her sad  
estate,

*George* knowing this, to *Sassebess*  
retires,

Scours ditches heightens walls  
debas'd of late,

Lays in munition that a siege  
requires

Then raiseth forces *Isabel* pro-  
vides

Force gunst his force, which the  
whole land divides. 110

XXVI

The *Turk Chiauss* in *Isabel's* favour  
sent

Threatens the *Friar*, and those to  
him adhere,

Which did no good but ill, it from  
her rent

Most part of those that erst her  
fautors were

Such inbred hatred to the *Turk*  
they bore,

They hate her cause, cause he  
would her restore.

XXVII

The Queen (misdoubting of the  
*Turk's* supply)

Seeks an agreement, which is lightly  
granted

For the *Friar* knew that the *Turk's*  
force drew nigh

Intelligence there to her hurt she  
wanted 110

Agreed the *Friar* forceth the  
*Turk* retire,

Still misregards her, still doth  
high aspire.

XXVIII

She once again the Nobles doth  
incite,

(Disdaining his neglect) and they  
once more

In a firm league to her do reunite  
The crafty *Friar* thinks to provide

therefore

To *Ferdinand* he sends, his aid  
doth proffer

Which *Ferdinand* accepts glad of  
that offer

XXIX

To *Charles* the Fifth his brother he  
doth send

In such affair to have his present  
aid, 110

Yet knowing no great succour he  
could lend

(In *Germany* his whole force being  
staid)

Yet at the least an expert Captain  
brave

For his Lieutenant he doth press  
to have.

XXX

*Charles* weighing what this enter-  
prise importeth

*John Baptist Castill*, Count of  
*Praden*

Doth single out, and to this charge  
exhorteth,

He willingly accepts but with few men  
He takes his leave, and unto *I ten*

comes,  
Where he is welcom'd with the

pressing-drums. 110

XXXI

One of his train (and what concerns  
me most,

With that she sigh'd) was one in  
*I ten* born,

*John Sheretne*, his kin of him did  
boast,

As if his stock he chiefly did adorn  
And those who have no interest

in his blood,  
Honour him more, the more he's

understood

XXXII

From native home he long time had  
remain'd,

In *Pudua* ten years at school he stud  
And in that time he so much learn

ing gain'd,

169 Fifth] Orig here and elsewhere 'Fift Scot' These survivals in the Angli-  
cized Scots of this period are perhaps worth noting

As virtue's firm foundations sure were  
laid 190

His father hereof knowing, him  
commends

To *Castald*, who on bloody *Mars*  
attends.

xxxiii

He willingly his father's hest obeys,  
And in short time made to the  
world appear

That learning ne'er the haughty  
spirit allays,

Which honour'd glory for his badge  
doth bear

And though that *Envy* still doth  
hate brave deeds,

Yet his worth even in *Envy*  
liking breeds

xxxiv

He with *Castalde* to *Vien* comes  
back,

Where hungry expectation longs to  
see him, 200

Kin and acquaintance to the case-  
ments make,

They think him happiest that first  
can eye him

Yet when they see, they know not  
whom t' affect,

All-changing *Time* had alter'd his  
aspect

xxxv

To see these soldiers in the town  
received,

The confus'd multitude in clusters  
throng

The better sort, (yet novelty that  
craved)

In spacious windows rangèd were  
along,

There was I plac'd, I clothèd was  
in green,

Embroidered o'er with flowers  
like Summer's Queen 210

xxxvi

As each did pass, he did our censure  
pass,

Whom one did like, another did  
d disdain

*Sheretine* came, and none knew  
what he was,

Yet each one's approbation he did  
gain,

Each one him prais'd, and I  
amongst the rest,

Of all that pass'd said he deservèd  
best.

xxxvii

Nor was this favour forcèd from  
affection,

It was desert that drew this verdict  
fra me,

Love had not then inflam'd me  
with infection,

No object had had hap from me to  
draw me, 220

Though love had found me fit to  
show his power,

Yet did I live at liberty that hour

xxxviii

Though mine eyes were the arsenal  
where he hid

His choicest arms, from whence he  
might take fires,

(Which in continual lightning from  
them slid)

To kindle in cold hearts most hot  
desires,

Yet I not knowing what their  
power meant,

My youth's sweet spring, free from  
disquiet spent

xxxix

Some noble thought possessing still  
my mind,

Whilst gold on canvas ground my  
fingers place, 230

Or nimbly on a lute light notes out find,  
Which with sweet airs my charming

voice did grace

These gave no leave to Love to let  
mine ease,

Which disrespect did the Love-  
god displease

199 *Castalde*] The addition of the *e* to get an extra syllable is interesting  
218 fra me] Note Hannay's utilizing of a Scots form for rhyme and the evidence  
for 'draw' as 'dra' But he drops into it again *infra*, stanza xlix, where no rhyme calls.

XL

He languish'd that the flames which  
 in mine eyes  
 Were plac'd had yet but darted  
 feeble rays  
 Now did the bruit of *Sheretine* him  
 please  
 Of him all speak, all listen to his  
 praise,  
 He thinks him only worthy of  
 those fires  
 Which had not kindled others  
 deep desires 240

XLI

Whilst at *Vienna* they for dispatch  
 stay,  
 They're visit'd by their country  
 gallantry,  
 Which to express affection doth assay  
 They with requital quit their curtesy,  
 For *Sheretine* the *Lites* do lay a  
 train  
 My father woos, he may him enter  
 tain

XLII

He willing to his suit doth con-  
 descend  
 To be eye witness (to his house  
 resorted)  
 Whether that *Farr* me falsely did  
 commend  
 Or if I were such as I was  
 reported 250  
 For she had blaz'd my beauty  
 everywhere,  
 Call'd others fair and fairer, me  
 most fair

XLIII

The day did seem to break even at  
 the noon,  
 My coming so eclips'd the former  
 light  
 Small stars are dimm'd so by a  
 rounded moon  
 Which from a cloud comes suddenly  
 to sight  
 My beauty blaz'd so at the first  
 appearing  
 He thinks report my worth had  
 wrong'd by bearing

( 651 )

XLIV

What learned *Padur* could not  
 effect,  
 Nor spacious *Germany* where he  
 had stayed 260  
 That *Vien* doth, one beauty there  
 respect  
 Bred which all theirs conjoin'd in  
 vain assayed  
 His heart from their attractin-  
 baits left free  
 At *Vien* he doth offer up to me

XLI

My father his affection to express  
 Bids him kind welcome as his dear-  
 est friend  
 Vows lasting love meanwhile *Le-e*  
 doth address  
 His surest shaft his golden bow  
 doth bend  
 Mine eye the quiver whence he  
 took the dart  
 With unavoidin' stroke, that hit  
 his heart. 270

XLVI

One might have seen mid-day of his  
 desires  
 Even from the Last of their new  
 taken birth  
 He strove to hide the new flame of  
 his fires  
 But grounded passion is not masqu'd  
 with mirth  
 His mirth to melancholy sighs  
 redoubled  
 Did well bewray his musing mind  
 was troubled

XLVII

Thus was he first enamoured, yet  
 he strove  
 To hide his passion, but we did  
 perceive  
 Some unaccustom'd accident did  
 move  
 These sudden fits, yet we no cause  
 would crave 280  
 He takes his leave, unto his home  
 returns  
 Whilst in his heart, that new fire  
 hotly burns



XLVIII

He careless casts himself upon his  
bed,  
And 'gins to reason with his restless  
thought

He curseth Chance that first him  
thither led,  
He straight doth bless it 'cause it  
there him brought,  
He blames it for the breeding his  
unrest,

Loves it for showing what could  
make him blest

XLIX

"How did I live with unperturbèd  
mind,

Passing the day with joy, the night  
with sleep, 290

(Saith he) where wakerife cares I  
now do find,

And new disquiet for my late de-  
light

Are these th' effects of Beauty and  
of Love?

Heaven Love and Beauty fra me  
then remove

L

Ah, hateful tongue, recant this foul  
amiss,

Love is the God that first gave life a  
being

Beauty's the breeder of this greater  
bliss,

How dar'st thou then profane their  
power weying?

Beauty breeds Love, Love beauty  
doth requite

With the attractive lines of sweet  
delight 300

LI

Then welcome Love, I now will  
entertain thee,

Beauty, I'll thee with reverence  
adore,

But what if beauteous love should  
now disdain me,

Since love and beauty I have brav'd  
before?

Nay, they will not take that as a  
disgrace,

I saw nor knew not them, till first  
her face

LII

Her face where wanton love keeps  
residence,

He takes no progress but when she  
removes

Beauty projects from thence unto  
the sense

Such beaming glances, as their  
brightness proves 310

Young Eaglets, pardon Love, for I  
had been

Sooner your subject, if she sooner  
seen "

LIII

Thus passed he the night withouten  
slumber,

Longing for day, nor did I take such  
rest

As theretofore, new thoughts 'gan me  
to cumber,

Making me wakerife whilst my sleep  
decreast

Nor could I think what did pro-  
cure that change,

'Cause unaccustom'd I did hold  
it strange

LIV

Whilst sleep remov'd, on *Sheretine* I  
thought,

(The mind must still be busied) I  
his shape 320

Did think that Nature curiously had  
wrought,

On which the Graces did their  
blessings heap,

And Virtue that she part of him  
might claim,

Had deck'd with rarest ornaments  
his frame

LV

"Why should I think on him more  
than another?"

(I say ) And straight begin my  
thought to blame,

I would forget his shape, his virtues  
 smother,  
 Place where he sate, the time he  
 went and came  
 Yet still the more I wish him out  
 of mind,  
 Him livelier represented there I  
 find 330

## LVI

I sleepless spend the night I early  
 rise,  
 Herestless longeth for to leave his bed  
 Ev'n then our thoughts began to  
 sympathize  
 Abroad he walk'd as Morn the East  
 heaven clad  
 To put him out of mind I did repair  
 T a Garden yet in thought I  
 found him there.

## LVII

Ere noon he came (acquaintance  
 loath to lose)  
 To visit and give thanks I joy'd to  
 see him  
 As he to be with me of all did  
 choose  
 So I was well contented to be nigh  
 him 340  
 Thus did the *Destines* draw on our  
 fate,  
 I knew not *Lote*, fear'd not his  
 hidden bait

## LVIII

After we often walk'd into the fields  
 Passing the time with sport and harm  
 less mirth  
 Where nought did want that fairest  
*Flora* yields  
 Or *Tellus* from her treasure bringeth  
 forth  
 But discontented minds seld find  
 relief  
 By outward show for inward  
 hidden grief

## LIX

For in his countenance we might  
 behold

Some hidden grief, though gilded  
 o'er with gladness 350  
 Sudden abortive sighs unto us told,  
 His pensive mind was seiz'd with  
 inward sadness  
 Ignorant of the cause, I thought  
 to please him,  
 The more I cherish'd, more I did  
 disease him

## LX

*Sheretine's* love still more and more  
 increast  
 The more he did my company  
 frequent  
 His beating breast bewray'd his  
 heart's unrest,  
 Yet could not (though he strove) my  
 sight absent.  
 So doth *Farfalla* dally with the  
 flame  
 Till, his wings sear'd he sinks  
 down in the same 360

## LXI

Oft would he strive to look another  
 way  
 And still endeavour'd me for to  
 neglect  
 Yet did his eye more steadfast on me  
 stay,  
 Endeav'ring to dislike bred more  
 respect.  
 Now look'd he pale, now red, cold  
 straight in fire  
 Merry, soon sad *how changing*  
*is desire!*

## LXII

Yet his desire he strove to cover still  
 And each way to conceal his passion  
 tried,  
 But love resisted, like a close pent  
 kill  
 Most hotly burns, when least the  
 flame's espied 370  
 He thought it would have kill'd it  
 to conceal it  
 The salve hurt most which most  
 he thought should heal it

340 nigh] 'nigh and see rhymed as above st xxxiv 'see and 'eye

359 *Farfalla*] butterfly, 'moth

369 kill] = kiln

LXIII

Within short time his hid fire out  
doth blaze,  
His strength no longer able to sup-  
press it  
He woos *Occasion*, then blames her  
she stays  
To fit him *Time* when he might well  
express it  
*Time* soon befriends, we to a  
garden walk,  
Unseen, unheard, where we might  
freely talk

LXIV

"How comes it, Sir," taking him by  
the hand,  
Thensaid I, "that grief taketh on you  
seizure 380  
(Without presumption if I might  
demand,)  
Where nothing is intended but your  
pleasure?  
For in your visage *Care's* idea's  
plac'd,  
Which hath your late-joy sem-  
blance clean defac'd"

LXV

"Love-worthiest *Maiden*, blameless  
if I durst  
(Saith he) lay ope my heart and  
thought reveal,  
I would tell how my sobbing sighs  
were first  
Conceiv'd, took birth, and why they  
still do dwell"  
Then finding me willing to hear  
inclined,  
He thus begins to tell his troubled  
mind 390

LXVI

"Fair(if that fair be not too base a name  
For thee, sweet deity of my affection,)  
Before this boldness receive check,  
or blame,  
(My tongue is free from flattery's  
infection )  
Vouchsafe to hear, (and hear  
without offence)  
My rude, yet love-enforcèd  
eloquence

LXVII

Love now the sole commander o'er  
my soul,  
Elsewhere that could not by his  
craft or might  
Captive my thought, or liberty  
control,  
Hath brought me here (using that  
cunning slight) 400  
To see thy face, which in an hour  
hath gain'd  
Love conquest o'er him, who erst  
love disdain'd

LXVIII

'Gainst his assaults, hitherto as  
defence,  
A constant resolution I prepar'd  
His beauty-batteries poorly beat my  
sense,  
Beauty's neglect 'bout me kept  
watch and ward  
Ne'er could love gain till thy com-  
manding look  
Surpris'd my fort and guard, me  
captive took

LXIX

I am thy prisoner, but no freedom  
seek,  
In this captivity I joy to bide, 410  
Only I crave my heart's keeper be  
meek,  
Dear, let not this desire be me  
denied  
For it's my joy, since *Love doth*  
*conquer all*,  
That I had hap to be thy beauty's  
thrall

LXX

And thy sweet look (if I do right  
divine)  
Doth promise, thou wilt not so cruel  
prove,  
Nor pitiless to make thy captive  
pine  
By base disdain, and so requite his  
love,  
Which is not touched with least  
part of folly,  
My aim is honest, my pretension's  
holy 420

LXXI

Then dear (but dearer far if thou  
wer't mine)

Let pity (the companion of sweet  
beauty)

Move thee to love him whom *Love*  
hath made thine

Love to requite with love is but love's  
duty

Grant love, if not, say thou scorn'st  
my desires,

That death may quickly quench  
my loving fires

LXXII

As doth a prisoner at the bar expect  
With pity moving look the doubtful  
doom

And by the judges more severe  
aspect,

Doth rather fear than hope what is  
to come 430

So *Sheretine* torn betwixt hope and  
fear

His joy or sorrow so awaits to  
hear

LXXIII

A purple blush with native tincture  
dyed

My cheeks late lily in a deepest red  
Whilst I (abashed) to his speech  
replied,

Whose fainting eyes still on my face  
do feed

I was amaz'd, I mus'd what to  
say

Love seeks consent, modesty bids  
deny

LXXIV

At last "Brave Sir (said I), I am not  
trair'd

So in love's school as make a quaint  
reply, 440

Nor think I lovers can be so much  
pain'd

As they make shew, but thereby  
only try

Their wit on woman's weakness,  
to ensnare

That harmless sex before it be  
aware

( 655 )

LXXV

Or if they be it's by some rarer  
beauty

My poor perfection cannot passion  
move,

Your courage should propose else  
where that duty

Vain glory cannot so puff me with  
self love

As to believe mine such, the  
looks I scatter

Are feeble ne'er inflame nor such  
I'll flatter ' 450

LXXVI

' My speech (saith he) of flattery  
cometh not,

Love brings it from the oracle of  
truth

I cannot flatter I nor fain God wot  
Nor doth it need where beauty hath  
such growth

With cunning I would not com-  
passion move,

Nor try my wit with an imagin'd  
love

LXXVII

My protestations whence they do  
proceed,

Will soon be seen by sighing out  
my breath

Unless my martyrdom thy mercy  
need,

Thou'lt know thy beauty's force by  
timeless death 460

Then shall you see character'd on  
my heart

True holy love, not flattery nor  
art

LXXVIII

' I must not enter in intelligence  
Of such love passion gentle Sir (I  
said)

If I have answer'd (prompt with  
innocence)

Seek not the rather to entrap a  
maid

Th' access which my simplicity  
doth give

Hence I will bar, unless such suit  
you leave'

LXXIX

My father's coming hindered his  
reply,  
With him the residue of the day he  
spent, 170  
Then to his chamber went, there  
down did lie,  
Bathing his bed with tears of  
discontent,  
Accompanied with every kind of  
care  
He tumbling lay, *Hope* yielding  
to *Despair*

LXXX

My mind no less than his was sore  
perplex'd,  
It griev'd me that I granted not his  
suit  
It vex'd my heart to know that he  
was vex'd,  
I reason'd, and my reason did  
confute  
Should I have yielded? no, who  
soon are won,  
Are soon disdained, then I had  
been undone 480

LXXXI

Yet who doth love, and can torment  
her lover  
Yield then, unask'd? may be he'll  
sue no more  
Alas, how shall I then my love  
discover?  
Oh! would to God I granted had be-  
fore  
His love's extreme, if it kill, or  
take flight,  
Or turn to hate, then, all my joys,  
good night

LXXXII

May be it was not serious that he  
said,  
Oh! I am lost if that he only tried me,  
Then my own self I seriously survey'd,  
And saw that loving Nature nought  
denied me 490  
Yet priz'd I not my parts, 'cause  
they were rare,  
But 'cause they could my *Sheretine*  
ensnare

( 656 )

LXXXIII

Yet being doubtful of his back  
returning,  
I call myself too cruel, too unkind  
And he that could not hinder inward  
mourning,  
Absents not long, returns to know  
my mind  
He vows, protests, thereto adds  
sighs and tears,  
Which sweeter than sweet'st  
music pierc'd mine ears

LXXXIV

I was well pleas'd that he came  
again,  
(But better far his love was not  
decay'd) 500  
I thought it folly longer to detain  
With doubtful *Hope*, lest *Love* should  
die deny'd  
I (seeming loath) granted all that  
he crav'd,  
Mine honour and my reputation  
sav'd

LXXXV

Those who have felt the fits of  
fervent Love,  
Which hath the strength decay'd,  
and vigour wasted  
With strongest Passion, and in end  
did move  
Their Saint to pity, and some  
comfort tasted  
Such and none else, can tell if he  
were glad,  
When of my love, this overture I  
made 510

LXXXVI

My hands he kisses, doth not speak  
a word,  
(Joy chaining fast the passage of his  
speech)  
His gesture did more eloquence  
afford  
By moving signs, than Rhetoric can  
teach  
Therewith o'ercome, I open laid  
my heart,  
And all my loving-secrets did  
impart

## LXXXVII

I told him that I did no less affect  
His virtuous parts than he admirèd  
mine

How I delay'd not cause I did  
neglect

Or joy'd to see him for my sake to  
pine

But only love's continuance did  
doubt

*The soonest kindled fire goes soonest  
out*

## LXXXVIII

No more we then on ceremony  
stand

Each unto other firmly plighteth  
troth,

In sign whereof I took his gave my  
hand

Call'd *God* to witness with religious  
oath

He unto me vow'd a neer bating  
love

I vow'd my fancy neer should  
other prove

## LXXXIX

Our next care was, to gain our  
friends consent,

Who heard no sooner we did other  
like,

But they did yield and are so well  
content,

They joy and thank the heavens,  
that so did strike

Our hearts with equal heat, they  
hop'd to see

Honour and joy of our wish'd  
progeny

## XC

We sometimes after walk'd to take  
the air

Sometimes to see them hunt the  
fearful roe

Sometimes we to the Temple did  
repair

Sometimes to the Theatre we would  
go

Thus did we banquet still with  
fresh variety,

Yet neer did cloy or surfeit with  
satiety

540

## XCI

Methinks the sweet remembrance  
yet me glads,

How in my father's flore perfumèd  
garth

Where leafy tops chequer'd out  
motley shades

And *Flora's* minions diaper'd the  
earth

How we have walk'd discoursing of  
our love

With kindest appellations *Dear*  
and *Dove*

## XCII

An arbour there fenc'd from the  
southern Sun

With honeysuckle thorn and  
smelling brier

Which intermix'd through others  
quaintly run

Oft hath had hap our loving lays to  
hear

550

There hath he laid his head down  
in my lap

To hear me sing feigning to steal  
a nap

## XCIII

There sitting once, I told him how  
I dream'd,

And wish'd my dream were true  
he long'd to know it

And then most eager for to hear it,  
seem'd,

Yet shamefastness would never let  
me show it

Before our plight'd faith then I  
it read

It was how I was first enamour'd

538 Theatre] Note the accent (of course in strictness justifiable, like so many vulgar  
isms) 'Theayter

542 flore perfumèd] 'flore perfumèd garth is good, methinks

557 read] = expounded

XCIV

There have we talk'd, chaste kisses  
 interrupting  
 Our kind discourse, which every  
 word did point 560  
 I from his lips, he from mine nectar  
 supping  
 Mix'd tears of *Pity* oft our cheeks  
 anoint  
 There have we spent long time in  
 such like sport,  
 And that long time, we still  
 thought very short

XCv

Such happiness we had, we none  
 envied,  
 We counted Keasars caruffs match'd  
 with us  
 But permanent felicity's denied  
 To mortals here, none can enjoy that  
 bliss  
 Our joy soon turns to sorrow, we  
 must part,  
 Which with grief's sharpest prickles  
 pierc'd each heart 570

xcvi

Now *Ferdinand* had everything  
 prepar'd  
 Was necessary the war to maintain  
*Castalde* who for conduct thereof  
 car'd,  
 Was ready, and gave warning to his  
 train  
 To be in readiness him to attend  
 To *Hungary* to make their valour  
 ken'd

xcvii

Young *Sheretine* prepareth for to go,  
 Though all his friends persuade him  
 stay behind,  
 Yet he will forward, though even I  
 say no  
 "Sweet," (saith he) "*Love* doth not  
 debase the mind 580  
 What! shall I now obscure my  
 former worth?  
 No, no, thy love doth no such fruit  
 bring forth

xcviii

Weep not," (for then the tears stood  
 in mine eye)  
 "Life of my Life, for so my sorrow's  
 doubled,  
 Although thereby signs of thy love  
 I see  
 Which it assureth, yet therewith I'm  
 troubled  
 If thou wouldst have me to enjoy  
 content,  
 Leave, dearest Love, with sorrow  
 to lament "

xcix

The hapless day being come that  
 must us sunder,  
 All such persuasions he pour'd out  
 in vain, 590  
 That my heart broke not then it was  
 a wonder,  
 Swift scalding tears out o'er my  
 cheeks did rain,  
 "What, wilt *thou* go? and meanst  
*thou* thus to leave *me*?"  
 (Said I) "And wilt thou of all bliss  
 bereave me?"

c

Thousaidst thou wouldst my prisoner  
 abide,  
 Is this thy craft thy keeper to  
 betray?  
 What, wilt thou, cruel now, my soul  
 divide?  
 I know thou wouldst not kill me,  
*Dear*, then stay,  
 Ah, wilt thou go? and must I stay  
 behind?  
 Oh! Is this *Love*? Is this it to be  
 kind?" 600

ci

No more could *Passion* suffer me  
 produce,  
 To whom my grieving *Sheretine*  
 replied,  
 Each eye a tear-evacuating sluice,  
 "My *Heart*, my *All*, my *Star* that  
 doth me guide,

Leave now to grieve, my chiefest  
care shall be

Soon to return, then still to stay  
with thee

cii

Nor mean I now to leave thee  
altogether

With its affection I leave thee my  
Heart,

Let Destiny or Fortune draw me  
whither

They will yet from thee that shall  
never part

c10

In nought I'll joy deprived of thy  
sight,

Except the minding of thee breed  
delight.

ciii

Dear, let the hope of a soon joyful  
meeting

Better to bear this separation move  
thee

Think of the joys that will be at our  
meeting

The *Fates* do force my absence but  
to prove thee

Hence from my thoughts all else  
shall be debarr'd

(I said) *My constancy may chance  
be heard*

civ

Passion no more permits we did  
embrace

Each other wringing in our winding  
arms

620

With mix'd tears bedewing other's  
face

One's heart the other's rous'd with  
love alarms

Oh! none but such as have felt like  
distress

Can think how sorrowful this sever  
ing was

cv

I think *Ulysses* (feigning to be  
mad

I oath to depart from lov'd *Penelope*)  
No such distracting fits (through

fancy) had,

As had my *Sheretine* going away,  
*Ulysses* had reaped the long'd

crop

*Sheretine* in the blade had bloom  
ing hope

630

cvi

Thus did we part he with *Castalde*  
goes,

Yet while in sight he still did look  
behind him,

I stay'd steeping mine eyes in seas of  
woes

Oft unawares I look'd about to find  
him

Imagination did delude my sense  
I thought I saw him, who was far

from thence.

## Canto II

## THE ARGUMENT

Turian Mariana loves,  
She's forced by her friends  
To marry him This luckless match  
With blood and sorrow ends.

i

Of all the Passions which perturb  
the mind

Love is the strongest, and molests it  
most,

Love never leaves it as it doth it  
find,

( 659 )

By it some goodness is or got, or lost  
None yet ere lov'd, and liv'd in  
like estate

But did to Virtue add, or from it  
bate

ii

Sometimes it makes a wise man  
weakly dote,

And makes the wariest sometimes to  
be wild,

Sometimes it makes a wise man of a  
sot,



Sometimes it makes a savage to be  
mild 10  
It maketh Mirth to turn to sullen  
Sadness,  
And settled brains it often cracks  
with Madness

III

By cursed all-suspecting Jealousy,  
Faint doubtful Hope, and ever-shak-  
ing Fear,  
(Whom pale-fac'd Care still keepeth  
company)  
It is attended These companions are  
No minute's rest who let the lover  
find,  
But with their several thoughts do  
rack his mind

IV

So was't with me I everything did  
fear 19  
That might unto my *Sheretine* befall,  
Sometimes I thought I clatt'ring  
arms did hear,  
Sometimes for help I thought I heard  
him call  
Sometimes I fear'd new beauty him  
allur'd,  
Sometimes my hope his honesty  
assur'd

V

Now (absent) I did love him more  
intearly,  
It taught me deprivation was a hell,  
The parting pangs did touch my  
heart but nearly,  
But now in centre of the same they  
dwell  
I oftentimes lov'd to consult with  
Hope,  
And of his swift return propos'd the  
scope 30

VI

But now the Fates with Fortune do  
conspire,  
To cross the kind intendements of  
Love,  
And with salt tears to quench his  
kindled fire,

Not satisfied with my dear friend's re-  
move  
My Joys are in the wane, daily  
grow less,  
My Sorrows waxing, daily do in-  
crease

VII

To Vien back comes Maximilian,  
(King of Bohemia) Ferdinand hisson,  
With Mary daughter unto Charles of  
Spain,  
In honour whereof divers sports are  
done, 40  
Tilting and Turnay, Feasts to  
entertain  
(With pomp) the coming stranger  
they ordain

VIII

'Mongst others who to Vien then  
resorted,  
*Nicholas Turian* (a brave youth) was  
one,  
Most of his friends him from the  
feast dehorted,  
Yet he from it will be detain'd by  
none  
Such warnings oft the unknown  
Fate forerun,  
Yet misconceiv'd, by those must  
be undone

IX

His straying eyes which wander'd  
every way,  
(Mongst the rare beauties that assem-  
bly bred) 50  
Seeking fit subject their roving to  
stay,  
At last unto my firing looks were led,  
Which with one glance (that *Cupid*  
fra them prest)  
Dazzl'd his sight, and did his eyes  
arrest

X

He thinks he ne'er such fairness saw  
beforn,  
It did eclipse the beauty that was by,  
As doth the fresh-forth-streaming  
ruddy Morn

25 intearly] I keep this form intact because of the rhyme Hannay would  
doubtless have justified himself from the Fr *entier*

Put out the lesser lights of nighted sky  
 He thinks there is not any of such  
 prize  
 If inward worth do outward  
 equalize 60

## XI

He longs to know, and presseth to  
 be near,  
 The nearer he his courage did  
 abase  
 Approach'd he speaks not seems to  
 quake for fear  
 He shames so to be daunted in that  
 place  
 Shame him encourag'd prick'd  
 him on to prove,  
 The more my mind was known,  
 it more did move

## XII

'I thought not, Lady (said he) 'if  
 in one  
 The rarest beauties of the world had  
 been  
 By Nature plac'd, that that one  
 could have shown 69  
 So great perfection as in you is seen  
 Whose lustre doth exceed each  
 beauty else  
 As lively diamond dull glass  
 excels

## XIII

'The beauty which you speak of  
 (I reply)  
 'Is pale but by reflex is fairer made  
 If it receiv'd not light by those are by,  
 It should be veiled with an obscure  
 shade'  
 Some time thus spent in talk he  
 doth depart,  
 Leaving his freedom with a fettered  
 heart

## XIV

Then home he goes with new bred  
 thoughts turmoiling  
 The late sweet quiet of his beating  
 brains 80  
 His heaving heart with bitter anguish  
 boiling,

He Love with his effects now enter  
 tains

He s'pensive, musing company  
 'bsents

With frequent sighs his smoulder'd  
 fire forth vents

## XV

One of my father's kindred very near  
 (In whom much trust my parents  
 did repose.)

True friendship did to *Turian* en  
 dear,

Secrets were common he by grieving  
 shows

Perceives his friend's distress,  
 demands the cause

*Turian* tells all compell'd by  
 Friendship's laws 90

## XVI

My kinsman told him who and how  
 I was

To *Sheretine* by solemn oath con  
 tracted

No sooner *Turian* heard but cries  
 'Alas'

(By loving frenzy well nigh dis  
 tracted)

"Now see I" (said he) that the  
*Fates* pretend

To bring my wretched life to wo  
 ful end

## XVII

My cousin was astonish'd that to hear,  
 knowing how hard the enterprise  
 would be

To undo what was done, wills him  
 forbear

Instantly urges it, letting him see too  
 The stopping lets, which would  
 his love disturb

Therefore whiles young he wishes  
 it to curb

## XVIII

But he (whom no dissuasive argument  
 From that resolve had force for to  
 withdraw)

Unwilling hears, to go on still is  
 bent,

Though likelihood of no good end he  
saw  
"In things difficult" (saith he)  
"worth is shown,  
By light achievements courage is  
not known"

XIX

His friend (whose oratory was in  
vain)  
Doth condescend to aid him to his  
power 110  
He vows to lose his life, or to obtain  
Help for the ill that did his friend  
devour  
Hence my mishap, hence had my  
grief first breeding,  
Hence my successive sorrows still  
had feeding

XX

No more I afterward in public go,  
(Loath to bewray my beauty to his  
eyes )  
I shun all that might trouble or  
o'erthrow  
The order I propos'd to eternize  
My constant love, unto the Love  
that hath  
My Hand, my Heart, Affection,  
and my Faith 120

XXI

He cannot brook delay, spurs on  
his friend  
To know the issue, *Danger's in  
deferring*  
Though it prove bad, yet best to  
know the end,  
*Protraction is the worst of all love-  
erring*  
*To know the worst of ill is some  
relief,*  
*Faint hope and feverish fear are  
food for grief*

XXII

The agent (that his cause had under-  
taken)  
Doth first address himself unto my  
mother

He thinks if that weak fortress were  
shaken,  
He with assurance may assail an-  
other 130  
With doubtful speeches he doth  
try her mind,  
Meaning to prosecute, as she's  
incln'd

XXIII

He him commends, with best praise  
tongue affords,  
(Yet in no commendation did belie  
him)  
He had *Youth, beauty, virtue, winning-  
words,*  
*Behaviour from detracting hate* to  
free him  
So well he mov'd, my mother was  
content,  
*Turian* (if't pleas'd him) should  
her house frequent

XXIV

He seeks no more, goes, tells his  
friend, who's glad,  
So soon he look'd not for free  
access 140  
No more he can forbear, he came,  
did shade  
His deep Desire, his Passion did  
suppress  
Acquainted, he comes more than  
compliment  
Requir'd, but cunning Love did  
cause invent

XXV

He in my father's good opinion  
grows,  
My mother 'gins him well for to  
affect  
As time permits his friend his worth  
out throws,  
With poison'd words, he doth their  
ears infect  
Himself to me imparteth still his  
love,  
And languisheth 'cause it did no-  
thing move 150

122-6 I keep the italics in such passages as this because, as noted above in regard to  
*Philomela*, they seem to represent a sort of proverbial *aside* rather than part of the text

## XXVI

In his pale cheek the lily loseth  
white,  
The red, the rosy livery off did  
cast  
His favour lately that did so de-  
light  
With ardour of his hot desire did  
waste  
In inapparent fire he now con-  
sumes  
His beauty fades as forward frost  
nipp'd blooms

## XXVII

I grieve because I cannot help his  
grieving,  
His pain relenting pity in me bred  
I do accompt him worthy of reliev-  
ing  
That he deserv'd to speed if none  
had sped 160  
I blame my beauty 'cause it breeds  
his woe  
I cherish it 'cause *Sheretine*  
would so

## XXVIII

His friend (perceiving what such  
signs portend)  
Knows if he salve not suddenly his  
sore  
Protraction with a perfect cure must  
end  
His woes in death he doth provide  
therefore  
My mother now he plainly doth  
assail  
And by preferment thinks for to  
prevail

## XXIX

*Women by Nature are ambitious*  
With *Turian's* titles tickles first her  
ear 170  
She of her daughter's state solicit-  
ous,  
That honour is her aim, doth gladly  
hear  
He tells to her his riches and his  
land  
And then for wealth she more  
than worth doth stand

## XXX

*Ah that base earth and baser excre-  
ment  
(Placed by Nature underfoot,) should  
move  
The mind of greedy age with more  
content  
Than Love the life of things that s  
from above!  
Wealth for their Summum bonum  
oft is taken  
Loving it most when it must be  
forsaken* 180

## XXXI

My serpent seduc'd mother *Eva*  
like  
Tempts and entraps my pelf affect-  
ing sire  
Judge ye what pensive pangs my  
soul did strike,  
Seeing parents friends, and furious  
love conspire  
To work my ruin and their power  
bend  
To prostitute my Faith, and wrong  
my friend

## XXXII

My Father with authority commands  
My Mother with enticing blandish-  
ment  
Allures for *Turian* my kinsman  
stands  
With kind persuasions *Turian* doth  
vent 190  
With sobs and sighs his too  
apparent love  
All join my faith and fancy to  
remove

## XXXIII

Yet I resist my Father gins to  
rage  
'How now you minion must you  
have your will?  
Becomes it you to cross us in our  
age?  
It is thy due our pleasure to fulfil  
Is this the way for to requite the  
pain  
Which for thy education we have  
ta'en?

XXXIV

Thou canst ne'er that repay, thou'lt  
still be debtor,  
Yet still we travail to have thee  
prefer'd 200  
Wants *Turian* worth? deserves *He*  
not thy better?  
Reform thyself, acknowledge thou  
hast err'd  
*The law divine* (which you so  
much pretend,)  
*Commands thee to thy parents' will*  
*to bend*

XXXV

What though that *Sheretine* be  
gentle, free?  
Yet he hath left thee languishing  
alone  
*Turian* is no less courteous than  
he,  
He flies not from thee, gives no cause  
of moan  
Had *Sheretine* but half so dearly  
lov'd,  
He had not from thy sight so far  
remov'd 210

XXXVI

Nor are their fortunes equal near  
our friends,  
Is *Turian's* state, fair lands and  
signories  
*Sheretine's* most on doubtful war  
depends,  
It is by others' ruins he must rise  
Who would such Worth with  
Certainty forgo,  
For Worth and Likelihood, with  
fairest show?

XXXVII

Then, foolish lass, leave off and con-  
descend,  
It is my will and I must have it so "  
My mother follows on, as he doth  
end,  
"Ah, daughter, I beseech thee by  
that woe, 220  
By the sore throbs I did for thee  
endure,  
Whilst (yet unborn) these sides  
did thee immure,

( 664 )

XXXVIII

By these lank breasts at which thou  
oft hast hung,  
And look'd in mine eyes with child-  
ish toys,  
Oft fallen asleep whilst I have to  
thee sung,  
Do not now strive to stop our  
coming joys  
Who now can be more tender,  
wish thee better,  
Than she, whom Love to such  
kind work did set her?

XXXIX

Shalt thou, the only pledge of ancient  
Love,  
The sweet-expected comfort of mine  
age, 230  
That hop'd happiness fra me remove,  
Which thy ne'er-disobeying did  
presage?  
I know thou wilt not, dear  
child, then incline,  
Scorn to be his that left for to be  
thine "

XL

My kinsman urges, adds to what  
they said,  
*Turian* extols, detracts my *Sheretine*,  
Lessens his means, affirms he is  
unstead,  
Hath wand'ring-thoughts if his love  
had not been  
Quench'd—with my beauty if he  
still had burn'd,  
He had not gone, or sooner had  
return'd 240

XLI

*Turian* himself (with tears) doth tell  
his woes,  
He needeth not protest to move  
belief  
Passion is soon perceiv'd, his out-  
ward shows  
Did well bewray great was his inward  
grief,  
He doth not feign'd (for the  
fashion) mourn,  
As widows oft, and rich heirs at the  
urn

## XLII

'Children obedience to their parents  
owe  
I grant (said I) 'but in a lawful thing  
This is not, you me freely did  
bestow  
I did submit, fra *Sheretine* to wring  
Me now were wrong in me a foul  
offence 251  
To disobey here is obedience

## XLIII

Parents give being noble benefit  
If with t content, if not better un  
born  
Yet even the best doth oft times  
bring with it  
A misery whereby the mind is torn  
For making children capable of  
woe  
Must they *free Choice*, the best  
of bests, forgo

## XLIV

Our Minds must like, none by  
attorney loveth  
If Love decay we cannot grieve by  
friends 260  
From Marriage Love Misery re  
moveth,  
On Love all wedlock's happiness  
depends  
'*Twixt those ne'er lik'd, what hope  
is love will last  
When twixt those dearest lov'd  
oft falls distaste?*

## XLV

If *Turian* than he is more noble were,  
More virtuous, more rich of higher  
degree  
*Sheretine* more mean more poor less  
worthy far,  
Yet he hath that that more con  
tenteth me  
*It is not in us to love or to despise  
They love by Fate whose souls do  
sympathize* 270

## XLVI

I grant his worth is worthy of  
respect

Tears for his grief my cheeks have  
often stain'd  
Yet with that love I cannot him  
affect  
Wherewith a husband should be  
entertain'd  
*Twixt those who wed if wooing  
love be cold  
The married friendship can no long  
time hold*

## XLVII

Yet do suppose I could affect him  
dearly,  
How might I with my plighted faith  
dispense?  
Oh, how my conscience is touch'd  
nearly  
Even with the thought of such a  
foul offence 280  
*How can that prosper, or have  
happy end,  
Which sin begins, and still must  
God offend?*

## XLVIII

For I cannot be lawfully his wife  
*It is not the act that ties the marriage  
knot  
It is the Will,* then must I all my  
life  
Be stain'd with *Unchastity's* foul  
blot  
O grant me then my choice be  
either free  
Or an unstain'd Virgin let me  
die

## XLIX

All would not do, my father so  
austere  
Commands and must not will not  
be deny'd 290  
My mother and my kinsman will not  
hear,  
*Turian* still urgeth, they must be  
obey'd  
'O Heaven bear witness, since  
you force me do it,  
(Say I) 'my heart doth not con  
sent unto it

L

Thus 'gainst my will I give myself  
away,  
They (glad they gainèd) every thing  
do haste  
Fearing disturbance by the smallest  
stay,  
They think them not secure till it be  
past  
I to my chamber go, on bed me  
threw,  
Which my moist eyes do suddenly  
bedew 300

LI

With these complaints I entertain  
the time  
"Ah, must I now my hopèd joys  
forgo?  
Must pleasure perish with me in the  
prime?  
Must I be wedded to a lasting woe?  
Must I my settled fancy now  
remove,  
And leave a lawful for an unjust  
love?

LII

Must I recall my promise freely  
given,  
And falsify my faith unto my friend?  
Is not my oath now register'd in  
Heaven?  
Is not my Promise to its power  
ken'd? 310  
Ah, ah, it is, and therefore they  
decree  
To tie my life to lasting misery.

LIII

Ah, *Sheretine*, if thou but now didst  
know  
In what a case thy *Mariana* is  
How she's surpris'd and taken by thy  
foe,  
Left comfortless, debarrèd of all  
bliss  
Would not relenting pity make thy  
heart  
To melt with sorrow for thy sweet  
love's smart?

LIV

Free from their forcing to thee shall  
remain,  
Do what they can, my best, most  
noble part, 320  
Which they shall want power and  
skill to gain,  
Reserv'd for thee shall be my Love,  
my Heart,  
Farewell, dear love, and as much  
joy possess,  
As doth thy *Marian* unhappiness "

LV

The day is come, we solemnly are  
wed,  
That part displeasing I do over-  
pass  
You easily may think my heart was  
sad,  
When forcèd thus against my will I  
was  
Vain were their wishes, who did  
bid us joy,  
Sad grief my nuptial pleasure did  
destroy 330

LVI

*Castalde* in *Hungaria* arriv'd,  
*Agria* in haste commands to fortify,  
A town of great import, but yet  
depriv'd  
Of natural strength, or artful industry  
There was his *Rendez-vous*, his  
men there met,  
For *Transilvania* forth by *Tyssthey*  
set

LVII

They in battailie march *Tibiscus*  
past,  
Till they arrive at small, ' weak  
*Debrezen*,  
While *Castald* with the Friar to  
meet doth haste,  
A *Diet's* held at *Egneth* by the  
*Queen* 340  
The *Friar* with craft hinders her  
enterprise,  
By fear or flattery makes the Lords  
to rise

## LVIII

The *Diet* thus dissolv d, the *Queen's*  
design

Is overthrown vanisheth to smoke  
To *Alberula* with her son, in fine,  
She doth withdraw, there fearing  
sieging shoake,  
And weakness of the place to  
*Sassebess*

Makes her retrait, which more  
strong sited was

## LIX

*Alberula George* besiegeth strait  
To take it fairly, or to throw it  
down 350

Is bent it kept the *Queen's* jewels  
and plate

The Gown, the Mantle, Sceptre,  
Shoes and Crown

The cannon vomiting forth fiery  
balls,

In divers places shakes the  
mould ring walls

## LX

With braver courage than the *Priest*  
expected

The valiant besieged did defend  
To *Castald* letters *George* in haste  
directed,

Post after post with diligence doth  
send,

Wills him to speed, yet cause he  
saw small haste

T' accord with *Isabel* he thinks it  
best 360

## LXI

Ten thousand *Spaniards* thither to  
his aid

Were coming (and now nigh) *Jame*  
did report

Whereby the *Queen* was troubled  
sore afraid

Accords with *George* to render in  
such sort

As she might have her movables  
of worth

From *Alberula* safely brought her  
forth

## LXII

The *Friar* at *Egneth* with *Castalde*  
meets

*Alberula Dalmas* being ta'en

With joyful semblance one the  
other greets

Yet craft and jealousies in heart  
retain 370

*Ferdinand's* letters *George* chief  
guider made

Whereof th ambitious *Bishop's*  
very glad

## LXIII

To *Sassebess* they come to find the  
*Queen*,

And there arise at third hour of the  
night

Within two days the Lords they do  
convene

They sit in counsel, *Castald* to their  
sight

Shows his Commission, wills the  
*Queen* restore

That Province as it was agreed  
before

## LXIV

He many arg ments to this end doth  
urge,

It was concluded by her late *Lord*  
*John* 380

The *Turk* (the Christians common  
foe and scourge)

Could not be daunted with so weak  
a one

She held it but with trouble and  
unrest

At the *Turk's* pleasure might be  
dispossest

344 overthrown vanisheth] Orig 'overthrowne vanisheth may be 'overthrown  
evanisheth and so save the metre

346-8] The poet who from his little doggerel mottoes downwards shows various  
signs of acquaintance with Spenser has taken an extreme Spenserian liberty with  
shock to get the rhyme though *Scotice* it is fairly phonetic Retrait is actually  
Spenser's though he usually spells it *retrate*

372 Hannay does not often rise high but he seldom sinks as low as this



LXV

Not only *Hungary* thereon depends,  
But the whole good of all the  
Christian state,  
Her Power weak, she wanted help  
of Friends,  
Unable his encroaching force to bate  
A mighty *Prince* was meeter him  
to curb,  
If he the common peace durst to  
disturb 390

LXVI

To the old offers, he now addeth more  
Th' Infanta *Joan* to her young son  
*Stephen*  
With crowns a hundred thousand  
to her dower,  
By *Ferdinand* should faithfully be  
given  
All like this well, all willingly it  
hear,  
And send to her this message by  
the *Friar*

LXVII

Whilst, unresolvèd, things thus doubt-  
ful hung,  
She with *Castald* hath private con-  
ference  
Bitterly plaineth of the *Prelate's*  
wrong,  
Wherewith her patience can no  
more dispense 400  
Constrain'd by need, she yields  
to *Ferdinand*,  
*George* thereof knowing, seeks it  
to withstand

LXVIII

He thinks if settled peace were surely  
plac'd,  
And all the civil broils were fully  
ceas't  
His plumes were pluckèd, he should  
be disgrac'd,  
Whonow is most, should be regarded  
least

*Often a gold-affecting Prelate proud,  
For private ends hinders a public  
good*

LXIX

The *Queen* unto *Castalde* him  
accuseth,  
(Inconstancy and cunning she did  
doubt ) 410  
To ratify th' agreement rather chuseth,  
*Castalde* labours how to bring't about  
There is a *Diet* call'd at *Colosvar*,  
The States from all sides to it do  
repair

LXX

The day come, and the regal orna-  
ments  
Produc'd, the *Priest* desires the  
Crown in keeping  
With sobs and sighs her inward  
sorrow vents,  
*Scorn* and *Disdain* detain her eyes  
from weeping  
"What, shall I to a base *Friar* give  
the Crown,  
Whereof I dispossessed myself and  
son?" 420

LXXI

She said Then in her hand the  
*Crown* she took,  
In presence of *Castalde* and her *Son*,  
And all the *Lords*, her eyes tears  
cannot brook,  
In pearly torrents o'er her cheeks  
they run  
The tears which from her *Son's*  
eyes did distil,  
Show'd the surrender was against  
his will

LXXII

"Since froward *Fortune* (that in  
change delights,  
Wherewith her fickleness infects the  
world,  
Hath us subverted loaded with  
despights,

392 *Joan*] 'Jo-an,' as in 'Joanna'

429 despight] The influence of Spenser, which is often strong in the earlier seventeenth century, appears again in this context with the present 'eye rhyme-spelling,' the rhyme of 'entreat' and 'estate' below, and 'Mutability' lower still Each separately would prove nothing but they are all Spenserian

And all her mischiefs on our heads  
have hurl'd ) 430

Makes me this woful resignation  
make

My Mates thy father's Kingdoms  
to forsake,

LXXIII

Yet shall She not amidst all these  
annoys

Let us but that in this well take  
content,

Since we must leave them, that he  
them enjoys

Who is a Christian, Here I them  
present

To thee *Castald*, for *Ferdinand*,  
tell we

Not by constraint, but yield them  
to thee free

LXXIV

Now we submit ourselves unto his  
Grace,

With all our fortunes, humbly him  
entreat 440

(Since sprung of princely blood and  
royal race)

To take some pity of our poor estate  
Let not his bounty now deny

relief,  
Nor breach of promise add unto

our grief

LXXV

And thou (sweet *John*) my dear and  
tender son,

Since now our fortune's not sufficient  
That to repair that malice hath

o'erthrown  
Without the aid of others be con-

tent,  
Midst of such miseries, I thought

it best  
With private loss to gain a public

rest 450

LXXVI

Like to a Prince (though not like to  
a King)

Yet thou mayst live with some good  
certainty,

When *Destiny's* disgrace on Kings  
do bring,

( 669 )

There they govern with Mutability  
Dear Child, of friends of aid, of  
hope forsaken,  
For thy repose this course is  
undertaken

LXXVII

Yet 'mongst these troubles let us not  
despair,

Nor doubt but thou art kept for  
more command,

Think it not strange nor be dismay'd  
with care

Where thou didst first take breath  
to leave that land, 460

Love *Virtue*, *Virtue's* dignity's so  
great,

*Fortune* cannot debar it long from  
state

LXXVIII

I grant there's cause of grief to  
give away

This Crown thy father's temples did  
adorn

And if false *Fortune* had not put  
a stay,

Had now upon thy Kingly head  
been worn

But now with *Patience* we must be  
content,

*Each state doth change no king-  
dom's permanent*

LXXIX

Thus spoke she with such penetra-  
ting words,

(And therewith did deliver up the  
Crown) 470

As they did pierce the hearts of all  
the Lords,

But chiefly *George*, in tears his eyes  
did drown

*Castalde* with kind words strives  
to appease

Her sorrow and to 'swage her  
swelling seas

LXXX

Within few days she doth from  
thence depart,

With painful travel and in habit poor,  
Dissembling not the anguish of her

heart,

She manifests it to her utmost power,  
Towards *Cassovia* she doth take  
the way,  
Where a steep hill enforceth her  
to stay 480

LXXXI

The roughness hinders her in coach  
to ride,  
She's fain with labour on her foot to  
go,  
Her tender child and ladies by her  
side,  
The only now-copartners of her woe,  
Whilst they're on foot, a sudden  
storm doth rise,  
Black pitchy clouds enveloping  
the skies

LXXXII

The wind and rain them boister-  
ously did beat,  
She blameth *Fortune* that is not  
content  
To be her opposite in matters great,  
But even in trifles, thus her spite to  
vent 490  
She attributes it to her Destiny,  
That she is subject to such misery

LXXXIII

Therefore a little for to ease her  
mind,  
Under a tree for shelter she took  
seat  
*Sic fata volunt* carvèd in its rind,  
*Regina Isabella* under-wrait  
Ah, wretched Queen, no wonder  
thou wast sorry  
To fall so low, from such a height  
of glory

LXXXIV

She to *Cassovia* comes, and bears it  
out  
With patience, till *Fortune's* fury's  
past 500  
With *Time*, her rolling wheel doth  
come about,  
And she is of her country repossess  
*God grant her soon her state, and  
kingdom lost,*

*Who with more courage bears it,  
though more crost*

LXXXV

*Castalde* having what he would  
obtain'd,  
*Lord John Alphonse Castald* with  
the Crown  
He sends to *Ferdinand* my Lover  
pain'd,  
With ling'ring-stay for *Vien's* ready  
boun  
*Castald* (though unwilling) con-  
descends,  
Loath for to part at once with two  
such friends 510

LXXXVI

In journeying every hour he thinketh  
two,  
The nearer, he doth think the  
leagues the longer  
His love increases, and he knows  
not how,  
The nearer to Me, his Desire is  
stronger  
Long-look'd-for *Vien* he beholds  
at last,  
Spurr'd by *Desire*, he to it hasteth  
fast

LXXXVII

Thinks with himself, "O what a joy-  
ful greeting  
Will't be when *Marian* sees her  
*Sheretine*!  
How shall we bear ourselves at  
this wish'd meeting?  
Can the joy be express'd we shall be  
in?" 520  
Ah, *Sheretine*, how little didst thou  
know,  
How far from joy thou wast, how  
near to woe

LXXXVIII

No sooner he in *Vien's* come, but  
hears  
The sad news of the thing he least  
suspected  
He thinks them mandrake-sounds,  
he stops his ears,

He trows each tongue with poison  
is infected

He none believes, he thinks that  
each tongue lies

Longing to see me to my home  
he hies

LXXIX

He came in *Turians* arms me  
lockèd found,

He could not trust his eyes (though  
still he gazed) 530

No doubt his heart receiv d a deadly  
wound,

Long ere he spoke, he was so much  
amazed

At last 'Is this the constancy  
(he said)

'Should be heard of? that  
spoke, no longer staid

XC

My heart was no less cut with *Care*  
than his

Because he staid not to hear my  
excuse

I know he deem d I willing did amiss  
Which did more sorrow in my soul  
infuse

Taking no leave, he fair *Vienna*  
leaves

Accompanied with care increasing  
griefs 540

XCI

All woe begone, he wanders here  
and there,

Looks most for rest when furthest  
from resort

Submits himself solely to sad *Despair*,  
With cheering comfort he cannot  
comport

At last he came unto an obscure  
shade,

Where mirthless *Melancholy* man  
sion had

XCII

Low on the ground grew Hyssop,  
Wormwood Rue

The mourning mounting trees were  
Cypress green,

Whose twining tops so close together  
grew,

They all seem d as they but one  
bough had been 550

Covering a spacious tomb where  
cursed *Care*

Herself had sepulchriz d with  
dure *Despair*

XCIII

No wanton bird there warbled loving  
lays

There was no merry Merle Gold  
Finch or Thrush

No other hopping bird in higher  
sprays

No mourning Nightingale in lower  
bush

The carcass craving Raven Night  
Crow Owl

In this dark grove their hateful  
notes did howl

XCIV

This sullen seat doth suit well with  
his soul,

There throws himself down in the  
bitter weeds, 560

His heart did thrust out sighs, his  
tongue condole

His wat ring eyes with bitter moisture  
feeds

These hapless herbs there guns he  
to lament

With interrupting sighs his woes  
to vent

XCV

"Ah, cursed *Time* (and there a  
sigh him staid)

'That ere I saw (that scarcely he  
had spoken

When that a groan his fainting speech  
allay d

With such abound as if his heart had  
broken,

When sighs and groans had got  
some little vent

He guns anew his sorrows to  
lament ) 570

550 bough] Orig Bow, perhaps for 'bower'

xcvi

"Ah, cursed *Time*," (said he) "that  
ere I saw  
The light, and that my Nurse did  
not o'erlie me,  
Ah, cursed *Time*, that first I breath  
did draw,  
Ah, cursed *Time*, that did not *Time*  
deny me  
Ah, cursed *Time*! Ah, cruel cursed  
*Time*,  
That let me pass the springtide of  
my prime

xcvii

Was it for this I was so sung and  
dandled  
Upon the knee, and watchèd when  
I slept?  
Was it for this I tenderly was  
handled?  
Was it for this I carefully was kept?  
Was it for this I was so neatly  
nurst, 581  
That I of all should be the most  
accurst?

xcviii

Did *Fortune* smile in my young  
tender years,  
To make me better relish now my  
pain?  
Then pour'd I out no bitter briny tears,  
That I should now have store my  
cheeks to stain?  
Did *Fortune* and the *Fates* strive  
to content me,  
That they might now with sorrow  
more torment me?

xcix

Did cruel *Love* yield unto my *Destre*,  
To know his pain by being dis-  
possest? 590  
And did my *Marian* with *Love*  
conspire,  
Did all agree to rob me of my rest?  
Since it is *Marian's* will, welcome  
*Despair*,  
Farewell all *Joy*, welcome *Woe*,  
*Grief* and *Care*

c

Welcome, since it's her will, now  
wishèd *Death*,  
Long may she live, and happy with  
her choice  
I will wish that so long as I have breath,  
Nay, even in death I will therein  
rejoice  
Dear (though disloyal) Thou art  
still to me,  
So once (if thou not fain'dst) I  
was to thee. 600

ci

If that one spark of thy old love  
remain,  
When thou shalt chance my timeless  
death to hear,  
Let that so much favour for me obtain,  
As offer at my hearse a sigh, and tear  
And if some chance be by when  
them you spend,  
And ask the cause, say *You have  
lost a friend*"

cii

Sorrow suffers no more, his tongue  
there stays,  
Heart-killing *Care* prepares to stop  
his breath  
His strength and colour by degrees  
decays,  
*Grief* seems to grieve, and for his  
help calls *Death*, 610  
Who much displeasèd so to see  
him languish,  
Soon with his surest cure doth  
help his anguish

ciii

No sooner heard I how my dear  
*Friend* died,  
(Soon it was known, for his friends  
had sought him )  
And that his destiny was so descried,  
That to his timeless death my deeds  
had brought him  
But that my ill-divining hapless  
heart  
Was suddenly assail'd with unseen  
smart

## CIV

Now *Turian* I will no more come  
 nigh  
 His flattering blandishments I now  
 disdain 620  
 He is despis'd yet grieveth more to  
 see  
 The mistress of his soul thus seiz'd  
 with pain  
 He with my sadness such a con-  
 sort bears  
 Sighs as I sigh doth weep when I  
 shed tears

## CV

Sad discontent so wholly me possess,  
 I seem'd not she that late I was be-  
 fore  
 My woe that was by fits is an unrest  
 Which with a still increase grows  
 ever more  
 From mirthful company I now  
 absent  
 And melancholy walks alone  
 frequent 630

## CVI

Thus many days only heart-killing  
*Grief*  
 Me still accompanied and did attend  
 With black *Despair*, which told me  
 no relief  
 On earth could my least discontent  
 ment end  
 The days I spent in heavy complaints  
 and moanings,  
 In night I tire the answering  
 walls with groanings

## CVII

Yet never could I sit or walk or lie,  
 But still I thought I saw my  
*Sheretine*  
 With pale and meagre face standing  
 me by,  
 With wrathful look upbraiding me of  
 sin, 640  
 Saying his soul could yet obtain  
 no rest  
 Amongst the souls in sweet  
*Elysium* blest

## CVIII

Twixt *Fear* and *Love* my heavy heart  
 distract,  
 Knew neither what to follow what to  
 flee,  
*Love* bids me for my *Sheretine* to act  
 A part that might me ease and set  
 him free  
 Persuades me and affirms I shall  
 remain  
 With my *Love* after in *Elysian*  
 Plain

## CIX

Fear fore my face makes horrid  
*Death* appear  
 In ugly shape seiz'd with smarting  
 pain 650  
 Making to tremble as he draweth near  
 Yet I with scorn his terror do disdain  
*Love* doth prevail I am resolv'd  
 to fly  
 By death to keep my Lover  
 company

## CX

Thus mourning on my bed myself  
 I threw  
 Saying, Sweet *Sheretine* behold and  
 see  
 For thy sweet sake I bid the world  
 adieu  
 And now dear *Love* I come to live  
 with Thee  
 Then out I drew this blood  
 begor'd knife  
 Therewith to cut the fatal thread  
 of life 660

## CXI

Thrice was my hand heav'd up to  
 give the stroke  
 Thrice down again my fearful hand  
 did fall,  
 Still fear dissuades, and love doth  
 still provoke,  
 Courage her forces to my heart did call  
 Then gave this death's wound,  
 whilst my latest cry  
 Was *Sheretine* behold thy *Marian*  
 die

CXII

My Mother (with my latest shriek  
affrighted,  
Come in and finding me in such a  
guise)  
With sudden fright is lastingly  
benighted,  
Fear-forcèd *Death* seals up her aged  
eyes 670  
My Father rages, his gray hairs he  
tore,  
*Turian* (though still amazèd),  
grievèd more

CXIII

Pull'd out the blade, pans'd the  
blood-weeping-wound,  
Findeth it mortal, saw my soul de-  
part,  
A frantic fury did him clean  
confound,  
He stroke himself on sudden to the  
heart,  
Our blood doth mix in death, yet  
mine would run  
From his, what life dislik'd e'en  
death would shun

CXIV

My Father now doth find (though all  
too late,)  
The misery forc'd marriage doth  
ensue 680  
Unto the poor he gives his whole  
estate,  
The world (with his delights) he bids  
adieu  
He as a pilgrim from *Vienna* goes,  
Where, when, or how he died, yet  
no man knows

667 shriek] Orig 'srike'

CXV

Then to these fields my sad Soul did  
descend,  
With my sweet *Sheretine*, abode to  
make  
But when I came, I found my  
faithful friend  
With *Charon* passing o'er this grisly  
Lake  
For my *Death* had his wrongèd  
Ghost appeas'd,  
So that He might pass over as he  
pleas'd 690

CXVI

I followed fast, thinking with Him  
to go,  
That I might still enjoy his company  
But I was stay'd as I before did show  
Until thy *Muse* should pity taken on  
me  
And now by thy sweet *Caelia's*  
name once more  
I thee conjure, keep promise past  
before'

CXVII

Then back She brought me, and no  
longer stay'd,  
But with more cheerful looks did  
thence depart,  
With confidence she could not be  
denay'd  
What she desir'd, for her sake, hath  
my heart 700  
For *Caelia's* sake my sole-adored  
saint,  
The world with *Marian's* woes I  
thus acquaint

FINIS

673 pans'd] Another Gallicism

A Happy Husband  
OR  
DIRECTIONS FOR  
A MAID TO CHVSE HER  
MATE  
Together with  
*A WIVES BEHAVIOUR*  
*after Marriage*

The second Edition

By PATRICK HANNAY Gent

PROPER  
*Exemplo junctæ tibi sint in amore columbæ*  
*Masculus & totum fœmina coniugium*

LONDON,  
Printed by *John Haviland* for *Nathaniel Butter*  
and are to be sold at his shop at *S Austins*  
gate 1622





To the virtuous and noble lady, the Lady Margaret Home, eldest daughter to the Right Honourable Alexander Earl Home, Baron of Dunglas, &c

THINKING with myself (Noble Lady) what I might present some way to express my love in remembrance of those not to be requited favours, which have wholly obliged me to your House It came into my mind, that what is offered to Gods, or great ones, ought rather to be apt, than equal and that it was held absurd in old time to offer an Hecatomb to the Muses or an Ivy wreath to the God of War I thought no offering could be more conformable to your virtues

than this Husband, which of due doth challenge a maiden Maecenas and none so fit as yourself who even in these years by your budding virtues do well bewray what fruit your riper years will produce Accept it then (Madam) as an acknowledgement of what is due by me to your deservings which have bound me to abide ever yours

In all dutiful observance  
PATRICK HANNAY

## TO WOMEN IN GENERAL

IN things of weight and moment care and circumspection are to be used with a truly grounded judgement before resolution Now in human actions none is of more consequence than marriage where error can be but once and that never after remedied Therefore in it is great caution required before conclusion the sequel of staid deliberation or unadvised rashness being a happy or a wretched life And therein is another's counsel most necessary (though through the whole course of man's life it be safer than the self conceived) for affection,

which in other affairs doth oft overrule reason (even in the wise) doth in this ever hide the faults of the affected under the blinding veil of love This hath caused me for the weal of your Sex to produce this *Husband* to the light not gain or glory, knowing well the vulgar and critic censurers in this age do rather detract than attribute but I care not much for their opinion who dislike may freely abstain if any give better I shall willingly assent take it as it is meant for your good, to displease none, and to content all

P Hannay

## To Overbury's Widow, wife of this Husband

LEAVE worthy Wife, to wear your mourning weed,  
Or bootless stain your cheeks for him that's dead  
But rather joy, and thank this Author's pen

Hath so well match'd thee with this matchless man  
For *Overbury's* Ghost is glad to see  
His widow such one's happy wife to be

R S

Overbury's Widow] Allusions to Overbury's poem of *A Wife* complicated or not with others to his miserable fate, are abundant at the time

# Patrick Hannay

## To his Friend the Author

THY happy Husband shows thy high  
ingine,  
Whose muse such method in her  
measures can,  
The matter shows thy manners are  
divine,  
Thy practis'd virtues shows thou art  
this Man  
I half envy that highly blessed Maid,  
Whose happy lot shall be to link with  
thee,  
And well-nigh wish that Nature had  
me made

A woman, so I such one's wife might  
be.  
Detraction is distraught thy lines to  
see,  
And swell'd with envy, can no words  
bring forth,  
Her baseness cannot parallel thy  
worth,  
Which still shall live unto eternity  
For after Ages reading of thy verse,  
Shall deck with Laurel thy ador'd  
herse.

P S

## To his Friend Mr. Patrick Hannay

FRIEND, I am glad that you have  
brought to life  
A Husband fit for *Overbury's* Wife,  
Whose chastity might else suspected  
be,  
Wanting too long a Husband's com-  
pany

But now being match'd so well by your  
endeavour,  
She'll live a chaste *Penelope* for ever,  
And you brave *Overbury* make to be  
Your brother-in-law by act of  
ingeny

W Jewell

## To the Author

WHEN I behold the Author and his  
book,  
With wonder and delight on both  
I look,  
Both are so like, and both deserve so  
well,  
Were I not friend, I in their praise  
would dwell,  
But since I should seem partial, I think  
fit

To leave their praises to a better wit  
Yet Husband like to this I wish God  
send  
To those are chaste, and to me such a  
friend  
Live each in other, be each other's  
praise,  
Time shall not end your glory with  
your days

Edward Leventhorpe

## The Argument

MARRIAGE ordain'd, the man made  
head,  
That kind may be, like like doth  
breed  
God blest it, youth it best befits  
The Author will not try his wits  
To make one man of many parts,  
Painters do so to show their Arts  
His birth and breeding first he shows,  
Equal, and good, the wants of those  
What ills they breed, yet self-gain'd  
glore

He doth prefer both these before  
His shape must not deform'd be,  
*Nature makes house and guest agree*  
His stature neither low, nor tall,  
*The mean in each is best of all*  
Not curious to be counted fair,  
It's womanish to take that care,  
Free from affecting gifts of others,  
That self-weakness still discovers  
Such one found, then next is shown  
What vice he s'd want, what virtue  
own

20

20 he s'd] 's'd' for 'should' is, I think, one of the rarest of these contractions  
The absence of 'h' *Scotice*

## Commendatory Poems

Wealth must be set aside to try  
 (It is a beam in judgement's eye)  
 What ill doth haunt her weds for gold  
 Is told with the content of old  
 When virtue and simplicity  
 Did choose then he doth let her see  
 The Worthies that the World brought  
 forth  
 Wood neer for wealth but still for  
 worth  
 With virtue this man should be nursed  
 If he be depraved he's worse than  
 first 30  
 Drunkenness gaming, he must want  
 He shows what ill such unthrifths  
 haunt  
 He must not haunt another's sheets,  
 With grace foul whoredom never  
 meets

He must have spent well his time  
 past  
 A wicked crime's brut long doth  
 last  
 His humours must with hers agree  
 Or else true friendship cannot be  
 He must fear God for on that fear  
 Wisdom doth her building rear, 40  
 It is that makes honest Honesty  
 In show, not deed, is policy  
 He must propose a certain end  
 Whereto his actions all must bend  
 He must have unfeigned piety  
 And serve in truth the Deity  
 The four chief virtues in some mea-  
 sure  
 Must hoard up in him their treasure  
 Whercon the lesser do depend  
 Age and behaviour do him end 50

### Another

To keep him good, his wife must be  
 Obedient mild her huswifery  
 Within doors she must tend her charge  
 Is that at home his that at large  
 She must be careful idle wives  
 Vice works on and to some ill drives  
 Not toying fond nor yet unkind,  
 Not of a weak dejected mind,  
 Nor yet insensible of loss

Which doth with care her Husband  
 cross 10  
 Not jealous but deserving well  
 Not gadding news to know or tell  
 Her conversation with the best  
 In Husband's heart her thought must  
 rest  
 Thus if she choose thus use her mate  
 He promiseth her happy state

# A HAPPY HUSBAND :

OR,

## Directions for a Maid to choose her Mate

IN Paradise God Marriage first  
ordain'd,  
That lawfully kind might be so  
maintain'd ,  
By it the Man is made the Woman's  
head,  
And kind immortalizèd in their  
seed  
For like produces like, it so should  
be,  
God blest it with *Increase and  
multiply*  
Nature requires it, nothing is more  
just,  
Who were begot, beget of duty must  
It Youth becomes, Age is unapt to  
breed,  
*Old stocks are barren, youthful plants  
have seed* 10  
Then, virtuous Virgin, since such  
blessing springs  
From wedlock (which earth's greatest  
comfort brings)  
Compell'd by love, which to thy  
worth is due,  
How to choose well thy mate, I will  
thee shew ,  
Whose sympathizing virtues may  
combine  
Your hearts in love, till death life's  
thread untwine  
It's not my mind the rarities to glean  
Of blest perfections I have heard or  
seen ,  
And take the best, where bounty  
doth abound,  
And make a Husband, (nowhere  
to be found ) 20  
The painter so from boys, and girls  
did take

Best of their beauties, Helen fair to  
make ,  
No, I will paint thy mate in such a  
hew,  
As *Care* may find *Discretion* must  
allow  
To choose aright, know from what  
stock he's grown ,  
The birth suits best, is nearest to  
thine own  
Dislike makes higher Birth deem  
lower base,  
Lower will never by thy Birth take  
place  
In Man the fault is more to be  
excus'd,  
Who of low birth (for beauty) hath  
one chus'd , 30  
His lightness therein ever love is  
deem'd,  
Yet as his place, his Wife shall be  
esteem'd  
But when a Woman of a noble race  
Doth match with Man of far inferior  
place,  
She cannot him ennoble, he is still  
In place as she first found him, good,  
or ill  
His breeding will his birth still to  
thee tell,  
*For as the Cask, the liquor still  
doth smell*  
A crab, though digg'd and dung'd,  
cannot bring forth  
A luscious fruit , so hardly man of  
worth 40  
Doth from base stock proceed still  
like itself  
Nature produces , force of golden  
pelf

23 hew.] In the general sense of 'character,' 'quality' The rhyme of 'alloo' is of course Scots

## A Happy Husband

To alter that's not able, yet we know  
 Oft Men of worth have come of  
 Parents low  
 I or Parents place is not the Children's  
 merit  
 Yet it adds grace if they their worth  
 inherit,  
 If not, it adds to shame for from  
 high race  
 Virtue's expected due to such a  
 place  
*For undegenerate heroic minds*  
*They should possess, are con e of noble*  
*kinds* 20  
 What man's own worth acquires with  
 virtuous ends,  
 Is truly his and not that which  
 descends.  
 Cicero brags (and justly) that his  
 line  
 He did in glorious virtue far out  
 shine  
 Which was his honour They no  
 honour have,  
 Who (idle) add not to what they  
 receive  
 It is his own worth every Man doth  
 grace,  
 Less or more eminent as is his place  
 I or Virtue (though aye clear) yet  
 clearest shines  
 When she doth dart her lights from  
 noble lines 60  
 A glorious flame blazing in valley  
 low,  
 Is soon barr'd sight, nor doth it far  
 way show,  
 Obscur'd with neighbour objects  
 but on high  
 A little Beacon to both far and nigh  
 Shows like a bearded Comet in the  
 air  
 Admir'd of some of most accounted  
 rare  
 Choose thou a Husband equal to thy  
 race  
 Who's grac'd by virtue and doth  
 virtue grace,

*Things different do ne'er well agree*  
*True liking lodges in equality* 10  
 Better than birth his Parents virtues  
 know,  
*From poison'd springs no wholesome*  
*waters flow*  
 As for his shape, I would it should  
 be free  
 From (Nature's note of spite) De  
 formity  
 Deform'd shape is of so bad a nature  
 That it's dislik'd even in a noble  
 creature  
 Where comely shape with love at  
 tracts the eyes,  
 By secret sympathy of all it sees  
 I England's third Richard, and the wife  
 of Shore  
 The one deform'd, the other grac'd  
 with store 80  
 Of bounteous Nature's gifts, do show  
 th' effects  
 Of Love and Hate, to good and bad  
 aspects  
 She (when she bare-foot with a taper  
 light  
 Did open penance in the people's  
 sight)  
 Went so demure, with such a lovely  
 face  
 That beauty seem'd apparell'd in dis  
 grace  
 But most when shame summon'd the  
 blood too high  
 With native stains, her comely cheeks  
 to dye  
 In scarlet tincture She did so  
 exceed  
 That e'en disgrace in her delight did  
 breed, 90  
 I ring beholders hearts that came to  
 scorn her  
 So Beauty cloth'd in baseness did  
 adorn her  
 That e'en the good (who else the  
 vice did blame)  
 Thought she deserv'd pity more than  
 shame

Condemning cunning Richard's cruel  
mind  
Who caus'd her shame, the multitude  
to blind,  
Lest it his greater mischief should  
behold,  
Which his ambition-plotters had in  
mould  
So in them was the force of feature  
seen,  
*Who, if less famous, had more happy*  
*been* 100  
Thus Nature makes each body with  
the mind  
Some way to keep decorum for we  
find  
Mark'd bodies, manners cross accom-  
pany,  
Which in well-shap'd we seld, or  
never see  
For she doth, bunder-like, a mansion  
frame  
Fit for the guest should harbour in  
the same  
No stature choose too low, for so in  
time  
Thy offspring may prove dwarfs,  
yet do not climb  
To one too tall *for buildings mounted*  
*high,*  
*Their upper rooms seldom well*  
*furnish'd be* 110  
Herein observe the mean, it's best  
of all,  
Let him not be observ'd for low nor  
tall  
Fresh, lively colours, which fair  
woman grace,  
Modest, effeminate, alluring face,  
Is not so much in Man to be  
respected,  
As other graces are to be affected  
The bloom of beauty is a fading  
flower,  
Which *Age* and *Care* consumeth  
every hour,

It blasted once, is ever after lost,  
Like to a rose nipt with untimely  
frost 120  
A manly face in Man is more com-  
mended  
Than a fair face from sun and wind  
defended  
A *Carpet Knight*, who makes it his  
chief care  
To trick him neatly up, and doth  
not spare  
(Though sparing) precious time for  
to devour,  
(Consulting with his glass) a tedious  
hour  
Soon flees (spent so) whiles each  
irregular hair  
His barber rectifies, and to seem  
rare,  
His heat-lost locks to thicken closely  
curls,  
And curiously doth set his misplac'd  
pearls 130  
Powders, perfumes, are then profusely  
spent,  
To rectify his native nasty scent  
This forenoon's task perform'd, his  
way he takes,  
And chamber-practis'd craving curt-  
sies makes  
To each he meets, with cringes, and  
screw'd faces,  
(Which his too partial glass approv'd  
for graces)  
Then dines, and after courts some  
courtly dame,  
Or idle busy 'bout misspending  
game,  
Then sups, then sleeps, then rises for  
to spend  
Next day as that before, as t'were  
the end 140  
For which he came so womaniz'd,  
turn'd Dame,  
As place 'mongst *Ovid's* changelings  
he might claim

130 pearls] Orig 'purles' = 'pearls'? Or is it in the sense of 'purling'? Cf  
'purling billow' in 'On the Queen', *mf*, and 'purling Zephyr' in the second Elegy

138] Orig 'busy-bout' But the subst 'bout' would make no sense, and my  
alteration seems pretty certain

## A Happy Husband

What? Do not such discover their  
weak mind

(Unapt for active virtue) is inclined  
To superficial things and can embrace  
But outward Habits for internal  
Grace?

*The mind's gifts do the body's grace  
adorn*

*Where that's defective to affect is scorn*  
For Action's hinder'd by too much  
observing

Of decency but where a well de  
serving 150

And settled reputation is, then there  
Each thing becomes and is ac  
counted, rare

Where that's defective striving to  
affect

Another's worth, their weakness doth  
detect

Let thy Mate be what such do strive  
to seem,

Thou must the substance not the  
shade esteem

When thou hast found this well form d  
cabinet

Try what rich jewels are within it set  
Set wealth apart thou shalt more  
clearly see

His Virtues (*Riches dazzle judgement's  
Eye*) 160

Who weds for wealth she only wealth  
doth wed

Not Man which got and in posses  
sion had,

Love languishes yet till one's death  
she's forc'd

To live with him though wealth fail  
yet divorced

They cannot be, so is she all his life  
His riches Widow though she be his  
Wife

That golden Age when sullen Saturn  
reigned

For Virtue's love, not gold's the glory  
gained,

To be so styl'd it was not then de  
manded

How rich in gold, or how that he  
was landed 170

When they did woo simplicity had  
wont

Be first which now is last in least  
account

With *Virtue* leading *Love* be Wed  
lock's aim

And greatest wealth, a pure unspotted  
name

They liv'd and lov'd, then joying  
each in other

Not fearing that their *Mate* should  
love another

Seduc'd by tempting Gold, their  
time they spent

Free from distrust or open discon  
tent

But the next Age when as our  
mother Earth

(Fertile before in voluntary birth)  
Was sought into and had her bowels

torn 181

For hidden wealth then when the  
keel was worn

Ploughing the Ocean for his hidden  
store

The sweet Content did vanish was  
before

The silly Maid (then ignorant of ill)  
Having no Wealth might live a

Maiden still

And die (except seduc'd) so the  
poor swain

(Though virtuous) was straight held  
in disdain

But yet the Worthies that the world  
brought forth

Since that blessed Age postpon'd  
wealth to worth 190

Great Alexander did disdain the  
offer

Declining Darius with his Child did  
proffer

192 Darius] Hannay is guilty either of Darius or of bad metre Declining is of course to be taken with D not A and equals falling In the next line Macedon is textual and short for Macedon's but I do not know whether the genitive with full as a noun or the plural with full as an adjective is the more likely



Nor Maced's full of Gold, nor Euphrates' brim,  
 To bound his Empire, could inveigle him  
 But he for that rather contemn'd his foe,  
 For thinking he could have been conquer'd so  
*True worth doth wealth as an addition take,*  
*Defective virtue's wants of weight to make*  
 Virtue's best wealth wherewith he should be nurst,  
*That smell stays long, a vessel seasons first* 200  
 Yet build not there, for good natures depraved,  
 Are still the worst, so thou may'st be deceived  
 See that he have so spent his forepast time,  
 That he be free from censure of a crime  
 Youth's apt to slip but a notorious deed  
 From Nature, not from Age, doth still proceed,  
 And though that Fortune herein oft hath part,  
 Yet th' actions still are judg'd from the heart  
 Adrastus thinking to revenge the harms  
 Of his dead Love, his naked weapon warms 210  
 In his brother's bosom (too dear blood to spill)  
 Instead of his that did his Lady kill  
 Fleeing to Croesus, he him entertain'd,  
 Where his behaviour so much credit gain'd,  
 As Lydia's hope, young Atis, Croesus' heir,  
 He got in charge, whom, hunting, unaware  
 His hapless hand unfortunately slew,  
 Whiles at a boar his dismal dart he threw

Yet was it thought intention, and not chance,  
 Till being freely pardon'd the offence,  
 Lest more disast'rous chances should fall out, 221  
 His own self-slaughter clear'd them of that doubt  
 Thus when opinion hath possessed the mind,  
 It leaves a deep impression long behind,  
*And they must do much good, that have done ill,*  
*Ere they be trusted, wer't by fate or will*  
 See Drunkenness (from which all vices spring)  
 Do no way stain him, for that still doth bring  
 Contempt, disgrace, and shame  
*Circe made swine*  
 Of wise *Ulysses'* fellows, drunk with wine 230  
 The Macedonian Monarch (lately nam'd)  
 Is not for worth so prais'd, as for that blam'd,  
 He in his drink destroy'd his dearest friend,  
 That did 'fore him his Father's deeds commend  
 Nor could his after-tears wash off that stain  
 Which doth to blot his actions still remain  
 For if one would his glorious actions show,  
 How strong, chaste, valiant, mild to captiv'd foe,  
 With such brave deeds though he the world hath fill'd,  
 Yet this still stays, He drunk, dear *Clytus* kill'd 240  
 No Gamester let him be for such a *Man*  
 Shall still beloser, do the best he can,  
 His mind and money it frets, and destroys  
 And wastes the precious time he here enjoys

## A Happy Husband

Some in less time unto some Art  
 attain,  
 Than others spend in play, some s  
 pleasing vein  
 Will seem so mild, in this dear  
 double loss,  
 They outwardly not take it for a  
 cross  
 But when all s gone (for they but  
 then give over)  
 Their smother d anguish they at last  
 discover, 250  
 Whereof mans foe the Fiend,  
 advantage takes,  
 Whiles on self slaughter d rooks, he  
 gathers wrakes  
 Examples hereof we may daily see  
 How some by halter, some by poison  
 die,  
 And who go not so far yet their  
 last ends  
 Contemned need and misery attends  
*For this ill haunts them, who to play  
 are bent,*  
*They seldom leave till their estate be  
 spent*  
 With other's sheets let him not be  
 acquainted,  
*(They are still stain'd whom once that  
 sin hath tainted)* 260  
 And never hope to have him true to  
 thee,  
 Who hath oft prey'd on chang'd  
 variety  
*Be sure who hath had choice, will  
 ne'er digest*  
*To feed on one dish, (though of sweet  
 est taste)*  
 And whoso strays, loves not but  
 lusts, in one  
 Doth Love delight when that leaves,  
 Love is gone  
 For Grace and Lust ne'er harbour  
 in one Inn,

And where Lust lodges, ever lodgeth  
 Sin  
 Which Sin when it is to a habit  
 grown  
 Not fear of God (but Man lest it be  
 known) 270  
 Doth stay the execution but be  
 sure  
 Though the act be hinder'd yet the  
 heart s impure,  
 Whose lusts will predomine in time  
 and place  
 Not overrul'd by God's preventing  
 Grace  
 Besides he will be still suspecting  
 thee,  
 Though thou beest pure as spotless  
 Chastity  
*For vice is ever conversant in ill  
 And guilty as itself thinks others still*  
 Upon this Earth there is no greater  
 Hell  
 Than with suspecting Jealousy to  
 dwell 280  
 See that his humours (as near as  
 may be)  
 Do with each humour of thy mind  
 agree,  
 Or else contention, and dissension  
 still,  
 Will bar your sweet content, while  
 the one s will  
 The other's doth resist, Love cannot  
 be,  
 Twixt fire and water, they will ne'er  
 agree  
 True friendship must express 'twixt  
 man and wife  
 The comfort, stay, defence and port  
 of life  
 Is perfect when two souls are so  
 confus'd  
 And plung'd together (which free  
 will hath chus'd) 290

246 vein] Orig vain but this is a very usual spelling of vein and I do not think  
 'vain makes sense

252 rooks] pigeons rather but the birds often interchange parts There is  
 a complicated play on words in this line Wrake is properly in Scots = wrack =  
 sea weed, with which sense 'rook has to suggest rock' But it may also mean  
 'anger, revenge cf wreak

As they can never sever'd be again,  
But still one compound must of both  
remain

From which confusèd mixture, ne're  
proceeds

Words of good turns, requitals, helps  
of needs,

For it is ever after but one soul,  
Which both their wills and actions  
doth control,

And cannot thank itself for its  
own deeds,

(*What is done to itself, no self-love  
breeds*)

But this holds not where humours  
disagree,

*There's no concordance in disparity*

See he fear God, then will he fear  
to sin, 301

Where Vice doth leave, there Virtue  
doth begin

*Sin* is nipt in the bud, when we do  
mind

That God's all light, and can in  
darkness find

What we can hide from Man, the  
reins and heart

He searches through, and knows  
each hidden part,

And each thought long before, we  
cannot hide

Our faults from Him, nor from His  
censure slide

The Wiseman saith, it's Wisdom's  
first degree,

To have a true fear of the Deity,

For that makes Honest Honesty's  
commended, 311

Whether sincere, or for a cloak  
pretended

The vulgar *Honesty*, servant to  
Laws,

Customs, Religions, Hope and Fear  
it draws,

Be more or less according to the  
times,

It still is wavering, difference of climes  
Makes it unequal, rather Policy

I may call such respect, than  
Honesty

Which still aspiring, quickly oft  
mounts high,

And in short time unto that mark  
comes nigh 320

At which it aims but builded on  
false grounds,

A sudden fall it unawares confounds

But Honesty doth always go upright,  
With settled pace, not wavering for  
the might

Of winds, times, nor occasions it  
goes slow,

But still attains the end, towards  
which doth go

Now such an Honest man I wish  
thee find

As still is Honest, out of Honest  
mind.

That's Wisdom's first ground next  
is to propose

A certain form of life, for ever  
those 330

(Who divers in themselves) aim at  
no end,

But as occasion offers, each way tend,  
Never attain the mark *If Hawk*

*assay*

*To truss two Birds, she doth on  
neither prey*

These grounds being laid, an un-  
feign'd Piety

Must build thereon, and though  
that divers be

Religions, Laws, yet ours amongst  
them all

Is truest, purest, most authentical  
Religion true, loves God, and quiets  
us, 339

And rests in a soul free and generous

Where superstition is a frantic error,  
A weak mind's sickness, and the own  
soul's terror

293 ne're] Sic in orig but 'never,' which is the usual expansion of 'ne're,' does not seem to suit 'There' is possible, and no doubt there are other possibilities

313-6 This passage is a mere *jam* of ellipses, &c —expansible, but perhaps not worth expanding

# A Happy Husband

Religious men do still fear God for  
 love,  
 The superstitious, lest they torments  
 prove.  
 Let thy Mate be a man whose  
 settled faith  
 In true Religion sure foundation hath  
 I or twixt those bodies love doth  
 best reside,  
 Whose souls no self opinions do  
 divide  
 The four chief Virtues next in order  
 go,  
 From which the rest as from four  
 fountains flow, 350  
*Prudence* the first place hath to see  
 and choose,  
 Which is so needful, and of so great  
 use,  
 That with it weighty things do seem  
 but light  
 Without it nothing can be done of  
 weight,  
 By it things even gainst Nature are  
 achieved  
*A wise mind gains what many hands*  
*hath grieved*  
 Just he must be himself first to  
 command  
 I or sensual things at *Reason's* Law  
 must stand,  
 The *Spirit's* power keeps the *Passions*  
 still in awe,  
 And strictly bounds them with an  
 austere Law, 360  
 With *Moderation* it guides our desires  
 (We must not all condemn Nature  
 requires)  
 To love things neat and needful,  
 base things hate  
 It's wantonness to live too delicate  
 But it's mere madness to condemn  
 the things  
 Which needful use, and common  
 custom brings  
 Next to his Neighbour he that right  
 must do

Which he expects (freely, not forced  
 thereto,)  
 Whom Law constrains they falsify  
 all trust  
*It's conscience, not constraint, that*  
*makes men just* 370  
 As just so valiant would I have him  
 be,  
 Not out of rashness or stupidity  
 It is a constant patient resolution  
 Of bashless *Courage* gainst the  
 revolution  
 Of times and fortunes it regards  
 not pains,  
 Where *Honour* is the Hire *Glory*  
 the gains  
 It's sensible careful man's self to save  
 Not daring offer wrong more than  
 receive  
 As *Prudent, Just* and *Valiant* so he  
 must  
 Be *Temperate*, this virtue hath soul  
 lust 380  
 And pleasure for its object it  
 commands  
 Laps and reforms our sensual  
 thoughts it stands  
 'Twixt a desire and dullness of our  
 nature,  
 And is the spurrier on or the abater  
 Of ill or good shamefast in refusing  
 Things filthy honest in things  
 comely choosing  
 Though with perfection these no  
 one man fits  
 Yet let him be free from their  
 opposites  
 He must be sober not given to excess  
 It cures and keeps in health *mind*  
 it doth dress 390  
 Making it pure and capable of good  
 Mother and good counsel is  
 the Brood  
*Excess* doth dull the spirits, and  
 breeds disease  
 So after punish'd by what first did  
 please

362 I have shifted the bracket from 'condemn to requires'

385 One might suggest is before 'shamefast'

## Patrick Hannay

Learn'd let him be, his learning  
general,  
Profound in none, yet have some  
skill in all,  
Who's deeply learn'd, his Book is  
most his Wife,  
Conversing still with it, so of his Life  
His Wife not half enjoys, for most  
is spent  
In study, so what should yield most  
content, 400  
*Society's* debarr'd, I do wish then  
Who are mere Scholars, may live  
single men  
*Learning* besots the weak and feeble  
mind,  
But polishes the strong, and well  
inclin'd  
The one *Vain-glory* puffs with self-  
conceit,  
The other's brain is settled *Judge-  
ment's* seat  
Then so learn'd let him be, as he  
may choose  
Flowers of best Books, whose sweet  
scent he may use  
To rectify his knowledge, and distil  
From thence life-blessing precepts,  
which so will 410  
Temper his understanding, that the  
frown  
Of fickle *Fortune* never shall cast  
down  
Not bold in speech, no man of many  
words  
Choose thou a Husband, leafy tree  
affords  
The smallest store of fruit. *Both  
words and deeds*  
*Seldom or never from one man  
proceeds*  
Who guides his words, he in a word  
is wise  
Yet let him not be sullenly precise,  
But gentle, pleasing, not crabbed, or  
tart,  
The wise man's tongue is ever in his  
heart, 420  
The fool's heart's in his tongue *it  
is great gain*

*For to be silent, and one's self contain,*  
And see with whomsoever he  
converse,  
(Lest he be thought ill-nurtur'd, or  
perverse)  
That he be kind, obsequious,  
affable,  
To fit himself unto their humours,  
able  
*To change condition with the time,  
and place,*  
*Is wisdom, and such levity doth grace*  
So Aristippus each face, each  
behaviour  
Did still become, and was a gracing  
favour 430  
Choose thou a Husband older by  
some years  
Then thou thyself art, Man age  
better bears  
Then Women for bearing of child-  
ren makes  
Their strength decay, soon beauty  
them forsakes  
*Many crops make a field soon to be  
bare,*  
*Where that that bears not long con-  
tinues fair*  
Now, Lady, such a man I wish you  
find,  
As here I have describ'd, with whom  
to bind  
Yourself, is to be blest, leading  
a life  
Full of content, free from conten-  
tious strife 440

### *A Wife's behaviour*

BUT to find good, is not enough to  
show,  
But having found him, how to keep  
him so,  
Then since I have advis'd you how  
to choose him,  
I will give some advice how you  
should use him  
*Obedience* first thy will to his must  
fit,  
(He is the pilot that must govern it)  
It man condemns of inability,

## A Happy Husband

When women rule that are born to  
 obey  
 Nor is it honour to her, but a  
 shame  
 To be match'd with one only man  
 in name 450  
 But if imperious he should more  
 desire  
 Than due respect doth of a *Wife*  
 require,  
 Think not harsh stubbornness will  
 e'er procure him  
 To be more mild (it rather will  
 obdure him),  
*The whip and lash the angry horse*  
*enrages*  
*Mild voice and gentle stroke his ire*  
*assuages*  
 From steel struck flint we see the  
 lightning flies,  
 But struck 'gainst wool the flashing  
 flame none spies,  
 Nor is the clangour heard the one's  
 soft nature  
 Is to the other's hardness an aba-  
 ture 460  
 Win thou thy mate with mildness  
 for each cross  
 Answer'd with anger, is to both  
 a loss  
 Like as the sea which 'gainst a  
 churlish rock  
 Breaks braving billows with a bois-  
 trous stroke,  
 Seeking by raging force to throw  
 on sands  
 The stiff resisting rock, which  
 unmov'd stands  
 Repelling his bold billows with like  
 scorn  
 As th' others bravery had bounced  
 them before  
 Thus both still strive and striving  
 are overcome,  
 The rock is worn, the billow's crush'd  
 in foam 470  
 Whereas the sea calmly the sand  
 embraces  
 And with smooth forehead lovingly  
 it graces

Being content that it should bound  
 his shore,  
 Yielding to mildness where force  
 fail'd before  
 So let thy mildness win thy Husband  
 to it,  
 If that do not, then nothing else will  
 do it  
 Beware you (willing) to no anger  
 move him,  
 If he perceive it, he cannot think you  
 love him  
 If anger once begin twixt man and wife  
 If soon not reconcil'd, it turns to  
 strife 480  
 Which still will stir on every light  
 occasion  
 What might have ceas'd in silence,  
 then persuasion  
 Of friends will hardly end *for every*  
*jar*  
*Is ominous presaging life long war*  
 And where two join'd do jar, their  
 state decays  
*They go not forward, who draw*  
*divers ways,*  
*Being joked together* your first care  
 must be,  
 That with your husband you in love  
 agree.  
 As far from fondness be, as from  
 neglect  
 Mixing affection with a staid re-  
 spect 490  
 If toying fondness were man's only  
 aim  
 Not reason, but his lust should choose  
 his dame,  
 Where whores lascivious, that can  
 ways invent,  
 Should equalize thee, nay give more  
 content  
 No, these are not the joys he hopes  
 to find  
 The body not so much he weds, as  
 mind  
 Be never fond nor without cause  
 unkind  
 These are the fruits of an inconstant  
 mind

## Patrick Hannay

Thou must not if his fortunes do  
decline,  
Be discontented, or seem to repine,  
But bear a constant countenance,  
not dismayed, 501  
As if you were of misery afraid  
His fortunes you must good or bad  
abide,  
With chains of mutual love, together  
tied  
The loss of that which blindfold  
chance doth give,  
Cannot a worthy generous mind  
aggrieve  
For it will never take it for a cross,  
Which cannot make one wicked by its  
loss,  
Nor by the gaining good Both fool  
and knave  
Are often rich if such afflictions  
have, 510  
They drive them to despair, but  
draw the wise,  
With elevated thoughts, such things  
despise  
Seneca saith, the gods did take  
delight  
To see grave Cato with his fate to  
fight  
O! what should we, whose hopes  
do higher rise,  
If heathens thus could worldly things  
despise?  
Affliction oft doth mount the wiser  
high,  
Joseph and Job rose by adversity  
It's sign of a weak mind to be  
dejected  
For worldly loss (such never are  
respected) 520  
If thou wouldst not be irksome  
to thy mate,  
Be cheerful, not succumbing with  
his fate  
Yet if that anguish doth afflict his  
mind,  
You must not seem so from the  
world refin'd  
As to disdain what human cross  
brings forth,

Pride to be singular, that is not  
worth  
Nay, thou must be a mirror, to  
reflect  
Thy husband's mind for as is his  
aspect,  
So should be thine Pale Phoebe  
yields no light,  
When th' interpos'd earth bars her  
Phoebus' sight 530  
But when no object intercepts his  
streams,  
She decks herself with light-rebat-  
ing beams  
Even so as is thy husband's joy, or  
pain,  
So must thy joy and sorrow wax  
or wane  
Be not too curious in his ways to  
pry,  
Suspicion still makes the suspected  
try  
Jealousy's fear for why should she  
suspect  
That knows herself guilty of no  
defect?  
If he perceive thee of thyself de-  
spair,  
He will think sweeter joys are other-  
where, 540  
Which thou dost want, so thou  
thyself shalt give  
The first occasion to what may  
thee grieve  
Thy own desert must him unto thee  
bind,  
*Desert doth make a savage to be  
kind*  
It is an adamantine chain to  
knit  
Two souls so fast, nought can them  
disunite,  
Where that most sweet communion  
of the minds  
Save each in other, no contentment  
finds,  
And whatsoever the one touches  
near,  
Jealous, the other ne'er conceals  
for fear 550

## A Happy Husband

Brutus his honour (dearer priz'd  
than life)  
Concredited to Portia his wife  
What fear from dearest friends  
caus'd him conceal  
Worth and desert made him to her  
reveal  
Great Caesar's death, and who his  
consorts were,  
With their designs he did impart  
to her  
Nor is their birth, or beauty of such  
might  
To alienate their hearts or give  
delight  
Who had more beauty than that  
captiv'd Queen  
The fair Statira, when in grief was  
seen 560  
The pearly hail blasting her beauty  
fields  
Which seemliness even cloth'd in  
sorrow yields?  
Being grac'd with modesty, and  
unstain'd faith  
*More force still fairness with such  
fellows hath*  
Yet could not her fair beauty move  
the thought  
Of Alexander (though less fair have  
brought  
Oft captains to be captives), nor her  
state  
(She being married) did affection  
bate  
For then her virgin daughter yet  
unstain'd  
(Whose beauty all comparison dis-  
dain'd 570  
Going her lovely mother so before,  
As she did all the rest of Asia's  
store)  
Should quickly have entangled his  
desire  
Whose heart all one Roxane's love  
did fire

For if proportion, colour, wealth or  
birth  
Could have captiv'd the Monarch of  
the Earth,  
These should have won but he  
did her prefer,  
Whose only merits pleaded *love* for  
her  
Deserve then not in show, but from  
the heart  
*Love is perpetuated by desert* 580  
As it befits not man for to embrace  
Domestic charge so it's not woman's  
place  
For to be busied with affairs abroad  
For that weak sex it is too great  
a load  
*And it's unseemly, and doth both  
disgrace*  
*When either doth usurp the other's  
place*  
Leave his to him, and of thine own  
take charge  
Care thou at home, and let him  
care at large  
Thou hast enough thyself for to  
employ  
Within doors bout thy house and  
huswifery 590  
Remember that it's said of *Lucretia*  
chaste  
When some dames wantoniz'd,  
others took rest  
*She* with her maidens first her task  
would end  
E're she would sleep shedid not idle  
spend  
Swift running *Time* nor gave allur-  
ing pleasure  
The least advantage, to make any  
seizure  
On her rare virtues *As soul vacant still*  
*Is soon seduced to do good or ill*  
For like perpetual motion is the mind  
In action still, while to this flesh  
confined, 600

552 Concredited] This rare English derivation from the not unclassical *concredo* might have been made common with advantage for it expresses in one word what requires a long periphrasis without it

590 huswifery] I keep this as well as housewifery'



## Patrick Hannay

(From which soul-prison it takes  
often stains,  
*For absolutely good no man remains* )  
Employ'd if not 'bout good, about  
some ill,  
Producing fruits which do discover  
still  
How it is labour'd like a fertile field,  
Which fruit, or weeds abundantly  
doth yield,  
As it is manur'd, be not idle then,  
Nor give vice time to work upon  
thy brain  
Imagined ill for what it there  
conceives,  
It oft brings out, and in dishonour  
leaves 610  
*The purest things are easiest to be  
stain'd,*  
*And it's soon lost which carefully  
was gain'd*  
Penelope did wheel and distaff  
handle,  
And her day's work undid at night  
by candle,  
Nor labour-forcing need compell'd  
that task,  
Which toiling days, and tedious  
nights did ask  
(For she was Queen of Ithacke)  
'twas her name,  
Which virtuous care kept spotless,  
free from blame,  
One of so many suitors of each sort,  
As for her love did to her Court  
resort, 620  
Not speeding, would have spoke  
that might her stain,  
(*The greatest hate, when love turns  
to disdain* )  
If colour could have made their  
knavery stronger,  
But Envy could not find a way to  
wrong her  
Be thou as these, careful of house-  
wifery,  
With *Providence* what's needful still  
supply,  
Look thy Maids be not idle, nor yet  
spend

Things wastingly for they so oft  
offend,  
When careless is the Mistress, yet  
with need  
Ne'er pinch them, nor yet let them  
e'er exceed 630  
The one doth force them seek thee  
to betray,  
The other makes them wanton, and  
too gay,  
It is no shame to look to every  
thing,  
The Mistress' eye doth ever profit  
bring  
Salomon saith, *the good Wife seeks  
for flax*  
*And wool, wherewith her hands glad  
travail takes*  
*She's like a ship that bringeth bread  
from far,*  
*She rises ere appear the morning  
Star,*  
*Victuals her household, gives her  
maidens food,*  
*Surveys, and buys a field, plants  
vines, with good* 640  
*Gain'd by her hands what merchan-  
dise is best*  
*She can discern, nor doth she go to  
rest*  
*When Phoebus hides his head, and  
bars his sight,*  
*But by her lamp, her hands do take  
delight*  
*To touch the wheel and spindle, she  
doth stretch*  
*Her hand to help the poor and needy  
wretch*  
*Her words are wisdom, she o'ersees  
her train*  
*That idle none do eat their bread in  
vain;*  
*Her children rise and bless her, sweet  
delight*  
*Her husband takes still in her happy  
sight* 650  
Be thou this careful goodwife, for to  
lend  
Thy helping hand, thy husband's  
means to mend.

# A Happy Husband

Last let thy conversation be with  
 such  
 As foul mouth'd malice can with no  
 crime touch  
 I cannot but condemn such as  
 delight  
 Still to be sad and sullen in the sight  
 Of their own husbands, as they were  
 in fear,  
*(Sure guilty of some crime such women  
 are)*  
 But when they gossip it with other  
 wives  
 Of their own cut, then they have  
 merry lives 660  
 Spending and plotting how they  
 may deceive  
 Their husbands rule themselves,  
 and mastery have  
 O let such women (for they make  
 bates be  
 Twixt man and wife) never consort  
 with thee  
 But shun them, as thou dost see one  
 that s fair  
 Flee the small pox, both like infec-  
 tious are  
 The grave staid blameless, and  
 religious dames  
 Whose carnage hath procur'd them  
 honest names  
 Are fit companions, let such be thy  
 mates,

When wearied with affairs thou  
 recreates 670  
 Thyself with harmless mirth yet  
 do not walk  
 Often abroad that will occasion talk,  
 Though thou hast store of friends  
 yet let none be  
 (Saving thy husband) counsellor to  
 thee  
 He s nearest to thee and it will  
 endear him  
 He is thyself, thou needest not to  
 fear him  
 Be free with him, and tell him all  
 thy thought  
 It s he must help when thou hast  
 need of ought  
 And constantly believe he ll love  
 thee best  
 When he sees thou preferr'st him  
 fore the rest 680  
 Thus lady, have I show'd you how  
 to chuse  
 A worthy mate and how you should  
 him use  
 So choose so use so shall you all  
 your life  
 Be in a Husband blest he in a Wife  
 And when death here shall end your  
 happy days  
 Your souls shall reign in heaven on  
 earth your praise

FINIS

654 touch] Orig 'tutch



ELEGIES  
ON THE  
DEATH OF OUR LATE SOVEREIGN  
QUEEN ANNE  
WITH  
EPITAPHS



## To the most Noble Prince Charles

Disdain not Sir, this offering which  
*I make*  
 Although the incense smoke doth tower  
*so black*  
 Nor think my fires faint cause they  
*darkly shine,*  
 Tapers burn dim are set before a  
 shrine  
 Some better hap to have their first  
 fruit glad,  
 This Common woe masques mine in  
 mourning shade  
 And s strange, You (solely left for our  
 relief)  
 For salve, do prove a cor'sive to our  
 grief  
 Weigh what is it to add to those  
 opprest

Then by Your woe, ours shall not be  
 increast <sup>10</sup>  
 I grant, nor Son nor Subject good,  
 can smother  
 Grief for so great, and good, a Queen  
 and Mother  
 Yet moderate this sorrow as you're seen  
 To use in joy, so use in grief a mean  
 O'ermatch thy matchless self that all  
 may see  
 Her courage worth and love, do live  
 in Thee  
 Then may this pen which with tears  
 draws my plaint  
 In gold Thy glorious actions after  
 paint  
 Your Highness' most humble servant,  
 Patrick Hannay

## The First Elegy <sup>1</sup>

As doth a Mother, who before her  
 eyes,  
 Her age's hope, her only Son espies  
 Butcher'd, and bathing still in bloody  
 strands  
 Ravish'd with sudden grief amazed  
 stands,  
 Nor weeps nor sighs, nor lets one  
 tear distil,  
 But (with fix'd eye) still gazeth on her  
 ill  
 But when with time her smothered  
 grief forth vents,  
 She wastes her eyes in tears, her  
 breath in plants  
 So we astonish'd could not tell our  
 woe,  
 Who do grieve most, least signs of  
 grief do show, <sup>10</sup>

Yet time to those, in time a time  
 affords  
 To weep and wail and show their woe  
 in words  
 Time grant us now in time lest of  
 her praise  
 Our offspring hearing and when  
 her swift days  
 Had run their course, they hear none  
 of our plaints  
 Do either think some Poet's pen her  
 paints  
 Or that they are of the same stones  
 all sprung,  
 Which backward Pyrrha and Deuca-  
 lion flung  
 So that will seem no fable, but a story  
 If we do leave no witness that we re-  
 sorry <sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This poem, in the original (as well as its companion) is a sort of debauch of italics, which the poet or his printer has showered on every line, for the most part with no discoverable excuse of emphasis or anything else. They have been most trouble some to alter but unaltered they would have been still more troublesome to read

# Patrick Hannay

Each senseless thing shall us upbraid  
to them,  
And as less sensible (than they)  
condemn  
Since in each object offer'd to the  
eye,  
Signs of sad sorrow settled there we  
see .  
The Heavens (tho' grac'd with her)  
for us are griev'd,  
And weep in showers for that we  
are bereav'd  
Of her in, and for whom the World  
was blest,  
In whom her kind's perfection did  
consist  
Aquarius seems to have a solemn  
feast,  
And that each other sign's his house-  
hold guest 30  
Not one of them now influence down-  
pours,  
But what distils in liquid weeping  
showers  
The Skies of Clouds now make  
them mourning weeds,  
And general darkness all the world  
o'erspreads  
What? hath the Sun for a new  
Phaeton  
Abandon'd the Heavens, and  
beamy throne?  
Is the cause theirs? or doth it touch  
us nigh?  
(Since with their sorrow we so  
sympathy )  
No, it's because our Cynthia left  
this sphere,  
The world wears black, because she  
moves not here 40  
Her influence that made it freshly  
flourish,  
Leaves it to fade, and will no more  
it nourish  
Leaves it? hath left How can it  
then subsist?  
Can that be said to be, which,  
dispossest

Of soul, wants vigour? this Queen  
was the soul,  
Whose faculties world's frailties did  
control,  
Corrected the ill humours, and  
maintain'd  
In it a wholesome concord, while  
she reign'd  
But now (she gone) the world seems  
out of frame,  
Subord'nate passions now as Princes  
claim 50  
Seignory o'er the soul, which do  
torment  
The whole with anguish, make the  
heart to faint,  
Whose sad infection generally's so  
spread,  
Grief's character on every brow is  
read  
Our eyes so 'drop (wer't not God  
frees those fears)  
The world might dread a new deluge  
of tears  
Dread? (thus distress'd) we rather  
should desire  
With the world's dissolution to  
expire  
Our latest woes, 'twere better have  
no being,  
Than live in woe, so as we are still  
dying 60  
Leave foolish passion, dares thou  
thus repine  
'Gainst what's enacted by the powers  
divine?  
Humbly submit, yet passion were a  
word,  
Useless, a nothing's name, speech  
should afford  
No place for it, if it should not now  
show  
It's being by our grieving in this  
woe  
Yet the woe's short, which on each  
soul hath seiz'd,  
It and the cause can ne'er be  
equaliz'd

38] Note 'sympathy' as a verb  
the second person Cf *A Happy Husband*, l. 670.

61 dares] Hannay often uses this form for

# The First Elegy

I will not blaze her birth, descent or  
 State,  
 Her princely progeny, her royal  
 mate 70  
 They are known best, and greatest,  
 yet these are  
 But accidental honours but this  
 star  
 With proper beams was so resplen-  
 dent here  
 Others (though bright) yet when she  
 did appear,  
 Did lose their lustre she honour'd  
 her place,  
 Her place not her she Queen was  
 Queen's sole grace  
 'Twas she the Antique Poets so  
 admir'd,  
 When with prophetic fury they  
 inspir'd  
 Did feign the heavenly powers they  
 did see  
 (As in a dream) that such a one  
 should be 80  
 And for each several grace she  
 should contain,  
 One Deity they did for that ordain  
 Not one for all, for that too much  
 had been,  
 To feign her like whose like was  
 never seen  
 Nor is their number equal to her  
 merits  
 For she afar off was show'd to those  
 spirits  
 Now had they liv'd her virtues to  
 have seen,  
 The Goddesses sure numberless had  
 been,  
 But's well they did not for then she  
 should be  
 (Though guiltless) yet cause of  
 Idolatry, 90  
 For they who honour'd her shade  
 before,  
 Seeing her substance needs must it  
 adore  
 The Moralists did all of her divine,  
 When they made every virtue  
 feminine,

And but they knew that such a one  
 should be,  
 Doubtless with them virtue should  
 have been He  
 Peruse all stories are compil'd by  
 Man  
 Or Poets fictions since the world  
 began,  
 You shall not find (true or imaginary)  
 Like worth in one whose all in  
 nought doth vary 100  
 Nay, take the objects in these books  
 revild  
 For basest parts, so vicious and  
 defild  
 As they seem Nature's monsters,  
 made in scorn  
 As foils her other fair works to  
 adorn,  
 (*Contrary's oppos'd do others best set  
 forth*)  
 They serve not all to parallel her  
 worth  
 They are deceiv'd, who say the world  
 decays,  
 And still grows worse and worse as  
 old with days  
 For then this Age could never that  
 have shown  
 Which was long since to *Salomon*  
 unknown, 110  
 A woman but had he lived in our  
 times  
 He might have found one so devoid  
 of crimes,  
 That her own merits (if merits could  
 save)  
 Might justly (as of due) salvation  
 crave  
 I rather think the world's first  
 infancy  
 Growing more perfect with antiquity  
 (As younglings do) travail'd till now  
 at height  
 Big of perfection brought this birth  
 to light  
 This second to that Maiden Mother  
 Daughter,  
 She only was before, this only  
 after 120



# Patrick Hannay

For on this Grace and Nature spent  
 such store,  
 As after her we need expect none  
 more  
 And those who read her praise  
 when we are gone,  
 Would think we but describ'd a  
 worthy one,  
 Not that there was one such, but  
 that she here  
 Left part of her, which and its seed  
 shall bear  
 Successive witness to all doubtful  
 ages,  
 Of her rare virtues, which in those  
 dear pledges  
 Still live they'll say our praise came  
 short, we dull,  
 With speech defective, could not to  
 the full 130  
 Set forth her worth, which she at death  
 did give  
 Others may goods, not goodness' off-  
 spring, leave  
 But she bequeath'd her goodness,  
 for her merit  
 Obtain'd her issue should that  
 wealth inherit,  
 Which we possess in them, while  
 they do prease  
 (As usurers) that stock still to  
 increase  
 Only ambitious to augment that store,  
 Robbing the world, which either is  
 but poor,  
 Or seems so, set by them, beggars  
 may boast,  
 But they alone have all that wealth  
 ingrossed 140  
 And though that God the world's  
 gold hath refined,  
 And took the tried, He left this vein  
 behind,  
 Pitying the dross the lustre should  
 obscure,  
 Of her bright soul, while flesh did it  
 immure

Yet did He not with it of all bereave  
 us,  
 But with her offspring, happiness  
 did leave us  
 For her preferment, why then should  
 we toss  
 Our souls with torment? or grieve  
 that our loss  
 Hath Heaven enrich'd? or 'cause  
 we held her dear,  
 Wish we her punished, to be living  
 here? 150  
 We rather should rejoice she thus  
 did leave us,  
 And nought but Heaven alone of  
 her could reave us  
 O! since that Cedar fell so right at  
 last,  
 Which way it standing lean'd, may  
 well be guessed  
 And since the End doth crown the  
 actions still,  
 How lived she, who dying, died so  
 well!  
 For asked, if she did willing hence  
 depart,  
 Said (rapt with heavenly joy) WITH  
 ALL MY HEART  
 Though flesh be frail, yet hers so  
 void of fear  
 (For Death did not in his own shape  
 appear) 160  
 Did entertain so kindly its own foe,  
 (Who came to Court, but un'wares  
 killed her so)  
 As she esteem'd it only one hard  
 thrust  
 At that strait gate by which to life we  
 must  
*Faith, Hope, and Love* possess'd her  
 heart and mind,  
 Leaving no place for fearful thoughts  
 to find  
 Troops of white Angels did her bed  
 impale,  
 To tend the soul's flight from the  
 fleshly jail,

135 'prease' = 'press'

167 impale] Orig 'impaile,' in the sense apparently of 'surround like a paling'

168 jail] Orig 'gaile'

## The First Elegy

It to conduct unto that heavenly  
 throne  
 Which Christ prepared, with glore  
 to crown her on 170  
 O! how my flesh clogg'd soul would  
 scale the sky  
 And leave that dear companion here  
 to lie  
 To see her entertain'd with glory  
 crown'd  
 While troops of Angels her arrival  
 sound  
 To that new kingdom they all God  
 do praise  
 For her translation, and their voices  
 raise,  
 In sign of joy but yet that joy  
 comes short  
 Of what they make for most to them  
 resort  
 For, for the greater sinner, Christ  
 hath said  
 That doth repent the greater joy is  
 made 180  
 Yet that's made up in glore for she  
 so far  
 Doth those exceed, as one another  
 star  
 What may we think unto her soul is  
 shown  
 When from her baser part such  
 virtues flow  
 As a sad reverent fear their senses  
 pierce  
 Who sighing see her sorrow suited  
 hearse  
 What would they do if their veil'd  
 soul could spy  
 Her sitting crown'd above the starry  
 sky?  
 Sure they would do (nay in their  
 hearts they do)  
 Even at the thought thereof with  
 reverence bow 190  
 But leave to speak nay not so much  
 as think,  
 Least of those joys which ne'er in  
 heart could sink  
 Let's not envy her but inveigh 'gainst  
 our Fate,

That we behind her are staid here  
 so late  
 And let's not mourn for her, that  
 she's gone hence,  
 But for ourselves, that we are kept  
 from thence  
 Whither she's gone yet let no tear  
 overflow,  
 (*Sorrow soon ceaseth that's disburden'd*  
*so*)  
 Let them strain inward, if they'll  
 needs distil  
 And with their drops thy heart's sad  
 centre fill 200  
 And when it's full, it can no more  
 contain  
 Let the cask break, and drown thee  
 in that main

## On the Queen

*The World's a Sea of errors, all must*  
*pass*  
*Where shelves and sands the purling*  
*billow blinds*  
*Men's bodies are frail barks of brittle*  
*glass,*  
*Which still are toss'd with adverse*  
*tides and winds*  
*Reason's the Pilot that the course*  
*directs,*  
*Which makes the vessel (as it's hight)*  
*hold out*  
*Passions are partners, a still jarring*  
*rout*  
*Succumbing thoughts are life invading*  
*leaks*  
*How built her body! such a voyage*  
*made*  
*How great her reason! which so*  
*rightly sway'd* 10  
*How pliant passions! which so well*  
*obey'd*  
*How dauntless thoughts, vain doubts*  
*durst ne'er invade*  
*Her body, reason passions, thoughts*  
*did gree*  
*To make her life the Art to sail*  
*this Sea*

## The Second Elegy

EACH Country now contributes to the  
*Thames*,  
 Which a support of every current  
 claims  
 Why dost thou so, sweet *Thames* ?  
 Is not thy sorrow  
 Sufficient for thyself, but thou must  
 borrow ?  
 Or wants thy waters worth for such  
 a charge,  
 As to conduct Great ANNE'S last  
 body'd barge ?  
 Or is it 'cause so just and kind thou  
 art,  
 Thou'lt not encroach that, wherein  
 each hath part ?  
 Sure that's the cause ; the loss is  
 general,  
 And that last Office must be help'd  
 by all 10  
 Yet wonder not they come not now  
 so sweet,  
 As they do use, when they to solace  
 meet  
 They're not themselves, they are com-  
 pounded things,  
 For every one his latest off'ring  
 brings,  
 And sends it by these brooks, unto  
 Her Shrine,  
 Whose waters with their tears are  
 turnèd brine  
 Each subject's cheek such falling  
 drops distain,  
 As if to dew, sighs had dissolv'd  
 the brain  
 Which from their eyes still in abun-  
 dance pour,  
 Like a moist hail, or liquid pearly  
 shower 20  
 Which in such haste, each one an-  
 other chases,  
 Making swift torrents in late torrid  
 places,  
 Disgorging in these brooks, making  
 them rise,

So's sovereign *Thames* almost fear  
 a surprise  
 Fear not (fair Queen) it is not their  
 ambition,  
 But swelling sorrow, that breeds thy  
 suspicion  
 Its sorrow feeds those currents and  
 those rills,  
 Which thy vast channel with an  
 ocean fills,  
 Which eye-bred humour so hath  
 chang'd thy nature,  
 Thy fishes think they live not in thy  
 water 30  
 It or their taste is alter'd, for they  
 think  
 For thy sweet streams they briny  
 liquor drink  
 How wearied is thy Sister, famous  
*Forth*,  
 Bringing sad Scotland's sorrows  
 from the North ,  
 Who comes not out of duty, as the  
 rest  
 Who unto *Thames* their careful  
 course address ,  
 She comes, her equal will not yield  
 in tears,  
 In subject's sorrows nor in country's  
 cares  
 Great *Neptune's* self doth fear  
 invasive wrong,  
 Seeing her strange waves through his  
 waters throng , 40  
 And causeth *Triton* to found an  
 alarm  
 To warn the Sea-Gods in all haste to  
 arm ,  
 Who bringing billows in brave battle-  
 'ray,  
 Do mean *Forth's* fury with their force  
 to stay  
 But when they see her thus all wrapt  
 in woe,  
 And the sad cause of her just sorrow  
 know ,  
 They lay not their defensive arms  
 aside,  
 But as a guard, her through their  
 gulfs do guide ,

## The Second Elegy

Striving with all the pleasures of the  
 Main  
 This grieving stranger *Queen* to enter  
 tain 50  
 Out through their bowers of clear  
 transparent waves,  
 Crystalline wainscot pearl the bottom  
 paves  
 Her they conduct, and to abate her  
 woe  
 Their Sea delights and riches all they  
 show  
 Which *Neptune* (now in love) would  
 gladly give her  
 For love, yet dares not offer lest he  
 grieve her,  
*Who loves and would not have his  
 love unkind,*  
*Must woo a pleasant humour, vacant  
 mind*  
 This makes him stay his suit and  
 strive to please  
 With all the love allurements of the  
 Seas 60  
 Yet all do not so much as move one  
 smile,  
*An anxious sorrow soon discover'th  
 guile*  
 Yet he will guide and guard her  
 grieving streams  
 Whom at her entry in the wish'd  
*Thames*  
 He leaves and vows in discontent  
 to mourn  
 Till fairest *Forth* back to the Sea  
 return  
 Her sister her receives with kind  
 embrace  
 Their liquid arms clasping they in  
 terlace  
 In love so straight they cannot be  
 untwined  
 They seem both one in body and in  
 mind 70  
 O happy *union*! labour'd long in vain  
 Reserv'd by God to James his joy  
 ful reign,  
 And *Anne's*, O blessed couple, so  
 esteem'd

By all fore-knowing Jove, that He  
 them deem'd  
 Worthy each other, and to wear that  
 Gem  
 Blest *Britain's* now united Diadem  
 He esteem'd none worthy to wear't  
 before them  
 But kept it still in store for to decore  
 them  
 How did He suffer those two King  
 doms try  
 All open power and private policy so  
 Yet still increas'd discord other's  
 force  
 Made separation greater sued di  
 vorce  
 How did one tear the other, spare no  
 toil  
 To bath[e] in blood the neighbour's  
 fertile soil  
 Wrath discord, malice envy, rapine,  
 strife  
 Thefts rapes and murderous mis  
 chiefs were so rife  
 None liv'd secure, while each King  
 did protect  
 The other's fugitives (for his respect)  
 Thus looking for no rest or end of  
 hate  
 But with the ruin of the adverse  
 State 90  
 God He effects it (that to Him alone  
 We might ascribe the honour and  
 being one  
 We might love better *Twixt united  
 foes,*  
*And separated friends, love and hate  
 grows*  
*To greatest heights* ) And for this end  
 doth raise  
 (Using the means) the honour of his  
 days  
 Great *JAMES* the joy presaging North  
 ern Star,  
 Whose radiant light illuminates so far  
 As it doth warm with its all quick'ning  
 beams  
 The frozen love betwixt the *Tay* and  
*Thames* 100

59 60] A couplet nearly as early as Waller's earliest of the same style

## Patrick Hannay

With wonder and delight, drawing  
all hearts  
And eyes, to love and see his Princely  
parts  
And (what is strange) who hated  
most before,  
With admiration, most his worth  
adore,  
Wishing they were his subjects He  
is King  
Already of their hearts, the poison'd  
sting  
Of rancour is remov'd, for love they  
call him,  
And with their Kingdom's ornaments  
instal him  
Great confidence his virtuous life  
must bring,  
Whom, such old foes, love forces  
make their King 110  
Where was e'er heard, of emulating  
foes,  
(Rooted in hate with others, over-  
throws  
Such and so long) that did their  
wrath appease,  
And yield (won but by love) to right,  
as these?  
Yet do they not repent, they find  
report  
Sometime is wrong'd, and may in-  
deed come short  
In commendations, yet it's rare (as  
here)  
For she's a woman, and (by kind)  
will bear  
More than she should but his last  
subjects find  
Themselves with *Saba's Queen* of  
self-same mind, 120  
That fame (though saying by belief)  
had wrong'd  
Two Kings, not telling half to each  
that long'd  
For *England* heard not, nor could  
it have thought,  
That *Scotland's king* such wonders  
could have wrought  
Long may he live, and die well, full  
of years,  
( 704 )

And when his death shall draw us  
dry with tears,  
On *Britain's* throne may his seed  
ever reign,  
Till *Christ* do come (to judge the  
world) again  
Who would have thought from the  
Scot-hated Dane,  
Whom vanquish'd England so much  
did disdain, 130  
(Oppress'd with base subjection) they  
did turn,  
(Being freed) *Lord-dane* to *lurdane*  
for a scorn,  
Who would have thought (I say) from  
*Dane* should spring  
One, who from *Scots* and *English*  
eyes should wring  
Such hearty tears, must not her  
worth be much,  
Since we do find its love-effects prove  
such,  
How great that worth (in such, such  
love could breed)?  
O let it live for ever in her seed  
And let that love in our hearts never die,  
But ever live to her Posterity 140  
And those sweet streams her mate  
and she combined  
In love, O let their arms be ne'er  
untwined  
From kind embraces, and though  
now their greetings  
Be not so joyful as at other meetings,  
Yet is their love all one, they take  
one part,  
The one joys not, the other sad at  
heart  
They surfeit now in sorrow, then in  
pleasure,  
Joy then exceeds, grief now is above  
measure  
To honour *Charles* (our hope) when  
they met last,  
How did they rob each meadow as  
they past, 150  
Of sweets, each bank a posy did be-  
stow,  
Of fairest flowers, that on his brim  
did grow.

## The Second Elegy

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>These and such like, they brought<br/>         from every part,<br/>         And gratulations from each subject's<br/>         heart<br/>         They swell'd with pride, rising in<br/>         lofty waves<br/>         And all the neighbour bord'ring<br/>         banks outbraves<br/>         Their fishes frolick'd showing joy by<br/>         gesture<br/>         The waters (wantonizing) woo'd their<br/>         Master,<br/>         So fast their billows bout his blest<br/>         barge throng'd<br/>         They hurt themselves oft, oft their<br/>         fellows wrong'd 160<br/>         Each would be first, on others backs<br/>         some ride<br/>         Some under others' slipp'ry shoulders<br/>         slide<br/>         Though beat with oars yet will they<br/>         not turn back<br/>         For they their humble prostrate<br/>         homage make<br/>         The Sun then gilt each glistening glassy<br/>         coat<br/>         Those marine masquers wore, danc'd<br/>         bout his boat<br/>         Who by the music measur'd not<br/>         their paces,<br/>         Deaf'd with a confus'd cry from<br/>         divers places<br/>         Of maidens matrons aged men and<br/>         boys<br/>         Which from each quarter made a<br/>         confus'd noise 170<br/>         Of hearty <i>Aves</i>, welcoming their<br/>         Prince<br/> <i>Echo</i> (with answering tir'd) was mute<br/>         still since<br/>         The City with the suburbs did<br/>         appear<br/>         Like a large Theatre when he came<br/>         near<br/>         Each window wall, each turret top<br/>         and steeple<br/>         Was fill'd with every age, sex, sort<br/>         of people</p> | <p>So as some thought (who erst had<br/>         never seen<br/>         Such numbers) that the buildings<br/>         all had been<br/>         Of Imag'ry contriv'd, by cunning<br/>         Art<br/>         For on the ground the brewer in<br/>         his cart, 180<br/>         The sculler carman, and the baser<br/>         sort,<br/>         Seem'd strong and rudely carv'd<br/>         clowns to support<br/>         The stately frame maids prentices<br/>         and grooms<br/>         Made shop-door window stale and<br/>         lower rooms<br/>         The battlements house-coverings<br/>         and the leads,<br/>         As tiles or slates young boys and<br/>         girls o'erspreads<br/>         The middle rooms all round about<br/>         the <i>Thames</i><br/>         Which ladies held, and choicer city<br/>         dames<br/>         Such took for spaces which fair<br/>         statues held,<br/>         Where carver and the painter both<br/>         excell'd, 190<br/>         So pure complexions these seem'd<br/>         made by Art,<br/>         As <i>Nature</i> never did the like im-<br/>         part<br/>         To lovely youth, the large low<br/>         open breast,<br/>         Full, white round swelling azure<br/>         vein'd increast<br/>         The error, for they thought none<br/>         living would<br/>         Lay out such parts for all eyes to<br/>         behold<br/>         So curious were the colours which<br/>         were shown<br/>         As <i>Nature</i> hardly could from <i>Art</i><br/>         be known<br/>         So that they could adjudge them due<br/>         to neither<br/>         But participles taking part of<br/>         either, 200</p> |
|--|---|

184 stale] in the sense of sill It occurs dialectically as stool, &c., and is of course a form of stall.

Yet all by voice and gesture seemèd  
glad,  
Wonder it was to see a thing look sad  
Now it's not so, the off'rings are but  
tears,  
The sighs and groans of *Britain's*  
blest-reft sheres  
Are now the acclamations, these  
two streams,  
Compounded waters of mix'd sorrow  
seems,  
Yet walk *they* hand in hand with  
equal pace,  
T'wards that late pleasant, but now  
pensive place  
Where sorrow suited in a sable  
weed,  
Doth with a mourning veil each heart  
o'erspread, 210  
And *Phoebus* for to make the world  
and mind  
To wear one livery all his beams  
confined,  
Dimming each eye in darkness of  
the night,  
Either ashām'd to mourn in open  
sight,  
Or loath to alter with his brighter  
streams,  
Our late obscurèd *Cynthia's* lesser  
gleams,  
For her fled soul which doth with  
glory shine,  
Left with its lodging something that's  
divine,  
Which with reflection smileth on  
these rays,  
Which her bright soul now from the  
skies displays 220  
And these light orbs which with such  
swiftness roll  
About the Heavens, acquainted with  
her soul

To light her corpse do set in every  
porch  
Of the damantine *Heaven*, a starry  
torch,  
Which dark'nèd with the weeping  
Earth's moist vapours,  
Are her last lamps and never-dying  
tapers  
*Thames* trembles, *Forth* doth feverize  
for fear,  
Both roar to see their sovereign thus  
appear  
Their billows break their hearts  
against the shore  
Their fishes faint (yet cannot tell  
wherefore), 230  
But when they float upon the water  
crop,  
And see the tears from eyes and  
oars which drop,  
They think them all too few, and add  
their own  
And swim in proper *waters* (erst  
unknown),  
The water-Nymphs now round about  
her boat,  
Cloth'd in sad sable mourning habits  
float,  
The Hamadryads, and the Silvans all  
To bear a part in this complaint they  
call,  
Who since her death had practis'd in  
their tears,  
Streams deep enough none now  
the water fears 240  
They brought with them sweet camo-  
mile and rue,  
Mint, spikenard, marjoram, her way  
they strew,  
With flowers of choicest colour and  
of scent,  
Which from the slender weeping  
stalk was rent

204 'blest-reft' = 'bliss-reft'? Of 'shere' for 'shore' I do not know any other instance, but it is etymologically defensible, and the form 'shear' is actually used in senses very close. Of course it *may* be for 'shire,' not 'shore'

224 'damantine' for 'adamantine,' if H wrote it, is a particularly agreeable instance of the almost insane terror of hiatus or trisyllabic foot—for it happens to reverse the meaning

231 'crop' for 'top' is quite conceivable

## The Second Elegy

Her Exequies these Nymphs together  
sing,  
Till with this consort, Heaven and  
Earth doth ring  
*Heaven's envying our waters, walks  
and woods,*  
*Hath rest our joy and plac'd her  
mongst the Gods*  
No more our wand'ring waves shall  
wantonize  
No more shall swelling billows brave  
the skies 240  
No more shall purling Zephyr curl  
our head  
No more we'll foamy powders there  
on spread,  
No more shall now Meandrian walks  
delight us  
No more Despair with Death shall  
now affright us  
*Since Heaven envying our late happy  
floods*  
*Hath rest our joy, and plac'd her  
mongst the Gods*  
We'll take no sport now to pursue  
the fawn,  
We'll no more tread light measures  
on the lawn  
We'll deck our heads no more with  
*Flora's flowers*  
We'll woo no more our woody para-  
mours 260

We'll bear no part hereafter with  
the birds  
We'll weep for woe, and teach them  
wail in words  
*Since Heaven envying our late happy  
woods,*  
*Hath rest our joy, and plac'd her  
mongst the Gods*  
We'll hide our heads within our  
shores and shelves  
We'll dwell in darkest cypress groves  
with elves,  
No more we'll solace in great  
*Neptune's halls*  
No more we'll dance at *Sylvan's*  
festivals  
*Because she's gone whose glory grac'd  
our floods*  
*Because she's gone, who honour'd  
walks and woods* 2,0  
Thus sung they her along but  
come to shore,  
Where she must leave them, they  
ne'er see her more,  
They sink to bottom, either in a  
swoon,  
Or else themselves (now loathing life)  
to drown  
The *Forth* and *Thames* losing their  
so lov'd sight  
Vow, yearly to renew their woes  
that night

## An Epitaph

*Power to do ill, and practise only  
good*  
*Humblest in heart, highest in place and  
blood,*  
*Fairest and freest from loose desires  
in thought*  
*Pleasures to tempt, yet not disdain'd  
in aught*

*With anxious care in courage ne'er  
dejected*  
*Though cause of joy with no vain  
joy affected,*  
*Know Reader whensoever these  
lines you scan*  
*Such (and none such but she) was  
our Queen Anne*

247 248] The italics here and later are kept because they seem to indicate not merely the poet's usual asides, but a sort of stanza burden to the unitalicized couplet blocks behind them



# *Patrick Hannay*

## *An Epitaph*

*A Wife, a Daughter, Sister to a  
King,  
Mother to those, whose hopes do  
higher spring,  
Chaste, fair, wise, kind, first, Crown-  
United wore,*

*We knew her such, and held her for  
no more.  
That she was more, God's daughter  
and Heaven's heir,  
We know, since parted hence He  
crown'd her there*

SONGS AND SONNETS



To the Right Honourable Sir Andrew Gray, Knight,  
Colonel of a foot regiment, and General of the  
Artillery to the high and mighty Prince Frederick,  
King of Bohemia

If of these labours I did none direct,  
Brave sir to you for offering or for  
shield

Since you so fatherly did me affect  
When first you did conduct me to the  
field

I justly might be taxèd as ingrate,  
Deservèdly your love might turn to  
hate

Let shriller Musket, Cannon Culvering  
(Part of thy charge) with the sky  
tearing balls,

Which treble base mean, tenor rudely  
sing

To bloody Mars forcing the dancing  
walls, <sup>10</sup>

Give place a space while I do enter  
tain

Your ears with Music of a milder  
strain

Stern Mars himself hath oft times  
danc'd a measure

(Arms laid aside) his Minions most dear  
Have woo'd the Muses, and have  
taken pleasure

To tune their own and others notes  
to hear

Thou art a proof hereof thyself most  
plain

Who in their Art hast had so sweet  
a vein

To none more aptly can I then direct  
These lines than thee who both hast  
skill to prove <sup>20</sup>

And worth (more than their errors) to  
protect,

To none I'm so indebted for such love  
Accept them as they're sent with  
love sincere

With kind construction read them  
whilst you're here

I know thy haughty spirit much disdains  
This loath'd detention for I have been by  
When thy hot courage well nigh crack'd  
the reins

Of strict command (when the fierce  
foe drew nigh)

That to thy valour freedom was not  
given,

Those I opish hirelings might by  
thee be shriven <sup>30</sup>

Nor was it wage or want that spur'd  
thee on

No hope of spoil nor thirsting after  
blood

But worth bred love of that rare Para  
gon

Thy dear King's daughter, whose cause  
doubtful stood

Had doubted Mansfelt led you had  
your will

Pylsen prevented had this hap ned ill

Yet shrinks He not nor thou you  
both earn more

(That cross your courage rather doth  
inflame)

With sharp revenge the lost state to  
restore

To that most worthy best deserving  
Dame <sup>40</sup>

Whom even her enemies so much  
do honour

As women's rarest praises they  
throw on her

There are nine Worthies hitherto of men,  
But of all women I not read of any

I know not then, whether she makes  
them ten

Or of her sex first number unto many  
In spirit, courage valour to those nine

She's equal Women none yet so  
divine

Go in Her cause, success crown thy  
desires

Soon may I change this softly tuned  
song, <sup>50</sup>

Inflam'd with new and unacquainted  
fires

To sing the Enemies reveng'd wrong  
Oh how I long in high heroic verse

Their ruin and Her rising to rehearse  
Ever yours most affectionate in

all humble duty  
PATRICK HANNAY

Song I

SAD *Sheretine* was seiz'd,  
 And wounded so with woe,  
 Fra he fair *Mariana's* faith  
 Was falsified did know  
 Fra time he knew that her  
 Another did possess,  
 Whom in his heart he had propos'd  
 His height of happiness.  
 His tongue was sorrow-tied,  
 His passion inward pent, 10  
 His woes no passage could procure,  
 Forth from his heart to vent  
 He scarce believes it so,  
 Although himself it sees  
 To free her of so foul a fault,  
 He blames his blameless eyes  
 But when he found her false,  
 Her vows and oaths untrue,  
 As after he could joy in nought,  
 He bids the world adieu 20  
 His woes to aggravate,  
 He causes doth invent,  
 Though cause of care he had enough,  
 How he might more lament,  
 A woful banishment  
 He willing undertakes  
 And comfort-causing company  
 He utterly forsakes  
 In a care-clothèd shade,  
 From eye and ear removed, 30  
 He thus with woe begins to wail  
 The loss of his beloved  
 'Ah, *Mariana*, ah !  
 Is thus my love repaid ?  
 Do my fires still so freshly burn  
 And are thy flames decayed !  
 How constant have I proved !  
 Though many baits there were  
 Where I have been, yet none had force  
 My fancy to ensnare 40

Nor since thy favour first  
 Kindled my quenchless fire,  
 Did I see beauty that could breed  
 A dram of dear desire,  
 Or if 'mongst fairest fairs  
 I thought one did excel  
 My love was jealous of that thought,  
 And straight did it repel  
 Wherein then did I fail ?  
 My heart doth hold it strange,  
 That seeing I have lov'd so well, 51  
 I should find such a change  
 No doubt the gods were griev'd,  
 That I did thee adore,  
 'Cause therein I idolatriz'd,  
 Have plaguèd me therefore.  
 Yet should not that in thee,  
 Least alteration mov'd  
 It rather should thy love endear  
 To be so dearly lov'd 60  
 Hadst thou with proud disdain  
 My favour first refus'd,  
 I might have blam'd my hapless fate,  
 But not thy crime accus'd  
 My love with time had died  
 Or if it still had liv'd,  
 My care this comfort yet had had,  
 That I for worth had griev'd  
 But thou by granting love,  
 Didst bring me to such height  
 Of hopèd joys, to such a low 71  
 Hast cast me with despright,  
 That the sad souvenance  
 Of such a love so lost,  
 Is now my greatest cause of grief,  
 And doth molest me most  
 For if I ne'er had gain'd,  
 My grief had not been such,  
*The once-rich poor man grieveth more  
 Than he that ne'er was rich* 80  
 Whom Nature with her gifts  
 'Bove others did indue,

3 'Fra' = 'from' as usual but, as shown by l 5, in sense of 'from the time when' It may be worth observing that in the *Songs and Sonnets* the pitiless rain of italics ceases These are quite rare and generally justifiable In the First Song the keeping of the old 'Poulter's Measure' (Alexandrine and Fourteener, divided or not into a quatrain of 6, 6, 8, 6), which had given so much dreary work in the middle of the sixteenth century, may be worth noticing

73 souvenance] Again a Gallicism

79, 80 The, &c] A somewhat vulgarized variant of *Nessun maggior*, but to be noted with others

## Songs and Sonnets

O' that adds woe unto my woe,  
 That she should prove untrue  
 If whilst on bloody *Mars*  
 I boldly did attend  
 By some brave hand had I exhal'd,  
 Before thy crime was kend,  
 Then had my wrong'd Ghost  
 (Not conscious of this) 90  
 With joy expected thy approach  
 To thy *Elysian* bliss  
 Or if it there had griev'd  
 The sole cause of its moan  
 Had been lest that thou shouldst  
 have griev'd  
 To hear that I was gone  
 But now methinks I hear  
 Thy *Turian* with scorn  
 Upbraid thy crime as my disgrace  
 Fond *Sheretia*'s forlorn 100  
 Methinks thou seconds him  
 Not sensible thereof  
 And thy true loving *Sheretine*  
 Rememberest with a scoff  
 Another being wrong'd  
 By such a deep disdain  
 L'nrag'd might count it greater good  
 To lose such than obtain  
 But that the world may see 109  
 My first fires were not feign'd  
 They shall not therefore be extinct,  
 Cause I am thus disdain'd  
 No *Turian* whom I most  
 Do hate and least respect,  
 Cause thou dost love and honour  
 him,  
 I'll honour and affect  
 By that (still dear!) thou'lt know  
 By leaving me what's lost,  
 If love disdain'd can do so much  
 What had it ne'er been crost?  
 But now since it's thy will 121  
 That I do suffer woe  
 I do endeavour for thy sake  
 The greatest grief to know  
 Bear witness with me woods  
 Weeds water'd with tears

How I do live devoid of joy,  
 But you there's none me hears  
 Nor e'er shall more content  
 Seize on my heavy heart 130  
 Witness with me while from this clay  
 My sad soul do depart  
 And *Mariana* fair  
 My first and latest love,  
 My last words shall be that the  
 heavens  
 May bless thee from above  
 That thou may'st still enjoy  
 The best of sweet content,  
 And let my death (since love could  
 not)  
 Move thee this fault repent 140  
 That when from hence thou fleest,  
 Thy unafflicted spirit  
 May with of like fault guiltless souls  
 A joyful peace inherit  
 That said he and no more,  
 But on the bitter weeds  
 His flesh forsaken feeble limbs  
 He languishingly spreads  
 His weary soul removes 149  
 Death seiz'd him by degrees,  
 So true Love's Martyr (not so wrong'd  
 As he deem'd) thus he dies

### Sonnet I

Ever, beauty, admiration love desire,  
 Did join in one to set my heart on  
 fire  
 My eye did see that beauty did sur-  
 pass,  
 That boundless beauty made me  
 much admire  
 With admiration love conceived was  
 And love brought forth and nourish'd  
 my desire,  
 Which now is grown unto so great  
 perfection,  
 It sees, admires conceives, feeds  
 sans direction

Sonnet I] That this is not strictly a sonnet at all is an almost unnecessary observa-  
 tion. It is less so that the printing illustrates the wholly *unprincipled* character of  
 this typography. Italics or at least initial capitals, would have been quite in place  
 here and there is not one in the original.

Sonnet II

EXPERIENC'D nature in this latter age,  
 Willing her masterpiece should then  
     be wrought,  
 Such my fair *Coelia* set on earth's  
     large stage,  
 As all the Gods in emulation  
     brought,  
 For they did think, if Nature only  
     might  
 Brag of her worth, she should insult  
     o'er them  
 Wherefore they 'greed to have an  
     equal right,  
 That they of her perfection part  
     might claim  
*Pallas* gave wisdom, *Juno* stateliness,  
 And the mild Morning gave her  
     modesty<sup>10</sup>  
 The *Graces* carriage, *Venus* loveli-  
     ness,  
 And chaste *Diana* choicest chastity  
     Thus heaven and earth their  
     powers did combine  
 To make her perfect, kind Love!  
     make her mine

Sonnet III

WHILST wand'ring thoughts unsettled  
     in desire,  
 Did rove at random in the fields of  
     love,  
 Where fancy found fair objects fit  
     to fire  
 Frozen affection, choice did choice  
     remove  
*Cupid* contemn'd taking it much at  
     heart,  
 For spite his dame's loose darling  
     made delight me,  
 She, leaving *Venus*, taking *Juno's*  
     part,  
 With new chaste thoughts and fires  
     'gins to requite me  
 Proud *Cytherea* angry with her wench,  
 Seeks in my heart a hate of her to  
     breed,<sup>10</sup>

So blaz'd her faults, which soon my  
     fires did quench,  
*But Malice still lights on the owner's*  
     *head.*

For this the ill that all her envy  
     wrought,  
 It made her chaste, me author of  
     that thought.

Sonnet IV

ONCE early as the ruddy bashful  
     *Morn*  
 Did leave *Dan Phoebus'* purple-  
     streaming bed,  
 And did with scarlet streams East-  
     heav'n adorn,  
 I to my fairest *Coelia's* chamber sped  
 She Goddess-like stood combing of  
     her hair,  
 Which like a sable veil did clothe  
     her round  
 Her ivory comb was white, her hand  
     more fair!  
 She straight and tall, her tresses  
     trail'd to ground,  
 Amaz'd I stood, thinking my dear  
     had been  
 Turn'd Goddess, every sense to sight  
     was gone<sup>10</sup>  
 With bashful blush my bliss fled, I  
     once seen,  
 Left me transformed (as it were) in  
     stone  
 Yet did I wish so ever t' have re-  
     main'd,  
 Had she but stay'd, and I my  
     sight retain'd

Sonnet V

WHILE I do hope my thoughts do  
     high aspire,  
 In deep Despair these hopes are  
     quickly drown'd,  
 Sometimes I burn with an *Etnean*  
     fire  
 Sometimes I freeze I swim, straight  
     sink to ground

## Songs and Sonnets

O since such changes in my love  
I find,  
Death change my life, or Love my  
*Coelia's* mind

### Sonnet VI

*Alluding to Hope*

HOPE makes the Sea be plough'd in  
furrows white  
That in the end sweet gain may  
thence arise,  
Hope makes the toiling tradesman  
take delight -  
To labour ear' and late with watch  
ful eyes  
Hope makes the shepherd in the  
Winter care  
To tend his flock and lodge them  
from the cold.  
Hope makes the Soldier fight, sense  
less of I ear  
Mongst hot alarms both watch and  
ward to hold  
The seaman's hope rich merchandise  
repays  
The tradesman's hope is answer'd  
with his hire, <sup>10</sup>  
Young lambs and wool, the shep-  
herd's charge defrays,  
The soldier's wage is that he doth  
require  
I do for *Hope* more than all these  
sustain,  
Yet *Hope* with no reward repays  
my pain

### Song II

*Amantium irae amoris redintegratio  
est*

I

*Coelia* jealous (lest I did  
In my heart affect another)  
Me her company forbid  
*Women cannot passion smother*

VI 4 ear ] This abbreviation must be very rare yet it is etymologically defensible without the apostrophe

VIII 4 This line in the original is another interesting example of the elision and apostrophe mania of the time It is printed Th one th other thereby quite falsifying the metre

II

The dearer love the more disdain,  
When truth is with distrust re-  
quited

I vow'd (in anger) to abstain,  
She found her fault and me invited

III

I came with intent to chide her  
(Cause she had true love abus'd),  
Resolv'd never to abide her <sup>11</sup>  
Yet her fault she so excus'd,

IV

As it did me more entangle  
Telling *True love must have fears*  
They neer lov'd that neer did  
wrangle,  
Lovers jars but love endears

### Sonnet VII

WHEN as I wake I dream oft of my  
dear,  
And oft am serious with her in my  
sleep,  
I am oft absent when I am most near,  
And near whenas I greatest distance  
keep  
These wonders love doth work,  
but yet I find  
That love wants power to make  
my Mistress kind

### Sonnet VIII

I LOV'D was lov'd, and joy'd in con-  
tent,  
Our souls did surfeit on the sweets  
of love  
While equal heat our hearts affec-  
tions lent,  
The one the other to content did  
prove  
Thus bove the pitch of other hap-  
less wights  
Whose sweets are sunk still in a sea  
of sour,



# Patrick Hannay

Our hearts swam in the depth of  
dear delights,  
Pleasures seem pains, not equalizing  
ours

But love's not love, wherein are no  
disasters,  
Time tried my trust was by my love  
betray'd, 10  
And she (for state) had got for me  
some tasters,  
Which lovers like not, so our love  
decay'd

Though she lov'd others, hereof  
I may boast,  
I lov'd, was lov'd chastely first and  
most

## Sonnet IX

*Lover, Mistress*

*L* HENCE loose alluring looks, no  
more of Love,  
No more thy seeming virtues shall  
deceive me  
*M* Come, come my dearest, speak  
not thus to prove  
How well I love, thou think'st it  
doth not grieve me

*L* Thy beauty was a bait to draw  
mine eye

*M* And with thy blink my heart was  
set on fire

*L* I thought to find a suiting soul  
in thee

*M* Thy love's the limit that bounds  
my desire

*L* Thy looseness makes my love's  
date now expire

*M* Where then thy vows? *L* Gone  
with thy seeming worth 10

*M* And made to me? *L* No, virtue  
brought them forth

Which failing now no fuel feeds my  
fire

VIII 10 Time tried] Orig 'try'd' The construction is ambiguous 'time tried'  
with 'trust' would be, perhaps, most poetical, but I think 'Time tried my trust [and it]  
was' more Hannayish

Song III 31 waring] = 'spending,' *Scotice*

*M* My heart's the harbour where  
thy hopes must stay  
*L* Where ground's not good, an  
anchor drags away

## Song III

I

I CAN love, and love entirely,  
And can prove a constant friend .  
But I must be lov'd as dearly,  
And as truly to the end  
For her love no sooner slaketh,  
But my fancy farewell taketh.

II

I cannot endure delaying,  
I must have her quickly won .  
Be she nice (though not denying)  
By her leave I then have done :  
For I am not yet at leisure, 11  
To dwine for a doubtful pleasure

III

My eyes shall not still be wailing,  
Where I'm answered with neglect ,  
My hurt is not at her hailing,  
Who my pain doth not respect  
He's a fool that seeks relieving,  
From her glories in his grieving

IV

With beauty I will not be blinded,  
Yet I will none foul affect 20  
With wealth I will not be winded,  
If in behaviour be defect ,  
Beauty stained such love dieth,  
Wealth decayed such love flieth

V

Gifts do good, yet he is silly  
That therein expendeth store,  
If he win not, tell me, will he  
Not be meetly mock'd therefore ?  
It is better to be keeping  
Than to sow not sure of reaping

VI

As I would not words be waring 31  
Where there's no assurance had ,

## Songs and Sonnets

So I would not gifts be sparing,  
Where I woo and know shall wed  
Giving so is no decreasing  
I have hers in her possessing

### VII

Be she rich, and fair, and gained,  
If I fickleness do find,  
My desires are quickly waned,  
I can steer with other wind 40  
For Virtue I have vow'd to  
chuse her  
When that fails I will refuse her

### Song IV <sup>1</sup>

#### I

Now do the Birds in their warbling  
words  
Welcome the year,  
While sugared notes they chirrup  
thro their throats,  
To win a fere  
Sweetly they breathe the wanton love  
That Nature in them warms  
And each to gain a mate doth prove,  
With sweet enchanting charms

#### II

He sweetly sings, and stays the  
nimble wings  
Of her in th air, 10  
She hovering stays, to hear his loving  
lays  
Which woo her there  
She becomes willing hears him woo  
Gives ear unto his song  
And doth as *Nature* taught her do,  
Yields sued unto not long

#### III

But *Coelia* stays she feeds me with  
delay,  
Hears not my moan  
She knows the smart in time will kill  
my heart  
To live alone 20  
Learn of the birds to choose thee a fere,  
But not like them to range  
They have their mate but for a year  
But sweet, let's never change

#### IV

The *Turtle dove* let's imitate in love  
That still loves one  
Dear, do not stay, youth quickly flies  
away  
Then desire s gone  
Love is kindest and hath most length  
The kisses are most sweet, 30  
When it's enjoy'd in heat of strength  
Where like affections meet

### Sonnet X

As doth *Solsequium* lover of the light  
When *Sol* is absent lock her golden  
leaves,  
And seal'd mourns, till it regain his  
sight  
Whose flaming rays soon counter  
vail its griefs—  
Far more thy absence me of rest  
bereaves  
The hop'd morn the *Marigold* doth  
cherish  
But when my Sun this blest horizon  
leaves,  
Hopeless of light my joys in darkness  
perish  
Stay then my Sun! make this thy  
*Zodiac*  
And move, but make my arms to be  
the sphere 10  
Make me thy West with me thy  
lodging take  
Move to my breast and make thy  
setting there  
So shall I be more glad of thy  
decline  
Than *Phoebus* flower when he be  
gins to shine

### Song V

#### I

SERVANT, farewell is this my hire,  
Do my deserts no more require?

<sup>1</sup> There is some music in this

No, do not think to cheat me so,  
I will have more yet ere you go

II

Thy lov'd *Idea* I'll arrest,  
And it imprison in my breast :  
In sad conceit it there shall lie,  
My jealous love shall keep the key

III

The drops my wounded heart shall  
bleed, 9  
Shall be food whereon it shall feed  
The tears are shed when I do think  
On thee, shall be its only drink

IV

My restless thoughts shall range  
about,  
My cares shall care it come not out  
And when these fail their watch to  
keep,  
I'll chain it fast in leaden sleep.

V

Nor think it ever shall part thence,  
Or that I will with it dispense .  
Thy love alone can me avail,  
Thyself alone I'll take for bail 20

### Sonnet XI

SWEET is the Rose and fair, yet who  
the same  
Would pluck, may wound his finger  
with the briar,  
So sweet, so fair is my beloved  
Dame  
Her darting eye wounds those that  
come her near  
They both are fair, both sweet,  
they both make smart,  
The rose the finger, *Coelia* the  
heart

### Sonnet XII

My love is such as I can ne'er obtain,  
Nor can I think which way to ease  
my pain  
If I conceal't, there's no hope of  
relief,

( 718 )

If I bewray't, scorn will increase my  
grief ,  
Grief hid brings soonest death, there  
help remains,  
Reveal'd life lingers, languishing in  
pains  
Since my love's hopeless, and with-  
out relief,  
I scorn her scorn should add unto  
my grief,  
Therefore my thoughts I'll bury as  
they rise,  
And smother in my soul my infant  
cries . 10  
So hasten death then if she chance  
to hear  
I died for love of her I held too  
dear,  
And say 'twas pity with her heavenly  
breath,  
That shall requite me well even after  
death

### Sonnet XIII

WHEN I do love, let me a mistress  
find,  
Whose hard repulse doth me small  
hope procure,  
Not yielding *yielding-no* · the con-  
stant mind  
Is long in gaining, but obtain'd is  
sure .  
The diamond is cut with care and  
pains,  
But being cut, it still one form  
retains  
That which is lightly got is valued  
least,  
'The memory of care sweetens con-  
tent'  
Most feelingly we do those pleasures  
taste,  
That are procur'd with pain, made  
known by want 10  
It's better never any comfort taste,  
Than relish sorrows by the plea-  
sures past.

# Songs and Sonnets

## Song VI<sup>1</sup>

I

A MAID me lov'd, her love I not  
respected,  
She mourn'd she sigh'd nay sued  
yet I neglected  
Too late too late alas, I now repent  
For *Cupid* with her love hath me  
infected

II

As erst *He* hers so love my heart  
now burneth,  
As I at her, she laughs at me that  
mourneth  
Too late, too late alas, I now repent  
Since her disdained love to hatred  
turneth

III

On her alone doth health and hope  
rely,  
Yet still she scorns and doth me love  
deny  
Too late too late alas I now repent  
Since she joys in my death, I for her  
die

## Sonnet XIV

THE loving *Lizard* takes so much  
delight  
To look upon the face of living man  
As it seems for to feed even by the  
sight  
And lives by looks which it enjoyeth  
than  
But when that pleasing object leaves  
the place,  
(As wanting that which only did it  
cherish)  
It fainting dies, deprival of that face  
The only cause is why it so doth  
perish  
Even so my *Coelia* s love hath lately  
proved,

It joy'd it liv'd to me, while I was  
ey'd  
It vigorous was, but I from sight  
removed  
It fainted soon grew weak, and  
quickly died  
My *Coelia* s love thus prov'd a  
lizard right,  
I seen it lived, it died I out of  
sight

## A Paradox

I LOVE my *Love* the better she doth  
change,  
(Which some may chance hold a  
position strange)  
Women s extreme if<sup>2</sup> love were still  
at height,  
Like ever shining sun t could not  
delight  
A still fruition dulls respite relieves  
An intermission still new relish  
gives  
A changing favour puffs not up  
with pride  
Because uncertain how long t shall  
abide  
It lets not languish with a long dis  
dain  
Nosoonerebb'd but it doth flow again  
Then in my turn I shall be well re  
spected  
Late favourites as much shall be neg  
lected  
I love her cause she s woman (if her  
mind  
Not wavering were, she were none  
of that kind)  
The more she s woman I the more  
do love her,  
The more inconstant I more woman  
prove her  
The more a woman s of a woman s  
mind  
The better (best degener least from  
kind )

<sup>1</sup> Did Hannay know *Robene and Makyn*?

<sup>2</sup> If women s extreme ?

The most inconstant they degener  
least,  
The most inconstant therefore are  
the best 20  
The best I vow'd to love, therefore  
none else  
I'll love but whose inconstancy  
excels

### Sonnet XV

WHILST Fortune's fondlings dandled  
in her lap,  
Swim in the depth of undeserv'd  
desires,  
Careless of cross, unmindful of mis-  
hap,  
Still floating higher than their hope  
aspires  
Poor hapless I, whose hopes soar'd  
lately higher,  
(With promise-pens plum'd which  
ne'er fail in flight)  
Deferr'd, disdain'd, heartless dare(s)  
not draw nigh her,  
My wearied wand'ring wing can no-  
where light  
And Fortune, still the more to show  
her spite,  
The nearer that my hope seems to  
obtain, 10  
With unexpected crosses curbs them  
quite,  
Which nigh gain'd good makes me  
but taste my pain  
Yet, fickle Fortune, I disdain thy  
frown  
'Baseminds thou may'st, but never  
brave cast down'

### Sonnet XVI

THEY Fortune much do wrong that  
call her blind,  
And that she knows not how to give  
her gifts,

That she's inconstant, wavering as  
the wind,  
Which in a minute many corners  
shifts  
That she delights in nought but  
turning states,  
The misers raising, mighty ones o'er-  
throwing,  
She loves not long, and long she  
never hates,  
At random (as it lights) her gifts  
bestowing  
If she were blind, some gift I might  
have got  
By chance · if loving chance, I had  
rise higher, 10  
If long to love or hate inclining not,  
I once had found her friend, but I  
will free her  
She sees, can give, is constant.  
long can hate,  
Too well I know 't, she still hath  
cross'd my state

### Sonnet XVII

WHEN I consider well how *Cupid*  
kind  
First did inflame my heart with lov-  
ing fires,  
And did remove the quiet of my  
mind,  
And for it plac'd wakerife (yet dear)  
desires  
And how the friend I truly did affect  
With like sincerity repaid my love  
How we did strive each other to  
respect,  
And no contention else did ever  
prove  
How that our souls so nearly sym-  
pathiz'd,  
We oft did think and oft did dream  
the same, 10

XV 7 If dares is what H wrote, he had either forgotten 'I' or, more probably, was thinking of 'hopes,' and gave them a singular verb—as he and his contemporaries so often do

XVI 1 'Say' must be understood from 'call'  
10 rise] 'rose' for 'risen,' or 'ris'n' itself?

# Songs and Sonnets

What one approv d the other highly  
 priz d,  
 What one dislik d the other's heart  
 did blame  
 O how thy envy, *Fortune*, makes  
 me wonder,  
 Whom *Love* so join d, thou  
 shouldst have kept asunder

## Song VII

*Horac Car lib 3, Ode 9  
 ad Lydiam*

I

*Ho* WHILST I was welcome, and  
 thy chief delight  
 And no youth else more wishèdly  
 did bring  
 His arms about thy neck so lovely  
 white  
 I liv d more happy than the *Persian*  
 King

II

*Ly* Whilst thou didst not burn with  
 the love of other  
 And *Lydia* no less grace than *Cloe*  
 found  
*Lydia* was famouser than any other  
 Liv d more than Roman *Itha* re  
 nown d

III

*Ho* But *Thracian Cloe* now com  
 mandeth me  
 Skilled in sweet Music cunning on  
 the Lute 10  
 For whom I would not be afeard to  
 die  
 To save her life so that my death  
 could do t

IV

*Ly Calais Ornith's* son with loving  
 fire  
 Burns me, and I affect him with  
 like strife  
 For whom I willingly would twice  
 expire,  
 If so the fates would spare my  
 youngling's life

( 721 )

V

*Ho* What if our ancient love should  
 come about  
 And join us jarring with a lasting  
 chain  
 Were fair hair d *Cloe* fra my heart  
 cast out,  
 And cast off *Lydia* receiv d again

VI

*Ly* Though *Calais* fairer than a blaz  
 ing star 21  
 Lighter than fleeting cork although  
 you be  
 And than the *Adrian* sea more  
 testy far,  
 With thee I'd love to live and  
 willing die

## Sonnet XVIII

WHY dost thou doubt (dear *Coelia*)  
 that my love  
 (Which beauty bred, and virtue still  
 doth nourish)  
 That any other object can remove,  
 Or faint with time? but still more  
 freshly flourish

No know thy beauty is of such  
 a force  
 The fancy cannot flit that s with it  
 taken

Thy virtue s such my heart doth  
 hate divorce  
 From thy sweet love which neer  
 shall be forsaken

So settled is my soul in this re  
 solve,  
 That first the stars from crystal sky  
 shall fall 10

The heavens shall lose their influence,  
 dissolve,  
 To the old Chaos shall be turn d  
 this all

Ere I from thee (dear *Coelia*)  
 remove  
 My true my constant, and my  
 sincere love

Song VIII

I

WHEN curious *Nature* did her  
cunning try,  
In framing of this fair terrestrial  
round  
Her workmanship the more to  
beautify  
Withchang'd variety made it abound,  
And oft did place a plot of fertile  
ground  
Fraught with delights, nigh to  
a barren soil,  
To make the best seem better by  
a foil

II

Thus first were made by *Thames*  
the motley meads,  
Wearing the livery of the Summer's  
Queen  
Whose flowery robe o'er them she  
freely spreads, 10  
With colours more than are in *Iris*  
seen,  
And all the ground and hem of  
grassy green,  
Whereon the silly sheep do fear-  
less feed,  
While on a bank the shepherd  
tunes his reed

III

Next shady groves where *Delia*  
hunteth oft,  
And light-foot *Fairies* tripping still  
do haunt  
There mirthful *Muses* raise sweet  
notes aloft,  
And wanton birds their chaste loves  
cheer'ly chant  
There no delightful pleasure e'er  
doth want,  
There *Sylvan* with his Satyrs  
doth remain, 20  
There Nymphs do love and are  
belov'd again

IV

This place doth seem an earthly  
Paradise,

20 *Sylvan*] Note the unnecessary : It is probably a misprint, as the form is correct below

( 722 )

Where on fit object every sense may  
feed,  
And fill'd with dainties that do  
thence arise,  
Of superfluity help others' need,  
Yet no satiety that store doth breed  
For when the sense nigh surfeits  
on delight,  
New objects the dull'd appetite  
do whet

V

This place, I say, doth border on  
a plain,  
Which step-dame *Nature* seems  
t'have made in scorn, 30  
Where hungry husbandmen have  
toil'd in vain,  
And with the share the barren soil  
have torn,  
Nor did they rest till rise of ruddy  
morn  
Yet when was come the harvest  
of their hopes,  
They for their gain do gather  
grainless crops

VI

It seems of starv'd *Sterility* the seat,  
Where barren downs do it environ  
round  
Whose parch'd tops in Summer are  
not wet,  
And only are with snow in winter  
crown'd,  
Only with bareness they do still  
abound, 40  
Or if on some of them we rough-  
ness find,  
It's tawny heath, badge of the  
barren rind

VII

In midst of these stands *Croydon*  
cloth'd in black,  
In a low bottom sink of all these  
hills :  
And is receipt of all the dirty wrack  
Which from their tops still in abun-  
dance trills  
The unpav'd lanes with muddy mire  
it fills

## Songs and Sonnets

If one shower fall or if that blessing stay,  
You may well smell, but never see your way

VIII

For never doth the flower perfumed Air 50  
Which steals choice sweets from other blessed fields  
With panting breast take any resting there  
Nor of that prey a portion to it yields  
For those harsh hills his coming either shields  
Or else his breath infected with their kisses,  
Cannot enrich it with his fragrant blisses

IX

And those who there inhabit suing well  
With such a place do either negroes seem  
Or harbingers for *Pluto*, Prince of hell,  
Or his fire beaters one might rightly deem, 60  
Their sight would make a soul of hell to dream  
Besmear'd with soot, and breathing pitchy smoke  
Which (save themselves) a living wight would choke

X

These with the demigods still disagreeing,  
(As vice with virtue ever is at jar)  
With all who in the pleasant woods have being  
Do undertake an everlasting war  
Cuts down their groves and often do them scare,  
And in a close pent fire their arbores burn  
While as the *Muses* can do nought but mourn 70

XI

The other *Sylvans* with their sight affrighted,  
Do flee the place whereas these elves resort,  
Shunning the pleasures which them erst delighted,  
When they behold these grooms of *Pluto's* court,  
While they do take their spoils and count it sport  
To spoil these dainties that them so delighted,  
And see them with their ugly shapes affrighted

XII

To all proud dames I wish no greater hell  
Who do disdain of chastely proffered love,  
Than to that place confin'd there ever dwell, 80  
That place their pride's dear price might justly prove  
For if (which God forbid) my dear should move  
Me not come nigh her for to pass my troth  
Place her but there and I shall keep mine oath<sup>1</sup>

### Sonnet XIX

Fond doubtful *Hope* Reason de praved false fires,  
Deceiving thoughts and plaints proving but wind  
Ill grounded grief springing from vain desires  
Have led me in a maze of error blind  
But *Thou* whose eye surveys this earthly ball  
And sees our actions ere they be begun  
High and Eternal Mover of this all  
Whose mercy doth man's misery fore run

58 negroes] Orig 'Nigro s

The *Coll'er* (charcoal burner) of *Croxdon* illustrates this song



Now in the right way turn my  
 wand'ring heart,  
 Teach me to bid farewell to fond  
 desire 10  
 Deceiving *Error* and *Vain-joy* de-  
 part,  
 With Thy all-quick'ning spirit my  
 soul inspire  
 Grant, Lord, I may redeem my  
 mis-spent time,  
 And (if I sing) to Thee I praise  
 may chime

Song IX

I  
 O how my sin-clogged soul would  
 soar aloft,  
 And scale the crystal sky to seek  
 remeed  
 But that foul Sin (wherewith I stain  
 it oft)  
 Makes it to sink through doubt of  
 my misdeed  
 In scroll of guilty conscience I  
 read  
 The rueful legend of my passèd  
 life,  
 The thought whereof maketh my  
 heart to bleed,  
 Finding my foul offences are so rife

II  
*Fear* makes me faint to find such,  
 and so many  
 As there are ranked in that ragged  
 roll 10  
*Despair* doth say there was ne'er  
 such in any,  
 Weeping cannot them wash nor  
 heart condole  
*God's Wrath* and *Justice* showeth to  
 my soul,  
 For every sin that must be satis-  
 fied  
 What will become of me with such  
 a scroll,  
 Since *Death* the wage of Sin is sure  
 decreed?

( 724 )

III  
 Never to blooming virgin truest  
 mirror,  
 Did represent beauty with more  
 delight  
 Than subtil *Satan* with affrighting  
 terror,  
 My guiltiness doth show me with  
 despight 20  
 What erst as trifles seemèd to my  
 sight  
 Now are death-worthy, my late-  
 liking sin  
 Is now displeasing, and would bar  
 me quite  
 All hope of help, since such I  
 wallowed in

IV  
*Hope* to my heart my *Saviour* doth  
 present,  
 With all His *Passions* prov'd for  
 sinners' sake,  
 Yet none but he that doth from  
 heart repent,  
 Can use of that great satisfaction  
 make  
 I hold of Him by a firm faith must take,  
 And all His sufferings to myself  
 apply 30  
 If penitence want not, nor *Faith* be  
 weak,  
 Of *Heaven* I know He cannot me  
 deny

V  
 But where's *Repentance* for so foul  
 a stain?  
 Why stint you, eyes, continually to  
 shower?  
 The humid liquor of your moist'ning-  
 rain  
 Doth make to sprout the fair *Repent-  
 ing-flower*  
 Give tears no respite, nor no truce  
 an hour,  
 And since with wand'ring looks you  
 did offend  
 With still-distilling drops your can-  
 ker scour,  
 With coming care your passèd 'scapes  
 amend. 40

## Songs and Sonnets

VI

Ah hapless heart, why rend'st not  
with remorse?  
For quick conceiving what the flesh  
hath wrought  
Hast thou (depravèd) bent to ill thy  
force?  
And knows thy *Maker* thy most  
secret thought?  
And wilt thou yet be negligent in  
aught  
Thee may reclaim or with contrition  
wound?  
Bleed bleed to think that who so  
dear thee bought  
Thou st crucifid *again* with thorns  
hast crown d

VII

And thou frail *Flesh*, shame not now  
to begin,  
Thee to submit to the reforming  
spirit 50  
Think of the by ways thou hast  
wander'd in  
Which lead to Hell, and Death  
deserv'd merit  
Why art thou proud? Thou canst  
not heaven inherit  
Lie down in dust do no works of  
thine own,  
But what the soul commands oh!  
willing hear it  
By thy obedience let its rule be  
known

VIII

But *Lord!* without Thy sweet assist  
ing grace  
I can do nought, all my attempts  
are vain  
I cannot come without Thou call, alas!  
Grant me this grace, and bring me  
home again 60  
Let Thy blest *Spirit, Faith Hope*  
and *Love* remain  
Still in my soul the *Flesh*, the *World*  
and *Devil*  
Deprive of power let them no more  
reign  
Or if they tempt, deliver me from  
evil

( 725 )

IX

Thou rt not desirous that a sinner  
die  
But that he may repent his sins and  
live  
Thou bidst the heavy laden come to  
Thee  
And Thou wilt ease the weight that  
doth him grieve  
Thou bidst him knock and Thou  
wilt ope the leave  
Of that strict gate that leadeth unto  
bliss, 70  
Grant I repent, do come, do knock,  
receive  
Life lightning entrance where no  
anguish is

X

Lord! grant me grace my coming  
days to number  
To wisdom then I shall my heart  
apply  
Roll me out of this lethargy and  
slumber  
Of sin and sloth wherein I now do  
lie  
Sinners (that seeing) soon shall  
draw Thee nigh  
Shunning base thoughts, their *souls*  
to Thee shall raise  
And with a sweet consort shall  
pierce the skies  
Of Thy great mercy and eternal  
praise 80

### Sonnet XX

O *Father God* who by Thy word  
didst make  
The Azured vault, and all the host  
of heaven  
The hills vales plains freshstreams,  
and briny lake  
And unto each inhabitants hast  
given  
O *Word* which (for our sakes) didst  
flesh become  
With sinners to purge sin hadst  
habitation

## Patrick Hannay

Crimeless accus'd, condemn'd, the  
Cross Thy doom,  
Suff'redst Death, Burial, rose for  
our salvation

O *Holy Ghost*, which dost from Both  
proceed,  
Sweet soul-inspiring Spirit, with  
peace and love,<sup>10</sup>  
Comfort to all, cast down for sinful  
deed,  
Lessening their woes with hopes of  
Heaven above

O *Trinal-one*, one *God* and *Persons*  
three,  
Reform my ways, and draw me unto  
*Thee*

FINIS

To his singular friend

MR. WILLIAM LITHGOW<sup>1</sup>

THE double travail (*Lithgow*) thou  
hast ta'en,  
One of thy feet, the other of thy brain,  
Thee, with thyself do make for to  
contend,  
Whether the Earth thou 'st better  
pac'd or penn'd  
Would *Malaga's* sweet liquor had  
thee crown'd,  
And not its treachery, made thy  
joints unsound,  
For Christ, King, Country, what  
thou there endur'd,  
Not them alone, but therein all  
injur'd

Their tort'ring rack, arresting of thy  
pace,  
Hath barr'd our hope of the world's  
other face<sup>10</sup>  
Who is it sees this side so well  
express'd,  
That with desire, doth not long for  
the rest?  
Thy travail'd countries so describ'd  
be,  
As readers think they do each  
region see.  
Thy well-compacted matter, ornate  
style,  
Doth them oft, in quick-sliding  
Time beguile,  
Like as a maid, wand'ring in *Flora's*  
bowers,  
Confin'd to small time, of few  
fitting hours,  
Rapt with delight, of her eye-pleas-  
ing treasure,  
Now culling this, now that flower  
takes such pleasure,<sup>20</sup>  
That the strict time whereto she  
was confin'd  
Is all expir'd whiles she thought  
half behind,  
Or more remain'd So each attract-  
ing line  
Makes them forget the time, they  
do not time  
But since sweet future travail is cut  
short,  
Yet lose no time, now with the  
Muses sport,  
That reading of thee, aftertimes may  
tell,  
In Travel, Prose, and Verse, thou  
didst excel

Patrick Hannay

<sup>1</sup> Printed by Laing, in his Introduction, from the third edition of Lithgow's *Travels*, 1623. The torture referred to in the poem is rather well known from the passage describing it in these *Travels*, which has found its way into books of 'Selections'. 'To his singular friend' seems not to occur till the fourth edition of 1632 but it would be unsafe to infer that the writer was still alive.

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